AUDIENCE BEHIND BARS—By WARDEN LAWES

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

MAGAZINE

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

FEBRUARY

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SCREEN BOOK

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1939

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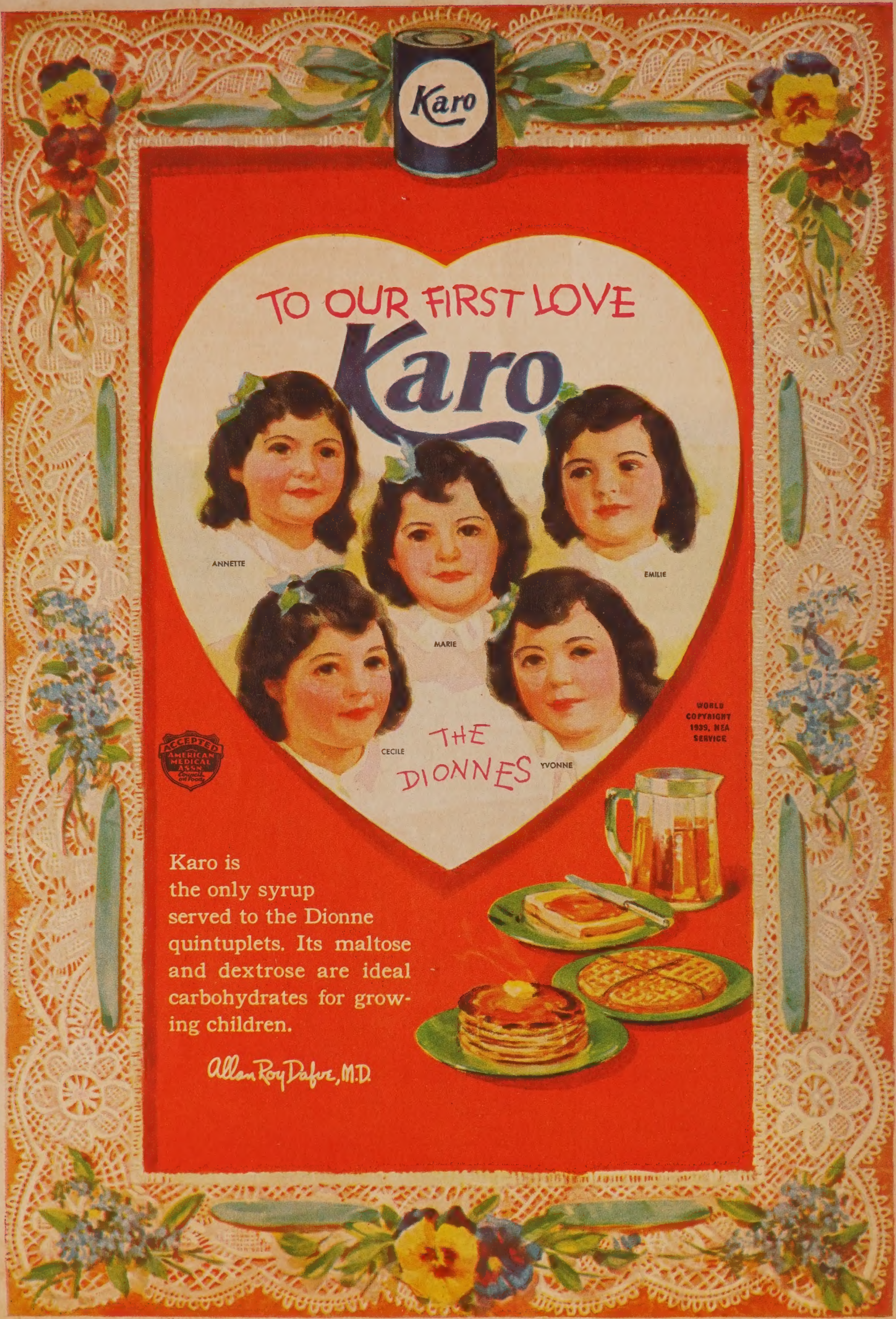
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Karo
ANNETTE
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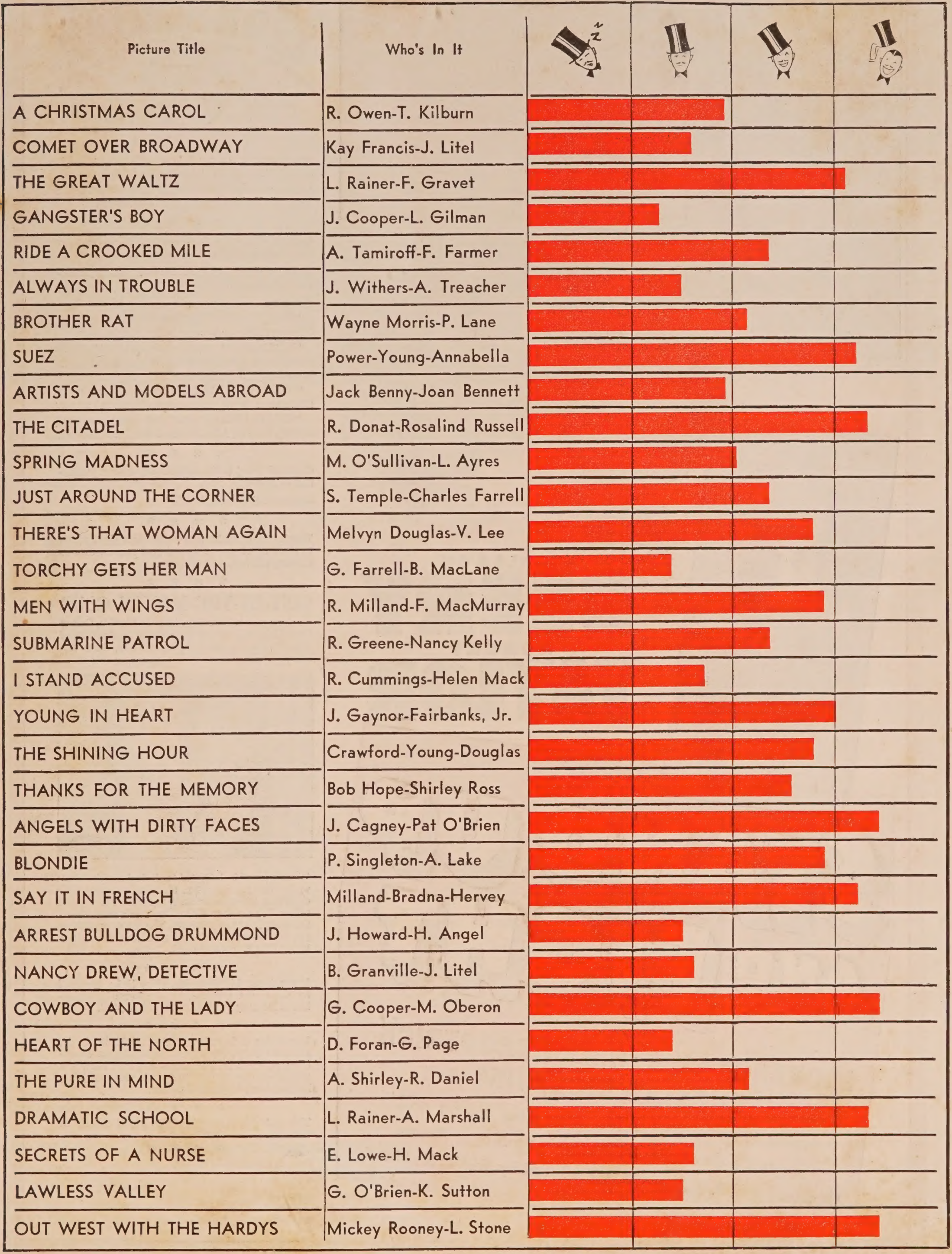
Allan Roy Dafoe, M.D.

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)



Picture Title	Who's In It
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	R. Owen-T. Kilburn
COMET OVER BROADWAY	Kay Francis-J. Litel
THE GREAT WALTZ	L. Rainer-F. Gravet
GANGSTER'S BOY	J. Cooper-L. Gilman
RIDE A CROOKED MILE	A. Tamiroff-F. Farmer
ALWAYS IN TROUBLE	J. Withers-A. Treacher
BROTHER RAT	Wayne Morris-P. Lane
SUEZ	Power-Young-Annabella
ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD	Jack Benny-Joan Bennett
THE CITADEL	R. Donat-Rosalind Russell
SPRING MADNESS	M. O'Sullivan-L. Ayres
JUST AROUND THE CORNER	S. Temple-Charles Farrell
THERE'S THAT WOMAN AGAIN	Melvyn Douglas-V. Lee
TORCHY GETS HER MAN	G. Farrell-B. MacLane
MEN WITH WINGS	R. Milland-F. MacMurray
SUBMARINE PATROL	R. Greene-Nancy Kelly
I STAND ACCUSED	R. Cummings-Helen Mack
YOUNG IN HEART	J. Gaynor-Fairbanks, Jr.
THE SHINING HOUR	Crawford-Young-Douglas
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY	Bob Hope-Shirley Ross
ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES	J. Cagney-Pat O'Brien
BLONDIE	P. Singleton-A. Lake
SAY IT IN FRENCH	Milland-Bradna-Hervey
ARREST BULLDOG DRUMMOND	J. Howard-H. Angel
NANCY DREW, DETECTIVE	B. Granville-J. Litel
COWBOY AND THE LADY	G. Cooper-M. Oberon
HEART OF THE NORTH	D. Foran-G. Page
THE PURE IN MIND	A. Shirley-R. Daniel
DRAMATIC SCHOOL	L. Rainer-A. Marshall
SECRETS OF A NURSE	E. Lowe-H. Mack
LAWLESS VALLEY	G. O'Brien-K. Sutton
OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS	Mickey Rooney-L. Stone

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The grandest adventure-romance since "Cimarron" stormed the screen... crowded with stars, action and thrills!

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BEERY
ROBERT
TAYLOR

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FLORENCE RICE · HELEN BRODERICK
CHARLES BICKFORD

Screen Play by James M. Cain, Jane Murfin and Harvey Ferguson · A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II · Produced by MERVYN LEROY

The LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star on the screen!

We decided that what this country needed was a column. Henceforth, fellow readers, you may whet your screen appetites on some little tid-bits direct from the studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

★ ★ ★ ★

CLASS OF '39—attention! What is M-G-M? *Answer:* The leading motion picture company.

Question: What are some of the forthcoming productions of M-G-M?

Answer:

"IDIOT'S DELIGHT" (from the famous play). Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

"HONOLULU" (wicky-wacky-wonderful). Starring Eleanor Powell with Robert Young and Burns and Allen.

"I TAKE THIS WOMAN." Starring Spencer Tracy and presenting the new glamour girl, Hedy Lamarr.

"ICE FOLLIES OF 1939" (a new idea in musical drama). Starring Joan Crawford and James Stewart.

★ ★ ★ ★

Question? What is the outstanding current production of M-G-M?

Answer: "SWEETHEARTS."

★ ★ ★ ★

Thank you, class! Now there will be a short recess to allow all of you to attend your nearest theatre showing this M-G-M attraction.

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

All those who address Leo, M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Cal., will receive a beautiful photograph of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, the sweethearts of "Sweethearts."

"Sweethearts" is dedicated to all the lovers in all the world. This is a new idea. Pictures have been dedicated to mothers, to doctors, to families, to boys, to sailors, but never to lovers. Are you a lover? Well, this is National Lover Month. You are initiated when you see "Sweethearts," that glamorous and exciting Victor Herbert musical thrill.

★ ★ ★ ★

It was directed by Sweetheart Van Dyke, produced by Sweetheart Stromberg and written by Sweethearts Dorothy Parker and Alan Campbell.

★ ★ ★ ★

In addition to Sweethearts MacDonald and Eddy, the cast includes Sweetheart Frank Morgan, Sweetheart Ray Bolger, Sweetheart Florence Rice, and that trio of sensational Sweethearts—Herman Bing, Mischa Auer, Reginald Gardiner.

★ ★ ★ ★

This truly big picture has been filmed entirely in technicolor.

★ ★ ★ ★

Love is sweeping the country.

—Leo

SCREEN BOOK

Incorporating **SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE**

VOLUME XXI No. 7 FEBRUARY, 1939

W. H. FAWCETT
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RALPH DAIGH
MANAGING EDITOR

AL ALLARD
ART DIRECTOR

GORDON FAWCETT, HOLLYWOOD MANAGER

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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer........Top Photo by Hurrell: Ila Rhodes

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"I love you

Words torn from the anguished heart of a woman in love . . . words breathing the intense emotion of a proud woman whose pride has vanished in the wonder, the thrilling glory of her first great love . . . the words of the immortal Zaza to her beloved Bernard . . . pouring tumultuously from the screen as Claudette Colbert brings Zaza, gay, reckless Zaza, who loved too well, to thrilling, glorious life in Claudette's mightiest acting triumph, in the year's grandest screen love drama.

more than you love me . . ."

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Claudette Colbert

in **"ZAZA"** with

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Genevieve Tobin · Walter Catlett

Directed by George Cukor : Produced by Albert Lewin

Screen Play by Zoe Akins • From the Play by Pierre Berton & Charles Simon

A Paramount Picture

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Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

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DANDRUFF ITCH?

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5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.*

Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

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BAD BREATH · DANDRUFF
FEMININE CLEANSING

FILMLAND WHISPERS

WHEN Tyrone Power decided to give a party, he called all his guests personally. When he called Arleen Whelan's house, her young brother answered the phone. "Gee whiz," cracked the youngster, "wish someone would invite me to a party like yours." Of course, Tyrone said to come along. When the boy arrived he had rounded-up all his jitterbug friends from high school. Hollywood stars sat back with mouths wide open while the kids really went to town. Harry Ritz asked one of the girls to dance with him, but after a few seconds he just couldn't take it. You can just imagine what "gave out" if it was too much for a Ritz brother!

* * *

IF Lew Ayres wasn't such a nice guy, an invitation to his house might sound like that old one about being invited up to see the etchings. In his beautiful mountain-top home, Lew has a pipe organ installed under the stairway. He loves to sit and play by the hour. So it isn't unusual for him to ask a girl to come up and hear his organ—especially if she is a music lover.

* * *

THEY'RE doing a bit of first class polishing on Militza Korjus, before she starts another picture. At the preview of *Great Waltz* everyone wondered who the great singer sounded like when she talked. Then it suddenly dawned on them that Militza's come-hither look and slow close-lipped drawl was a bit Mae West. Come to think of it, she also looks like the "cum-up-and-see-me-sumtime" gal.

* * *

IT'S taken George Brent all this time, but he is at last realizing a lifelong ambition. George is taking piano lessons, and every spare moment is spent in practice. He's spending so much time at it, he even refuses to accept invitations. They say that good music is always inspired. George won't admit who he thinks of when he plays, but Olivia de Havilland would make a wonderful inspiration . . . .

* * *

THAT actor noted for his tough guy roles almost got in another mess recently. This time he wasn't with his wife, who is usually the victim of his wrath when he is in certain moods. He is supposed to have dined late at a restaurant on the Sunset strip. When it came time for the bill, he didn't have any money. The management refused to accept a check. An argument ensued and when things began to get too tough for the manager (who recently was beaten up by another customer) a waiter

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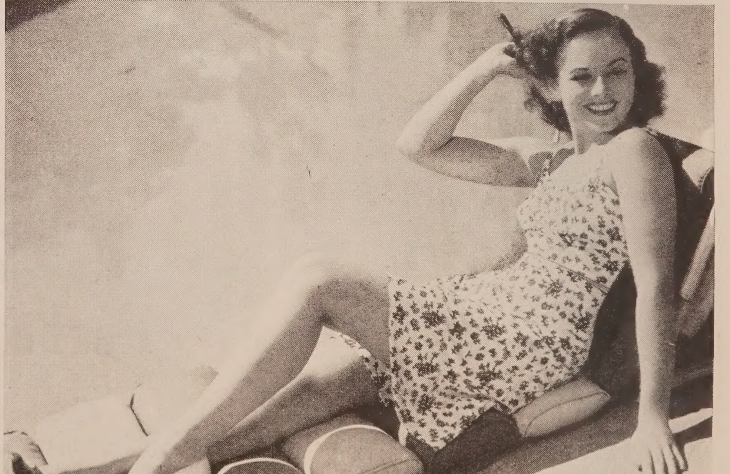
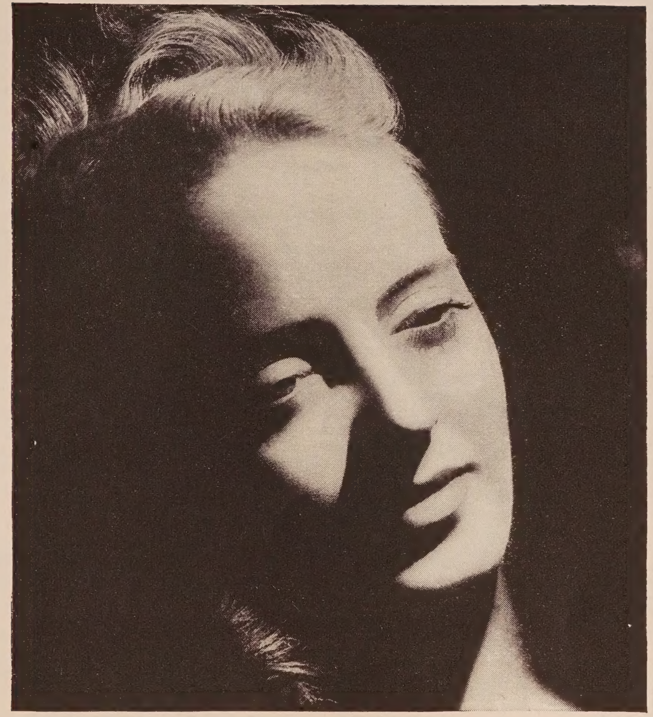


Paulette Goddard is embarking on a new career in David O. Selznick's production, *The Young in Heart*, her first speaking part in motion pictures. Not since the silent film, *Modern Times*, has she appeared on the screen. Charlie Chaplin discovered her



STUDY THIS FACE!

You'll never forget it. For here are forever written the ecstasy and pain of woman loved and loving. Here is the face of Bette Davis in her supreme dramatic triumph, "Dark Victory." Here is the screen's most gifted actress in a role which is destined to win for her another Academy Award. Watch for "Dark Victory"—a Warner Bros. presentation—in America's leading theatres soon.

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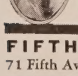

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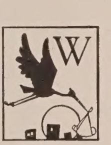
FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

stepped in and calmly settled the situation with a chair. Then, according to the rumor, the actor had to pay off to keep the story from hitting the front pages. The whole thing may be grossly exaggerated. But it's Hollywood. Where there are actors, there always seems to be intrigue.

* * *



WHEN Maureen O'Sullivan learned for sure that she was going to have a baby, she was so thrilled she couldn't even speak. Finally, when she found her voice, the first thing Maureen said was, "Oh, I do hope that she will like me."

* * *

FAR be it from us to tell stories out of school. But Director Van Dyke pulled this one right in front of so many people, it isn't any secret. Someone was asking him what he thought of *Sweethearts,* his newest epic. "It's swell," Van replied. "It's so good it's taken the pants off Jeanette and put 'em on Nelson."

* * *

THE separation of Chester and Sue Morris is one of the biggest shocks to Hollywood. If ever there were two devoted people, the Morris duo were the ones. It was noted that Chester was going out quite a bit with an actor-friend of his. Sue was never along on these particular dates. But Hollywood has always banked on the stability of this marriage, and there were no gossip rumors. (Personal to Chester: Nothing would please your hundreds of friends more than for you and Sue to give it another chance.)

* * *

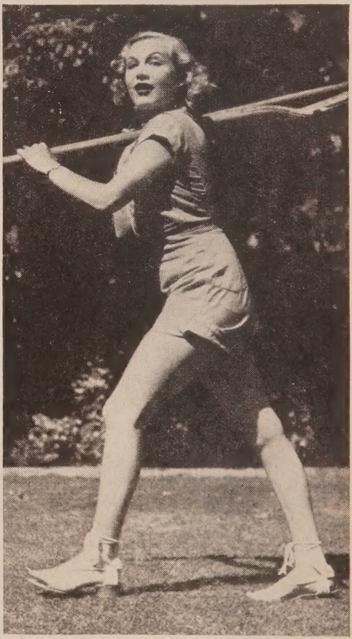
THE first person to arrive at the hospital after the John Garfield baby was born, was Garfield's good friend, Luise Rainer. And a very happy Luise she is these days, what with becoming an American citizen and a wife to Clifford Odets once again. Speaking of Garfield, he and Anthony Quinn practically met in the delivery room of the Good Samaritan hospital. Their wives gave birth to babies just one hour apart. While it was all going on, Tony and John stood out in the hall and pitched pennies. Just when the boys were on the point of passing out from nervousness, the nurse announced that all was quiet on the maternal front. John got so excited he rushed to the phone to spread the good news. "I'm the proud *daughter* of a new father," he shouted to his first victim, who happened to be La Rainer. That was when she came running.

WHILE the Jack Oakies were still on the outs, Mrs. Oakie went to New York. There she met up with her old friend, Lupe Velez, and both gals took an apartment together. They went in for a bit of social activity before Mrs. Oakie went back to Hollywood and Jack again. They are now on their way to Europe. Jack has made a big success again out at 20th-Century and is scheduled to go into a new picture for M-G-M. It is rumored that Mrs. Oakie resented being left out of the publicity limelight and wanted Jack's fans to ask her for autographs, too. But now that Jack's career is going so well again, Hollywood is sure the Oakies will enjoy the happiness they so deserve.

* * *

QUIETLY but thoroughly, Jimmy Cagney has been studying singing for the last two years. He has been working with Kellogg, who is coach for John Boles and a few others. Cagney has a rich bari-

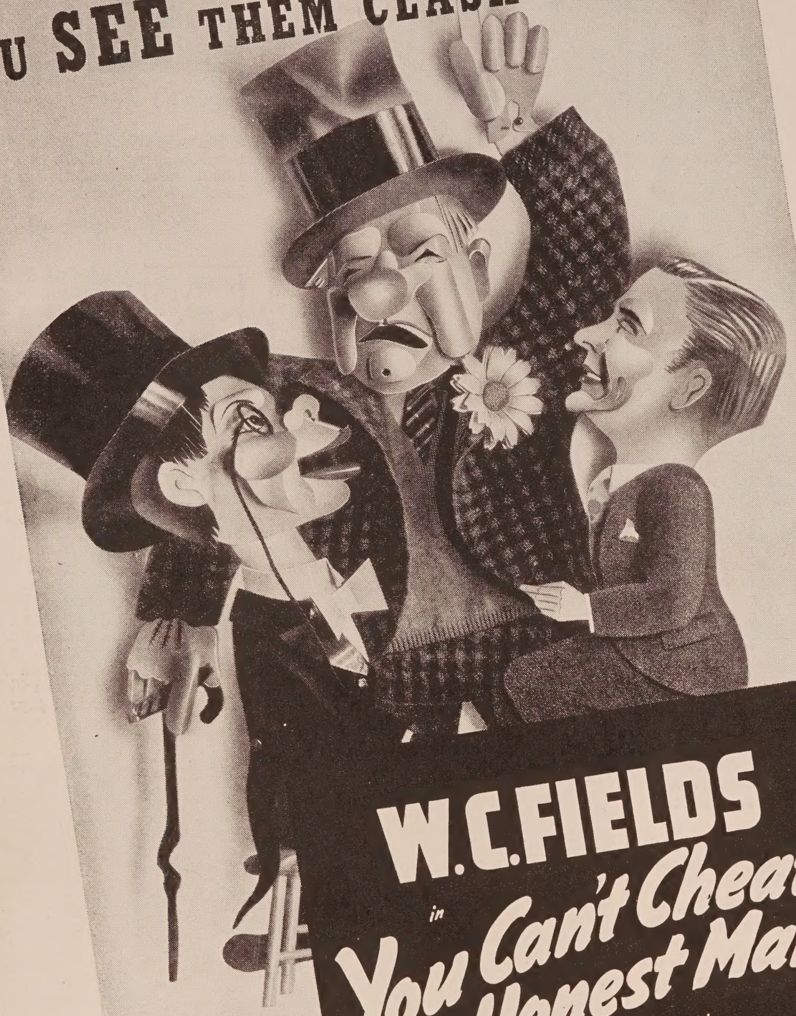
[*Continued on page* 12]



This lovely gardener is Gloria Dickson, who appears in Warner Brothers' new picture, *They Made Me a Criminal*

At Last!

YOU SEE THEM CLASH ON THE SCREEN!



W.C. FIELDS

in

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man

with

Edgar BERGEN

and

Charlie McCARTHY

A NEW UNIVERSAL PICTURE

Coming Soon!

Screenplay by GEORGE MARION, Jr.
Original story by Charles Bogle
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL
Associate Producer: LESTER COWAN

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And Zonitors are easy to use! No mixing. No fussing. And they wash away completely with plain water.

Full instructions in package. $1 for box of 12 *individual* glass vials — at all U. S. and Canadian druggists.

Later, For Your Douche

Use 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water — for a thorough antiseptic cleansing.

Zonite kills all kinds of germs — at contact! And it's a marvelous deodorant, too.

FREE booklet in plain envelope on request. Dept. 3203, Zonite Products Corp., Chrysler Building, New York City.

Each in individual glass vial.

Zonitors FOR FEMININE HYGIENE *a Zonite Product*

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

tone and you can bet your last Government bond that Jimmy will one day burst into cinema song.

* * *

A CHEERY little group recently returned together from New York. Herbert Marshall, Lee Russell, Gail Patrick and her swell husband, Bob (Brown Derby) Cobb, Father Flanagan and Bishop Ryan of Omaha took the same train. The two kindly fathers kept everyone in stitches with their droll stories. Bart Marshall threw British reserve to the winds and became quite a wit himself. Incidentally, Father Flanagan and Bishop Ryan were on their way to Hollywood in the hopes of raising money for "Boys Town." While the M-G-M picture of that name cleaned up a fortune, the school itself suffered. M-G-M is now going to donate a small building. But Father Flanagan hopes that everyone will realize that he wasn't given any fabulous sums and still needs donations if he is to carry on his good work.

* * *

THERE is no limit to the behavior of a morbidly-curious public. When Lyle Talbot's home burned recently, souvenir hunters started to work almost before the ashes were cold. A police guard was stationed to prevent theft. In the meantime Lyle hovered between life and death in the hospital.

* * *

NOW that Rudy Vallee is back at the Cocoanut Grove, his personal accompanist, Elliot Daniel, and Ann Nagel have started in where they left off. Romantically speaking, of course. It looks pretty serious at this printing. Ann has given up all other dates, including those with big, strong and handsome Ronald Regan. Speaking of Regan, after his first day's work in *Dark Victory*, Bette Davis told the front office that he has what it takes. And that, my little pixies, means somethin' in Hollywood.

* * *

POOR Annie Sheridan. She's such a nice wholesome gal and not a bit the smouldering, couch type. But her studio has decided that La Sheridan must look hot and keep cool. But not too cool. From now on all her publicity pictures will be the torrid

[*Continued on page* 14]

Billy Halop, Bobby Jordan, John Garfield and Huntz Hall experience a tense moment in a water tank. Scene is from Warner Brothers' new picture, *They Made Me a Criminal*

THE KENTUCKY OF GREAT TRADITION HAS INSPIRED A GREAT PICTURE . . .
IN ALL THE SPLENDOR OF TECHNICOLOR!

Proud romance . . . beautiful women . . . chivalrous men . . . magnificent thoroughbreds! The sport of kings climaxing when the silks flash by at Churchill Downs in the famed Kentucky Derby! All against the warm beauty of the Blue Grass country!

Kentucky

with

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and **WALTER BRENNAN • DOUGLAS DUMBRILLE**
KAREN MORLEY • MORONI OLSEN
Photographed in TECHNICOLOR
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From the story "The Look of Eagles" by John Taintor Foote
A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK in Charge of Production

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FOUND—a face powder with a
Light Touch!

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sits lightly as a feather— stays on smoothly all day!

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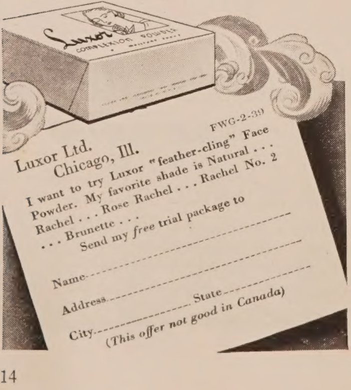

FWG-2-39

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(This offer not good in Canada)

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 12]

type—the kind that brought fame to Jean Harlow. With that master craftsman, George Hurrell at the bulb, it looks as if there's going to be a lot of torso tossing in the old town tonight. Some folks call it glamour.

* * *

EVEN though Jimmy Stewart is showing marked interest in Jane Bryan, his devotion and loyalty towards his friend, Margaret Sullavan, never wavers. Jimmy will go on about "Maggie" for hours, at the drop of a tube of grease paint. Recently, he talked about her most of the time during a personal interview. But when the story was presented to him for approval and Jimmy discovered his Sullavan soliloquy had been recorded, he immediately killed the whole thing on the spot.

* * *

ONE of the most attractive and popular matrons in Hollywood is Rhea Gable. Even though she separated from Clark Gable, all their old friends clung to Rhea as a tribute to her. Recently Rhea returned from a trip to New York. Hollywood was happy to have her back. And Rhea says the highlight of her trip was an afternoon spent in Gloria Swanson's New York apartment. The decorating scheme and all the furnishings of her Hollywood home have been transferred East by Gloria. The same charm, the same individuality that made Gloria Swanson's home a showplace in Hollywood, makes her new residence one of the really outstanding places in the big city.

* * *

IF Arleen Whalen wonders why Burgess Meredith stared at her so consistently when both attended that party at Tyrone Power's house, here is the reason. Burgess was married to the lovely Margaret Perry. Just what caused their marriage to go on the rocks, no one seems to know. But Burgess was pretty hard hit. It just so happens that Margaret

[*Continued on page* 16]

Signor Romani, singing instructor, works with Leni Lynn, child singing find, at M-G-M. The famous teacher is under contract to develop new talent for the studio

Here they come! . . . Roaring for battle or ready for love! Reckless, loyal, swaggering sons of the thundering guns of Kipling's India in revolt! . . . You've longed for adventure, thirsted for thrills, hungered for red-blooded action. Now join Sergeants *Cutter, MacChesney* and *Ballantine,* the lustiest devils that ever manned a cannon or plagued a woman's heart . . . in the picture that sweeps like a cyclone across the screen!

"GUNGA DIN"

STARRING

CARY GRANT • VICTOR McLAGLEN

AND

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.

With Sam Jaffe, Eduardo Ciannelli, Joan Fontaine

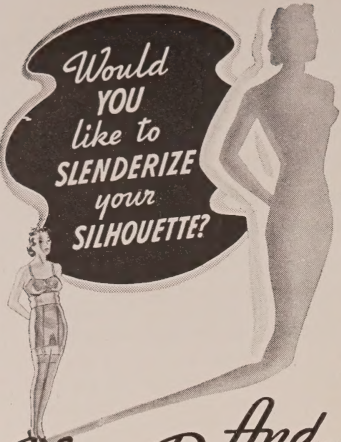
Screen play by Joel Sayre and Fred Guiol. From a story by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. Inspired by Rudyard Kipling's poem.

RKO RADIO PICTURE

PANDRO S. BERMAN, IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY GEORGE STEVENS

THE YEAR'S BIG SHOW IS READY! **WATCH YOUR NEWSPAPERS FOR LOCAL PLAY-DATES ! ! !**


Would YOU like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE?

And.. Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER

THAT is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe such a drastic change can be possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we want to send you a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot be fitted with a dress smaller than you normally wear . . . it won't cost you a penny!

Appear **SLIMMER** *instantly!*

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 132, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.
Name ....
Address ....

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 14]

Perry has a gorgeous head of red hair. So has Arleen Whalen. When Burgess took a look at her, memories came sweeping back.

* * *

ALL is quiet on the matrimonial front at last, with Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward. Their on-again, off-again marriage finally took place in Santa Barbara. Hollywood began to wonder if these two temperamental sweethearts would ever get to the settling down point. For several weeks preceding their marriage, they made daily trips to a charming little house hidden away in Benedict canyon. It was all furnished and ready to be used, when they finally made up their minds to make the big leap. There will be no honeymoon because, after an absence of a year, Ida is now signed up to do three pictures. Louis gets his next big chance in the *Duke of West Point.*

* * *

THERE'S never a dull moment on the *Spring is Here* set. Just to give you a very rough idea of what is going on, imagine Alice Brady, Billie Burke, Babe Hardy, Harry Langdon, Stepin Fetchit, Hattie McDaniel and a real live elephant all on the set at one time. To watch those grand troupers, Billie Burke and Alice Brady is a little show within itself. It's all in fun, but both girls see to it that the other doesn't get a better break. When Billie came on the set wearing some new

[*Continued on page* 20]

Pretty Wynne Davis, NBC stenographer, is caught giving her telephone number to Frank Morgan by Charles Rhodes, SCREEN BOOK Magazine's special photographer just before the Maxwell House show

BARBARA STANWYCK says "Want Romance? Then be careful about COSMETIC SKIN"

I USE COSMETICS BUT I REMOVE THEM THOROUGHLY WITH **LUX TOILET SOAP'S ACTIVE** LATHER

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"UNION PACIFIC"

To pass the Love Test, skin must be smooth and soft. The eyes of love look close—and *linger*—would note the tiniest flaw. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap!

This gentle white soap has ACTIVE lather that removes stale cosmetics, dust and dirt *thoroughly*. It's so foolish to risk the *choked pores* that may cause Cosmetic Skin, dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores! Lux Toilet Soap leaves skin soft—smooth—*appealing*.

Sue follows BARBARA STANWYCK'S advice— has skin that passes the LOVE TEST

I DON'T WANT **COSMETIC SKIN** TO SPOIL MY LOOKS SO I TAKE THE SCREEN STARS' ADVICE. **LUX TOILET SOAP** LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
LUX TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

PREVENT CHAPPING*
Campana's
Italian Balm
SKIN SOFTENER

***Get a Trial Bottle FREE!**

For over 2 generations, Italian Balm has held the "first choice" vote, among all anti-chapping preparations, in Cold-weather Canada.

And, in the United States, its rapid rise to wide-spread popularity has been one of the sensations of toilet goods history.

So if your hands are dry, or rough and chapped, from housework or weather — test this famous Skin Softener at Campana's expense. Try it before you buy it!

Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest selling brands of lotion — yet its cost to *use* is *negligible.* It's wide-spreading — that's why! Not thin — watery — or wasteful. One drop (not a handful!) is the right amount for both hands per application. Get your FREE Vanity Bottle now. You be the judge.

Campana's
Italian Balm
Secret Formula — Exclusive Process

FREE
CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
572 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

Name____________________
Address____________________
City____________ State________
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F572 Caledonia Road, Toronto

BETWEEN US FANS

INTERESTING in its implications is the current Hollywood disregard for foreign censorship of pictures. For many years the movie makers have bowed to the wishes of foreign censors. It now appears that there will be no more catering to the caprices of foreign dictators.

Italy objected to the filming of *Idiot's Delight* and for many months Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer delayed production. At this writing, *Idiot's Delight* is being filmed, with Clark Gable and Norma Shearer in the leading roles.

There are indications that M-G-M will go ahead with *It Can't Happen Here,* the famous Sinclair Lewis novel that created a censorship commotion not so long ago.

Doubtless recent current events have had much to do with the change in Hollywood's attitude toward controversial pictures. The nations most violently opposed to *Idiot's Delight* and *It Can't Happen Here* are those in which minority groups have been cruelly persecuted.

* * *

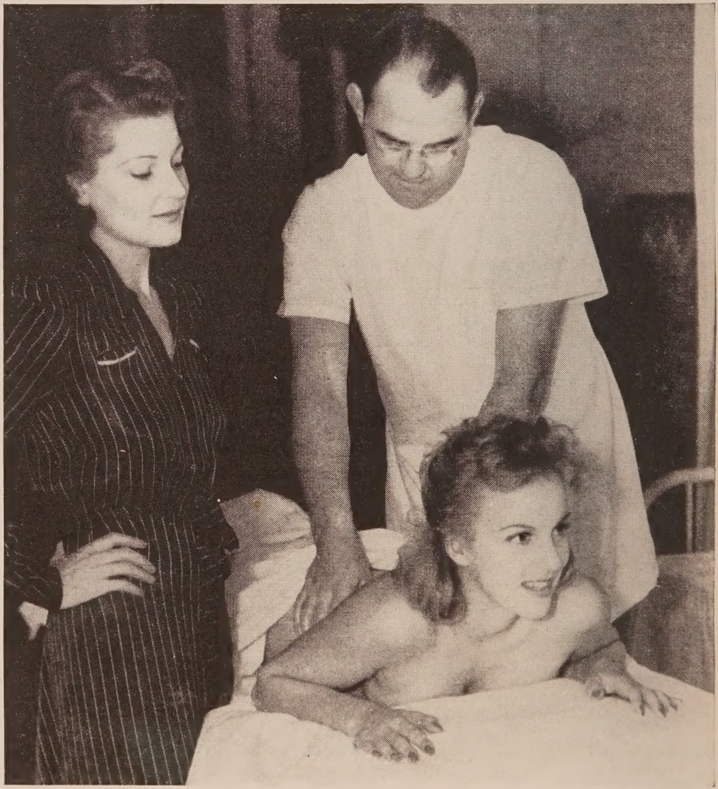
LAST month SCREEN BOOK Magazine published an article under the title, *Are Nelson Eddy's Fans Hurting Him?* The reaction to this article was little short of amazing.

Of all the letters which came to my desk, one seems particularly significant. The writer lives in Chicago, Ill., and is a member of a Nelson Eddy Fan Club.

"I am a Nelson Eddy fan," she says, "and I, too, have been guilty of writing bitter letters to Nelson's critics. Not until I read the article in January SCREEN BOOK Magazine did I realize my friends and I might be endangering the career of the star we like so much.

"Several days ago I had the opportunity to speak to a movie critic on a large city paper. I mentioned the SCREEN BOOK Magazine article, and asked him if he had ever felt prejudiced against Nelson because of letters he had received from Eddy fans. He threw up his hands and said, 'No one likes Nelson Eddy more than I. But when I'm called a liar and a fool by several hundred angry fans because of a just criticism appearing in my column, it's mighty difficult to keep an even temper.' "

I wish I could tell you about some of the other letters I received. Some praised SCREEN BOOK Magazine for printing the article, others were bitter in their criticism. To those who wrote angry notes, I would like to say that the editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine felt that the Nelson Eddy article was entirely fair, and published it because of their deep interest in the career of a truly great star.



Lovely Jean Carmen, film starlet, enjoys a massage as part of the beauty regime followed by players after strenuous roles

IT WAS a delightful experience to meet little Nancy Kelly, the 20th Century-Fox starlet who has attracted to much attention because of her work in *Submarine Patrol.*

She's as vivacious in real life as she is on the screen. Her usual greeting to all and sundry is "Hi, fellers." Despite her youth, she is able to face a group of critics, editors and publicity people with the coolness of a veteran star.

* * *

I WOULD like to have SCREEN BOOK Magazine's readers write to me suggesting the star best characterized by the words "Perpetual Emotion." Several readers have already suggested Zazu Pitts. I'm hoping to hear from more of you.

Incidentally, I want to know which of your favorite stars you are most anxious to read about in SCREEN BOOK Magazine. Your letters need be only a line or two long, and if you mark the envelope "Story Suggestion" it will receive immediate attention.

* * *

I WANT to tell you about an article you will find in the March issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine. I am convinced that it is one of the most interesting articles ever to be published in a fan magazine. It has been in preparation for several months.

Since the beginning of the current candid camera craze, Hollywood has experienced a violent attack of the shakes. Glamorous stars can't take it. Dozens of them refuse to face the little camera that catches them unaware and records their worst features.

March SCREEN BOOK Magazine is going to tell you about the stars' reaction to the candid camera. It will show you the kind of pictures stars don't like, tell you how they dodge candid camera fiends.

You won't want to miss *Why Stars Hate the Candid Camera,* in the next issue. I know you'll like it.

See you next month.

The Editor.

Joan Bennett and her daughter, Melinda Markey, look through the December issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
FRANKLY, I HOPE TO WIN PHIL! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP BEFORE OUR DATES!
IT MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE WHEN A GIRL BATHES WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S RICH, DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR, AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!
YOU CERTAINLY ARE A SWEET LITTLE ARMFUL, KAY! DID I REMEMBER TO TELL YOU I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU?
I WANT TO KEEP HIM FEELING THAT WAY, SO I'LL ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET... THE NICER WAY TO AVOID BODY ODOR!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 16]

lip lacquer, Alice wouldn't budge a step until they sent out and got some for her. And when Alice showed up wearing those new streamline eyelashes, nothing would do until Billie got a set for herself. The elephant is the only thespian who seems to be a bit thick-skinned about it all.

* * *

JUNE LANG'S romance with Don Barry should make her the best rumba dancer in Hollywood. Those two spend more time dancing at La Conga than they spend working before the camera. Maybe Junie believes in saying it with music. Don is the boy who is usually called in, when John Arledge can't accept all those good acting jobs that keep him working constantly.

FAY BAINTER wasn't any too pleased at the inconsistency of the character they made her play in *The Shining Hour*. But being a good trouper, she tried to do as she was directed and play the character the way it was written. When the picture was previewed at the Westwood Village theatre, the audience broke into a laugh at the most crucial moment of Fay's performance. Still a good sport in the face of it all, Fay shrugged her shoulders and said: "Well, I guess it's just the 'Parnell' of my career."

* * *

SPENCER TRACY wasn't any too happy about the original *New York Cinderella* set-up. Josef Von Sternberg (who directed those Dietrich tableaus) was having a wonderful time for himself focusing that camera on Hedy Lamarr. In the meantime the back of Spencer's neck was

Anne Shirley, RKO-Radio star in *The Pure in Mind,* gets the approval of Edward Stevenson, studio designer, on her newest gown. Her hair adornment is gold-edged

Hollywood star **ANDREA LEEDS** in Samuel Goldwyn's "The Last Frontier." You can buy the dress in **SIMPLICITY** pattern 2978—at any Simplicity dealer.

for YOU and YOURS

Healthful

Yes Chewing Double Mint Gum aids your teeth, breath, digestion. Helps you feel alive and alert.

Delicious

Yes Just try Double Mint Gum and you realize how satisfying its mild yet long lasting flavor is.

DOUBLE MINT GUM

Enjoy it. Buy Several packages Today.

giving an Academy award performance. Production was finally stopped, the script rewritten and Frank Borzage is now in charge. Spencer Tracy is wearing a wide smile because he can now expose that certain portion of his neck to the sun and not worry about getting it burned.

* * *

MAYBE you think the "Dodge City" troupe won't be glad to get back to Hollywood again. Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland have to do their heaviest emoting along with 1500 head of cattle. They have to be up every morning at dawn. And just to make everything perfect, in order to wash their faces they have to walk across two hundred feet of ice-covered ground. The plumbing is outside, ya' know, on them thar western locations.

* * *

SOMEONE told Zasu Pitts that she should inhale benzedrine to help clear up her head. But they didn't tell her that she shouldn't do it more than once an hour. Just as they called Zasu for a funny scene, she took one more good whiff. She managed to reach a chair, then cried groggily, "If I had a little time to spare, I know I would faint."

* * *

THERE'S a new Shirley Ross at Paramount. In the first place, Shirley's hair line has been lifted and a special make-up applied to make her lovelier looking than ever. At one time, Shirley had the reputation of being a bit hard to handle. But that's a thing of the past. On the *Cafe Society* set, Fred MacMurray had to shove Shirley away when she was quarreling with Madeleine Carroll. That big mass of muscle MacMurray just barely touched Shirley, but it did the trick. Late that night Shirley awakened at home with a terrific pain in her leg. She was rushed to the hospital and X-rayed until four in the morning. It was discovered she was suffering from a bad sprain. Shirley insisted on being back on the set at the usual 9 o'clock call. The studio was so pleased they shot around her and gave her until afternoon to get a little rest. Then she arrived on crutches and worked steadily all day long.

* * *

IT HAPPENED on the *Ice Follies* set. At the far end of the stage stood a huge throne. On the throne sat Joan Crawford, wearing a tiara and a 25-foot train of ostrich and sequins. Joan was waiting for the camera to start grinding so she could go on playing "Cinderella." In the meantime all her attendants stood around waiting. Among them, but not in the picture was Charles Martin, Joan's latest Hollywood escort. While attendants waited to attend, Cinderella Crawford sat there in all her regal splendor—and knitted!

* * *

WHEN it comes to beauty being unadorned, Adrian has no illusions about himself. Since he started going

[*Continued on page* 23]

WINTER WARNING!

Underarms perspire all year 'round

Popular girls never risk offending. In winter, as in summer, they use MUM

A MAN—A GIRL! Every chance for romance if that lovely wool dress is always fresh and sweet—free from underarm odor! Even when she sees no *moisture*, a smart girl knows there's danger of *odor*. And she realizes that warm clothes and indoor living actually make this danger worse.

That's why she uses Mum! For in spite of heavy clothing and tighter-fitting sleeves, Mum makes odor *impossible*. With Mum you're *always* nice to be near!

For Mum does what no bath can do—Mum *prevents* underarm odor. A bath removes only *past* perspiration but Mum prevents odor *to come*. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum still keeps you sweet. Mum is so easy, so *dependable!*

MUM IS QUICK! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum, and your underarms are fresh for a full day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your druggist's today, and know that you're always charming!

NO WINTER WORRIES FOR THE GIRL WHO USES MUM!

IMAGINE THINKING WINTER MAKES YOU SAFE FROM ODOR. WARM CLOTHES ACTUALLY MAKE ODOR WORSE.
TO HERSELF: THIS ROOM IS WARM — BUT I NEEDN'T WORRY. MUM KEEPS ME FRESH.

For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

A LINE ON LYNN

By E. J. SMITHSON

WHEN we went out to Warner Brothers the other day to get the low-down on Jeffrey Lynn, we found him in a mental state comparable to that of the famous one-armed paper-hanger.

No, he didn't want to talk about himself. After pulling our eyebrows down to their normal position we said that perhaps we were talking to the wrong fellow. Maybe we'd better go back and check with Bob Taplinger, head of the publicity department.

Well, we finally discovered that the reason he disliked talking about himself was because he'd have to use the word "I" too much. Having been a school teacher long before he ever became an actor, he had a grammatical objection to the employment of this personal pronoun. And that's how modest and retiring young Jeffrey Lynn really is.

Once a doorman, Jeffrey Lynn found success when he appeared in *Four Daughters. Yes, My Darling Daughter* is his next picture. The Warner Brothers star is shown at left on the porch of his home

When at last we managed to start the conversational flow, Jeffrey talked easily and freely.

"I graduated from Bates College in 1930," he said. "At that time, America was in the depths of the first depression. Refusing to be choosey, I took the first job that came my way—which happened to be that of salesman and commercial agent for a telephone company. I hung on to this job for two years before it finally dawned upon me that I never could, or never would, become a business man. So I became a teacher of English at a little high school in Lisbon, Maine. I also coached the school dramatic productions, and it was this branch of the teaching that eventually had far-reaching effects upon my future.

"In college, along with my other studies, I had taken up dramatics and had managed to become a member of the Bates 4-A Players. This collegiate taste of the theatre never left me. During the time I was employed by the telephone company I found time in the evenings for work in the little theatre groups in Providence, R. I., Long Island, and Brockton, Mass.

"Teaching, somehow, failed to appeal to me and at the end of my first year at Lisbon, I determined to attempt a career in the professional theatre. In order to make my invasion of New York a little easier I went back to my home town of Worcester, Mass., and got a job in a department store to earn enough money so that when I did hit Broadway I'd have enough folding money to carry me through a long campaign—if that were necessary. In Worcester, whatever spare time I had was devoted to a semi-professional troupe known as the Guild Players. From them I got experience enough, so I thought, to carry me right to a Broadway stage without much trouble. But I certainly was fooled!"

He certainly was!

The closest he got to a Broadway stage for quite some [*Continued on page 67*]

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 21]

with Janet Gaynor, he has been photographed at every turn. All his life Adrian has hated to have his picture taken. Now he says he hasn't an ounce of vanity left. Says he knows it must be love if Janet can look at those candid camera shots of his surprised looking face—and still care!

* * *

THE little bird tells us that the Powers at M-G-M are sorry they didn't use Francis Lederer in *The Great Waltz*. Francis tested for two weeks and seemed perfect for the role of the tempermental Johann Strauss. But the day Francis was to have signed the contract, Irving Thalberg died. The next person to handle the production couldn't see Francis in the part. Lederer, incidentally, is now in *Midnight* opposite Claudette Colbert. When director Mitchell Leissen looked at the Lederer wardrobe, he decided that Francis must have some new clothes. A smart business man as well as a good director, Mitch sent Francis to the tailor shop he runs as a side line.

* * *

CLARK GABLE'S hunting paraphernalia is really something to look at. His sleeping bag is made with an extra-thick downy mattress. His gun cases were given to him by Carole Lombard. They are made of hand-carved leather. The deer gun case has hand-carved deer for decoration. The duck gun case is finished off with hand-carved ducks. Clark usually hunts up Bakersfield way and Carole often goes along. She's such a crack shot, she usually gets the limit a few minutes after her arrival. So she spends the rest of her time playing retriever for Clark. And they used to call this "roughing it!"

* * *

ROSALIND RUSSELL made a hit with A. J. Cronin, author of *The Citadel*. He's written another story and wants to sell it to M-G-M. But only on condition that Rosalind plays the lead. Since her return from England, Rosalind has been leading a quiet life in her attractive Beverly Hills bungalow. Before she went away, her social escort was usually Jimmy Stewart. But now she has discovered that Jimmy's company is usually solicited by Norma Shearer whenever there is a gala Hollywood occasion.

* * *

IT SEEMS that Doug Corrigan isn't a bit awed at being a movie star. He knows what he wants and he says so. He knows what he will do and what he won't do. And he says so. The boys who have to work with him on the set are beginning to have a greater respect for some of the so-called stars who are supposedly hard to handle.

* * *

FRED ASTAIRE, David Niven and Bruce Cabot were all so enthusiastic over Gary Cooper in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, they went to see the picture twice. Believe it or not, Gary is much more popular with the male stars than he is with the female stars in Hollywood. Talk to any famous actor and ask him who he'd rather be like than anyone else. He'll answer, "Good ol' Gary Cooper."

* * *

WHEN Ray Milland read the script of *Hotel Imperial*, he let out a whoop and did a couple of cart wheels. The action called for him to ride and jump a fine Italian steed. Ray, who once served in England's King's Cavalry, was practically goofy with delight. Ever since he has been in pictures he has hoped for a part where he could ride. When he went to be measured for the uniform that makes him look like God's gift to women, he noticed the order called for two uniforms. Ray asked what the other one was for. "Oh, that's for your

[*Continued on page* 25]

"For Skin men find Appealing—TRY CAMAY"

WILTON, CONN.

I never trust my skin to any soap but Camay. I'm sure Camay's gentle cleansing helps to keep skin fresh and smooth . . . to bring out its natural loveliness!

(*Signed*) PAMELA SCHREIBER
November 23, 1938 (*Mrs. Tell Schreiber*)

EVERY GIRL wants the fresh, smooth skin that men find so attractive! Charming brides like Mrs. Schreiber—and thousands of other girls who win romance—tell you, "We use Camay to help keep complexions lovely!"

No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather. It cleanses *thoroughly*, yet *gently*, too! That's why, for regular care of your complexion, and for your daily bath of beauty, you won't find a more refreshing, more *luxurious* beauty soap. Let Camay help bring you all-over loveliness—and the exquisite daintiness that wins romance!

Get three cakes of Camay today. You'll agree with lovely Mrs. Schreiber that you never tried a finer beauty soap—you'll be grateful for Camay's low price!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Camay

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS

Please tell me the name of Don Ameche's next picture. When will it be released? Would Don sing the song *A Pocket Full of Dreams* on request?—M. C. C.

Don's next film will be 20th Century-Fox's, *The Three Musketeers*, in which he is supported by those rollicking Ritz Brothers. The picture will be released in New York and vicinity about the first of the year. Write to Don in care of the Chase and Sanborn program, National Broadcasting System, Hollywood, California. I'm certain he'll be happy to comply with your request.

Can you please tell me where I can send for "stills" from any of the Loretta Young or Tyrone Power pictures?—C. S.

Contact 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. Be sure to enclose 25c for each "still" you request.

Where can I obtain pictures of Priscilla Lane and Olivia de Havilland?—J. L.

Warner Brothers Studios, Burbank, California will gladly send you the pictures of these two film lovelies. Please enclose 25c per photo to cover mailing costs.

Please give me the complete cast of *Boys Town*.—Aline G.

Spencer Tracy as Father Flanagan; Mickey Rooney as Whitey Marsh; Henry Hull as Dave Morris; Gene Reynolds as Tony Ponessa; Bobs Watson as Peewee; Sidney Miller as Moe Kahn; Frankie Thomas as Freddie Fuller; Jimmy Butler as Paul Ferguson; Edward Norris as Joe Marsh; Leslie Fenton as Dan Farrow; Addison Richards as the Judge and Minor Watson as the Bishop.

Can you tell me whether or not Lon Chaney played in the picture *The Miracle Man?* It will certainly solve a very heated argument that has developed among the fellows in the composing room of the *Free Press*.—Ed L.

Lon Chaney was not a member of this cast. Boris Karloff and Chester Morris appeared in this picture which was released in 1932.

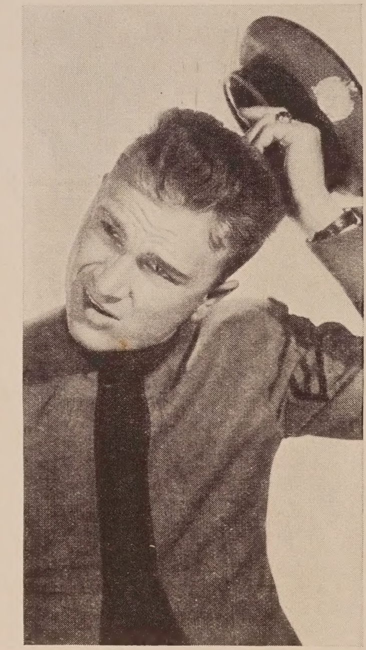
Will you please tell me who played the role of Slim Logan in *Personal Secretary?* Where can I send for his picture?—Rose V. D.

Matty Fain's picture can be obtained from Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Don't forget the required mailing cost which is 25c.

Did Tyrone Power play a part in either the silent or talkie version of *Seventh Heaven?* What is Norma Shearer's birthdate? Who played the part of Robert Young's sister in *Rich Man, Poor Girl?*—Eliz. D.

Tyrone did not appear in either version of *Seventh Heaven*. Miss Shearer was born on August 10, 1904. It was Rita Johnson.

Please tell me the year and month the picture *Penitentiary* was released. The one in which Walter Connolly, Jean Parker and John Howard appeared.—Enrique L. H.



This month Eddie Albert has been proclaimed "man-of-the-month." Due to his fine performance in *Brother Rat*, he was given lead role in the Warner film, *The Poor Nut*

This picture was released in New York on March 1, 1938.

Please tell me how to pronounce Danielle Darrieux. Tell me something about where and when she was born.—J. M.

Danielle Darrieux (pronounced Dan-yell Dare-you) was born in Bordeaux, France, on May 1, 1917.

To settle an argument, will you please tell me when the picture *Frankenstein* was released and when it played in Detroit?—Shirley, C. D.

This picture was nationally released the later part of December, 1931.

Will you please tell me if Lloyd Nolan is going to play in *St. Louis Blues?* Also, what is his next picture? Who will be his leading lady?—Margaret M. B.

Dorothy Lamour is Nolan's co-star in *St. Louis Blues*. Gladys Swarthout will be his leading lady in his next picture *Ambush*.

Will you please settle an argument and tell me which is the oldest, Buck Jones or Bill Boyd?—D. T.

Buck Jones was born on December 12, 1889 and Bill Boyd was born on June 5, 1898.

Please give us a brief biography of Eddie Albert who played the role of Bing Edwards in the picture *Brother Rat*.—Peter C. and Steve H.

Eddie was born Eddie Albert Heimberger in Rock Island, Illinois, on April 22, 1908. He dropped the Heimberger when he started singing over the radio because announcers always called him Hamburger. (Good reason). His role in the stage production, *Brother Rat*, was one of the hits of a hit show and Eddie found himself hailed by the critics as a new star. As Leo Davis, the young author in *Room Service* he introduced another prize role to Broadway, and achieved even greater success. Warner Brothers then placed him under a long term contract. His next picture will be *The Poor Nut*. Albert is five feet, eleven and a half inches tall, weighs 160 pounds and has blue eyes and brown hair. He is greatly interested in philosophy and it is his ambition to write philosophical works. Aside from the theatre and literature, his interest centers in music. He sings, plays the piano, violin and the guitar. Microscopy, books and music are his hobbies.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 23]

double," said the director. "We can't risk your life by allowing you to do the riding yourself. You're much too valuable!"

* * *

LOVE certainly does work miracles. Before he met Joy Hodges, Lee Bowman was the most popular man about town. Lee and his rotund buddy, Peter Toyer, never missed a cocktail party. Now, poor Peter is playing the field alone while Lee goes around with that certain look in his eye. He's so quiet, one would think he was about to join a monastery, instead of marrying the most delightful eyeful in Hollywood. And we do mean you, Joy.

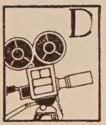
* * *

IT'S all been kept quiet, but they say that Andrea Leeds and that handsome naval flier from San Diego are quite interested in each other. He flys down almost every weekend to see Andrea, but no one has seen the two of them out places. When they act that way, they usually have it bad.

* * *

THAT Paramount star isn't any too popular with the executives and people connected with her productions. They're getting a bit weary of the terrific overhead that mounts higher and higher while they wait for her to okay a final script. And some of the people, who have to deal with her, complain that she doesn't help to lessen the struggle of making a living. Even her own family hopes it is only a temporary condition.

* * *



DON'T ever say that Connie Bennett is a difficult gal to handle. That is, don't ever try to say it in front of Helen Broderick. Helen worked with Connie in *Service De Luxe* and had the time of her life. The day the picture ended, Connie presented Helen with a whole case of her special creams. Helen says she's learned a lesson in Hollywood. She's never going to dislike anyone until she works with them and finds out if the super-snoopers are right or wrong.

* * *

WONDER if Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are sorry they moved way out in the San Fernando valley. During the summer the heat was terrific. In the fall the fog rolled in and made it impossible to drive. Now the winter winds are so strong that power lines are blown down, telephones disconnected and Bob can't even ride his horse.

WILL HE KISS YOU, *TONIGHT*? Your heart is ready... *but your lips are not* ...if harsh greasy lipstick makes you look older, less desirable than the girl of his dreams. He's apt to turn away... and take his kisses to a wiser girl... with sweeter, more natural lips. Smooth, soft and alluring, ready for his own. So...

FOR LIPS THAT LURE—TANGEE! Here's orange magic in a lipstick known the world over for its "*young*" appeal! Watch it change on *your* lips to your *very own* shade of blush-rose... see how it makes them *glow* with life, as though your heart beat through them... a *living* fascination, impossible with "paint".

ROUGE AND POWDER, TOO! ... Tangee Rouge to match, Compact or Creme, gives your cheeks lovely "*natural*" color. Clinging Tangee Powder makes your skin seem petal-smooth, all ready to be kissed. Tangee Make-up is ideal for blondes, brunettes, in-betweens and redheads... *just try it and see!*

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

NEW! *Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.*

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City... Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" containing sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

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7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES AGNES EVER SATISFY HER CHILDREN BETWEEN MEALS WITHOUT SPOILING THEIR APPETITES?"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps several packages of this famous peppermint gum in the house. The youngsters love it. P. S. So do grown-ups!

BEECH-NUT BRAND
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
CHEWING GUM
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TO OPEN USE TAB
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED

ONE OF AMERICA'S **GOOD** HABITS

Beech-Nut

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is an unhappy young lady. The new Guild ruling says that all actresses earning less than $1,000 a week must punch a time clock. Poor little Shirley doesn't come under that classification and she feels slighted. They may have to install a special clock just for Shirley, so she won't feel that she is being mistreated.

* * *

THAT actress who went to the front office and popped off about a Class B director, now wishes she hadn't. The director was working on a short schedule and under severe handicaps. But he turned in such a good job, he has been rewarded with a new contract. Now he is going to make one of the biggest Class A productions of the year. There's a grand part in it for the actress. But the director says he'll use Rex, the horse, before he'll allow the little lady to play it

* * *

UNA MERKEL was all packed and practically on her way to Palm Springs. Then a telegram arrived from Helen Hayes, asking Una to listen to her broadcast. The radio in Una's car was out of order, so Una just called off her trip.

* * *

WHEN Joan Bennett walked into the Cafe La Maze, on the arm of producer Walter Wanger, tourists broke out in applause. Then, with great fanfare, it was asked if Hedy Lamarr would stand up and take a bow. Joan Bennett looked everywhere for Hedy. Then she realized they were all looking at her and the black wig she was wearing for her new picture.

* * *

ALL the glamour boys are beginning to wonder what it is that John McLean has. The former New York sports writer, who is now working for Goldwyn, has certainly taken over the beauty market. On successive nights he was out with Loretta Young at the *Ice Follies,* Ann Sothern at the Cocoanut Grove and Joan Bennett at the tennis matches. In between times, John shares an apartment with Robert Benchley, writes, appears weekly on the Hollywood Hotel air show and dishes up stellar vehicles for Sam Goldwyn's kiddies.

* * *

WHEN Danielle Darrieux decided that she didn't want to come back to Hollywood to make *Rio,* it automatically threw Vincent Price out of a job. But Vincent was delighted. It gave him time to return to New York and do a play with his wife, the lovely Edith Barrett. Vincent and Edith have a personal interest in this play. They bought it from Ramon Romero, a brilliant young Hollywood writer, who got his start writing fan magazine articles. The play is called *Mrs. Lincoln.* Romero spent two years doing research work on the famous character.

* * *

THERE is only one Marie Wilson. When she asked to be excused from doing a small part in a picture, Marie was put on the suspension list by the studio. In

[*Continued on page* 59]

Fredric March displays remarkable powers of concentration in becoming so deeply interested in a letter held in the hands of one of the Hawaiian girls appearing with him in *Trade Winds,* the Walter Wanger production

IRENE • DUNNE

RKO Radio
player in
"Love Affair"

Hollywood's Goofy Gal Goes Glamorous

By EUGENE SCHROTT

"CAROLE LOMBARD'S going straight!" From Hollywood comes the news that the blue-eyed, blonde girl who airily banged her way up the ladder of success will soon emerge as a new, different personality.

For the time being, there will be no more gay, exciting antics or high-handed horseplay. No more will she take the kicks and punches that made audiences howl with glee. No more will she be flung into watery puddles or pushed down slippery staircases.

Carole Lombard proved that she could take it. No other star has been kicked and knocked around as much as Carole. But hard knocks mean little to her. She is accustomed to them. Except for the fresh bruises and new aches and pains, Carole didn't mind the rough and tumble treatment that was so generously meted out to her. She has been beaten up ever since she made her debut in films and considers herself an authority in the knock-down, drag-out technique.

SCREEN BOOK
MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY
10¢
Introducing
THE NEW
CAROLE
LOMBARD
HOLLYWOOD'S GOOFY GAL GOES GLAMOROUS

Screen Book Magazine's cover illustrates the change in Carole Lombard's roles. The shrieking female at far left is Carole, old style

Yes, it's Carole Lombard, 1939 edition. No one is hitting her, pushing her down the stairs or tossing her into a swimming pool

It didn't matter to her that her hair was always stringy and the simple little Schiaparelli models covered with dirt and grime. She didn't object to the rough and tumble deals she was receiving at the hands of handsome male actors. Looking, for the most part, like something the cat wouldn't drag in, she was happy just as long as her fans were getting what they wanted.

BUT now everything is to be different. A new, glamorous Carole is emerging from the cocoon of comedy, a Carole who is vitally different. Instead of making people laugh, she will portray the more serious side of life with the same sincerity she has revealed in handling frivolous romance.

The rumor of "box-office poison" hasn't touched her, so it's not fear of losing her appeal that is prompting her to go "straight." The public is still interested in Carole Lombard as a laugh-provoker. Her producers entertain no fears that she will become typed, because there is more to her than the ability to get laughs out of the audiences. Beneath the gay exterior there is the serious note so closely related to the art of making people laugh.

Carole has not disliked her work. "I got an awful big kick out of playing those silly, rough and tumble roles," she says. "I had as much fun as the audiences who sat in the theatres and watched the finished version."

Judging from the sacks of mail that have followed the appearance of every new picture of hers, there's no indication that the public is tired of her comedies.

"My audiences almost always expected this light, amusing slapstick whenever I was scheduled to make a new picture. They looked forward to seeing me take it on the chin time and again—even if it was my chin that got sore and my feelings that were always injured. But when I start thinking of all the socking about I got, I feel like taking my revenge on all those good-looking brutes who mauled me into something I, myself, could hardly recognize.

"I'm glad of the opportunity I've had to make people laugh. In these days when you hear so much talk of trouble, it's gratifying to see people break into an occasional smile or chuckle. It eases your heart to be able to make them laugh. It makes you feel that, after all, this silly, nonsensical stuff does serve some useful purpose in life.

"But no more fist-fights in hotel room, no more kicking, punching, wrestling matches. I'm going straight. I'm taking a vacation from mirth—a holiday from humor. I'm going to profit by the big opportunity that has come along and try to make a success of it. Most people claim it is much more difficult to make people laugh than to make them cry. But now that I'm convinced I can make them laugh, I'm going to start the job of training for the deeper, more sober type of characterization."

Success came to Carole the hard way. Hers is a story of hard, grueling work, of endless disappointment. She knows what it means to foot it from studio to studio only to be met with one refusal after another. Sometimes there was a day's work to [*Continued on page 77*]

Carole was soaked in a shower in *My Man Godfrey*. Discomfort for Carole, but loud laughter from the audience!

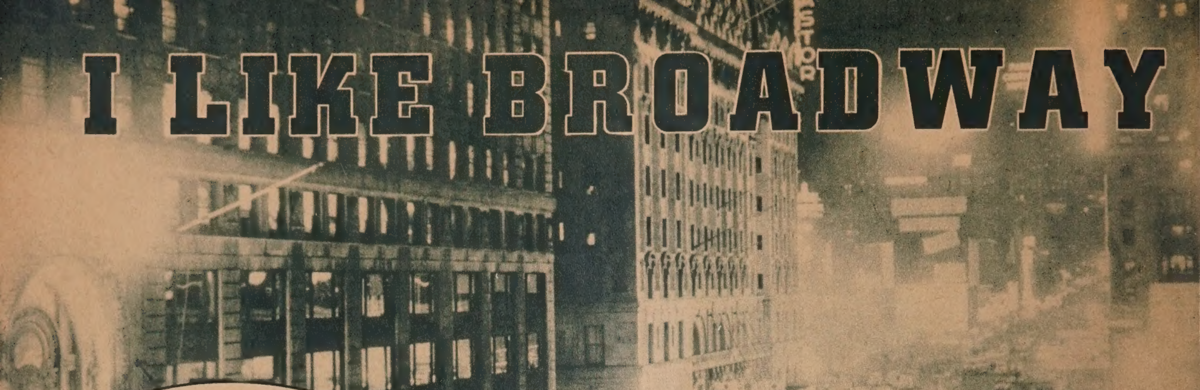
Nothing Sacred was the title of this movie—and nothing at all was sacred—least of all Carole's pretty chin

And there was a little hair pulling contest in *True Confession*. The gentleman is MacMurray, the lady, Lombard

Carole was tossed into bed so violently in this scene that the picture is blurred. Definitely *Nothing Sacred* again

This gay little scene shows Carole nursing a bruised jaw, Fredric March nursing another and Walter Connolly offering help

I LIKE BROADWAY



Franchot Tone admires the progressive movement in the modern theatre, believes that Federal aid to the stage has been of great value. He is pictured above with Franciska Gaal in a scene from his latest M-G-M picture, *The Girl Downstairs*

AS TOLD TO FREDERICK McFEE

FRANCHOT TONE SAYS:

"I have not said good-bye to Hollywood. I want to be in many more pictures. I am leaving because I like Broadway and particularly what my friends of the Group Theatre are trying to do in New York."

And there you have the truth, as Franchot himself expresses it. Much has been written concerning his break with Joan Crawford. Rumors have flown around to the effect that Franchot is fed up with Hollywood, that he is attempting to wipe out the memories of his six hectic years in movieland, that his return to the stage will be a permanent affair.

When I talked to Franchot, he cleared up many of these points.

"I was misquoted sadly," he said, "when the papers claimed I had said that Hollywood bored me. I never said that.

"I don't prefer the stage, but I like it because the modern theatre is full of new ideas on important problems. The theatre is welcoming controversial thought as it never did in times past. Today it is offering more than entertainment; in many instances it is provoking discussion and advance. I think the federal aid to the stage has been a fine thing! The theatre, stimulated by changing conditions, is a part of today's progress. And it's important to have a hand in the progressive stage as well as in the purely entertaining movies! The Group's courage is especially admirable, I believe. It is presenting plays which introduce new ideas—political, sociological, moral, psychological problems.

"Now pictures lack this excitement. In a picture you can't offend anyone. You can't take sides, assume that behavior is anything but strictly according to tradition. Pictures are not as progressive because they are always neutral."

So much has been printed about the greater art of the theatre that I asked for his opinion on that point, too.

"I don't think there is greater art on the stage!" he exclaimed immediately. "A player is more apt to secure a variety of roles on the stage, yes, and that variety smooths and polishes him and is liable to make him more capable of handling any kind of a role. But I firmly believe the screen is the greatest medium of

[*Continued on page* 73]

I LIKE HOLLYWOOD

GRAUMAN'S CHINESE

AS TOLD TO JAMES REID

JOAN CRAWFORD SAYS:

"Hollywood is a madhouse, simply a madhouse. And I'm crazy enough to love it."

The remark about the madhouse was an apology, of sorts, for the hectic life she lived. She knew that I had experienced a close-up of that life for the past five days.

She had expected to give me an interview on Monday. She had promised it, in fact. Moreover, Joan has a fetish about keeping promises. And here it was the following Friday, and the interview was just getting under way.

Monday, she had been busy with retakes for *The Shining Hour*. Rush retakes, to be ready for the sneak preview. After each shot, she had had to learn her new lines for the next one. No time to talk.

That evening, and every evening, she was rehearsing the numbers she would be singing in *The Ice Follies*.

Tuesday, more retakes.

Wednesday, she had said, "Meet me at the radio rehearsal—we'll have a chance to talk there." We didn't. We were going to talk afterward, but the studio phoned her: "We want you to look at some rushes right away."

Thursday, she had been in the No Man's Land of the wardrobe department, for eight hours, being fitted for costumes for *The Ice Follies*.

This morning she had been taking skating instructions until her legs ached. This afternoon she had been taking Technicolor tests continuously (for the big skating numbers of the picture.) Continuously, that is, except for a brief sideline chat with her good friend, Franchot Tone. Now she was removing the Technicolor make-up to put on greasepaint for black-and-white tests (for other scenes of the picture.)

Joan has no make-up woman. She herself takes care of her face. But a hairdresser was fussing with her hair. A wardrobe woman was readying the costume that Joan was to wear in the next tests. Patsy Ruth Miller, who wrote Joan's last radio skit, was waiting to talk to her. So was a girl from the publicity department.

And *this* was the calmest setting for an interview that either Joan or I had seen in five days. It was of short duration. With expensive technicians waiting, she had to be back on the set as soon as she changed make-up and costume. That meant that we had

[*Continued on page* 64]

Joan Crawford feels that Hollywood offers opportunities for self-improvement, hopes to do a stage play. She is shown above with Robert Young in a scene from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *The Shining Hour*

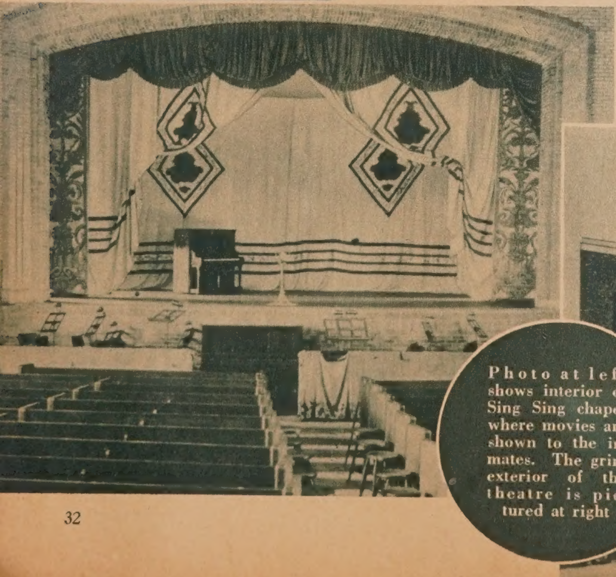
AUDIENCE BEHIND BARS

Warden Lawes, the author of this article, and warden of Sing Sing Prison, is pictured at left. The prison scene above is from the movie based on his book, *20,000 Years in Sing Sing*

By WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

THE most appreciative movie fans are to be found within the grim, gray walls of a prison. The reason for this is best stated in the words of an inmate, who once told me, "Them pictures take us out of the Big House."

That remark didn't disturb me, even though it is my duty to make sure that prisoners don't get out. For, in another sense, I want to see every inmate escape from Sing Sing. Not literally, of course. I have no desire to hear the vicious hammering of machine guns halting a prison break. Instead, I prefer to listen to grinding cameras, projecting on the screen pictures that take the men out of prison; scenes that show what the people in the community are doing; the problems they are facing; the joys and sorrows they are encountering. I want to place the men in the world they once lived in. It is, prob-



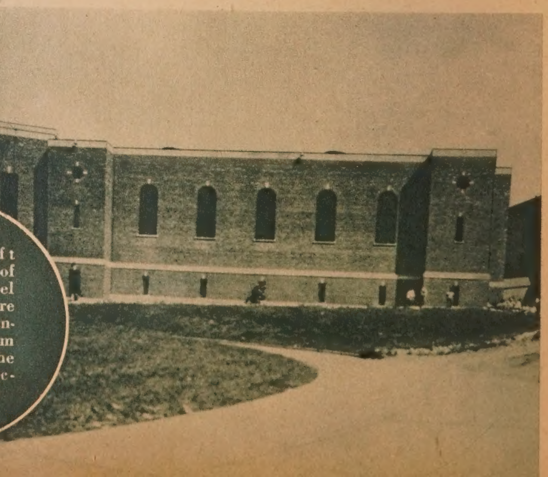


Photo at left shows interior of Sing Sing chapel where movies are shown to the inmates. The grim exterior of the theatre is pictured at right ably, one of the most effective methods of rehabilitation.

When prisoners are subjected to the same daily routine, see the same faces every time they move and are constantly faced with soul torments, which are present along with physical restrictions, thoughts of the outside loom large in their imagination. Motion pictures help them to relax amid these brief intimate glimpses of the world from which they have been isolated.

One of the great problems facing every prison official is to prevent his charges from becoming too institutionalized. Prison management would indeed be simple if we merely fed the men, marched them from shops to cells, and then locked them in. It would also be the simplest way to transform them into "stir-bugs" and so demoralize them that when they returned to the community they would be unable to resume a normal existence. Thus, their chances of becoming law-abiding would be greatly diminished.

The average sentence imposed upon a criminal is about five years. To the man on the street such a period slips by almost unnoticed, but to most inmates, five years is a lifetime. During that span, a great deal happens in the outside world. Our mode of life changes, new types of automobiles appear, people dress differently, any one of a million adjustments take place, almost without our observing them. In time these alterations become so common-place that we are practically unaware that previous methods of living once existed.

But though the man behind bars may read a great deal about the world outside, though he may hear much over the radio, he longs above everything else to see those very developments about which he has read and heard.

THE manager of any moving picture house would be envious to see the turnouts at our picture shows in Sing Sing. They are held twice a week throughout the year in the prison chapel which accommodates about 2,000 men. Our inmate population is 2,800 and since the movie fans represent more than four-fifths of the total, we frequently have "standing room only."

Our equipment is completely modern. The camera is operated by an inmate who has become expert in the field. Sometimes there is a break in the film and the prisoners, not unlike usual theatre-goers, begin to clap their hands for prompt action. When this happens, one can often hear the remark, "Quit the works. What do you expect for nothing?"

When he gets something for nothing, the average member of any audience is hardly appreciative. But not inmates. They enjoy every minute of the show. The terpsichorians marvel at the new dance routines demonstrated by Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; the more musical-minded applaud Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy. But regardless of whether or not the particular program appeals to everyone, the response is generous. The men welcome the chance to "get out of Sing Sing."

The pictures that appeal most to the inmates are musical comedies. Perhaps this is due to [*Continued on page* 62]

Convicts who work on the stone pile, left, find the movies a welcome means of "escape." The prisoners' favorite star is Shirley Temple, top. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, above, always win applause for their dancing. Scene in circle is from *Black Fury*, a film which made Paul Muni a favorite with the prison audience. Muni visited Sing Sing, presented a play

HITS AND FLOPS

By LEE BURKE

IF YOU, as a moviegoer, had to look at the same old faces all the time, monotony would wear you down. You'd soon stop going to the movies.

If you weren't like that, studios wouldn't have to spend millions every year, introducing new people to you. On top of that, you're unpredictable in your tastes. Studios haven't any idea what people you'll like at first sight.

All they can do is guess. And, no matter how hard they try, they can't seem to guess right more than half of the time. For every Hollywood hit, there's always a contrasting Hollywood flop.

If you don't believe it, look over the new faces of 1938.

Consider, for example, Hedy Lamarr and Ilona Massey. Hedy was an instant sensation. Ilona left the public cold.

Why?

Both girls were signed by the same studio, M-G-M, at about the same time. Both came from Vienna. Both were beauties. And they had so much else in common that they lived together—until the studio separated them because they were talking *Deutsch* to each other instead of practicing their English.

Ilona was the one the studio was excited about. She was blonde, for one thing. That gave her a head start as a glamor girl. Also, she had a super-supply of curves. She could wear a mink coat and still be an eyeful. And she had a beautiful singing voice, which had already made her an established favorite on the Continent.

She had everything, it seemed, except a command of English. The studio concentrated on giving her that. They packed her off to Santa Barbara for two months with only a female English tutor for a companion.

Long before the two months were up, the press-agents announced that she would make her bow in *Rosalie*. They added, confidently, "And she'll be a sensation." Soon after the picture started, Director W. S. Van Dyke—a cynical man, little given to prophecy—said, "In two years, she'll back Garbo and Dietrich right off the map." Everybody on the lot talked about Ilona and Ilona's glamor.

It would be interesting to know what Hedy was thinking during all this. *She* wasn't getting any build-up. The studio wasn't concentrating on *her* English, or announcing anything for her, or even letting her talk to reporters.

To put it bluntly, the studio didn't know what to do with her. For one thing, she was brunette—and glamor girls were supposed to be blonde.

John Garfield flashed to stardom in 1938. His magnetic screen personality won immediate attention, helped him up the ladder

Hard luck dogged beautiful Ilona Massey. Her glamor failed to register in a picture that bogged down

Jon Hall was called the "threat" to Taylor, Power and Flynn. During 1938 the Hall firecracker failed to explode

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S find, Marjorie Weaver, soared during 1938. Sincerity and common sense helped

OF 1938

Her only reputation to date was as an actress who had appeared *sans* attire in one foreign picture. Rather than antagonize the bluenoses by ballyhooing Hedy, the studio simply overlooked her.

Rosalie appeared, with Ilona prominent in it, and audiences sat on their hands instead of clapping them. They weren't impressed. The picture was a mediocre much-ado-about-nothing. People could see that Ilona was a beauty, with a beautiful voice. "So what?" they wanted to know. Dull pictures don't make bright stars.

With Americans so disinterested in Ilona, Hedy became more of a problem than ever to M-G-M. They had no hope of making her a star. They proved that by loaning her to Walter Wanger for the second feminine lead in *Algiers*.

No one suspected that this one small role would give inexperienced, brunette Hedy the set-up to become, overnight, the world's new dream-girl.

She appeared very briefly in *Algiers*. But every time she did appear she personified an unforgettable dream to Charles Boyer. He did such a magnificent job of acting that audiences were right in there, sharing his emotions. From seeing her as he saw her, they went one short step farther and saw her as a girl *they* could dream about. She had little to do except look fascinating. She did that very well. That was enough.

Danielle Darrieux and Annabella hailed from the same place, too: Paris. Both were great favorites abroad. Both were known here—Annabella especially, since she had starred in English, as well as French, films. Danielle was an immediate hit with Americans. Annabella hasn't yet become a draw. Why?

Several studios made Danielle offers. She seemed strangely disinterested. Universal outsmarted the others, guessing why. She wouldn't leave her famous writer-husband, Henri Decoin. Universal offered Decoin a Hollywood contract, too—a writing contract. That's how Universal got Danielle, when other studios had made her bigger offers.

She was afraid of Hollywood, of working with strangers in a strange language. Decoin gave her the confidence she needed. He worked on the story of *The Rage of Paris* with the studio writers, made certain not only that her role was life-like and amusing but that it fitted *her*. He shared her English lessons. When the picture started, he clarified the director's instructions for her. During takes, some of her English wasn't too understandable. Decoin saw to it that that didn't upset her. While she was acting, she could concentrate on acting. Any lines that weren't clear could be improved later

[*Continued on page* 70]

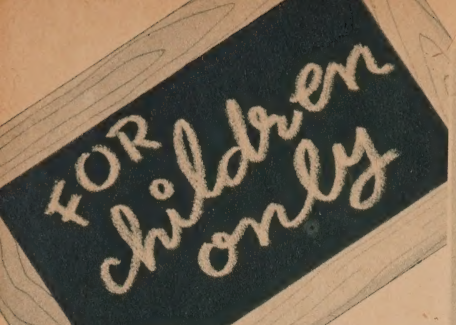
Photo in circle is from *Rosalie*, Ilona Massey's first picture. Despite build-up, audiences sat on their hands

America found Mickey Rooney during 1938. The *Andy Hardy* series, written to fit him, thrust him into stardom

Rose Stradner won acclaim in Vienna. An excellent actress, she has not yet been "found" by the movie public

Richard Greene has possibilities for fluttering innumerable feminine hearts. Stereotyped roles have held him back during 1938

Film find of the year is glamorous Hedy Lamarr. Her studio didn't know at first what to do with her—but the public accepted her wholeheartedly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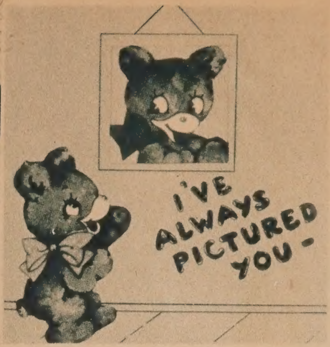
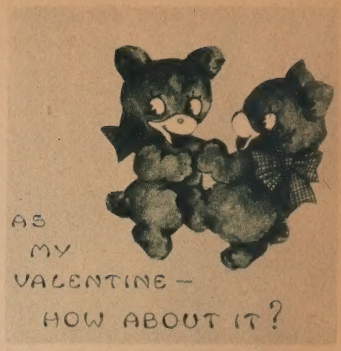

I'VE
ALWAYS
PICTURED
YOU -

This is the outside of one of the "cut-out" valentines made by Shirley Temple


AS
MY
VALENTINE -
HOW ABOUT IT?

Inside of same valentine. Letters are painted in water color, bears pasted on

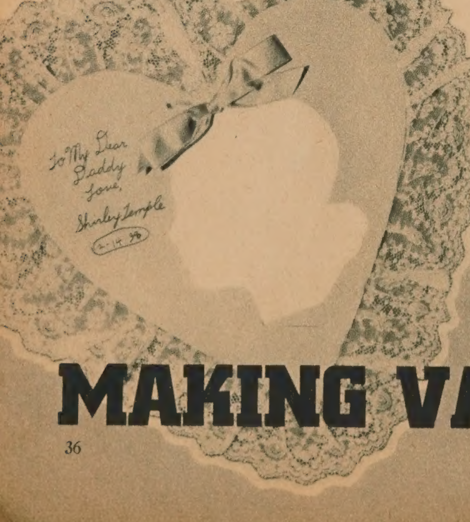
By GORDON BARRINGTON

FOR several years now Shirley Temple has made her own valentines. At present she is busily engaged with paper, scissors, paste and crayons, fashioning this year's valentines, which, she tells us, will number nearly 75.

At the top of Shirley's valentine list are, of course, her "Mummie" and her "Daddy." After them, in order, come her two brothers, her little playmates, and then her many motion picture friends in Hollywood.

If the little 20th Century-Fox star is performing in a picture at the Valentine season, she remembers the people who have worked with her. Recently her studio completed the filming of *The Little Princess,* with Shirley as the star. I found when I visited her that she is working in-

Here is Shirley at work on valentines for this year. Last year's valentine to her father is shown at lower left


To My Dear
Daddy
Love,
Shirley Temple
2-14-38

MAKING VALENTINES WITH

dustriously to finish the valentines she is making, not only for the other actors and actresses in the picture but also for the director and his staff and for the many workmen who make her pictures possible. An ambitious task, to say the least!

Shirley thinks that making her own valentines is great fun. And, as she expressed it to me, she feels that a valentine you have made yourself "has much more feeling to it," than one you might buy at the store.

Shirley was quite backward when I asked her if she would give me a few hints on "how to make a valentine."

"I just make each one as the idea comes to me," she responded. "I don't know how the ideas come. I know that other children make their own valentines, too, and I'm sure that they also have many ideas about making them."

But just as Shirley is an artist on the screen, so also is she blessed with the ability and will to create beautiful things with pencil, brush, crayon and, in this case, with scissors and paste as well.

Here is a glimpse of some of the valentines Shirley has made in the past:

"For Mummie's and Daddy's valentines I have always worked the hardest," she told me, as we talked in her dressing-room. "Last year, Mummie's and Daddy's were both the same—big red folding hearts with a white silhouette of myself in the middle. The red paper was regular paper you can buy at the store, and the white was drawing paper. The silhouette was made for me by the studio and I traced around it on the drawing paper with pencil, and then cut it out with the scissors. Around the edges of the hearts I pasted paper lace, which I got from some paper doilies that were lying around the house.

"The hardest part of these valentines was making the hearts. I tried for hours to make them free-hand, but finally had to get a small heart-shaped candy-box and trace around it.

"Some of the heart-shaped valentines I make are just one heart. But for my best friends I make the "folding hearts." To make these, you trace two hearts, side by side, then cut them out. But you must be sure not to cut all the way down the middle between them. You must leave a little paper there so you can fold one heart over the other. When you have folded the valentine, I think it's nice to put a ribbon through the left side of the hearts and tie it in a bow.

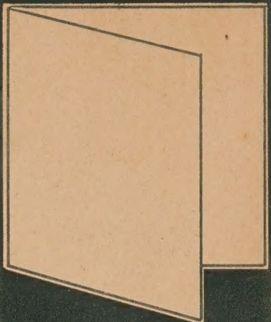
For the people I don't know very well I usually make square or oblong valentines. When I first started I used to use only one piece of paper, folded at the middle. But now I usually use two pieces, one white and the other colored. You first cut out an oblong piece of the colored paper. Then you cut another smaller oblong with the white paper. You paste the white paper on the colored paper, and, if you do it evenly, you have a white oblong with a colored border. Then you fold the valentine in the middle. I usually make holes at the top and bottom, on the left, put ribbons through and tie them in a bow.

"I THINK it's best to leave the outside plain. But on the inside, on the white paper, it's nice to make drawings in crayon or to try to do something in water color. If you have a message to say, I think it's best to print it in crayon. For Mummie and Daddy and my two brothers I always say something that's just for them. But for other people, all you have to say is, "Be My Valentine," or "I Love You," or something like that. Just something simple."

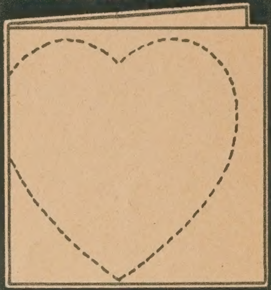
"It's always nice, I think, to put some kind of a border on your valentines. On Mummie's and Daddy's I nearly always paste paper lace, but on some of them I put tin foil or colored tissue paper.

"Some of my playmates who make their own valentines tell me they would like to make drawings or water color pictures, as I do, but say they don't know enough about it. They say they aren't good enough artists or that they can't think of anything to draw or paint. Goodness knows, lots of people wonder what my pictures are supposed to be! But I'm sure almost everyone would rather have you try to make something, no matter what it looks like.

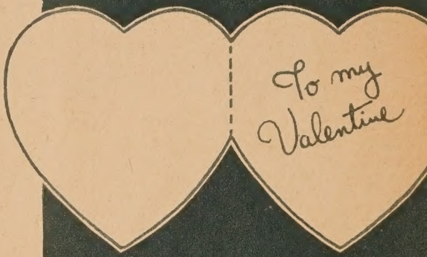
"The pictures I make are all very simple. For girls' and ladies' valentines I usually make just a bouquet of flowers, or a little girl [*Continued on page* 85]



To make the folding hearts of the kind Shirley sends to her friends, first hold an oblong of colored paper in the middle

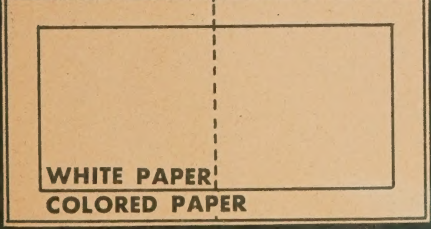


With candy box or valentine from last year, trace outline of heart as indicated. Hold folded paper firmly, cut along line

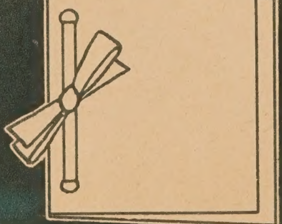


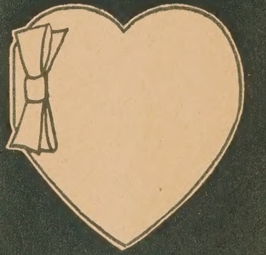
Write or draw picture inside of folding hearts. Edges may be decorated with lace, tin foil

First step for square valentines is to paste white paper on oblong of colored paper



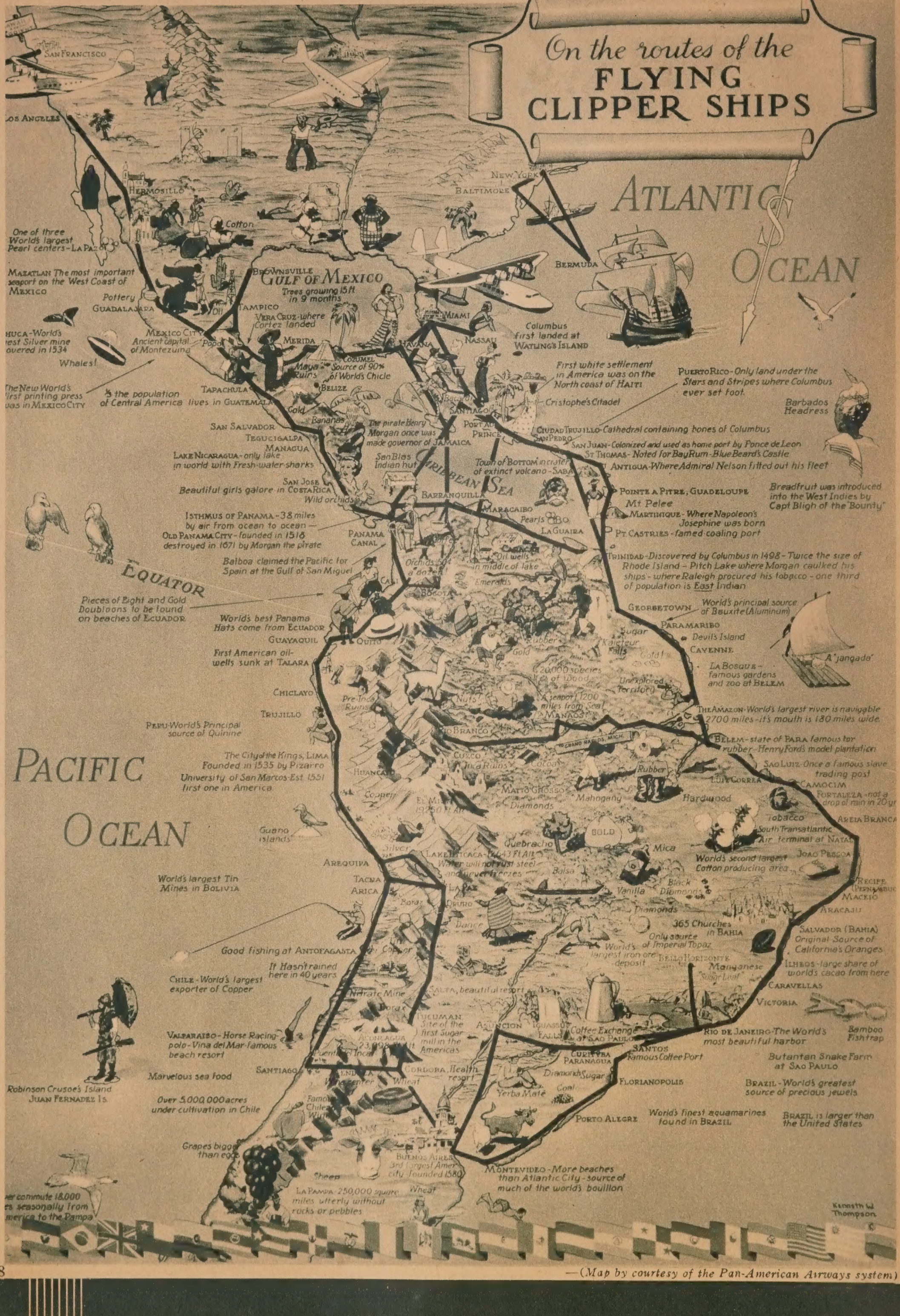
Second step is to fold as shown. Then make holes, pass ribbon through and tie





After sentiment has been written within hearts, fold together, make holes on left hand side and pass ribbon through

SHIRLEY TEMPLE


On the routes of the
FLYING
CLIPPER SHIPS
SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
HERMOSILLO
Cotton
One of three World's largest Pearl centers-LA PAZ
MAZATLAN The most important seaport on the West Coast of MEXICO
Pottery
GUADALAJARA
HUCA-World's
est Silver mine
overed in 1534
Whales!
MEXICO CITY Ancient capital of Montezuma
Popo
The New World's first printing press was in MEXICO CITY
⅓ the population of Central America lives in GUATEMALA
TAPACHULA
BROWNSVILLE
GULF OF MEXICO
Trees growing 15 ft in 9 months
Oil
TAMPICO
VERA CRUZ-where Cortez landed
MERIDA
Maya Ruins
COZUMEL Source of 90% of World's Chicle
BELIZE
Gold
Bananas
SAN SALVADOR
TEGUCIGALPA
MANAGUA
LAKE NICARAGUA-only lake in world with Fresh-water sharks
SAN JOSE
Beautiful girls galore in COSTA RICA
Wild orchids
ISTHMUS OF PANAMA-38 miles by air from ocean to ocean—
OLD PANAMA CITY-founded in 1518 destroyed in 1671 by Morgan the pirate
PANAMA CANAL
Balboa claimed the Pacific for Spain at the Gulf of San Miguel
EQUATOR
Pieces of Eight and Gold Doubloons to be found on beaches of ECUADOR
World's best Panama Hats come from ECUADOR
GUAYAQUIL
QUITO
CALI
BOGOTA
First American oil-wells sunk at TALARA
CHICLAYO
TRUJILLO
PERU-World's Principal source of Quinine
PACIFIC OCEAN
The City of the Kings, LIMA Founded in 1535 by Pizarro
University of San Marcos-Est. 1551 first one in America
HUANCAYO
Copper
Guano islands
AREQUIPA
TACNA
ARICA
World's largest Tin Mines in BOLIVIA
Good fishing at ANTOFAGASTA
CHILE-World's largest exporter of Copper
It Hasn't rained here in 40 years
Nitrate Mine
Borax
VALPARAISO-Horse Racing-polo-Vina del Mar-famous beach resort
ACONCAGUA 23,098 Ft. Alt.
Puente del Inca
SANTIAGO
MENDOZA Wine center
Marvelous sea food
Robinson Crusoe's Island JUAN FERNADEZ Is.
Over 5,000,000 acres under cultivation in Chile
Famous Chilean Wine
Grapes bigger than eggs
...er commute 18,000
...es seasonally from
...merica to the Pampa
Sheep
LA PAMPA-250,000 square miles utterly without rocks or pebbles
Wheat
BUENOS AIRES 3rd largest American city-founded 1580
NEW YORK
BALTIMORE
BERMUDA
ATLANTIC OCEAN
MIAMI
NASSAU
Columbus first landed at WATLING'S ISLAND
HAVANA
First white settlement in America was on the North coast of HAITI
Cristophe's Citadel
Bacardi
SANTIAGO
PORT AU PRINCE
The pirate Henry Morgan once was made governor of JAMAICA
San Blas Indian hut
CARIBBEAN SEA
Town of BOTTOM in crater of extinct volcano-SABA
PUERTO RICO-Only land under the Stars and Stripes where Columbus ever set foot.
Barbados Headress
CIUDAD TRUJILLO-Cathedral containing bones of Columbus
SAN PEDRO
SAN JUAN-Colonized and used as home port by Ponce de Leon
ST THOMAS-Noted for Bay Rum-Blue Beard's Castle
ANTIGUA-Where Admiral Nelson fitted out his fleet
POINTE A PITRE, GUADELOUPE
Mt. Pelee
MARTINIQUE-Where Napoleon's Josephine was born
PT. CASTRIES-famed coaling port
Breadfruit was introduced into the West Indies by Capt Bligh of the "Bounty"
BARRANQUILLA
MARACAIBO
Pearls
LA GUAIRA
CARACAS
Oil wells in middle of lake
Orchids 50¢ a dozen
Emeralds
TRINIDAD-Discovered by Columbus in 1498-Twice the size of Rhode Island-Pitch Lake where Morgan caulked his ships-where Raleigh procured his tobacco-one third of population is East Indian
GEORGETOWN
World's principal source of Bauxite (Aluminum)
PARAMARIBO
Devil's Island
CAYENNE
Sugar
Kaieteur Falls
Rubber
Gold
Gold!
20,000 species of wood
Unexplored Territory
LA BOSQUE-famous gardens and zoo at BELEM
A "jangada"
Nuts
Pre-Inca Ruins
A seaport 1200 miles from Sea! MANAOS
THE AMAZON-World's largest river is navigable 2700 miles-it's mouth is 180 miles wide.
RIO BRANCO
TO GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.
BELEM-state of PARA famous for rubber-Henry Ford's model plantation
CUZCO Inca Ruins
Cocoa
Rubber
SAO LUIZ-Once a famous slave trading post
LUIZ CORREA
CAMOCIM
FORTALEZA-not a drop of rain in 20 yr
MATTO GROSSO
Diamonds
Mahogany
Hardwood
EL MISTI 19,250 Ft. Alt.
Tobacco
AREIA BRANCA
South Transatlantic Air terminal at NATAL
GOLD
Quebracho
Mica
LAKE TITICACA-12,643 Ft Alt. Water will not rust steel and never freezes
Silver
Balsa
World's second largest Cotton producing area
JOAO PESSOA
LA PAZ
Vanilla
Black Diamonds
RECIFE (PERNAMBUCO)
MACEIO
ORURO
Diamonds
ARACAJU
Dance
365 Churches in BAHIA
Only source of Imperial Topaz
SALVADOR (BAHIA) Original Source of California's Oranges
World's largest iron ore deposit
BELLO HORIZONTE
Manganese
"Sugar Loaf"
ILHEOS-large share of world's cacao from here
CARAVELLAS
SALTA, beautiful resort
VICTORIA
Bamboo Fishtrap
TUCUMAN Site of the first Sugar mill in the Americas
ASUNCION
IGUASSU FALLS
Coffee Exchange at SAO PAULO
RIO DE JANEIRO-The World's most beautiful harbor
SANTOS Famous Coffee Port
CURITYBA
PARANAGUA
Butantan Snake Farm at SAO PAULO
CORDOBA, Health resort
Wheat
Diamonds
Sugar
FLORIANOPOLIS
BRAZIL-World's greatest source of precious jewels
Coal
Yerba Maté
PORTO ALEGRE
World's finest aquamarines found in BRAZIL
BRAZIL is larger than the United States
MONTEVIDEO-More beaches than Atlantic City-source of much of the world's bouillon
Kenneth W. Thompson

—(Map by courtesy of the Pan-American Airways system)

TYRONE POWER'S Escapes from HOLLYWOOD

On his Mexican jaunt last summer, Tyrone was entertained by high Mexican officials. He is shown above looking out over Mexico City with one of his hosts

Photo above shows Tyrone setting out on one of his excursions from Hollywood. The young star takes his vacations as far as possible from the world of movies

Last summer's jaunt to Mexico revealed Tyrone's popularity among the senoritas. He is shown surrounded by Mexico City friends

By BEN MADDOX

FEW stars have enjoyed the whirl of sudden success as much as Tyrone Power has. Paradoxically, few stars have shared Power's need to escape periodically from all that Hollywood success implies.

Power was plunged abruptly into a magic-making group where he, too, was distinguished and important. All the small troubles of everyday life disappeared miraculously. He who had been so ignored and discouraged was assigned one prize after another.

Caught up in this web of Hollywood activity, Tyrone at first beamed constantly. Everything he did, the whole atmosphere about him, was charged with dramatics. He had wanted events to pop fast and furiously, and his dream had materialized.

Map shows route followed by Tyrone on his 20,000-mile airplane tour of South America, the most extensive air trip ever taken by a motion picture star. Leaving Los Angeles on Nov. 8, Tyrone flew down the west coast of South America, crossed the Andes to Buenos Aires and returned by way of the east coast and the West Indies to Miami

Because he is emotional, he was afire most of the time. He had fought to acquire a good speaking voice. No one had been impressed. Then all the study bore fruit in an incredible rush for his services. To him, it was an overwhelming sensation to become the white-haired lad.

During his first year of major progress, he tried to crowd in all the social functions to which he was invited. The established leaders of Hollywood, accustomed to doling out their time and energy, were insistent. No more could Tyrone say, "No, I'd better stay home," than he could have said, "Yes, I'll be glad to attend," a year earlier.

The conflict between society and dawn calls to be on sets for work taught him he had only so much energy. He cut dinner-partying to a reasonable scale.

Slowly he began to realize how few hours he was going to have to himself. He'd sworn he wanted to be so busy he'd never have a moment of idleness. He had to experience the unbelievable strain Hollywood popularity can cause before he grew up mentally.

"Everyone has to digest what life feeds him," Tyrone says now, "and I had too full a stomach for a spell!"

He won't allow a single quote to the effect that he worked too steadily for his own good.

"I tried too hard to land my opportunity to ever complain about too much work!" he exclaims. He won't admit the barrage of continual invitations finally floored him, depressed him because he just couldn't possibly be in so many places at once, please so many people no matter how willing he was to be agreeable.

Nevertheless, as a friend who knows how impulsive Tyrone was, I can tell you that he did reach the spot where he had to find relief from the Hollywood strain. He'd uncomplainingly attempted to do more than anyone could do—without some sort of in-between pause. And had he not stopped to analyze his strange [*Continued on page* 74]

WHAT'S SHOOTING NOW

By JERRY LANE

A LITTLE FROM LOTS

AS MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT said recently, "Walking around Hollywood sets is like walking around in dreams!"

And what dreams! For instance, you step on M-G-M's Stage 15 and run right into the Number 1 variety. This is technically known as the "after-the-plum-pudding" special, in which the imagination does flip-flops. Because, spread out before you, is the land of Mother Goose—on ice!

Studio engineers have covered the floor of the whole vast stage with ice. Studio architects have constructed the Gingerbread House on top of it, pillars of peppermint stick candy and all. And there's Joan Crawford cutting a fancy figure—on skates. (Now I know I'm dreaming. Isn't Sonja Henie the skating star, or am I woozy?) Joan is all done up in blue tulle, looking exactly like something you'd like to find in your Christmas stocking. Behind her, Little Boy Blue is doing nipups with the Cow That Jumped Over the Moon. The Crooked Man is holding hands with a Blackbird that just hopped out of the pie. And it looks as if Little Miss Muffet was giving the Spider the run-around. (Boy, bring me a bag of cracked ice quick. I'm going to need it!)

Oh, oh, there's Jimmy Stewart. He, at least, looks familiar with that battered brown hat of his cocked at its usual 90 degree angle. "Hi," Jimmy hails us, "welcome to the *Ice Follies* set. Sure, we've got the regular Ice Follies troupe from New York. They are those Mother Goose characters out there. Joan is Cinderella in this ballet number, and Lew Ayres is Prince Charming. Me? Oh, I'm the guy that's supposed to pay the bills, the manager. You know, this is the first behind-the-scenes story of an ice carnival that has been done. Watch!"

Lights. Music. They swing into action. It's fantastically beautiful. If this is dreaming, don't ever let me wake up! From a quiet corner of the stage someone else is watching, with his gaze riveted on Joan, a gentleman by the name of Franchot Tone. As the number ends she swings towards him, holding out both hands. Don't those two *know* they're still in love? Besides, it would save Franchot money if they made up. He's been sending Joan orchids every day.

Some day I'm going to tell my grandchildren about that girl named Crawford—how she's done everything she ever set out to do. I heard her sing four years ago. It was pretty bad. I heard a record she had made the other day. It was magnificent. Now she's ice-skating like a champion.

She and Little Boy Blue try out an intricate whirl. Jimmy Stewart raises an eyebrow at them. "It's all right for the rest of you guys to do those fancy tricks," he grins, "but don't forget I have twice as far to fall!"

OVER at 20th Century-Fox they're doing a de luxe version of *The Three Musketeers* — with the Ritz brothers.

As we enter, a fat, round cheese sails overhead. "Duck," shouts the assistant director. Gladly! That cheese was at least a first cousin to limburger. More of the squishy stuff comes sailing past. There's a clash of swords. "Cut!" calls Director Allan Dwan.

"Which cheese?" says Jimmy Ritz innocently. Don d'Artagnan Ameche pretends to make a pass at him with his trusty blade. Jimmy sticks a ripe Edam on it. The inn of the Coq d'Or looks

Charles Boyer, Irene Dunne and Maria Ouspenskaya are shown below in a scene from RKO Radio's *Love Affair*

Pauline Moore, Gloria Stuart, Don Ameche in a scene from Twentieth Century-Fox's *The Three Musketeers*

slightly as if a hurricane had struck a delicatessen. If Dumas could see his story now! At that, he'd probably get a good rib-tickling out of it. The three Ritz zanies are really scullery boys—see Scene 36B—who masquerade as the Musketeers when they drink those worthies under the table and steal their clothes. d'Artagnan comes to the inn, mistakes them for the King's own, and the four unite to fight off Richelieu's guardsmen—Don with his sword, the boys with their cheeses. And the fun begins there.

"I'm worried," Don admits as the company waits for the lights to be set on a new scene. "The Ritzies have been plotting a revenge all day and it hasn't come off yet!" Don, it seems, framed 'em. He pretended to be the assistant director, called them at 6 a.m., and told them to be at the studio an hour early.

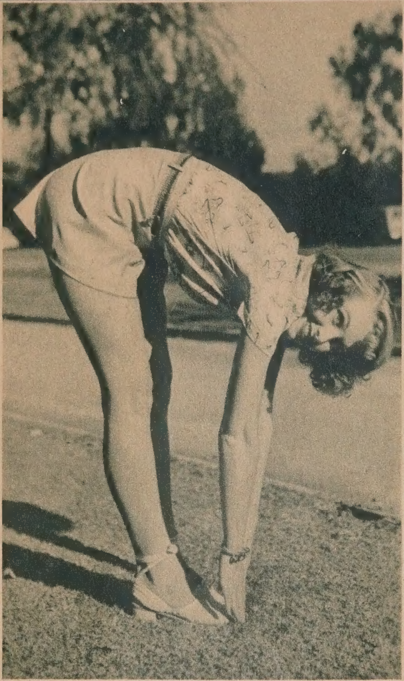
But the lads don't wait long now to get even. 'Tis the shot where the four roistering cavaliers go to find a lodging for d'Artagnan in the wee morning hours. All is still. Don climbs into bed, snoozes. Suddenly the door opens softly. A robed figure steals in, goes to the window. It's the lovely Constance (Pauline Moore), lady-in-waiting to the Queen. Unaware that the room is occupied she signals someone outside, lights a candle with a long taper.

S-s-s-phtt-t-t! Like a sky-rocket the candle flames up. People [*Continued on page* 84]

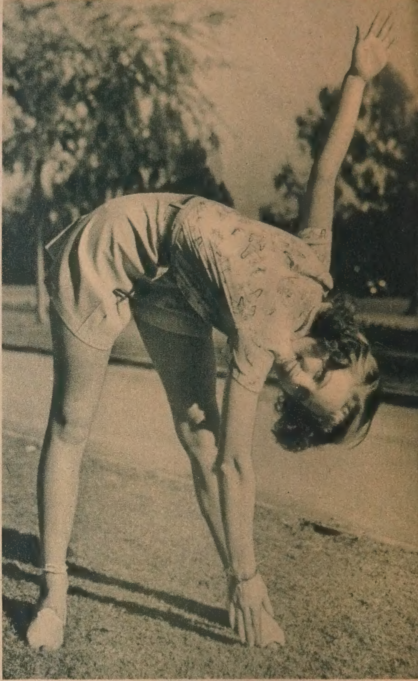
James Cagney portrays the role of a western cowboy in Warner's *Oklahoma Kid.* Rosemary Lane is his co-star

LIMBERING UP WITH LANG

June Lang enjoys a mad gallop across the front lawn. Leaps and bounds take the kinks out of legs

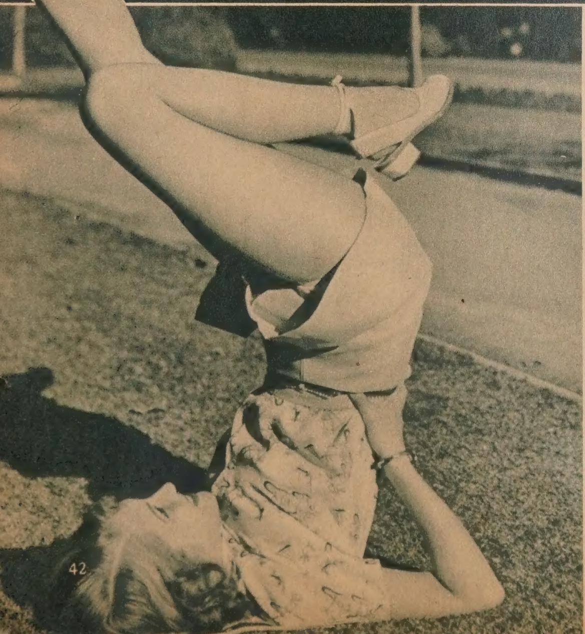


Toe touching stretches the muscles of thighs and hips, helps to create good posture and graceful stance



More difficult is this exercise bringing that waistline down. With spread feet, June touches toes of left foot with right hand

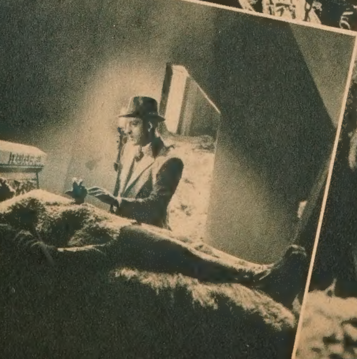
Make-believe bicycling is one of the most certain methods for trimming excess weight from hips. This exercise also strengthens the abdomen



June beams at the cameraman when the exercise period is over. By methods similar to those shown on this page, the stars keep in good shape

BOO!

It's Frankenstein's monster, back again to haunt your dreams. Picture is Universal's *Son of Frankenstein*, players are Basil Rathbone, Bela Lugosi and, of course, Boris Karloff. The charming gentleman at far left is Mr. Monster—Boris Karloff hidden somewhere beneath 64 pounds of costume. The neatly groomed gent with the torch is Ygor, the mad shepherd (Lugosi). Center scene shows Rathbone's first encounter with Ygor. Picture at lower left shows Monster, Ygor and Frankenstein's son (Rathbone). Below, "He cannot die," says Ygor of his friend, the Monster



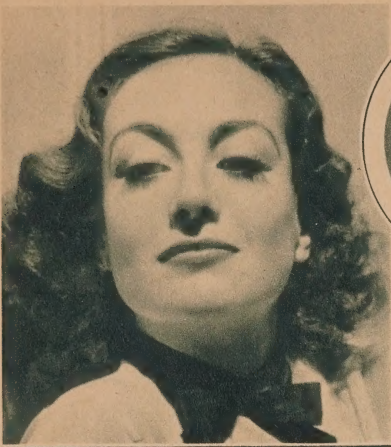
JIMMIE FIDLER PICKS—

DO YOU AGREE?

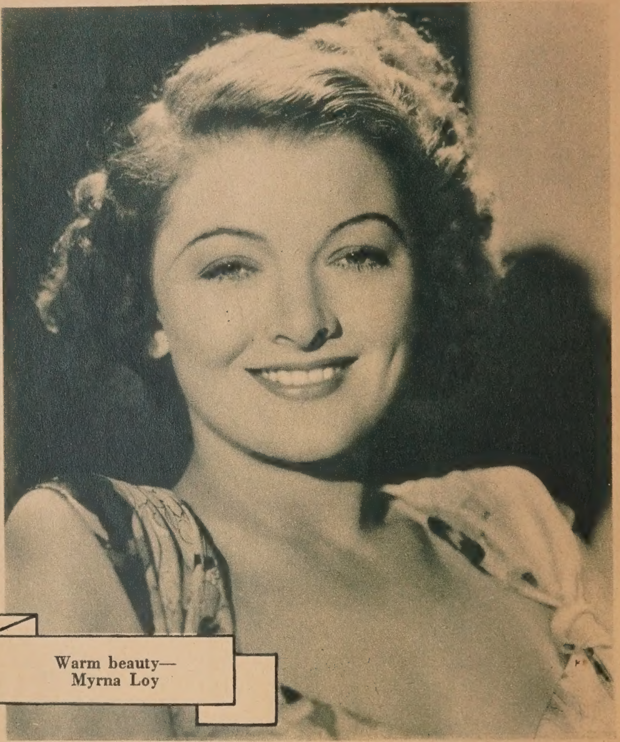
RECENTLY Jimmie Fidler, in his column, *Jimmie Fidler in Hollywood,* (McNaught Syndicate, Inc.) announced his selections of the 12 most beautiful women in Hollywood. He said, in part, that there are a dozen different types of beauty in Hollywood, and listed these types as patrician beauty, cold beauty, warm beauty, sophisticated beauty, determined beauty, studied beauty, passionate beauty, mischievous beauty, spiritual beauty, childish beauty, sexy beauty and exotic beauty.

On these pages SCREEN BOOK Magazine presents the pictures of those stars selected by Jimmie Fidler. Do you agree with the selection?

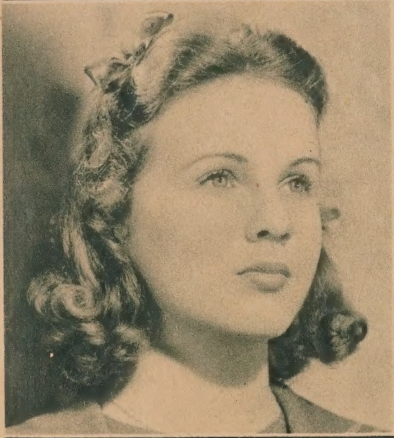
Jimmie Fidler



Determined beauty—Joan Crawford

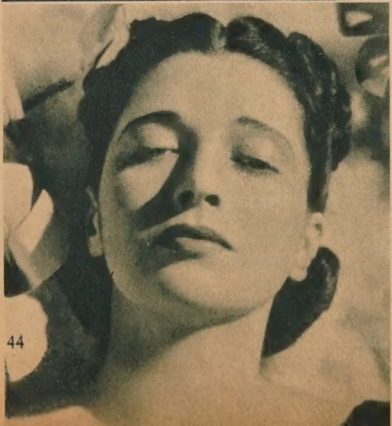


Warm beauty—
Myrna Loy

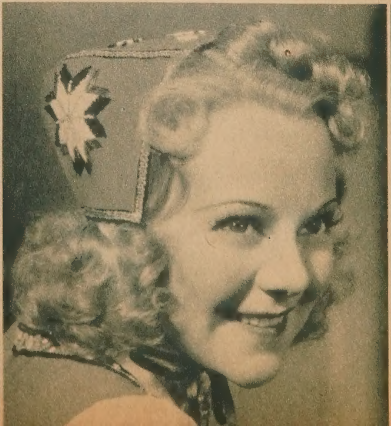


Spiritual beauty—Deanna Durbin

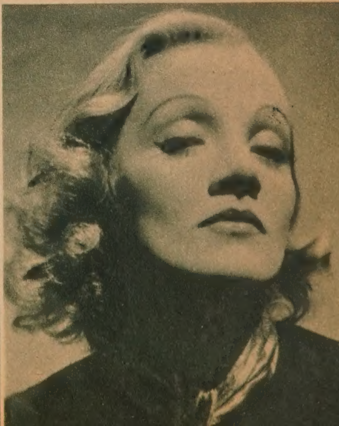
Cold beauty—Kay Francis



Mischievous beauty—Sonja Henie



Sophisticated beauty—Marlene Dietrich



HOLLYWOOD'S 12 MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Sexy beauty—
Ann Sheridan

Passionate beauty—Hedy Lamarr

Patrician beauty—Madeleine Carroll

Studied beauty—Norma Shearer

Childish beauty—Maureen O'Sullivan

Exotic beauty—Merle Oberon

Visiting

Edward G. Robinson's collection of pipes is the envy of his pipe-smoking friends. Pipes come from every nation in Europe

Many pleasant hours are spent in front of this magnificent fireplace in the living room of Robinson's beautiful home

The star points, below, to a painting recently purchased. Paintings in his home are worth more than a million dollars

Edward G. Robinson

This view of Robinson's den shows the collection of caricatures of the Warner Brothers star. Note announcement of his son's birth

Here is part of the famous Robinson library containing numerous first editions. Robinson is an avid book collector

Little Caesar has a "little Caesar" named Edward, Jr. Father and son are shown above with Mrs. Robinson

Pictured at left is the master bedroom. Note antique style of furniture

FANS AREN'T FOOLS

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

An interview with

BASIL RATHBONE

"FOOLS? Of course they are fools. The average film fan is a moron who wouldn't know a good picture if he saw one. If Hollywood tried to turn out one good movie after another, there wouldn't be a full theatre in the country."

Those words were spoken recently by a man who owns a chain of motion picture theatres. When he made the statement, he didn't realize he was being overheard. Smug, pleased with his cynicism, he talked expansively about the stupidity of movie fans.

"Sheep," he said. "Just stupid sheep. They go to the movies to munch gum and let warm waves of emotion roll over them from the screen. Then they park their gum under the seats and shuffle back into the world to pick up the threads of their own petty lives."

The opinion of movie fans reflected in those comments is one shared by a great many "intellectuals." But it's an argument that collapses with the first application of sound reasoning.

Basil Rathbone is one of the most active champions of the opposite opinion. He is a man whose faith in the good taste of the public has never been shattered.

"The public produces the pictures," he says. "If pictures are sometimes bad and business is sometimes poor it is because we in the industry have been faulty instruments of the public's unfailing good taste. We have not always obeyed the mandate of the millions who exercise their entertainment ballot—or fail to exercise it—by sliding their good money through the cashier's wicket."

Such is the main theme of Basil Rathbone's pronouncement on the subject of motion picture economics.

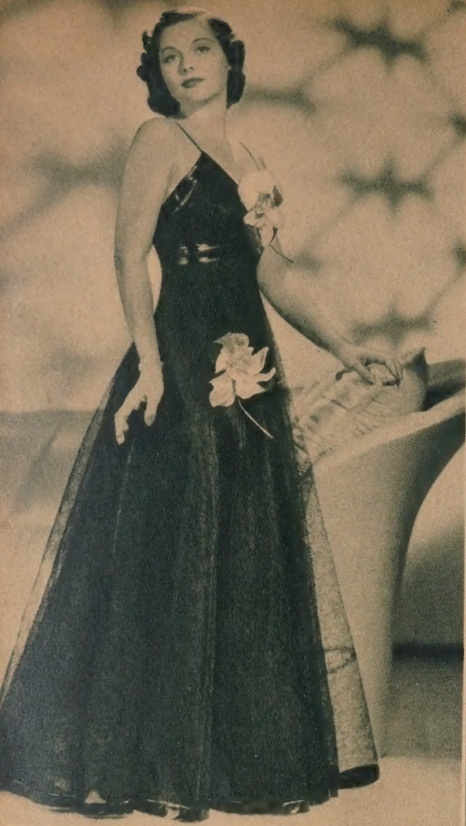
"There exists in this country a wide and deep vein of the populace composed of discriminating adults who go to the movies only on special occasions. They are true lovers of good literature, of good drama, of good music. Our films have let them down from time to time. They are wary shoppers. But when we give them a truly great picture, one [*Continued on page* 81]

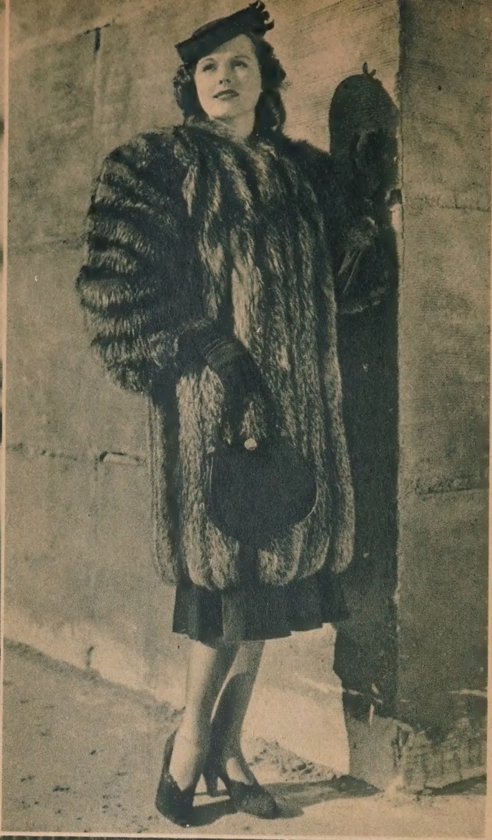
Advocate of good movies and champion of those who attend them, Basil Rathbone has contributed greatly to the progress of the movie industry. He is shown at right with David Niven and Errol Flynn in a dramatic scene from his latest Warner Brothers picture, *Dawn Patrol*

Fashionably Yours

Heavy gold lame was used by Howard Greer to mold and drape this shimmering dinner gown worn by Irene Dunne in "Love Affair," her latest RKO Radio picture in which she co-stars with Charles Boyer

This luxurious Lynx jacket is modeled by Lucille Ball, RKO player, appearing in "Beauty For The Asking." Lucille's dress is of two-tone blue, and her accessories of teal blue suede

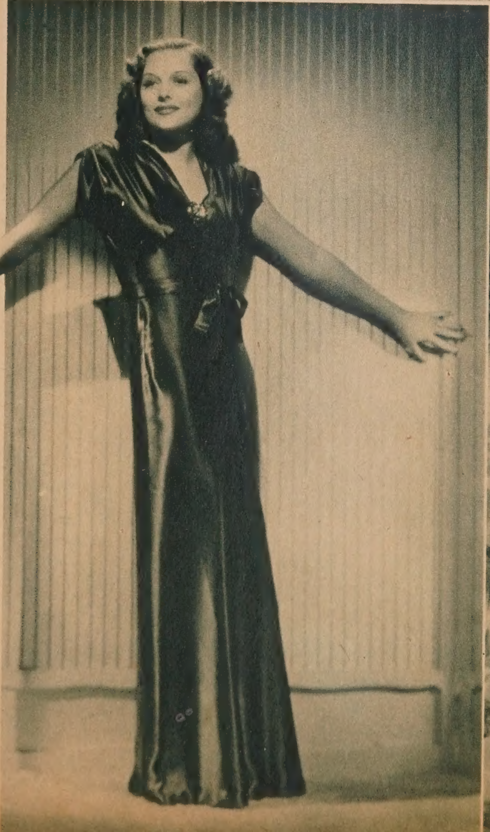




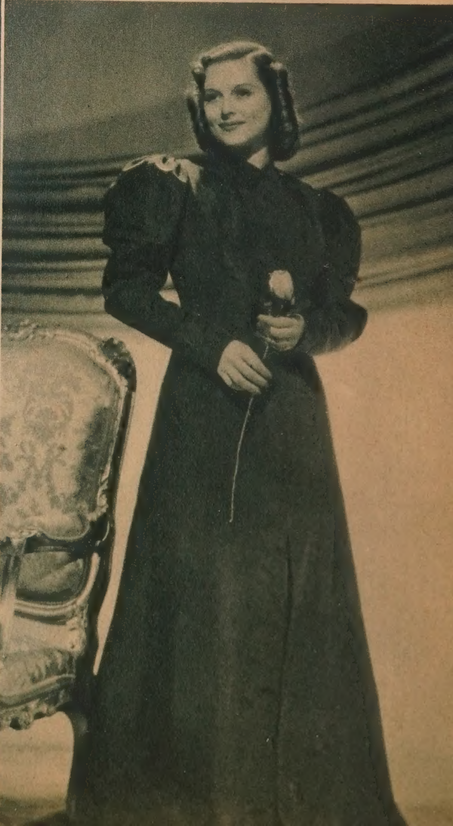
Silver fox continues to find favor with Hollywood's younger set. Irene Hervey, who is Mrs. Allan Jones in private life, selects this three-quarter length model for her personal wardrobe

Black taffeta fashions this quaint evening coat. The fitted bodice with its full, flared skirt, the high collarless neckline and leg-o-mutton sleeves are all reminiscent of the Gibson girl era

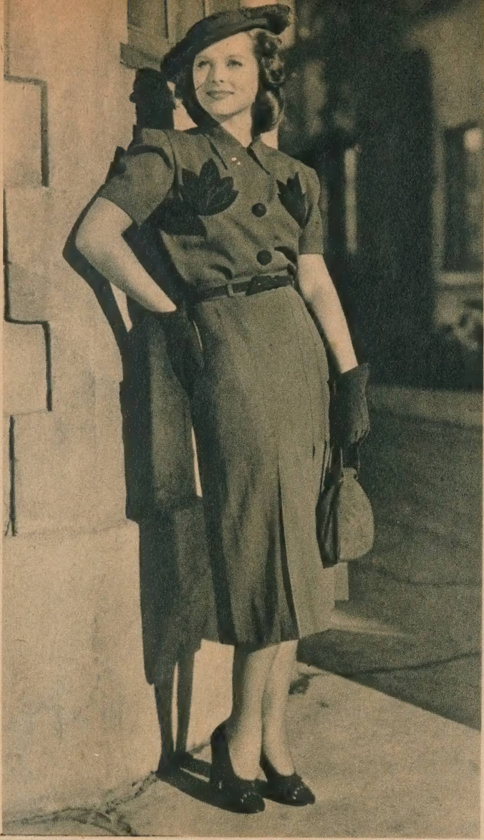
Embroidered black lace over a black satin slip is used for this gown worn by lovely Irene Hervey in her current Paramount film, "Say It In French." Two large water lilies are the only touch of trimming

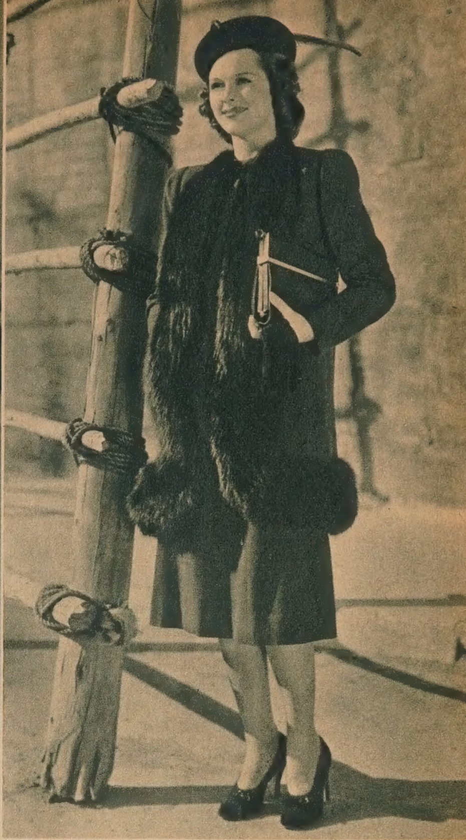


The pencil-slim skirt of royal blue satin dinner dress molds the figure with a slight fullness toward the floor. The bodice has a V-neckline with a full shirred treatment at the shoulder

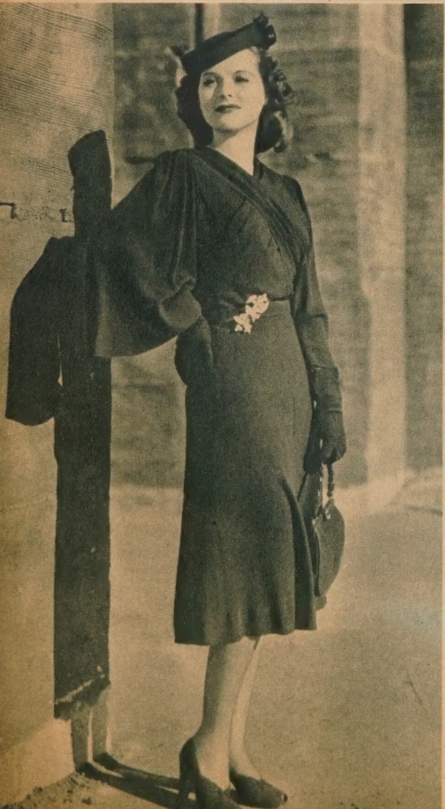


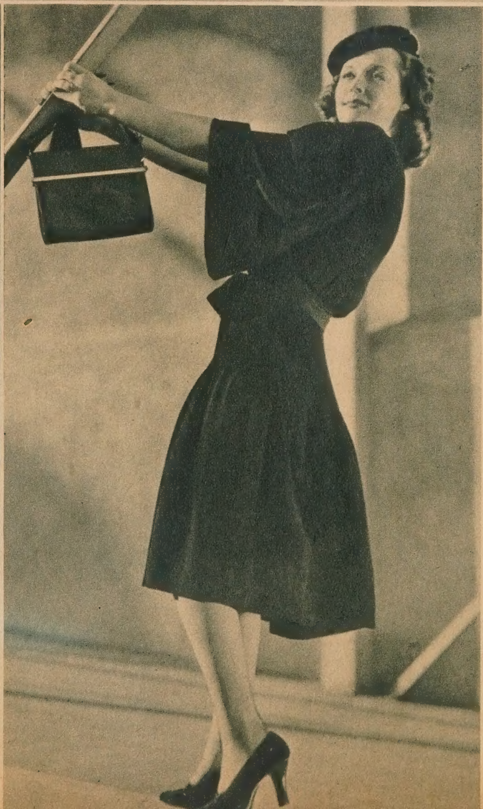
Teal blue gabardine is used for Miss Hervey's sport frock. The pocket treatment is an interesting feature. Brown suede in oak leaf design has been used and matches the two large suede buttons and belt





This smart afternoon dress of plum-colored wool reveals draped treatment in the bodice and wide bishop sleeves in the popular three-quarter length. Note the dusty pink flower pin worn on the belt





Miss Hervey's two-piece suit of teal blue wool is trimmed with a wide band of black fox which extends down the front and around the edge of the coat. A velvet hat and black accessories complete the costume

Irene's peasant dress of black crepe features smocking around top of the skirt which is very full. Wide bishop sleeves also carry smocking at top of the shoulder

Birth of a Gown

1. Dolly Tree, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer designer, calls upon her imagination to create a sketch to fit the personality of the star, as well as the situation

2. Before putting the gown into work Rita Johnson and Designer Tree get together for a conference. Changes to be made in the sketch are indicated at this time

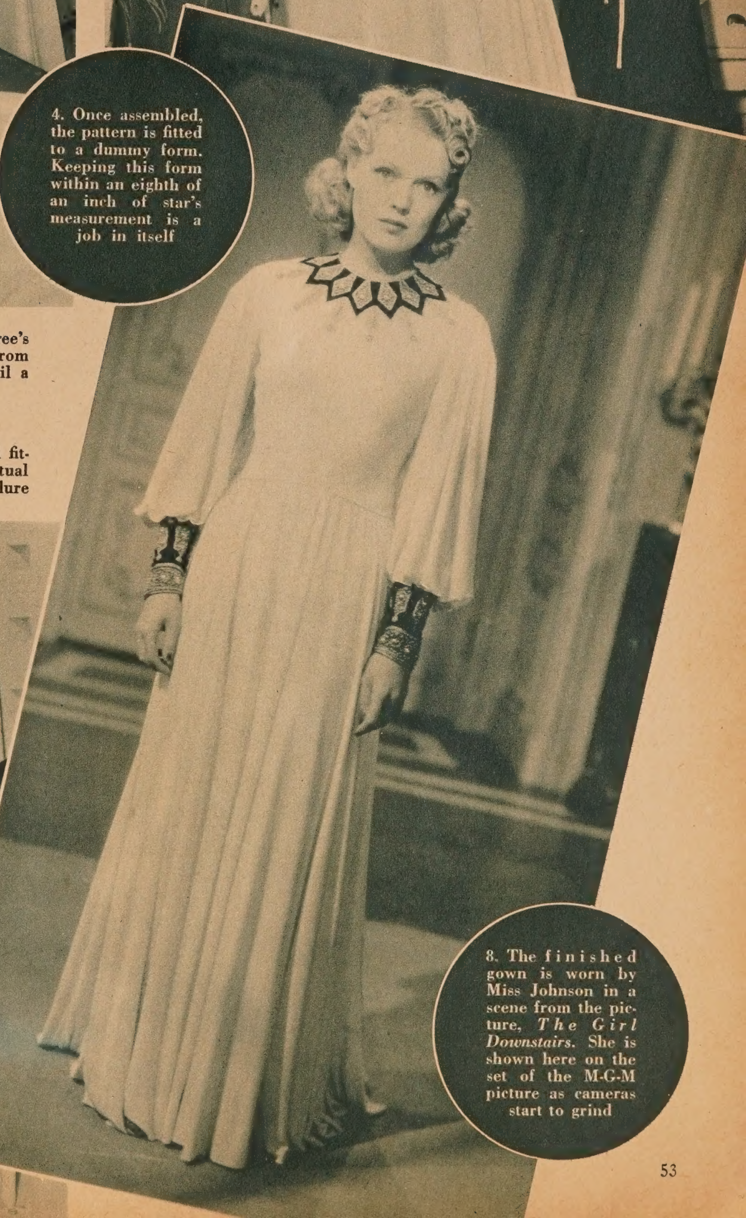
6. When completed the dress is once again placed over the dummy figure of the star and checked against the original sketch. Miss Tree inspects intricate hand work

5. Actual work starts on gown. Excellence of fabric and workmanship is necessary because of magnifying power of camera lens. Skilled hand-work embroiderers (right) execute the intricate design

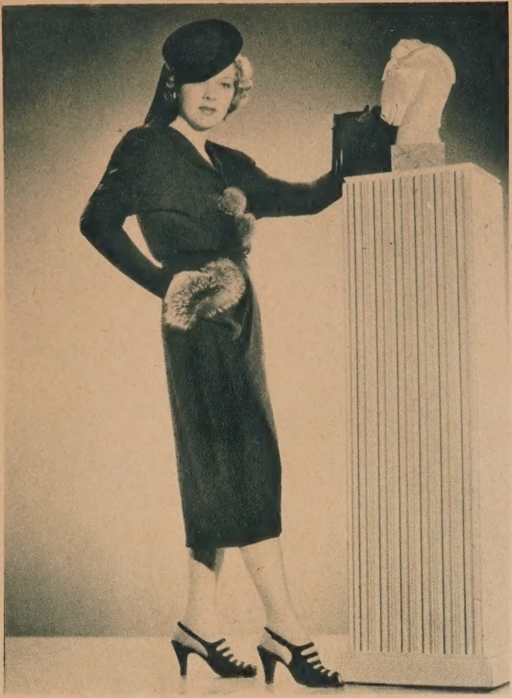
4. Once assembled, the pattern is fitted to a dummy form. Keeping this form within an eighth of an inch of star's measurement is a job in itself

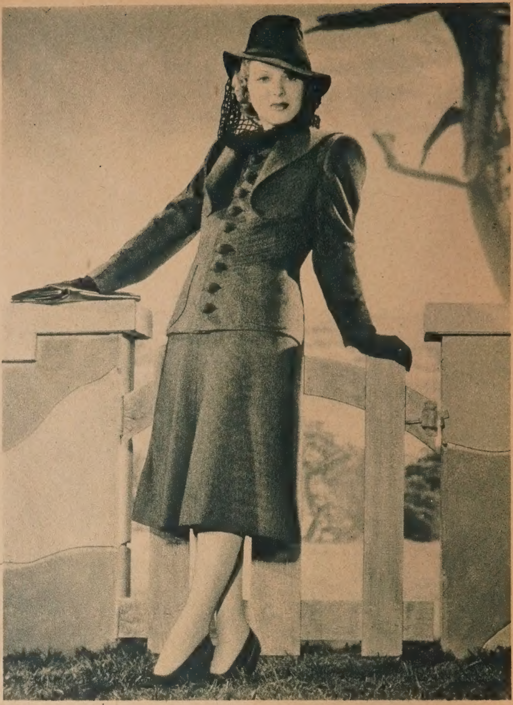
3. Expert drafters cut paper patterns of Miss Tree's sketch. Wardrobe workers then cut the gown from muslin. No gown is cut from costly fabrics until a complete muslin pattern has been made

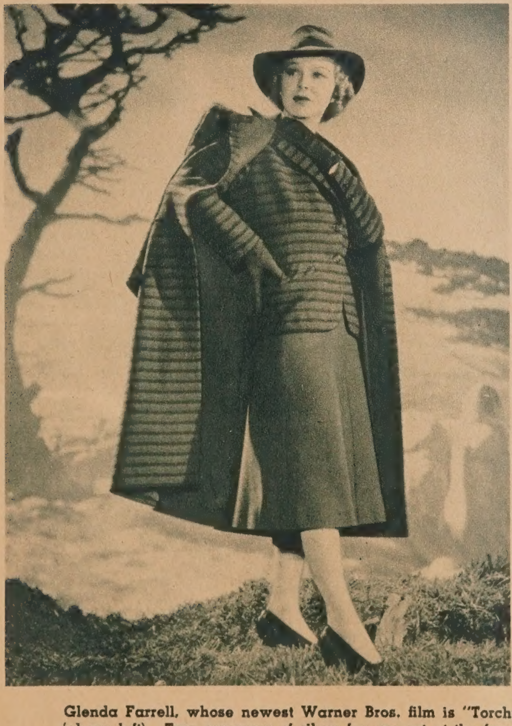
7. Rita Johnson reports to Designer Tree for final fitting. It is interesting to note that this is the only actual fitting the M-G-M actress was called upon to endure

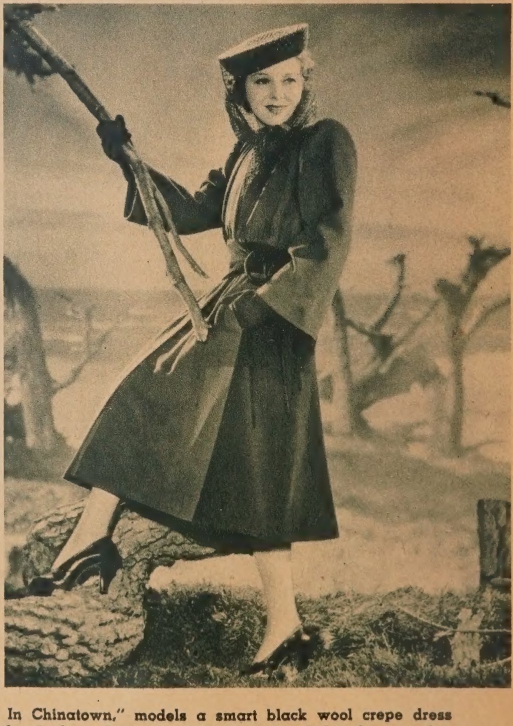


8. The finished gown is worn by Miss Johnson in a scene from the picture, *The Girl Downstairs*. She is shown here on the set of the M-G-M picture as cameras start to grind









Glenda Farrell, whose newest Warner Bros. film is "Torchy Blane In Chinatown," models a smart black wool crepe dress (above left). Two pompoms of silver fox are set at the front, while the single pocket at the right side is banded in the same fur. Above right: For spectator sports wear, Miss Farrell selects a grey and black wool suit. Below left: For afternoon wear, Glenda Farrell favors this smart three-piece suit showing a monotone green wool skirt and jacket and full length coat of striped wool in shades of brown and green. Below right: This stunning coat of bronze green duvetyn was designed by Irene for Miss Farrell's personal wardrobe. The coat shows a front fullness caught into a fitted band at the waistline which ties in large loops.

Valentines, Violets and Vows FOR THEM

BILL
JACK
VAN
WHO HAS HER HEART?

ENGAGED TO VAN

HERE COMES THE BRIDE
PONDS

WISE GIRLS DEPEND ON THIS EXTRA SKIN CARE—THEY CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO THEIR SKIN!*

Boy Teaches Girl—*Nancy Hoguet* gets a lesson in the fine art of hitting the bull's-eye. Her fresh young skin gets simple and intelligent care. "I cream my skin every day with Pond's Cold Cream. That puts extra 'skin-vitamin' into it, besides **cleaning** and **softening** it."

Most Snapshotted Engaged Couple—*Anne Clark Roosevelt* faced the camera squad cheerfully for 4 hours straight in exchange for 3 weeks' privacy before her wedding! She says: "'Skin-vitamin' helps **skin health.** I'm glad to have this plus element in such a good cream as Pond's."

Big Moment—*Camilla Morgan* (*now Mrs. Remsen Donald*) finds it takes two to cut a cake. "I'll always use Pond's," she says. "When skin needs Vitamin A, it gets **rough** and **dry.** Pond's Cold Cream helps make up for this."

245 Presents—*Marjorie Fairchild* sails for Bermuda **honeymoon** day after her wedding at St. Thomas's—one of the prettiest weddings of the season. She says: "Pond's was famous when I was still in my high chair. I use it for the reason they did then—to smooth skin **beautifully** for **make-up.**"

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S
POND'S
COLD CREAM

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again.

- Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*.
- Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N.Y. Time, N.B.C.

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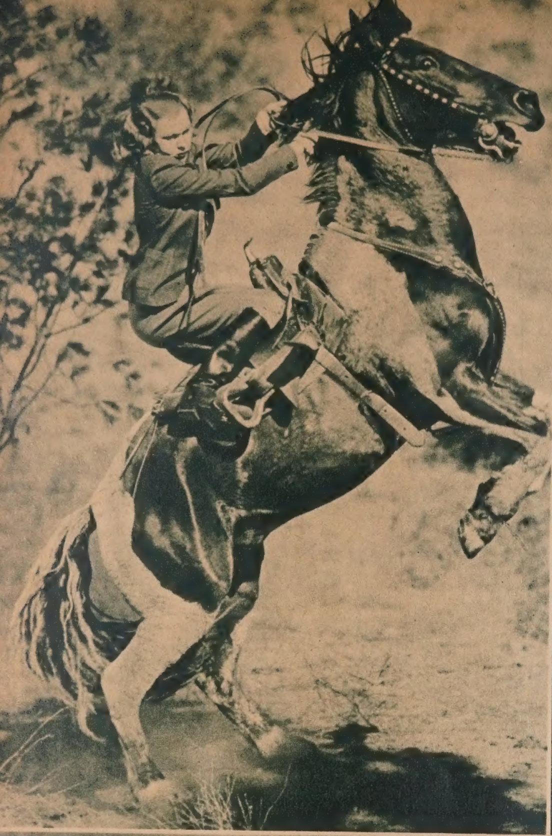
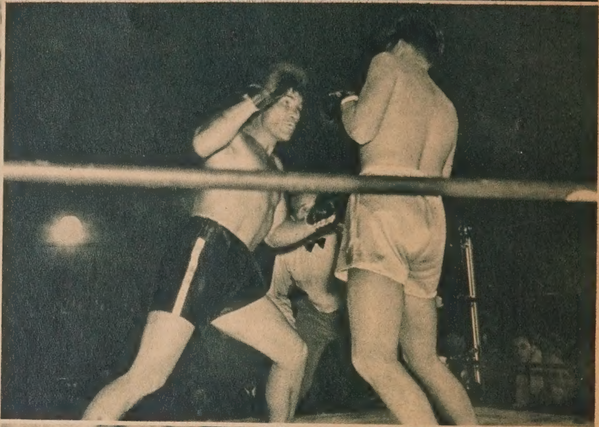
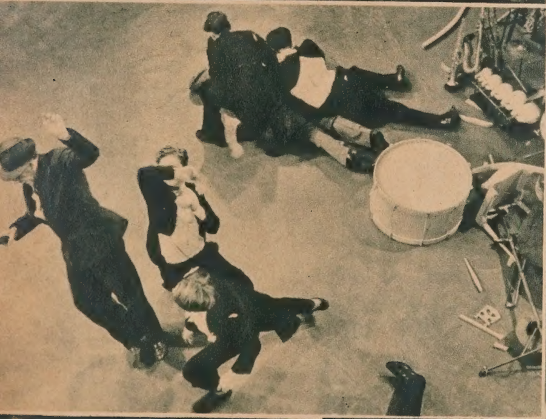


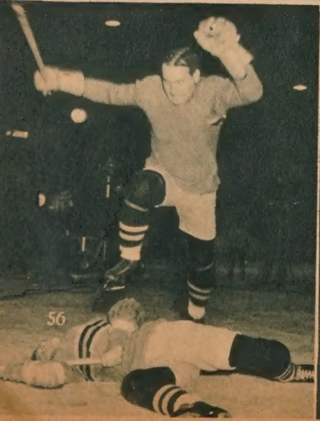
FAST MOTION

Vondell Darr clutches the reins as her horse suddenly rears. Scene is from Universal's *Scouts to the Rescue*

Picture below shows Jack Roper, Jr., and Dick Foran battling it out in Universal's *Secrets of a Nurse*



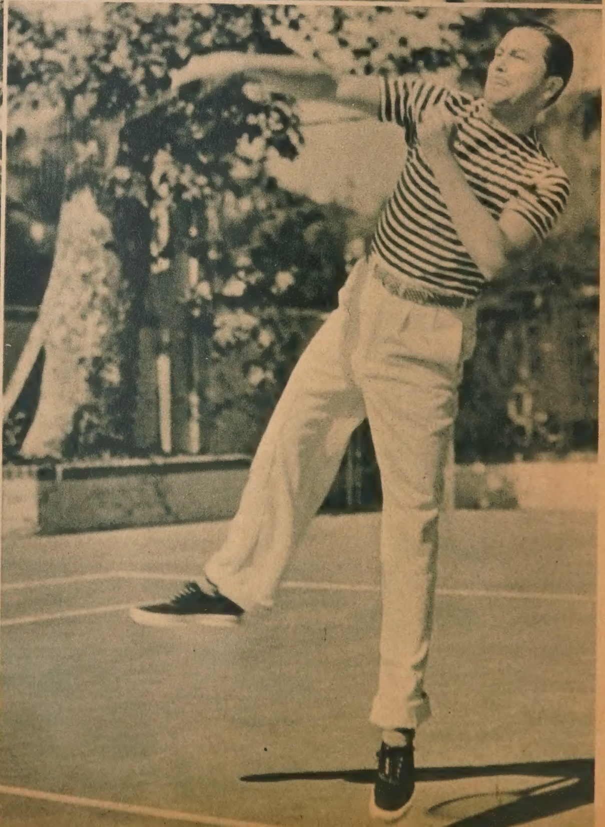




Scene above shows fight between Little Tough Guys and two burglars. Picture is, *Little Tough Guys in Society*

At left, Louis Hayward spills on the ice, George De Normand leaps over him. Scene is from United Artists' *The Duke of West Point*

Robert Young, right, slashes the cover off a tennis ball in a fast moment on the courts



"You can't go out like that!" she gasped

I'll never forget Jean's face when she saw that old leather pocketbook! She couldn't have looked more startled if I'd appeared in hip boots. "Sally!"—she gasped—"You can't go out like that! That valise looks dreadful with your new silver dress! Where's your brocade evening bag?"

"Listen," I snapped: "I know this looks awful. But I don't happen to be a magician! I can't cram powder, lipstick, keys —*and* a sanitary napkin—into that little brocade bag. It just wasn't made for a crisis like this!"

Jean just laughed. "But you're not going for the week-end, dopey! I'll give you a Modess pad—and you'll feel perfectly safe without an extra one. Wait—let me show you something that will end your fear of embarrassing accidents..."

And she certainly did! She took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and poured water on it! Not a drop went through! I saw that I could rely on Modess, with complete peace of mind!

"Better yet," she added, "you'll have the most *comfortable* evening you've ever known. Look at this soft, fluffy Modess filler! See the difference between 'fluff-type' Modess, and those 'layer-type' pads you've been buying!"

So—I carried my swank little brocade bag, completely reassured . . . Jean was awake when I got back and she declares I raved more about Modess than I did about the party! And why not! It's a great day in a woman's life when she discovers a sanitary napkin that's both *softer* and *safer* . . . yet costs as little as Modess does!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD ASK FOR JUNIOR MODESS)

Beauty Pick-ups

By JANET LYNN

Nan Grey will shortly be seen in Universal's, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up*

1

2

3

4

1. Miss Kent's rouge is blended with the all-important make-up brush. 2. A cake foundation is applied with a sponge. 3. Jack Pierce outlines the lips of Nan Grey with a lipstick pencil. 4. Mr. Pierce is shown applying lip paste to Nan's lips with a brush

Dorothea Kent, Universal player, is currently appearing in *Strange Faces*

EYES dull and tired? Skin drab looking? Circles under your eyes from last night's party, and an all-important date for this evening? Then read further, for I'm going to tell you how the Hollywood stars cope with such problems.

I asked Jack Pierce, head of the make-up department at Universal Pictures what he did when a star came in with that lack-lustre appearance.

"Stars don't often allow themselves to get frazzled," he told me. "They know that they can't act well when they're all worn out. And so the girls who take their work seriously will see to it that they're in bed by nine in order to get eight full hours sleep before the alarm rings at five.

"But for the exceptional occasions we have special treatment. Cold packs—towels wrung out in very cold water—will help wake up the skin, give it a firmer tone. A brisk astringent helps tighten the pores, and contracts the skin so the circles aren't so apparent. A few drops of eye lotion soothe and clear the eyes. No amount of mascara can glamorize eyes that are dull and tired!"

It's a good idea, and one that you might try, to lie down on a bed with a pillow or two under you feet while you apply the cold packs. This position sends the blood rushing to the head, to clear away all the cobwebs. Use eyepads saturated with a special lotion while the cold towels are on your face. That will refresh not only the eyes themselves, but the lids and the surrounding skin.

When the skin begins to glow, Mr. Pierce and his assistants set to work with the make-up foundation. Sometimes they use as many as three or four shades of foundation—all lighter and darker shades of one that matches the skin tone of the individual. These different shades bring out the facial contours; if a single one were used, the face would become flat, dull, and would lose all personality.

Of course, different shades of foundations are used to remodel the face. For instance, Dorothea Kent whom you'll soon see in *Strange Faces* has a fairly prominent jawbone.

[*Continued on page* 68]

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 26*]

the meantime her phone rang constantly, because she is so popular with everyone on the lot. But her agent told her not to talk to a soul. So every time Marie answered the phone, she'd affect a Chinese, Japanese, Russian, Southern or deep male voice. Of course everyone knew who it was, but no one wanted to spoil Marie's little game. When she finally came back to the studio, they all kidded her about it. "Gee whiz," moaned Marie. "And here I thought I had developed into a great character actress."

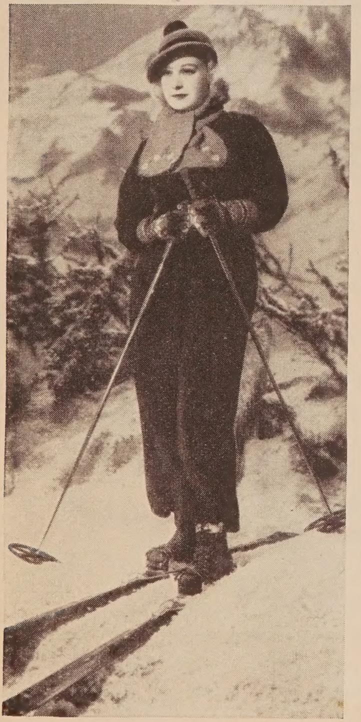
* * *

CLEVER, these Chinese. For some time, Anna May Wong has been shopping for the right house. Finally she found it out San Vincente boulevard way. It's a large, two-story place, just suitable for Anna May. Carpenters went to work and converted the building into four apartments. In one apartment, the owner herself lives. The second one is occupied by her family. The other two are up for rent, which to our way of thinking solves all the problems of living.

* * *

THE name of Aben Finkel is beginning to haunt some of the players who find themselves in a Paul Muni picture. Finkel is

[*Continued on page* 61]



Dorothea Kent, Universal player in *Strange Faces*, wears a green wool gabardine ski suit with red scarf, gloves and hat

How can a man forget so soon?

A year ago I marched down the aisle in my wedding veil. Bob promised to love me forever. But before very long, the quarrels began . . .

First it was his shirts. He said his mother used to wash them lots whiter. Gradually the nagging got worse—my curtains looked "dingy," my linens were a "disgrace." I thought he'd completely forgotten his promise, until . . .

My next-door neighbor caught me crying and promptly tossed my woes out the window. She told me my clothes had tattle-tale gray because they were only *half*-clean. She said I worked hard, but my lazy soap just didn't wash out *all* the dirt.

Quick as you please, I took her advice and changed to Fels-Naptha Soap. And glory, what a difference! That richer *golden* soap blended with gentle *naptha* hustles out every speck of dirt and my things simply shine like snow. Now Bob says he married a wonder. And I'm so glad that wonder is *me!*

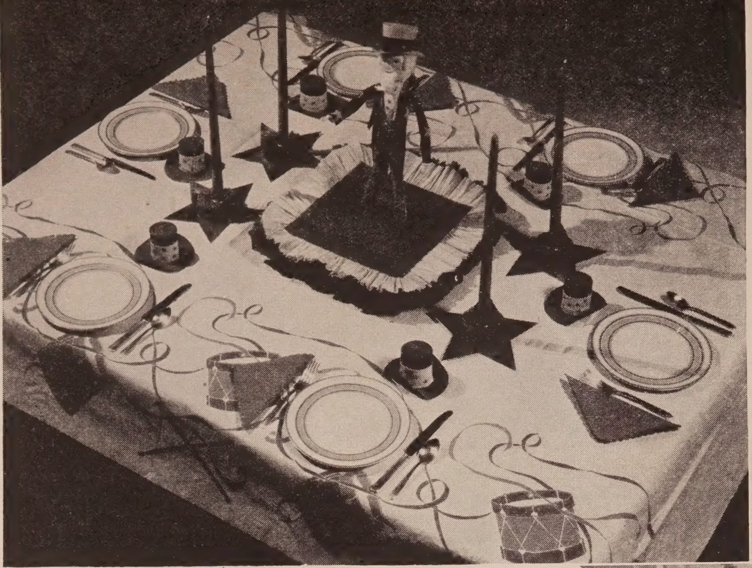
COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

PLAN PARTIES with PAPER

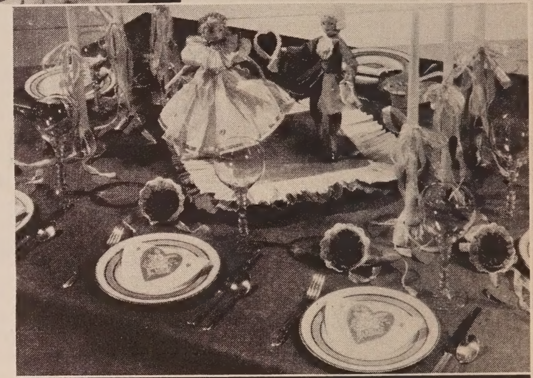
By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK



An Uncle Sam centerpiece commands this clever patriotic table

PATRIOTIC or sentimental—plan your party with paper! Follow the paper party route which leads to gay informality, novelty room and table decorations, and charming service of party refreshment dishes.

If your mood is patriotic, and you are considering entertaining on either February 12th, the birthday of the Great Emancipator, or February 22nd, the birthday of the Father of our Country, you may wave the red-white-and-blue, and play the star-spangled theme song in table settings, favors and foods.



Sentimental and victorian is the lacy Valentine table at right

An especially clever Patriotic Table is shown above. On a snowy white crepe paper cloth garlanded with drums and streamers, is set each plate, flanked on the left by a red napkin, and with a small nut or candy cup in the form of Uncle Sam's hat in blue paper, in front. Large, flat silver-paper stars with red paper ruffles hold tall red candles, while Uncle Sam, in person, commands the entire scene from a firm stand in the center.

What other menu could be as appropriate as this.

STAR-SPANGLED SUPPER

Philadelphia Patriotic Pepper Pot Soup
Hot National Turkey Sandwiches
Sliced Virginia Deviled Ham
Maryland Oyster Scallop **Cornmeal Sticks**
Martha Washington's Gingerbread or Fruitcake
Colonial Cookies **New England Mulled Cider Cup**

Hearts are trumps to guests served these delicious sweetheart cakes

A sentimental but equally successful and satisfying party may follow the paper route on Valentine's Day, the legendary birthday of good St. Valentine, reputed to be born on February 14th, and the patron saint of all true lovers. This charming table could well be called "Here Is My Heart" or "Two Hearts Which Beat As One."

AS PICTURED in the illustration, the Valentine table is lovely both in color and design. Using a plain blue-green crepe paper cloth shows up the light china on paper plates, with their fanciful paper napkins of Valentine design. Reminiscent of victorian nosegays are the little red paper bouquets tied with silver ribbon, each concealing a nut cup at each place. White candles in silver holders with gauzy silver streamers light the table and cast a soft glow on the Colonial Gallant and His Lady, who are evidently executing a step of the stately minuet as they hold the center position.

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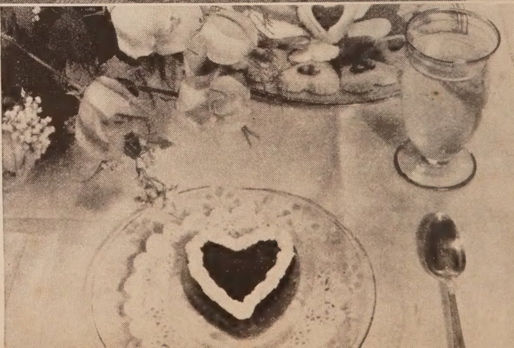


Serve gelatin heart salad on charming lace paper doily

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 59]

Muni's brother-in-law and writes all of Muni's scenes. One day shortly after a new script had come out, Muni left his copy on the set. One of the players happened to pick it up. Opposite Muni's lines, written in the star's own handwriting, were these words, "Have Finkel rewrite." In the meantime, the other players are never quite sure what the finished product will be, almost up to the day of shooting.

* * *

AS FURTHER proof of Don Ameche's fine character, witness the way he treats the members of his household staff. Years ago Don took a boy and girl out of an orphanage and brought them to his home to live. While they work as servants, heaven help anyone who trys to put them in that class. They eat at the same table with Don and his charming wife and share all their domestic comforts. When Don bought a new place in the San Fernando valley recently, he picked out one that was small, without a pool or court. Don's reason was that he didn't want to cause too much work for his friends.

* * *

DICK POWELL looks like a cherub these days. He's parting his hair on the side to give him that innocent country boy look he must have for his new picture. But Dick isn't so harmless when it comes to fighting for his rights. At the present time he is talking over a new contract with his studio. You can bet that Dick will see to it that he is protected from those unworthy roles that have been his lot in the past.

* * *

JACK HALEY finally had to rent the Bill Gargan house at Palm Springs and drive almost 100 miles to get a little rest. You see, Jack has replaced Buddy Ebsen as the Tin Woodman in *Wizard of Oz*. Every night when he'd go home, his three kids and his three visiting nephews would pounce on him and insist that he go through the day's scenes. After lugging around those tin drawers all day long, Jack was ready to collapse. Being a nice guy, he'd accommodate the youngsters. Finally his wife suggested the Palm Springs way out. Ebsen, by the way, almost died from pneumonia and the results of inhaling the aluminum powder they used on his face to get that "tinny" effect.

* * *

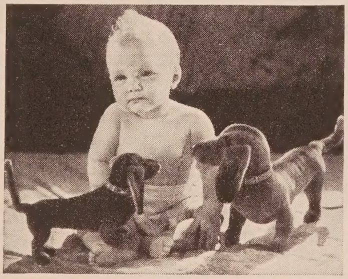
THERE'S more than one reason why John Beal is loved by all who know him. When his play, *Soliloquy*, opened in Los Angeles, John and his talented wife, Helen Craig, turned in brilliant performances. The whole company worked themselves into a lather trying to make this play a great success. Things went sensationally the opening night. But the man who was putting up the money for the show suddenly announced that he was deep in debt and there was no more

[*Continued on page* 80]

"Hey, hey! What's all this ki-yi about? The neighbors will think I've got you both by the tail!...Oh, sure, it's okay to yelp when something hurts—I always do myself. But what is it, anyway?"

"Chafed, eh? Well, to be sure...your tummy scrapes on every step! Your chassis is too underslung, that's all."

"Matter of fact, mine is too. See? Why don't we try the up-on-the-hind-legs stuff the grown-ups do?"



"Oh, you have tried it...and it didn't work. Aw shucks!...But wait—got an idea...Johnson's Baby Powder!"

"Say! When you're slicked over with that lovely, soft, slippery powder, you'll simply *glide* down the stairs!"

Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Borated Talcum

"Leave it to Johnson's to keep a fellow's skin smooth and comfortable! It doesn't cost much, either—so why don't you get some for your baby?"

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

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Audience behind Bars

[*Continued from page* 33]

the fact that the lively tunes, the dancing, the frequent injections of humor serve as the best antidote for the blues. Perhaps it is because musical shows were a favorite with the men before they ever encountered difficulties with the law. Whatever the reason, our audience always leaves the chapel in a happy frame of mind after a musical show. Many of the inmates are whistling the tunes, others are discussing the picture, but all are smiling.

Only the other day a visitor who sat with me through one of the shows remarked, "I never saw such a happy group of men."

"They are not happy," I replied. "No man in here is happy. Their smiles simply indicate that momentarily, at least, they have forgotten their troubles."

And that is a good thing. I remember that when I first entered prison service more than 30 years ago, I never saw a prisoner smile. Dressed in the much publicized striped suit and refused even the right to address the man next to him, the inmate became an automaton. His eyes never beamed, but were turned toward the guards and the walls. His nerves were frayed beyond conception. He couldn't even force a laugh. Deprived of the right to express his emotions, he had none. He was a wreck, mentally and physically. He had no idea of progress or decay. In short, he forgot he was a human being.

Motion pictures, I believe, have a tendency to change all this and assist the more enlightened penologist in his efforts to rehabilitate the inmate. The prisoner is no longer shut in behind bars and made to feel that he never existed in another world. Now he sees the universe in action.

At each performance, the inmates eagerly await the showing of the newsreels. Then they are able to see the people about whom they read with such interest. They view Boulder Dam and athletic contests. They hear the President delivering a speech. They witness carpenters and bricklayers constructing buildings for the World's Fair; troops marching in manoeuvers; students attending opening exercises. They behold modern scientific achievements; new designs in airplanes and motor cars. They listen intently to the words of statesmen. The newsreel is, indeed, a blessing for the prisoners. It helps them to keep pace with world progress.

Obviously these current happenings have a stimulating effect. Men who otherwise would be moping about and comparing their "cases," have instead the opportunity to discuss the news. And, believe it or not, prisoners today are as enlightened regarding world affairs as the average citizen, because the inmates have more time in which to study current conditions. Motion pictures have had a great deal to do with this healthy situation.

Hundreds of movie fans throughout the country have written to me during the past few years asking the name of the inmates' favorite motion picture star. Sing Sing's favorite is none other than Shirley Temple.

This should not be surprising. After all, Shirley is America's biggest box office attraction. She has attained that position because she is a capable little actress. For the very same reason, she is the favorite of the inmates. There is nothing to indicate that the tastes of the prison population differ from those of any community.

Paul Muni is one of the men's favorite actors. They liked his work in *Black Fury*, which was presented several years ago. Since then this star has been the number one male attraction. He was particularly applauded when he appeared in *The Life of Emile Zola*. The inmates talked about it for weeks.

NOT so long ago I happened to mention the picture to a motion picture executive. "The men probably liked it," he said, "because it showed Dreyfus, an innocent man, lingering behind bars." I am sure, however, that such is not the case. That picture appealed to the inmates because of the excellent acting and an interesting story that won acclaim both within and beyond prison walls.

Of Shirley Temple's older contemporaries, Katharine Hepburn, Joan Blondell and Ginger Rogers rank about equal in appeal. Of course the talents of these actresses are varied, but here again popularity is achieved because the women give entertaining performances.

Recently someone asked me, "What do the men think about crime pictures? Do they enjoy seeing them?"

The men do, but only to a limited extent.

Several years ago there appeared a cycle of "G-Man" presentations. The inmates were greatly impressed when they saw the extent to which scientific methods are utilized in the apprehension of the criminal. They were surprised when the pictures showed them

A WOMAN IN LOVE JUST CAN'T AFFORD TO GET DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ISN'T MY ENGAGEMENT RING LOVELY, KAY? I WAS SO SURPRISED WHEN JIM GAVE IT TO ME LAST NIGHT!
WELL, I KNEW HE WOULD, BABS! HOW COULD ANY MAN RESIST THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS?
I WISH I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT MY COMPLEXION! I LOOK POSITIVELY MIDDLE-AGED—MY SKIN'S SO DRY AND LIFELESS
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? IT'S MY BEAUTY SOAP!
OLIVE OIL THE SECRET
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS—ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY. KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'LL START TODAY TO USE PALMOLIVE, TOO!
PALMOLIVE
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

the vast files of fingerprints; the powerful lamps that reveal forgeries; the intricate machines which take a fragment of evidence, like a hair or a speck of dirt, and cast light upon the identity of the criminal. All these disclosures had a decided effect upon the prisoners, particularly the "old-timers." One remarked in enlightenment, "Now I understand how it is I keep being sent back to the stir all the time."

It is impossible to state with any degree of accuracy how much such pictures check the tendencies of prisoners to commit crimes. But unquestionably they have a decided influence.

Surprising as it may seem, it is not always the comedy that hands our audience the biggest laughs. Very frequently it is the crime picture. It is amusing to the inmate to see the old stereotyped conception of a criminal in the make-up of modern gangsters. The movie hoodlum who always has a twisted nose, large ears and a cap pulled tightly over his head is amusing to the men.

But more amusing are the scenes supposedly laid in prisons. For instance, "prison breaks" shown on the screen rarely occur in real life as depicted. The idea that lights in the death house grow dim when a condemned man is executed is also exaggerated. Movie directors probably introduced those effects originally to make their pictures realistic. But they failed in their objectives, because things don't happen that way.

Travelogues are a source of much enjoyment to the prisoners. One visitor wondered about that and asked, "Doesn't the sight of distant lands or the beauties of our own country tend to demoralize your charges?"

"Quite the contrary," I replied. "Such pictures have a vital uplifting effect. They constantly remind the men of what the world has to offer them. It enables them to realize that by going straight they may, at some time, have an opportunity to enjoy what they are missing."

On several occasions, we have had the pleasure of having as our guests some of the motion picture stars. Paul Muni visited Sing Sing and presented *Counsellor-at-Law* when the play was running on Broadway. Bill Robinson, the famous tap dancer, has appeared a number of times. Eleanor Powell and George Raft took part in one of the variety shows given at the prison. Edward G. Robinson addressed the men when his picture, *The Silver Dollar*, was shown at Sing Sing on Christmas Day, some years ago.

As movie fans, the men at Sing Sing are no different from those on the outside. They, too, like to decorate their "rooms" with pictures of the stars. We don't allow them to paste the photographs on the walls, but frequently I have seen men busily engaged in making frames out of matches and odd pieces of wood, within which to place the photographs of their favorites. To single out any particular photographs for mention is unnecessary. All one has to do is go through the list of the current favorites. You will find them all represented in the cubicles at Sing Sing.

The inmates are not permitted to send fan letters to their favorite actor or actress. As it is, the volume of outgoing mail places a tremendous burden upon our correspondence censor. For that reason, we allow letters to relatives and friends only.

But if communications to the stars were permitted, a composite letter would probably contain the following message:

"I am a member of an unseen audience. You have done much to make my stay behind bars a bit more bearable. Without knowing it, you have, in effect, taken me at times beyond my confines and into a new world."

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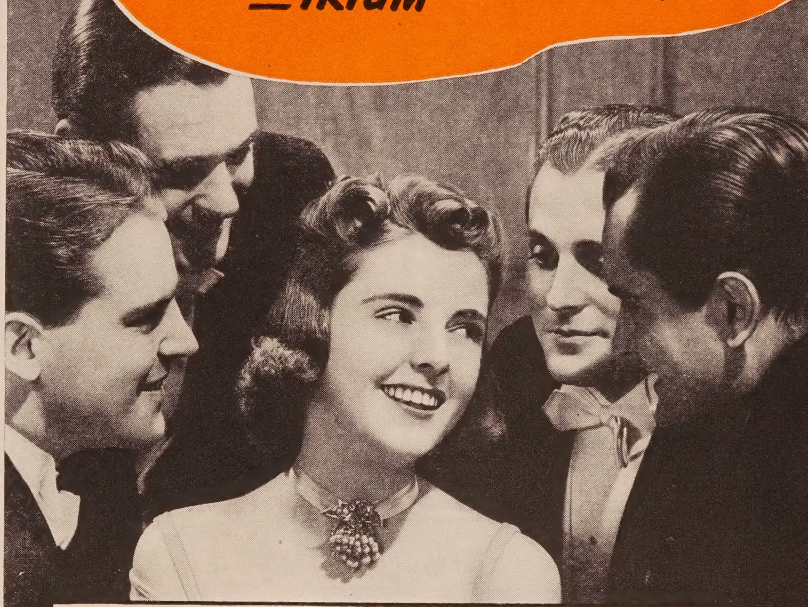

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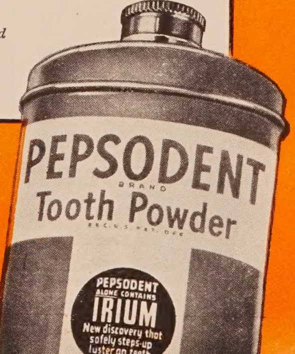

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I Like Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 31]

to talk fast and frankly. There wasn't time for hedging, on either side.

Attacking her right cheek vigorously with make-up remover, Joan said, "Fire away. What do you want to know?"

"Why you like this madhouse called Hollywood?"

She didn't hesitate. "Because it's given me everything I've ever had."

"Including happiness?"

"All I've ever had."

"How do you know you couldn't be happier somewhere else, where life is a little less hectic?"

"I don't. All I know is that I have to be busy to be happy. And the more hectic life is, the busier I am." She dabbed at an eyelid. Airily, she added, "Wonderful place, Hollywood. You can work so hard that you don't have a chance to find out if you *are* unhappy. That's all right, too—sometimes."

She implied that one of the times might be now.

"Do you work on the theory that if you don't have time to be unhappy, you must be happy?"

Joan shook her head. "No." Crisply, she said, "I work on the theory that nothing can make me happy like a good picture. And if I turn out a bad one, nothing can make me happy until I turn out a good one."

Scenes such as this one do our editorial hearts good. It's Miss Bruce, reading her copy of November SCREEN BOOK Magazine

"Hollywood never gets you down? You never get 'tired of it all'—tired of being a career girl?"

She dabbed at the other eyelid. "If you're looking for a little white dove in a gilded cage, you'll have to look elsewhere. Hollywood *hasn't* broken my heart. My career isn't a curse. Quite the contrary. I've just signed up for five more years. I not only like the madhouse; I like the madhouse life."

"Does your being a star help you to like them?"

That question really set Joan off. She didn't pause in her facial to answer. But she rubbed more energetically as she answered:

"I was glad to be here long before anybody knew I even existed. I had reasons to be glad. And I still have them.

"I grew up with the idea that if I ever got anything out of life, I'd have to get it by hard work. I wasn't going to inherit any money. I wasn't any beauty. I didn't have any education.

"About the only asset I started with was a flair for dancing. So I became a hoofer. I worked hard at it—but how far would I have gone without Hollywood?

"I didn't have the equipment to go much farther. Hollywood taught me how to acquire the equipment.

"And, no matter how hard I worked, I wouldn't have had the opportunities anywhere else on earth that I had here. There isn't another place on earth that offers a girl such opportunities.

"I'm not thinking just of fame, though Hollywood offers world-wide fame. I'm not thinking just of money, though Hollywood pays more for talent than any other place on earth. I'm thinking more of the opportunities for self-improvement.

"They happen to be important in my scheme of things."

Joan had finished removing her make-up and was reaching for the tube of grease-paint. But, without interruption, she continued:

"I had a lot to learn when I first came here. I still have a lot to learn. But everything I know now, Hollywood has taught me.

"Whatever I know about acting—if you can call it that—Hollywood has taught me. Maybe the stage could have taught me just as much. More, maybe. But not in the same way. One thing about the movies: You can see yourself as others see you. You can see your mistakes with your own two eyes.

"But let's say I *could* have learned acting without ever seeing Hollywood. Other people have done it. How they've done it! But while I was training to act, I'd have missed a lot of other training."

Joan gestured with the tube of grease-paint.

"Do you suppose I knew instinctively how to make myself look my best—how to wear my hair, just how much make-up to use and how to put it on? I did not. But Hollywood taught me. Hollywood has experts who specialize in teaching people how to look their best.

"I didn't know how to dress, to make the most of my assets and overcome my liabilities. But Hollywood taught me.

"I didn't know how to handle myself in all kinds of situations, face all kinds of people. But Hollywood taught me how—in a hurry. Hollywood has a peculiar kind of spotlight that makes you learn fast. A spotlight that follows you around even when you aren't working.

"Anywhere else, if I'd been studying acting, I'd have learned just acting. Here I've had to learn how to do countless other things, too—and well enough to look pretty good at them. Swimming, for example. Horseback riding. Tennis. Dancing. Singing. And now—skating.

"In this business, you're always learning new things—if you want to. If you don't want to, you ought to quit."

Joan had finished with the grease-paint. The hairdresser was still finding wisps of hair that needed smoothing. Joan smiled into the mirror ironically.

"I can see little girls saying, 'I want to go to Hollywood, Mama. I want to get an education.' Tell them not to come until they've got their education. I didn't have any schooling beyond the sixth grade. That's been a handicap all the way. I've *had* to work hard—to learn things. Things that other girls already knew.

"Not only career things. Other things. How to be attractive as a person. How to be liked as a person. How to have friends. I never knew how, when I was growing up. I lived in an agony of self-consciousness, in constant fear that people wouldn't like me. I still haven't overcome that entirely. But whatever I have learned in that direction, Hollywood has taught me.

"Why wouldn't I like Hollywood? And be happier, the busier I am? Whether I'm improving or not, it's worth-while trying."

There is a theory going the rounds, because of her marital vacation from Franchot (who is stage-minded) and because of her new five-year Hollywod contract, that Joan has renounced all her stage and operatic ambitions. How about that?

"It's nobody's business why Franchot and I decided on a friendly separation," said Joan, with amiable pointedness. "But going-back-on-my-ambitions isn't one of the reasons. I want to do a stage play. I can see the satisfactions of success on Broadway. But I want to find the right play before I make the leap. Something else I've learned in Hollywood is that no actor is better than his material. I've had some pictures that were stinkers and I've been panned right along with the pictures. So I'm just biding my time, waiting for the right play to come along.

"I haven't given up those operatic ambitions, either. But before I try opera, let's see what my singing does for me on the screen.

"Five years ought to tell the story. That's one reason why I signed this new contract. But not the most important reason. Before I try something else, I want to try to top anything I've done yet on the screen."

The hairdresser gave a final fluff to Joan's orange-auburn hair. I was ushered into the outer room of the suite while Joan changed costumes. When the door was reopened, she looked like a white Topsy, in red-and-white-checked gingham with an abbreviated shirt that flared out to reveal abbreviated gingham panties. The wardrobe woman had discovered a flaw in a seam. That called for some mending—which didn't keep Joan from going on with the interview.

"You asked me about happiness a few minutes ago," she said. "I suppose there are sob stories going around about 'poor Joan—Hollywood has given her everything but happiness.' Some people are probably getting a lot of pleasure out of feeling sorry for me and pointing the finger at Hollywood. It's a shame to spoil their fun. But the object-of-pity role just doesn't fit me.

"I DIDN'T know what happiness was till I came to Hollywood. I'd never done anything to be happy about, never *had* anything to be happy about. Hollywood fixed all that.

"Some people have the idea that all Hollywood has given me is a career. That's a great deal. But that isn't all. It has given me friends I value. It has given me a home of my own. It has given me security. Financial security. Mental security. Even social security. Poise. Self-possession. Freedom. Countless things. Including"—she paused—"love."

"I'm not in a position right now to say whether or not movies and marriage can mix. But I *am* in a position to say that it doesn't follow that a full career-life brings a woman an empty private-life. I've had too full a private-life to say anything else.

"People feel sorry for me because I don't have any children of my own. I'm sorry about that, too. But I don't live a childless life. My brother's little girl, Joan, is so close to me, with me so much, that she's like my own.

"Hollywood may be guilty of a lot of things, but it hasn't been guilty of cheating me out of happiness, either as an actress or as a person."

"There's just one thing I don't like about Hollywood. Try to keep your chin up and somebody will take a poke at it every time. No matter what you do, you're bound to be criticized—simply because you're in the spotlight where you're an easy target.

"You can sit quietly at home, catching up on your reading, and you get yourself talked about for 'doing all the night spots.' You can give everything you have to a picture, for 12 straight weeks, and then read that somebody who played a bit stole it from you.

"Things like that are pretty hard to take sometimes. But they're a small enough price to pay for what Hollywood can give you."

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TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

THE SHINING HOUR

M-G-M

The leading players are Joan Crawford, Margaret Sullavan, Robert Young, Melvyn Douglas and Fay Bainter. All of these excellent people deserved more than the script writers offered them in *The Shining Hour.*

The story is built on familiar ground. A night club girl (Crawford) marries into a conservative family, is resented by the bluebloods. Until she begins an affair with her brother-in-law, the story is reasonably good. At that point, the plot bogs down and limps to the conclusion through a maze of dull situations.

It is a real pleasure to see Joan dance again, but little more can be said for this film. Incongruities in the story are so evident that good direction (Frank Borzage) and excellent photography fail to conquer them.

OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS

M-G-M

Here's another Hardy picture, just as enjoyable as *Love Finds Andy Hardy.*

The Hardys are out west this time, vacationing on a ranch. Judge Hardy saves the cow farm from the villain, Mickey Rooney engages in various kinds of horseplay with Virginia Weidler, Cecilia Parker and Gordon Jones have a romance, and . . . but perhaps you'd like to see the picture.

The Hardy series has offered the public some of the best entertainment seen for many a long year. *Out West With the Hardys* is up to the standard.

Particularly pleasant are the doings of Mickey Rooney and little Virginia Weidler. Mickey is as cocky as ever, but in Virginia he meets his match. The excellent performance of Virginia as "Jake" Holt is really something to watch. And Mickey's cowboy outfit is even funnier than Mickey himself.

You liked the Hardy family from the beginning. This reviewer assures you that you'll enjoy their western jaunt.

THE BEACHCOMBER

Paramount

One is inclined to wonder just what it was the Hays office cut out of *The Beachcomber.* There is little in this British-made production to offer a clue as to what was eliminated. Apparently, however, the censorship scissors did nothing to damage the picture.

The film is all Charles Laughton. Story is about a beachcomber (Laughton) who does his combing on a small Dutch island in the Pacific. A missionary and his sister believe he is ruining their work among the natives, try to have him sent away. Story ends with his marriage to the sister.

Film story is not entirely faithful to W. Somerset Maugham's original, but the variations don't lessen one's interest in Laughton's acting. Elsa Lanchester, real-life wife of Laughton, turns in an excellent performance as the woman missionary.

There are a number of weak spots in the picture, but they don't do much harm. This first Laughton-Pommer film is worth seeing.

RIDE A CROOKED MILE

Paramount

Despite a plot that trips up on impossibilities, *Ride a Crooked Mile* has a good deal to recommend it. Major recommendation is the work of Akim Tamiroff whose performance as an old-time Cossack is convincing enough to overcome most of the plot difficulties.

Tamiroff brings to America the severe traditions of the Cossacks. He is arrested for cattle stealing, sent to Leavenworth and is aided in an escape by his son (Lief Erikson). Having helped papa out, son does an about face and aids in chasing papa. It's mellerdrama, but of a fairly acceptable kind.

Tamiroff's brand of Cossack has the traditional flavor. Erikson and Frances Farmer supply the romantic interest.

Tamiroff fans and those who enjoy melodrama will find entertainment in this picture.

GUNGA DIN

RKO

When *Gunga Din* was being filmed, publicity releases from RKO announced that the location set was the largest ever constructed outside of Hollywood for a motion picture. After seeing *Gunga Din,* one is inclined to believe it.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen are the leading players. Joan Fontaine is the only feminine member of the cast.

Major theme is the conflict between the British army and a tribe of killers—the Thugs, a religious cult whose name has become a part of the English vocabulary.

Gunga Din is exciting, noisy and fully satisfactory as entertainment.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Fontaine are shown in a scene from RKO Radio's *Gunga Din,* movie of Rudyard Kipling's famous ballad of that name. Others starred in this important production are Cary Grant and Victor McLaglen

A Line on Lynn

[*Continued from page 22*]

time was the front entrance of the Embassy Newsreel Theatre where he held down a job as doorman! The night work was right down his alley, since it gave him time to utilize his days as a student at the Theodore Irvine School of the Theatre. Before long, as the result of his promising work in the school's productions, he obtained his first professional acting job—a summer stock engagement at the famous Barter Theatre of Abingdon, Virginia.

"This Barter Theatre," says Jeffrey, "was a revelation to me in more ways than one. In the first place, our troupe lived and staged our plays in what was once a womens' college. Hard times had forced the school to close its doors and we used the auditorium for our productions and lived in the dormitory instead of a hotel. We not only lived there, but ate our meals there. The Barter Theatre, as you may know, derived its name from the fact that patrons could exchange meat or vegetables—in fact, any farm produce—for tickets. Actual cash in the neighborhood was as scarce as green grass on the desert and the barter plan, originated by a smart theatre manager, came into being. I forget, now, just how many pounds of meat or pounds of potatoes, peas, beans and tomatoes it took to buy a ticket, but I do remember those big, tender Virginia hams—and I don't mean actors! We certainly lived off the fat of the land that summer!"

Jeffrey likes to talk about the White Top Musical Festival that takes place in August of each year in Abingdon. Down from the mountains for miles back come the hill folk to compete in psalm-singing contests that last a week.

In their dress, habits and speech they are separated by centuries from other white people and certainly, says Jeffrey, they should offer a rich field for scholars who devote their lives to the study of racial groups.

"After the Abingdon season came to a close," he went on, "I returned to New York and got my first Broadway job in *A Slight Case of Murder* as understudy to the juvenile lead. During the run of the play I graduated into a bit player and later became assistant stage manager. From this I went into another play called *Stick-In-The-Mud.* The title was prophetic. Within a week the show blew up, but fortunately for me, I secured a small role in Walter Hampden's production of *Cyrano de Bergerac* and with it toured the country for six months."

The summer of 1936 found him playing in stock at Bar Harbor, Maine. One thing after another went wrong, and when the troupe decided to call the whole thing off there was a mad scramble for jobs that eventually found a majority of the players passing out plates of "ham ands" behind Bar Harbor lunch counters. As for Lynn. . . .

"I was flat broke when I got back to New York, but luckily not for long. I managed to get a job with a wrecking outfit that was tearing down the old Italian Embassy Building and for three weeks kept myself busy at the end of a long crowbar. The job was a back-breaker, but the pay was good, better, even, than what I could get for 'bit' parts on the stage. And it had another redeeming feature. The aches and pains I had fallen heir to that first week made me realize how soft I had become physically and how necessary it was for me to keep in shape if I was to do any mental or physical battling in the pursuit of a career."

After the Embassy Building was on its last rocks, Jeffrey tossed aside his crowbar and found a part with a touring company of *Lady Precious Stream.* Next on the list of things done in the theatre came his first big break—the leading role in the No. 1 company of *Brother Rat.*

"The company opened in Boston," he relates, "traveled cross-country and finally reached Los Angeles where I was asked to make a test for M-G-M. Nothing came of it, for one reason and another, but when the troupe reached Chicago, Warner Brothers sent out a feeler by way of a telegram. The studio had seen my M-G-M test and liked it well enough. I was being considered for a part in *Jezebel,* starring Bette Davis. Well, I liked the telegram so much that a few weeks later I signed a Warner Brothers contract—on Christmas day, to be exact—and arrived in Hollywood on January 1. Six months later I signed another contract —shortly after I finished working in *Four Daughters* with Claude Rains and the Lane sisters."

Four Daughters brought Jeffrey Lynn to the attention of the movie public. According to studio rumors, his next picture, *Yes, My Darling Daughter,* will further the belief that there is a sensational career ahead for the young ex-school teacher.

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WOMEN whose careers demand they be beautiful, as well as countless thousands of others who take pride in their appearance, have thrilled to the startling results of the new Special Drene for Dry Hair. With a single washing, hair which was dull and dry-looking, revealed all its exciting natural charm.

Special Drene makes this astonishing difference in the appearance of hair because: *First,* it removes dulling film left on hair by many old-style shampoos. *Second,* it washes away dirt, grease, even loose dandruff flakes with a single sudsing. *Third,* because Special Drene is not a soap—not an oil, it does not leave a beauty-clouding film to hide natural luster; nor a greasy film to gather dust. Your hair is left so sparkling clean that lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary.

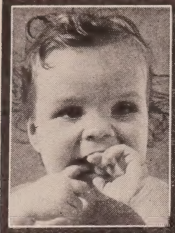
If your hair is dull or dry-looking, get new Special Drene for Dry Hair at drug, department and 10¢ stores. Or ask your beauty operator for this thrilling new shampoo. Contains no harmful chemicals, no bleach. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter and Gamble. So revolutionary in results—it is America's largest selling shampoo! Try it—you'll thrill to see your hair reveal its natural glamorous beauty! *Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

Illustrates
Improper Way
Hair dull, covered with cloudy film

Illustrates
Correct New Way
No dull film; hair soft, shining like silk

Special **drene** *for Dry Hair*

or use Regular **drene** *for Shampooing Normal or Oily Hair*



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IODENT TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER

NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

Beauty Pick-ups

[*Continued from page* 58]

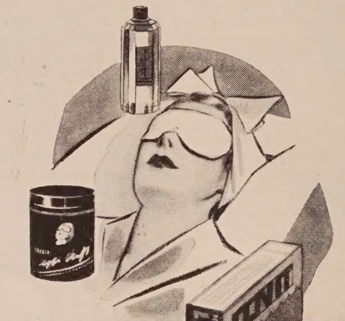
To soften it, Mr. Pierce uses a foundation about four shades darker than that used on the upper part of the face. He applies this just above the edge of the jaw, and then blends it in with the lighter make-up, so there are no edges to be seen!

REMEMBER just three things if you want to remodel your own face with make-up. Light shades make a feature stand out. Dark shades do the reverse—they make a large nose or chin less noticeable. If you want to accent your high cheek bones, try "blotting out" the lower part of your cheeks with a darker foundation, and using a paler one to highlight the bones themselves. Marlene Dietrich and Carole Lombard both use this trick with great success.

When you use different shades of foundation blend them into one another carefully. You don't want your face to look like a checkerboard!

Most important of all, according to Jack Pierce, don't try to do too much of a remodeling job. Use foundation to bring our your own personality, the basic lines of your face that are good—but don't try to copy someone else. If you're the Deanna Durbin type, it won't do you any good to draw on a square mouth and go wide-eyed a la Danielle Darrieux.

If you have dark circles under your eyes, look up while applying your rouge, and then blend the rouge itself right up to the lower lashes. That will do away with circles—light *or* dark. The bright color here will draw more attention to your eyes. Jack Pierce and most of the stars I've talked with use a baby soft brush because it blends rouge better over both high and low surfaces than would a puff. And then there isn't so much chance of the rouge all landing in one spot when it's brushed on!



Relax for Beauty's Sake—with facial mask, soothing eye pads, gardenia cologne to make you party minded.

"Everywhere I've gone since I left Hollywood," Jack told me, "I've seen girls taking out their compacts and dabbing powder on their noses and chins. That's a big mistake because it eliminates highlights and character. What's more, at the end of the day, their noses and chins will be several shades lighter—or darker, depending on the shade of powder used—than the rest of their faces. These girls should powder from throat to hairline with a very full puff, every time they put on powder, and then use a powder brush to remove the excess. They should carry cotton in their bags to do the trick when they're out."

Jack thinks that lipstick should match your personality—a shiny one for a daring young woman, one with a dull finish for the sweet young thing. He uses a lip pencil and a lip brush when painting on Nan Grey's lips, and he carefully steadies his hand so there'll be no tiny deviation from the line. Whether you use a lipstick or a paint brush, he advises you to steady *your hand* by a finger propped against your chin.

Have you ever arrived at a dance or party, after a long ride in a rumble seat, and found tiny specks of soot marring your make-up? There's a remedy for this situation, and it doesn't entail washing your face and making up all over again. Jack suggests that you do as the stars do when their make-up looks dingy on the set. Take a towel or tissue, wring it out in cold water, and lightly wipe off the top layer of powder *and* the dirt. Pat dry very gently, then repowder carefully. Your make-up will look as fresh as when you left your vanity table.

So much for what the Hollywood glamor gals do. Now for some news of the products you and I can use to create the same fresh appearance at the end of the day. First, naturally, you'll want to cleanse and tone your face. For this process, I can recommend twin liquids. The first is a golden cleanser that dissolves dirt and oil that might otherwise accumulate to form blackheads. Saturate a little square of cotton with the liquid and wipe your face and neck. Repeat until you can see not a trace of grime on the cotton. Then soak another square of cotton with the other twin, a violet liquid, and *pat* this on your face. It's both antiseptic and astringent in its action, and I know you'll be delighted with the way it helps to contract enlarged pores, tone the skin, and leave it feeling alive and glowing. Both liquids come in attractive bottles priced from 35 cents up—would you like me to send you the name?

IT'S an excellent idea to give yourself a facial mask before a party, because that's such a grand quick way to renewed beauty. A mask will help make your skin firmer, and stimulate the circulation. The gentle pull that a good mask exerts on the skin helps to discourage large pores and blackheads, and smooth away tiny lines. And when you remove the mask, your skin will look flushed with health, smooth and clear.

One of my favorite masks can be made right in your own kitchen, in less than five minutes, for something less than a nickel. You mix a certain snowy white product with milk, tissue cream or egg white, and slather it over your face and throat. Be sure, when you apply this or any other mask, to leave an inch of space around the eyes untouched. Lie down while the mask dries; then after twenty minutes remove with lukewarm water and a washcloth. I'll be glad to tell you where you can get the necessary ingredients, if you'll write me.

A few weeks ago I discovered some eye

pads that have brightened my life and my eyes so much that I am dying to tell *you* about them. They are made of a heavy white material shaped to look like a fancy ball masque. The material is saturated with a special solution that works miracles on tired eyes. It stimulates the circulation and also has a lubricating effect that removes eye wrinkles caused by fatigue. It reduces swollen, reddened lids to normal, and also banishes any blood shot condition. Perhaps I sound like a snake oil barker, but I'm only telling you the truth as I see it. The manufacturer claims you can leave the pads on your eyes for as long as an hour, but they fix me up after I've had them on for ten minutes. A jar containing 12 eye pads costs $2—but you can get 36 eye beautifying treatments out of this quantity because each one can be used three times. That brings the cost down to five cents per application. Do write me for the name.

If you're looking for a foundation with which to remodel your face, or merely to keep your powder in place throughout the evening, I'll be glad to give you the name of one that is used in many Hollywood studios and by many of filmdom's glamor girls for private life wear. Jack Pierce is shown applying it on Dorothea Kent in the photos illustrating this article. It comes in a solid, flat pancake, and is applied sparingly with a moist sponge or bit of cotton. Blend it with your fingertips till dry, and then powder to achieve that dull, velvety finish so much admired. There are six shades, so you'll be able to do a "professional" remodeling job. To go with the foundation, the manufacturer has developed a spready cream rouge. The trick is this: Apply the rouge on your cleansed, toned skin, then over it, the foundation, and last your powder. Cost of foundation, $1.50; the rouge which comes in four shades costs 50 cents.

Made by the same manufacturer is a sensational new lipstick. It gives your lips a life-like red without a blue undertone, it's indelible, non-drying, and it won't leave a "lipstick line." If you like a dull finish for your lips, blot off the excess lipstick with a tissue. But if you go in for that come hither glisten you see on movie stars, try a transparent preparation put out by the same company. Apply it with your fingertip, *over* your lipstick, to give a glossy film through which the lipstick color shows. The result can't help but be exciting! The lipstick costs a dollar, the glossy finish, 50 cents. Name, please?

Fredric March and Joan Bennett make their first appearance together in Walter Wanger's *Trade Winds*

No self-respecting beauty editor would think of writing about "pick-ups" without mentioning scented cologne. So before leaving, let me tell you about one of my favorites that costs a dollar or so. It comes in several exquisite floral fragrances, but top place, in my opinion, goes to the Gardenia. Apply with squares of cotton over body after bathing and use some of it to moisten your hair before pressing in the waves or re-doing the curls. It exerts a pick-up on you and your dancing partners, too!

Write me *before February 15th* if you'd like the names of any of the articles mentioned here. Enclose a stamped self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage) with your letter to me, Janet Lynn, c/o SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

CAN YOU TAKE IT?

Is your skin in a condition to resist the chapping effects of snow and sleet, the drying ones of over-heated rooms? If you would like to know how to get it into shape again, write SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Beauty Editor today. She will gladly help you with your beauty problems if you'll tell her your troubles. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage) with your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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PERTUSSIN

The "Moist-Throat" Method of Cough Relief

Hits and Flops of 1938

[*Continued from page* 35]

in a sound studio, inserted in the sound track.

Thanks to Decoin, Danielle emerged as a chic, piquant French girl, who was as natural as she was entertaining. She was completely understandable in both actions and speech.

Annabella was afraid of Hollywood, too. But she had no one who knew her thoroughly working overtime to make her feel—and look—natural. That made all the difference.

She also made her bow in a comedy. But there was no one to see to it that her role was as amusingly like her as possible. No one to share her difficulties with English. No one to clarify what the director wanted. No one to fight for dialogue retakes away from the camera.

She was miscast as an exotic young baroness. On top of that, her accent was so thick in spots that she was unintelligible. Audiences jerked thumbs down an Annabella. She spoke better English, and was better cast, in *Suez.* But, by that time, nobody cared much. She's abroad now and rumor has it that she won't be back.

IT'S remarkable that Marie Wilson and Arleen Whelan ever got big movie breaks. They're local girls, and Hollywood is usually blind to the home talent. What's more remarkable, though, is that Marie has made a big hit with audiences and Arleen hasn't. Why?

Arleen is vividly beautiful and the answer to the press-agents' prayer: Cinderella come to life. She grew up in a poor section of Los Angeles. Never saw the movie studios only a few miles away. Was a manicurist in a barber shop when discovered and turned over to a dramatic coach. Then Selznick saw her, wanted her for *Scarlett,* offered $50,000 for her contract before she had made a picture. 20th Century-Fox refused the $50,000, thought enough of her to star her in her first picture, *Kidnapped.*

That was unfair to Arleen. People expected too much of her, too soon. They expected a finished actress and this was her first public acting. Her inexperience showed through and her glamor didn't, in those drab Scotch costumes. She looked better in *Gateway,* but audiences still insisted on thinking of her as a beginner, not a star. Now it is rumored her studio is thinking of dropping Arleen—who had the hard luck to be overpromoted and under-prepared when her big break came.

Marie, on the other hand, had her hard luck *before* the big break happened. She tried for two years to get into the movies but she was "too odd a type," "too naive," "not pretty enough." The movies didn't want her. She practically starved. But while she was starving, she kept on studying acting—buoyed up by the faith of a dramatic coach who believed Marie would some day be able to pay her.

Her first part was a small bit as a dopey, dizzy blonde. It led to more bits of the same ilk, and nothing else but. They weren't what she wanted, but they were "good practice." She stole scenes. She stood out, until finally fans insisted on seeing her as the girl in *Boy Meets Girl.* Now they want to see her starred—as a dizzy blonde. Practice has made her perfect in such parts.

These ice rink cut-ups are Betty Grable, Jack Oakie, Jackie Coogan and the demon of the rinks, Mickey Rooney. Question: Is Mr. Oakie being helped or hindered?

Jon Hall is tall, dark, handsome, with what-a-physique. Strong woman swoon at the mere sight of his torso. Unknown, he won the hero's role in *The Hurricane* because he was the only actor in Hollywood who looked heroic in a loin-cloth. The prophets (press-agents, to you) said that Taylor, Power and Flynn had better start worrying.

However, the threat to Robert, Tyrone and Errol hasn't come off. In *The Hurricane,* Jon himself had the competition of Dorothy Lamour in a sarong. Her shapely, shapely torso attracted more attention than his. So did her acting—even though Dorothy is no Bernhardt. The expected excitement about Jon just didn't materialize. And Goldwyn hasn't had anything for him to do since.

John Garfield is short, dark, un-handsome. A combination of James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson—which might seem a handicap. He's a product of city slums. Glamorous? No. Yet in a small part of *Four Daughters* his first picture, he zoomed to stardom. Why?

He's a relief from pretty boys who ooze smiling charm. He may not have a Greek-god profile, but he has a brooding sincerity that is magnetic. He has emotions to express. And he can express them—with a naturalness that is uncanny. That's something that fascinates audiences every time.

Look at the Dead End Kids. Dirty, rough, tough, ugly-tempered, mean—anything but lovable. They were so real that Hollywood predicted moviegoers would have enough of them after one picture. Instead, moviegoers keep demanding more. The kids are terrific hits.

They may be unattractive, but—they're natural.

Their rivals and imitators, the Little Tough Guys, aren't in the same league with them. You never forget that the Guys are kid actors trying to act tough. The Dead End Kids are really tough. There's a difference. It explains why the Kids make A pictures and the Guys make B's.

THE public isn't interested in beauty-contest winners. It has proved that, time and again. It *is* interested in talented foreign glamor girls. Yet Marjorie Weaver, beauty-contest winner, was one of the hits of 1938. And Rose Stradner, the toast of Vienna, was one of the flops. Why?

The fact that it was a SCREEN BOOK contest may—ahem!—have had something to do with Marjorie's success. The prize she won was a full course in a famous dancing school in New York (the same one that produced Ruby Keeler.) Marjorie had had some amateur acting experience. In New York, she took some coaching. She also modeled for a famous agency. It all helped her, when her chance came, to have something to offer to the movies besides a pretty face, a neat figure.

Marjorie was beautiful but smart. She set out to improve herself. Not to change herself. She knew she didn't have it in her to become an actress of the caliber of Garbo. She knew that the only way she could ever look natural in front of a camera was to be natural. And, when she got her chance in *Second Honeymoon,* it was her naturalness that made her a hit.

Fraulein Stradner had done for more on the Vienna stage, and won much more fame there, than Luise Rainer. She had done everything from musical comedy to tragedy. In addition, she was beautiful. She spoke excellent English. And how did M-G-M introduce her to the American public? As Edward G. Robinson's unhappy wife in *The Last Gangster.* Rainer had rebelled against the role. M-G-M, to prove that Luise was over-temperamental, put her Viennese rival in it, and thereby gave Rose the most unglamorous send-off a glamor girl ever had . . . P. S. She's now on the New York stage.

Stardom found Mickey Rooney in 1938. It found Richard Greene, too. But Dick didn't find the popular favor that Mick did. Why?

Dick is one of the handsomest sights this side of the Rockies. Tall and dark, too. "A combination of Tyrone Power and Robert Taylor"—to quote the studio that starred him in his first picture. He has decided possibilities for fluttering feminine hearts. But so far he hasn't had a chance to be individual. Because the formula worked for others before him, he has been stuck with the role of the cocky playboy who has to have some sense knocked into him. Audiences aren't sure yet whether they like him for himself, or because his roles remind them of someone else. And they won't be sure, either, until a role is fitted to him instead of *vice versa.*

Mickey was just a juvenile with a funny pan, a better actor than most, until the role of *Andy Hardy* came along. That role was written to fit Mickey—tailored to his personality and his talents. He was such a "natural" in it that America went wild about him. Now all his roles are being made to his measure.

If anything is sure about this unsure business of movie-acting, it is this:

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Will find your roles fit you.

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GOOD-BYE BLACKHEADS!

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When your nose gets shiny, do you take out your powder puff and apply fresh powder over the old? With every rub of your powder puff you rub a mixture of dirt and stale powder *into your pores.* This mixture of waste stretches the pores—makes them large, ugly. And then you wonder why you have blackheads.

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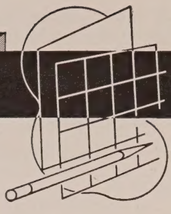

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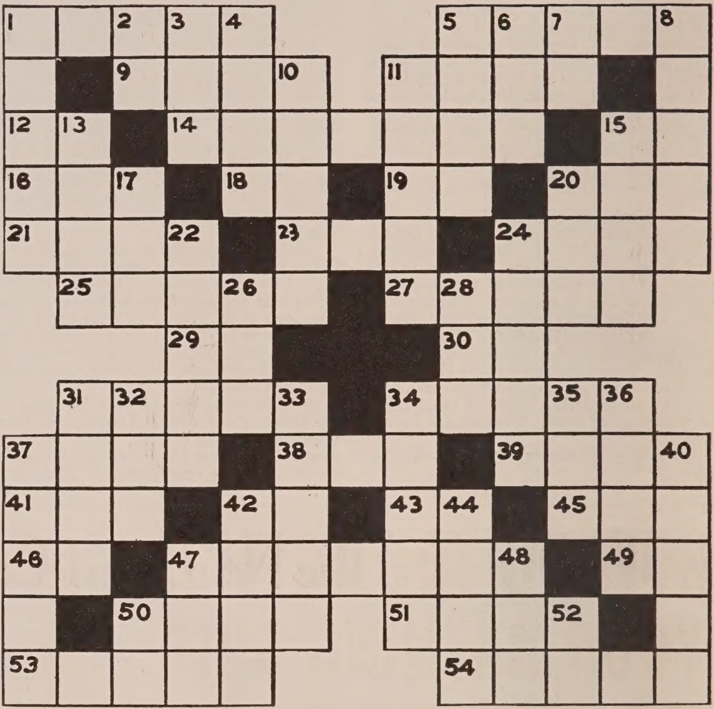

ACROSS

1. A star of *Suez.*
5. Descriptive of movie subjects of one or two reels.
9. *Garden of the* ———.
11. *My Lucky* ———.
12. Ula Love's initials.
14. Star of *That Certain Age* (poss.).
15. ——— *Doodle Kick Off.*
16. Donnie Dunagan is one.
18. Joan Davis' husband.
19. *Girls* ——— *Probation.*
20. Nick Stuart's former wife.
21. Mr. Gale in *Stablemates.*
23. Title given to late Guy Standing.
24. Props for crap game scenes.
25. Feminine lead in *Arson Gang Busters.*
27. Billy Halop had title role in *Little* ——— *Guy.*
29. Initials of a star of *Sweethearts.*
30. Bruce Cabot was born in this state (abbr.).
31. Remember her as *Little Orphan Annie?*
34. *The Luck of Roaring* ——— (pl.).
37. *The Port of Seven* ———.
38. Larry Blake and Dick Purcell had title roles in ——— *Devils.*
39. Rudy Vallee attended this university.
41. First name of character actress seen in *Four Daughters.*
42. Mr. Nolan's initials.
43. *Gold* ——— *Where You Find It.*
45. Star of *Phantom Ranger.*
46. She portrayed mother of 14 Across in *That Certain Age* (initials).
47. *Smashing the* ———.
49. Gladys George was born in this state (abbr.).
50. She was Gaby in *Algiers.*
51. Slicker, of *Spawn of the North,* is one.
53. Name of Metro's make-believe movie family.
54. Dwarf such as is shown in *Dark Rapture.*

DOWN

1. ———*Take a Fling.*
2. Miss Merkel's initials.
3. Harpo's gesture to register assent.
4. *There* ——— *My Heart.*
5. Half of comedy team in *Block-Heads.*
6. *Three Loves* ——— *Nancy.*
7. *Double* ——— *Nothing.*
8. ——— *Comrades.*
10. He had title role in *King of Alcatraz.*
11. Sound made by the cowboy's high-spirited horse.
13. ——— *Out for Love.*
15. *Too* ——— *Harmony* was a Bing Crosby film.
17. *Billy* ——— *Kid Returns.*
20. Sergeant Pellerin in *Suez.*
22. Spoken words of a screenplay.
24. Edgar Bergen works with one.
26. Ball is poised on this in golf scenes.
28. Miss Munson's first name.
31 She was Ginger's aunt in *Carefree.*
32. Scott Barnes in *Men With Wings.*
33. The girl in *Submarine Patrol.*
34. What Shirley Temple does to register grief.
35. James Cagney's co-star in *Angels with Dirty Faces.*
36. Lanky comedian in *Five of a Kind.*
37. Leigh in *Four Men and a Prayer.*
40. Dr. Robinson in *A Man to Remember.*
42. *The* ——— *Objects.*
44. *When G-men* ——— *In.*
47. Larry Crabbe has title role in ——— *Barry,* serial.
48. *He Couldn't* ——— *No.*
50. Mr. Rawlinson's initials.
52. Initials of 31 Down.

(Solution on page 89)

I Like Broadway

[*Continued from page* 30]

entertainment of our era. It has greater possibilities."

I interrupted. "But so many Hollywood critics have jumped with glee on statements from actors about how one can't become an excellent actor by playing in pictures. What about that?"

"I disagree," replied Franchot. "I found it possible to develop more in pictures, to become a better performer. You can continually check on yourself in Hollywood. You can see your own performance, so you pay more attention to details. I think I've improved as an actor because of the pictures I've done."

Tone paused a moment and grinned.

"If I'm astonishing you," he said, "it's probably because so many of the theories concocted about me have been wrong! Maybe you recall when I was typed in dinner-jacket roles. I had an awful run of them. I was cast as the rich young-man-about-town so often that I was confused with that sort of fellow. That's a point to bring out—the theatre audience doesn't feel that a stage actor is exactly like his stage character; but movie-goers are inclined to mix the reel and the real.

"As soon as I met Joan, my social conduct became a topic of grave concern to Hollywood interviewers. I soon realized that any impetuous action would be seriously misunderstood in Hollywood. Everything has a deep meaning there, at least to reporters! Whenever you step out, there is, apparently, a romantic reason behind your move. I chose to be what they called a recluse when I discovered all they wanted was to find out how adept a lover I was.

"The eagle eyes of 300 diligent reporters are always watching an actor in Hollywood. In New York, actors do their stuff, get their applause, and are left alone. You think Hollywood is gayer than New York? Well, it isn't.

"Before I landed in Hollywood I lived in the Greenwich Village section of New York. There was always a gang descending upon me. I had friends who were lawyers and doctors, artists and representatives of every profession imaginable. In Hollywood I encountered the caste system. When Hollywood entertains, it would be a sin to invite a couple of extras simply because they were jolly souls.

"I have made 36 pictures, an average of six a year, and of those I can think of seven of which I'm proud. I never had any authority as to my stories, but it isn't true that a big studio has no consideration for an actor. M-G-M let me out of roles I objected to when they could. I count my last picture, *The Girl Downstairs,* as one of my seven best ones. They might have given me the bum's rush out, a terrible final assignment, since I didn't want to re-sign a long-term contract. But they offered me three scripts from which to choose. I could have played a Harvard undergraduate, only I decided I don't look quite that young!

Lovely Jo Ann Sayres goes in for a bit of skiing, wearing this gray skiing outfit

?
LIKE THIS?
OR THIS?
Posed by professional models

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SKINNY ? THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 POUNDS THIS QUICK EASY WAY

Read how thin, tired-out, nervous, rundown people have gained health and strength—*quick!*

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Scientists have discovered that countless people are thin and rundown—tired, cranky, washed-out—only because they don't get enough Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these vital elements you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing elements in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder, then, that they have helped thousands of people who needed these elements to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new health and pep, new popularity and success—*often in just a few weeks!*

Try them without risking a cent

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the normally attractive flesh, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded.

But just one warning! Due to the remarkable success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Of course inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for the letters IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 282, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON THE GOOD WILL HOUR, every Sunday Evening. See your local paper for time and station.

Gains 11 lbs. New Pep. Now Has All The Dates She Wants

"When you're skinny, pale and sickly-looking, the fellows hardly look at you. I tried everything, but no good until I got Ironized Yeast. Soon I felt a lot peppier. In 4 weeks I gained 11 pounds. Now I have all the dates I want."

Ella Craig

Ella Craig, Lancaster, S. C.

No Longer a Scorned Scarecrow. Gains 14 lbs. in 5 Weeks

"It's no fun to have everybody laughing at you and calling you scarecrow. I was so skinny I didn't want to go out. Finally, I tried IRONIZED YEAST. In five weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and have good times."

Irvin Echard

Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.

Ankles Swollen, Backache, Nervous, Kidneys Strained?

If you're feeling out o-sorts, Get Up Nights, or suffer from Dizziness, Nervousness, Backache, Leg Pains, Swollen Ankles, Burning Passages, Excess Acidity, or Loss of Energy and feel old before your time, functional Kidney Weakness may be the true cause.

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, colds or overwork may create an excess of acids and place a heavy strain on your kidneys so that they function poorly and need help to properly purify your blood and maintain health and energy.

Help Kidneys Doctor's Way

Many Doctors have discovered by scientific clinical tests and in actual practice that a quick and modern way to help the kidneys clean out excess poisons and acids is with a scientifically prepared prescription called **Cystex.** Hundreds and hundreds of Doctors' records prove this. All **Cystex** active ingredients are listed in each package, accompanied by a Laboratory Certificate of Purity.

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HERE'S QUICK RELIEF
For quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes, pimples, athlete's foot, and other externally caused skin afflictions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D. D. D. PRESCRIPTION.** Greaseless, stainless, dries fast. Stops the most intense itching in a hurry. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

"Aids to Beauty"

Is the title of a fascinating free booklet which many women say has shown them the simple, easy way to

SECURE and KEEP —A BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

This helpful booklet was written especially for women who want to know how to make the most of their appearance and personality—for women who miss the popularity, admiration and attention which are the natural reward of being lovely. The makers of STUART'S LAXATIVE COMPOUND TABLETS will gladly send you a copy free and without obligation. Its valuable information may be just what is needed to help you achieve greater skin loveliness. Write for

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F. A. STUART COMPANY
Box 114, Dept. A-114, Marshall, Mich.

Tyrone Power's Escapes from Hollywood

[*Continued from page 39*]

tenseness, he would, I feel, have burned himself out in a blaze of well-meant appreciation.

ANOTHER trouble has been his inability to enjoy normal contacts. While in Missouri on location, Tyrone preferred to spend his time with a young woman to whom he was introduced at a village dance.

"When I meet a regular girl," he said, in speaking of her, "the first count's against me. I've got to demonstrate immediately I'm not a conceited movie actor! I liked that girl because she was cute and fun and as interested in her work as I am in mine."

But relaxed, spontaneous hours with her were rare, for almost everywhere he goes now Tyrone is in for stares and immediate attention. The near tragedy that practically nobody in Hollywood recognized centered right around as simple a point as this: Power was trading himself, all his potentialities, for stardom. The ever-increasing pressure under which he had to live threatened to ruin his rewards for him.

His first attempt to put Hollywood behind him for a few weeks took place last summer. Mexico seemed to be the best bet. Hector Dods, head cutter at 20th Century-Fox, flew with him to Mexico City. To some extent, the vacation was satisfactory. But whenever he took in the sights, half a dozen star-worshippers gaped at him.

"I think we ended up about even," he said ruefully, after he returned to Hollywood.

Tyrone discovered airports are not lighted in Mexico, hence there is no night flying. But when the plane sat down on the high plateau of Mexico City, though it was pouring rain, there were 3,000 rabid Power fans waiting in the dusk to greet him. He and Dods had to be whisked to an inside hangar room, where fans broke through a glass door. Police helped them out, finally, by a back entrance.

An officer was stationed outside his suite at the fashionable Reforma Hotel, to ward off eager fans. "One afternoon I had the experience known as being 'caught short,'" Tyrone told his Hollywood friends. After a particularly busy day, the heat suggested a couple of beers. Comfortable in shorts, Power and Dods believed the knock on the door was their returning officer guard. Tyrone shouted, "Come in!" And in swooped 15 wild-eyed, ardent senoritas.

Dods, a fine polo player, arranged for them to play with the Mexican army team every morning for ten days. Although Tyrone had never held a polo stick in his hands before, he scored a goal against Mexico's experts.

ALWAYS anxious to investigate and enjoy new things, Tyrone was feted continuously. The president's wife gave a cocktail party for him in the presidential mansion. The chief of police of Mexico

Tyrone Power is being greeted by a fair senorita upon his recent arrival in Santiago, Chile, which was one of the stop-offs on his 15,000 mile aerial tour of South America

City staged a charra, a rodeo, in his honor and it was there he met the lovely niece of President Cardenas. They danced frequently; it didn't take him long to learn how charming Mexican beauties can be. The American ambassador was gracious. Tyrone had to use a rear exit from the hotel to get away to see the pyramids, yet he autographed photographs and scraps of paper for hours and hours. "When anyone asks me for an autograph, believe me, I'm complimented!"

He decided to squeeze in the quiet of Mazatlan before coming home. He and Dods rushed to the airport and secured the last seats on the plane. There was no room for their one big suitcase, so Tyrone oblivious to the stares, blithely rummaged through it for his tooth-brush and razor. That was all he had in the way of baggage for his stay on the West Coast of Mexico.

All in all, it was a pleasant holiday—not too restful, perhaps, but at least a change from Hollywood life.

Despite the unpleasant elements in the Mexican trip, Mexico must have impressed Tyrone favorably. His most recent journey took him over some of the same ground he visited last summer.

On Nov. 8, he left Los Angeles for Mazatlan, the first jump on a 20,000 mile flying trip around South America. Save for a repetition of the difficulties encountered on his Mexican trip, it gave every promise of being a pleasant jaunt.

"I love to fly," Tyrone has said many times. "Let me have one glimpse of a plane and I'm itching to climb aboard. An airplane's the magic carpet of the present day. I get a great kick out of plunging into strange countries, into different languages and customs so swiftly.

"I've always longed to see South America. I've heard so much of its beauty, so much about how friendly and gay it is. Watch me roll down to Rio!

"In grammar school the Andes always sounded exciting to me, and the Incas were especially fascinating. I've wanted to fly over the Andes. Well, no matter what happens now, I will have flown over those mountains."

Tyrone has seen his dream come true. On Nov. 28, he arrived in Rio de Janeiro, having flown from Santiago, Chile, to Buenos Aires and then up the coast to Rio.

In Rio de Janeiro he made the headlines by meeting lovely Annabella and accompanying her to Pleasure Isle, the home of a Brazilian millionaire. Romance rumors filled the air at once.

Tyrone's stop at Porto Alegra was marred by the violence of his fans' enthusiasm. After the 20 minute stop was over, Tyrone was half crippled by an arm injury he received at the hands of a wildly excited mob. He is due back in Hollywood as this issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine goes to press.

Tyrone is making another bid for peace, one that promises to be more successful than his vacation tours. He can afford to vacation anywhere he'd like to go. But wherever movies are shown, someone is bound to spot him. The answer to this situation has been found in an island somewhere off the west coast of Mexico.

"I know that I'll handle myself better now that I've arranged for some hidden holidays," he explains. "I'll duck to the island for real rests. I haven't bought it; I live on too strict a budget. I can't go around purchasing islands. But I've done the next best thing. I've leased it.

"It's in the Pacific, three miles off the shoreline of a little Mexican town. I have no elaborate ideas for it. I won't build a Hollywood place there. I can survive marvelously without a playroom or a frigidaire. I have no electric current. But to me there's something about a wood stove that's rather pleasant and the moonlight they have down there more than compensates! It's a convenient bit of the South Seas and it has an ideal beach. The grass on the hills is lush and green all the year around. The weather is always warm.

"I FOUND this haven last summer and I hope to go there for a few weeks as often as I can. It will be the thorough contradiction of the hard work here in Hollywood, of the bustle of a New York visit. I'll be able to read and fish and think leisurely.

"I'll permit no schedule there. It will be all comfortable laziness. Down there I can slow down, get the correct perspective on my life. I want my niche as an actor to be permanent. That means I must keep improving. Unless I can estimate myself, periodically, I won't check on myself efficiently enough.

"Most of all I want to be a success as a human being. I must straighten out a number of possible choices and I've a hunch my forthcoming 'duck-outs' will help me turn the trick."

Some stars lose their original resolutions in the whirlpool of Hollywood. They become chameleons, so affected by calculating persons that they fail miserably. Others drink and philander away their envied positions. But Tyrone Power ranks with the few who are trying to create a sane future.

Stunning!
ISN'T SHE?

That's what they'll say about *you* when you enhance your charm with Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids—the eye make-up in good taste. When you darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara it seems as though Nature made them that way. Maybelline Mascara, in Solid or Cream-form, goes on easily and stays on perfectly. It is harmless, tear-proof, and non-smarting.

Give your eyebrows definite grace and character with the Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. It's perfectly pointed to form trim, tapering contours. Just soft enough for best results.

The slightest touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended on your eyelids brings out depth and color with that misty, luminous effect.

Be your most adorable self by giving your eyes this added loveliness today. Attractive purse sizes of Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are obtainable at all 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline.

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Maybelline famous Solid-form Mascara in beautiful gold-colored vanity, 75c. Black, Brown, and Blue. Refills, including new brush, 35c.

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Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown, (and Blue for eyelid-liner).

Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous shades, Blue, Gray, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

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Here's that new way to do hot starching without mixing, boiling or straining as with old fashioned lump starch. Everything already included in powdered form. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. See how elasticity and that fresh new look are given back to curtains, aprons, play clothes, soft collars and shirts. Your iron fairly glides A wonderful invention. *Send now.*

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"That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

Blondes! and "Browns" too!

Give Your Hair That Lighter, Lovelier, Radiant Look With This Special New Shampoo—Washes Hair Shades Lighter ... Safely!

Here at last is an easy way to bring out the full radiant loveliness of blonde or brown hair—a special shampoo that washes it shades lighter and brings out the lustrous, glimmering sheen, the alluring highlights that can make hair so attractive. Called New Blondex, this amazing, new combination package—shampoo with separate rinse—costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Used regularly it helps keep hair lighter, lovelier, gleaming with fascinating lustre. Fine for children's hair, too. Get Blondex today—sold at all stores.

FREE TRIAL PACKAGE

Send to Dept. F, Blondex, 21 St. & Borden Ave., L. I. City, N. Y., for generous free sample.

OLD BOOKS WANTED

We pay big cash prices for thousands of different titles. We bought over 7,500 books in past twenty-one months, and have paid as high as $500.00 for a single book. For example, we will pay you cash for the following books as described in our price list:

Pilgrim's Progress	$4,000.00
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These are but a few of the many thousands of books we want. DON'T SEND BOOKS until you have checked our latest list giving full information. Don't delay—a single old school book, story book, Bible, poetry, history, travel, almanacs, newspapers, letters, autograph, etc., may bring you $25, $50, $100, $500 or even $5,000 cash for certain books. Better investigate NOW. Send 10c to the **American Book Mart, 140 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 575, Chicago,** and we will send you latest list of old books we want to buy and cash prices we will pay.

Plan Parties with Paper

[*Continued from page* 60]

In the menu which follows, lovely lace paper doilies used beneath every dish enhance color and form of the foods, and carry the lacy sentimental quality of true Valentines. Besides, this supper is satisfying to appetite.

HERE IS MY HEART SUPPER

Valentine Gelatin Salad
Assorted Heart Sandwiches
Sweetheart Petit Fours Raspberry Ice Cream Hearts
Coffee or Fruit Punch
Assorted Heart Candies

Here are the recipes for the gelatin and the little sweetheart cakes:

SWEETHEART PETIT FOURS

¾ cup shortening
1½ cups sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla
3 eggs
2½ cups flour
4½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
¾ cup milk
Valentine Frostings

Cream shortening, add sugar, and cream together until fluffy and light. Add flavoring, and beat in 1 egg at a time, beating well after each addition. Mix and sift all dry ingredients together 3 times. Add dry mixture alternately with milk, beating smooth after each addition. Pour into 2 square greased layer pans. Bake about 20 minutes, moderate oven (375°F). On the second day, cut with 2-inch heart cutter. Frost with Valentine Frostings in pastel tints, and garnish with colored candies. (Makes about 20 small cakes)

Valentine Frostings: ¼ cup butter, 2 cups sifted confectioner's sugar, grains salt, 3 tablespoons cream. Cream butter until very soft, add 1 cup sugar and salt, then add remaining sugar alternately with cream, to spreading consistency. Divide and tint and flavor variously, as desired.

VALENTINE GELATIN SALAD

1 envelope plain gelatin
¼ cup cold water
2 cups cranberries
1 cup water
1 cup sugar
½ teaspoon salt
½ cup chopped heart celery
½ cup chopped pecans or walnuts
Whipped cream

Soak gelatin in ¼ cup water 5 minutes. Cook cranberries with 1 cup water 20 minutes or until soft. Strain through fine sieve, add sugar, then heat to dissolve. Add soaked gelatin and salt, and blend thoroughly. Cool. When mixture begins to thicken add celery and nuts. Pour into individual heart-shaped molds which have been lightly rinsed with cooking oil. Chill. Unmold on lace paper doilies. Garnish with piping of whipped cream to outline heart. (Serves 6) (Raspberries, loganberries or other fruit may be substituted for cranberries; and Cream Cheese Frosting used as garnish).

Cream Cheese Frosting: 1 3-ounce package cream cheese, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 cups confectioner's sugar. Blend cheese with cream and sugar. Beat in additional sugar to smooth consistency.

OTHER midwinter parties can also follow the paper route and its many possibilities. A skating or skiing party, for example, where the guests appear in informal active sports togs. The centerpiece may be a miniature ice rink fashioned of a rectangular mirror edged with cottonwool snow, on which small figures in gay paper costumes skate merrily. The place card may take the form of paper flags of different countries, as if the occasion were an Olympic Games contest or winter carnival. The usual sparkling metallic "snow" used on Christmas trees will, if judiciously scattered around the room or on fir and pine branches set against the walls, make a miniature St. Moritz out of the most conventional living or dining room. Even left-over Christmas ornaments such as bells etc., may find a place in such a party scheme. For this indoor winter sports party, the menu should be almost as hearty as for a real skating meet.

On the special leaflet, "Paper Possibilities" will be found a menu for a winter sports party, as well as recipes which were included in the Star-Spangled Supper menu; also descriptions of how to make paper figures and other table decorations illustrated. Every hostess will wish to have this leaflet to aid her in the season's party plans.

To receive this helpful booklet—free of charge—just paste the coupon on the back of a post card and mail in to us immediately.

FREE!

MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK,
c/o SCREEN BOOK,
1501 Broadway, New York City.

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

Please send me "Paper Party Possibilities," including menus, recipe descriptions of table decorations.

(This offer expires March 15, 1939)

Name ....

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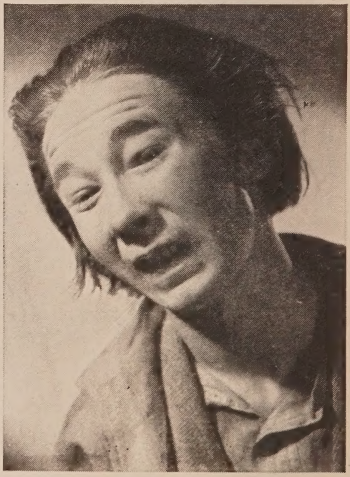
Town and State ....

SB-14



Johnny Fitzgerald will soon be seen in RKO Radio's *The Pure in Mind*, a story dealing seriously with juvenile reform

Hollywood's Goofy Gal Goes Glamorous

[*Continued from page* 29]

break up the hopeless routine. But with study and determination, she finally managed to work her way up from the ranks. The long haul not only made her a better actress but it toughened her to meet the hard knocks that were in store for her.

Her career began as a whipping boy in the comedy ranks for an assortment of Mack Sennett roughneck comedians. From that she rose to small parts, and then followed feature roles and stardom.

Of anguish as the sadder poets describe it, Carole Lombard is ignorant. Hers is suffering on a less heroic scale—ligaments torn from their moorings, maltreated shins and a battered *derriere*. In short, she is one actress who really means it when she cries, "Oh, the pain of it all!"

"IF ALL my physical liabilities at the end of one of my pictures were laid end to end," says Carole, "they would probably leave an arnica-stained trail from New York to Hollywood. I have finally arrived at the post-graduate stage in man-mauling and I'm thoroughly familiar with every clinch and strangle-hold, thanks to my preparatory course in hardknocks.

"In *Love before Breakfast,* there was the scene where I went to bat with Preston Foster and wound up with a beautiful black eye. Remember *My Man Godfrey?* There was nothing exactly ladylike about that unforgettable tussle in the shower with William Powell, during which I was doused with gallons and gallons of water.

"But the prize for violence went to *We're Not Dressing*. In one scene I scampered too fast for Bing Crosby and in order to catch up with me he used football tactics. A neat flying tackle brought me down. I landed with a thud and six strained vertebrae.

"In *Twentieth Century* I was kicked by John Barrymore. In *Virtue* I was knocked cold by that brute, Pat O'Brien. Who says the life of an actress is a bed of roses! I can show a few fancy scars and bruises to back up my contention that life for me has been just one hard knock after another.

"I'm a peace-loving girl, but I'm going to stage a one-woman revolution that will shake the rafters of every studio in Hollywood. Whenever a script calls for the star to take a beating, directors immediately think of me. Whenever a girl has to be tossed about, man-handled or ducked in a pond of cold water, all minds turn in one direction. Mine.

"But don't get me wrong," smiles Carole. "I'm not complaining." And then, in a whisper loud enough for everyone to hear, she says, "I get more fun out of it all than anyone else. Only I wish they would reverse the procedure one of these days and let me do the dishing out, now that I've convinced them I'm one gal who can take it standing up."

In *Made for Each Other,* which she has been making for Selznick, there is no madcap clowning, no midnight rides in milkwagons or love making in packing cases. It is a straight, serious film in which she portrays the part of a down-to-earth person without whims and caprices. Carole will have the opportunity to put her talents for serious acting into full play.

Just how the public will receive Carole in this kind of role is a matter of conjecture. If she makes as great a success as the Hollywood experts predict, there will be a long vacation for the gay, nonsensical stuff. But she is not primarily interested in changing her type. She only wants to prove to herself and her followers that she is not a one-part actress. She wants to make her audiences weep, now that she has succeeded in keeping them in convulsive laughter for so many years.

Don't miss the
March issue of
SCREEN BOOK Magazine

Carole Lombard, James Stewart and Director John Cromwell (left) look over script held by Corynn Kiehl, script clerk, before start of scene for Selznick's *Made for Each Other*

Lucky Lapp!

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
DENTYNE CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
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...MOUTH HEALTHY

The Lapp maiden lives in the icy north—yet she is luckier than we. Chewing rough, primitive foods keeps her teeth strong and healthy. *We* eat soft, civilized foods—give our teeth too little hard, healthful chewing.

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Thousands of dentists throughout the country advise Dentyne, the "chewier" gum—it offers the vigorous chewing exercise your teeth *need.* Vitalizes gums and mouth tissues, and cleanses mouth and teeth by increasing the flow of saliva. A real aid to healthier mouth—stronger tissues, whiter teeth!

TASTE THAT LUSCIOUS FLAVOR!

You'll *want* to get the Dentyne daily health habit when you taste its spicy, rich flavor! Long-lasting, delicious! Slip the neatly flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) into your pocket or purse—an ever-handy treat!

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If you are troubled by constipation and its often resulting bad breath, headaches, mental dullness, lack of pep, dull eyes and aggravated pimply skin—DON'T take harsh cathartics—especially when you can enjoy the gentle yet most effective action of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets (used so successfully for over 20 years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in his own private practice).

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. And WHAT'S IMPORTANT: they ALSO stimulate liver bile flow to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) *Use* DERMOIL

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Mrs. C. A. Hansen

$15.00 Prize Letter

Talent Scouts—See America First!

DEAR EDITOR:
The very recent war-scare in Europe has, I hope, taught casting directors and producers so eager to go abroad for cinema "finds," just how fickle are the chances of continued success for any foreign importation.

In this age when all Europe sneers at the crassness and crudeness of American culture and arts, why should we not develop our own talent? These same producers could spend half the money on our own youth with more success and better financial returns, instead of going to Europe to find some foreigner (no more talented or beautiful than hundreds of native Americans), spending thousands of dollars to teach her to speak English, how to wear clothes, yes, even to act; only to find that after ten or twelve months her accent will always be hopelessly thick, that all she can do is pout prettily or display shapely limbs. And when these importations are finally released by their chagrined discoverers, do they have kind words for us? You and I know that they do not.

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

It was recently suggested that D. W. Griffith be authorized to begin a search for talent among Americans. Griffith, who was responsible for some of the greatest names in the silent movies, would be a logical choice for this work. However, not only one film corporation, but every film corporation should do this, hiring not only Griffith, but other capable men. This should be done not for one picture, as has been done recently (accompanied by stupendous and boring publicity), but it should be a long-time project, being constantly carried on.

Then, and then only, will we be what we should be—a land of opportunity—for Americans.—*Mrs. C. A. Hansen, Wisner, Nebraska.*

$10.00 Prize Letter
A New Lease on Life

DEAR EDITOR:

I hate Saturdays, anyway; for months I had been in the Slough of Despond, had lost interest in my work (business was rotten), my appearance (what was the use?), and was completely immersed in a very unwholesome state of melancholia, when I dragged myself into the theatre where the Manton Madcaps, headed by Barbara Stanwyck, were cavorting. Talk about delicious little trills chasing each other up and down one's back, speak of fashions, feminine pulchritude, and bubbling comedy and romance! All were to be found in *The Mad Miss Manton.*

I saw the picture twice, strode from the theatre with "purpose" in my gait, went home to brush my hair until it shone, refurnish my wardrobe, make a budget, and to buckle down to work on two hobbies which may or may not turn out to be pin-money making ventures. Of course, the ideas had been latent in my mind for sometime, but I'd lacked the enthusiasm to carry them out.

This film was not an epic; it did not receive four-star rating, nor did it ring bells on Fidler's program. In fact, some of the critics even panned it as illogical, improbable, etc.—but I now have a new lease on life. No longer is it empty or futile, and the transformation dates from the aforesaid Saturday afternoon.—*Elizabeth M. Case, 901 Inland Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.*

$5.00 Prize Letter
Paging Hedy Lamarr!

DEAR EDITOR:

What's all this noise about keeping the foreign stars out of Hollywood? Have those shouting people seen Hedy Lamarr?

I'm just as loyal an American as the best of them, but I say these poor foreigners have been picked to pieces, and in many cases unjustly so.

Don't they pay Uncle Sam taxes just as all American stars do? Don't they live in Hollywood houses and pay rent, just as our stars do? And since they don't eat caviar *all* the time, isn't their food American grown?

Keep them out nothing—but as a rabid fan, and an American I make two suggestions—first, let someone pass a law making it necessary for foreign stars to renounce their citizenship in another country after six months here. Second, will someone please ask Hedy if there are any more like her at home? We could use them here in America. *E. Smith, 6250 Harper Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Me 'n' Barbara Stanwyck

DEAR EDITOR:

I've played many roles on the screen—too numerous to mention. I've had every handsome male actor in Hollywood play opposite me. But, before I go any further I had better explain my "double talk" before it proves confusing.

When I go to the movies I identify myself with the heroine. I've worn the glamour of Dietrich, lived in the happiness and cheer of Sonja Henie, and have wept in the sorrows of Garbo.

Although I've played opposite them all, I still prefer Bob Taylor as my leading man. The thought of winning a hero such as he makes me feel I've accomplished a feat. He represents the normal man of today. He is handsome, has charm, doesn't lack in poise, but does lack in conceit. I can't calmly express his worth in words but can give a "penned" orchid to Mr. Taylor!—*Eleanor Morgensen, 341 W. 3rd St., Cedar Falls, Iowa.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Appeal For Better Musicals

DEAR EDITOR:

Why is it that Hollywood laments over poor material for musicals when there exists such an excellent group of time-honored operettas as *Bittersweet, Eileen, The Chocolate Soldier, Rio Rita,* and others? It seems to me that instead of giving splendid stars like Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald mediocre stories, they would provide them with some of the excellent material which is at hand. Let them apply their vocal talents to some of our old favorites: *My Hero, I'll See You Again, Song of the Vagabonds, The Desert Song.*

It is true that many of these operettas have been made into motion pictures. *Showboat, Naughty Marietta* and *The Great Waltz* are good examples. But a goodly number of these could stand reproduction. Most of the present day movie-goers do not remember *The Vagabond King, The Desert Song,* and others of those former hits.

My suggestion to Hollywood is that its executives stop wasting time and money on cheap material, and bring our musicals back to the standard of *Maytime* and *Naughty Marietta.*—*Madge Cummins, 1833 East 4th St., Tucson, Arizona.*

$1.00 Prize Letter
Turning Back The Clock

DEAR EDITOR:

Twenty-five years ago the ten, twenty and thirty cent melodramas were considered "cheap" (though I confess that I had a sneaking fondness for them.)

Yet now in this enlightened age what have we?

Our three and four star movies have plots similar to the old popular priced "melodramas." True, they are dressed up, glamorized, and some are even in Technicolor. And the harsh critics of yesteryear who wrote so slightingly of the old thrillers have become today's boosters for those same old plots.

We oldsters get genuine pleasure out of such pictures as *The Sisters* and *San Francisco.* They accomplish the seemingly impossible—they turn back the clock and we live again in the "horse and buggy days" with the Victorian houses, their uncomfortable clothes and their strait-laced ideas.

As for the youth of today, those young people who are so openly amused or so frankly bored at any mention of "the good old days," even they, unless appearances are deceiving, seem to thoroughly enjoy the pictures of the early part of this century.—*Mae R. Hynes, 511 Park Avenue, Effingham, Ill.*

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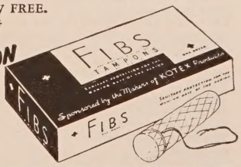

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 61]

money to put up. Everyone was bitterly disappointed. Of course, John's salary was guaranteed by Equity. But when he learned that the extra people in the show and the backstage crew would lose their money, John divided his salary among those who made less than himself.

* * *

EVERYONE is thrilled over what has happened to Kane Richmond. A few years back, the tall, dark and handsome Kane was headed for big things on the M-G-M lot. He almost played the "Tarzan" roles, but the powers decided that he was more the leading man type. An offer came for Kane to go to Singapore and play in a picture called *Devil Tiger*. It meant being away from Hollywood and off the screen for a year. Kane was warned that he might lose out if he took the chance. Being young and adventurous, Kane didn't listen to reason. The picture was a flop. Kane was forgotten and it took him years to recover from the fever he contracted while working on the Malay

[*Continued on page* 89]

Straight from the land of the midnight sun comes this smart skating costume worn by Nan Grey. The lovely Universal star is currently appearing in *The Storm*

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Fans Aren't Fools

[*Continued from page* 48]

in which we have made no concessions to expediency or 'streamlining,' they turn out in legions and confirm what we have known in our hearts all along—that the public is our ultimate boss."

At the present moment in motion picture history Mr. Rathbone discerns a recurrence of that familiar phenomenon—an elevation of the public taste.

"But is it really any such thing?" he questions. "Has not the instinctive intelligence of the film audience always been on a high plane, often much higher than we in Hollywood estimated? Should producers and directors congratulate themselves upon the discovery of a nugget that has been lying directly in their path?

"THERE appears to be little justification for breast-beating and self-congratulation on the part of a movie-maker who comes belatedly to the conclusion that great stories truthfully portrayed are grist for everyone's mill."

As an index of the discernment of the great cross-section of potential movie-goers, Rathbone points to the huge sale of symphony records, the ever-present demand for the book versions of Broadway plays, the receptivity of the radio audience to "serious" music and good drama both classical and contemporary.

"One has only to look at the road-show records of great players and great productions to see that there exists a demand for good theatre," he asserts. "For years the killjoys sat around bemoaning the fact that the living theatre was dead. It took only a few great plays and some great performers like Katharine Cornell and Helen Hayes to make fools out of the wiseacres."

Rathbone has himself performed opposite Miss Cornell and and such other luminaries of the legitimate stage as Eva LeGallienne and Constance Collier, as well as with the Theatre Guild and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon. From first-hand experience he knows the tremendous satisfaction and the gratifying money returns to be had from permitting the public to write the playbill.

"I don't advocate high-browism," he is quick to point out. "Audiences don't want to be played down to. And I don't advocate too much 'dressing-up' of the classics to make them, in theory, at least, palatable to the masses. One of the difficulties with the Hollywood production of Shakespeare has always been that you couldn't quite see the Shakespeare for the costumes."

In the current resurgence of the theatre, Mr. Rathbone perceives a re-opening of the normal paths by which young actors may learn the art of acting by the classical method of apprenticeship, progressing through the grades of journeyman and, eventually, into the top flights.

"While the theatre was dormant," he declares, "virtually a localized luxury in New York and London, the doors of opportunity were slammed in the faces of a whole generation of earnest and talented young actors. Hollywood seemed to be the only worthwhile goal.

"For years, and even now, to a certain extent, there existed a cold metallic truism to the effect that motion picture success must come instantaneously. It was 'miss-and-out.' One chance to every newcomer, but no more. He must make an instant impression or toss in the towel. No probation period, no careful schooling. Hollywood was like an Oriental bazaar; the sellers didn't come there to learn how to make pot-

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tery—they had to bring the finished product in salable condition and get the going price. Otherwise they were beaten before they started."

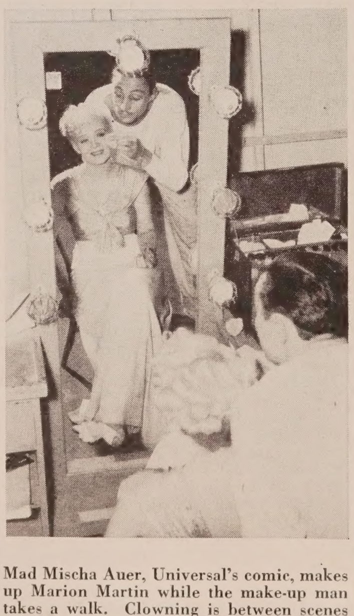
Now, with the opening-up of some of the old channels, such as the repertory theatre, the "little theatre," the community groups, the Federal Theatre and well-trained college dramatic societies, Mr. Rathbone hopes that the old practice of learning the art of acting by the novitiate route will be restored.

"A BEGINNING actor need not feel submerged or limited in a small role," he declares. "As long as the road to the top remains open he knows he is building for the future, perfecting himself in his profession. There remains plenty of time to grow to full stature. There is no strain, no sense of frustration. Meanwhile, he is learning, performance by performance, how to face audiences, how to face critics. He has ample time to read and talk theatre, to mingle freely with his own kind, to see other plays, to serve minor enlistments with stock and road companies and to build confidence.

"Hollywood has not had the time or patience in recent years to train actors. The internal economics of picture-making are loaded against the beginner. The mere focussing of a camera costs incalculable sums. Of the nine hours in a normal working day, the brightest star does not spend one before the camera. For bit players and aspiring extras the tenure of the lens can be measured in seconds.

"Under the recent set-up, a player had to come blazing across the firmament like a comet. And once he had achieved notice he had to hang on somehow until he had acquired enough audience value to be a cash commodity."

Despite the occasional reminders that accidental upthrusts into stardom are within the realm of possibility, Rathbone believes it extremely unlikely that such rare darlings of fortune can ever become profound actors without stage experience.



Mad Mischa Auer, Universal's comic, makes up Marion Martin while the make-up man takes a walk. Clowning is between scenes of *Adam's Evening*, coming Universal film

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"This is especially true of men," he qualifies. "Some women, like Garbo, seem to be born translators of emotion, having within them some luminous quality that takes expression effortlessly. Male actors, if they will expend the time and grueling effort to school themselves in the theatre, can get to the top rung despite a noticeable lack of heroic handsomeness or even of good looks.

"With women, the first question producers ask is, 'How does she photograph?' With men, the question is, 'Does his personality get across?'"

In Rathbone's own case there can be no question that his personality gets across no matter what medium of expression he chooses. To support his theory that the great mass of the patrons of entertainment is seeking solid, substantial vehicles, he cites his own experience with radio.

"Perhaps it is not exactly discreet to mention radio in the midst of a campaign that stresses 'Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment,' but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that in all essential respects the radio audience is interchangeable with the motion picture audience."

Kealoha Holt is the winner of the Hawaiian Island Hula Contest. She was given a week's stay in Hollywood as first prize

THUS far the high-water mark of his network appearances has been in a condensation of an Ibsen play in which he played opposite Joan Crawford. The Ibsen drama has never been included in the category of popular mass entertainment and its selection as a radio piece evidenced considerable bravery on the part of the sponsors and the stars.

"It is conceivable, of course, that Miss Crawford's followers would have flocked to their microphones to hear her in anything she chose to present on the air," Rathbone concedes. "But it is not conceivable that they would have deluged the studio with fan mail, as they did, if they had not approved of the vehicle and the style of presentation as well as of Miss Crawford herself. The response of the listeners to that single broadcast was all I needed to fortify my own belief that the intelligence of the public has been grievously under-estimated."

Subsequently, in a series of poetry readings from Hollywood, Rathbone treated the radio audience to his own intensely sympathetic interpretation of Browning, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and selections from contemporary romantic poets and found that his audience was virtually ready-made, recruited to full strength over-night and eager to applaud, encourage and enrich his undertaking with pertinent suggestions of its own.

The mechanics of getting in touch with movie producers, directors and players are less than ideal for the patron, Rathbone admits. Fan letters and letters of encouragement, criticism or simple good-will are likely to go astray in the rapid shuttling from studio to studio that many top-flight Hollywoodites must necessarily perform.

"Where has the theatre manager disappeared to?" he asks. "In the old days you used to encounter him in the lobby on the way out. Now he is hidden somewhere in the deep, inaccessible reaches of the theatre, away from the people who want to see him.

"Unless he is at his listening post, acting as a sounding board through which the opinion of the audience can be transmitted back to the producer, he might as well be home in bed. At present the only sure way the public can register its vote on a given picture is by advertising it to friends or by staying away from the next offering of the same star, author or producer. In the long run, of course, this is tremendously wasteful for both producer and movie-goer. Although the movie-goer gets his way in the end there is a distressing lag between cause and effect."

In the few days that he can spare between the pictures on his top-heavy schedule, Rathbone himself goes out doing missionary work in behalf of his favorite causes, good literature, good drama and good music. At the drop of a hat, and with no hope of reward except the satisfaction of having sown some seeds of intellectual curiosity where none have been before, he addresses college classes, adult education groups and impromptu gatherings in Pullman observation cars.

Shakespeare is usually his thesis and he has done as much as any man in America to rescue Shakespeare from the dead-storage warehouse of academic elocution and project him into the main stream of popular thought. Rathbone's multifarious activities in behalf of the theatre and its allied arts have caused him to forego forever another one of his favorite avocations—cricket.

"Cricket isn't compact enough to fit into my present plan of life," he admits a little ruefully. His athletic skill, while narrowed now to a few sports such as golf and swimming, is remindful of the fact that he still holds four records at the Repton School in Derbyshire, one for the low hurdles, and that his mark in the British Army mile event has never been seriously challenged. "Old Aubrey Smith is the Hollywood cricket arbiter and he keeps urging me to come out with the home folk on week-ends and brush up my game.

"But the simple truth is that I haven't the patience to play cricket any more. I've got to have sports where the results come in the same day play is started. Cricket's a noble old game, but it's so loaded down with convention and etiquette and slow-motion that I find it almost unbearable in my present acutely American state of mind. The thought of standing around idle for perhaps half a day wears me out."

But you can be assured that he's far from worn out, this prince of screen villains, this disciple of good drama.

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What's Shooting Now

[*Continued from page* 41]

shriek. Extras run for cover. But it's only those Ritzies getting even. They thought *Don* was to light the candle first so they poured a little gasoline around the wick.

We leave them to the mob while we zoom over to RKO. I always like to dig up some excuse to be on the set when Irene Dunne is going to sing. So, apparently, does everybody else. The stage where *Love Affair* is shooting is crowded. In his dressing room Charles Boyer, who plays opposite Irene, is holding a conference on his next Sunday radio program. Did you know he learns all his parts by heart and works them out as if he were doing a stage play?

In another spot Maria Ouspenskaya, Boyer's grandmother in the picture, is holding a reception. Her former dramatic pupils, John Garfield and Frances Farmer, are sitting at her feet smoking long black Russian cigarettes with her.

AND Irene—in a rocking chair—is holding a knitting bee. She's making a yellow pull-on for her small daughter, Missy.

"On the set, please," announces Director Leo McCarey. Watch the way this man works. He's considered one of the ace producer-directors. He sits at the piano and strums casually while the cast gathers around him.

"Here's the feel of this scene," says McCarey (tum-tum-te-tum). "You're both fighting against falling in love, fighting against the knowledge that this is more than a shipboard romance. While the boat docks for a few hours at the island of Madeira you, Boyer, are taking Irene to see your grandmother who lives there. All right. *What do you think you'd say to each other going up that walk?"*

That's McCarey's secret. He's great on getting the principals to write their own dialogue, stuff that seems natural to them in such a situation. It's the thing that gives his pictures realism.

The scene clicks. Only one take and it's "in the bag." The lights are moved in for a close-up. Irene, with the lovely background of that Madeira garden, sings an old French love song. The minute the cameras stop grinding there's a burst of applause. Irene looks up, startled. The whole wardrobe department has managed to get on the set!

Back to M-G-M, and over to Stage 26. On the way we pass the sound effects department. BOOM! ZIP—BANG! The earth rocks. "Don't worry," the conductor assures us. "They're just trying out the cyclone for *The Wizard of Oz."*

That's the story Mervyn LeRoy has been trying for two years to bring to the screen. At last he's succeeded. We step through the great sound-proof door of 26—and straight into the most famous of all children's books. It's the apple orchard in the magical Land of Oz. At the moment, one of the trees is throwing its own apples at Dorothy (Judy Garland) and the Scarecrow (Ray Bolger) and yelling fiercely, "Make fun of my beautiful fruit, will you! Take *that!"* Socko.

As the scene ends, Mervyn LeRoy stops chewing his long black cigar. "Whew, well that's in the bag. You don't know the technical difficulties we're having on this picture. Have you ever tried to make a tree pick its own fruit? Or filter gold on a cloud?"

"Yeah," chimes in another voice, "or clanked around in a hundred pound suit of

[*Continued on page* 86]

WILL CLARK GABLE MARRY CAROLE LOMBARD?

All Hollywood is asking that question. Film fans from coast to coast echo it.

The February issue of MOTION PICTURE is the first Magazine to present the startling answer in an exclusive story. You'll be enthralled by the revealing light this article throws on filmland's most fascinating romance!

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Motion Picture

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Making Valentines with Shirley Temple

[*Continued from page 37*]

standing in a garden, or sometimes a little girl coming home from school with a book under her arm. On my brothers' valentines last year I painted on one of them a boy running, with a football under his arm, and on the other I drew some soldiers marching.

"For people who aren't in my family, I often draw or paint pictures that I think will make them laugh. Some of these, I'm afraid, are a little rude, since they make a joke of the people who get them. But most of the people I have sent them to have liked them, or at least have made believe they did.

"Last year I made a 'funny valentine' for Mr. Irving Cummings, who was the director of the picture we were making then. I was really quite worried about it; but when he got it he laughed and laughed, and so I guess he felt all right about it. The drawing I made was of a man, supposed to be him, with his hair all mussed up, yelling through a megaphone as though he were directing a picture. When Mr. Cummings found out who had sent it, he came over to me and gave me a big hug and a kiss. So I'm sure he didn't feel hurt about it. I don't think the hug and the kiss he gave me were for the drawing, which certainly wasn't very good, but mostly because I had thought of something that was especially for him.

"Another 'funny valentine' I sent last year was to Bill Robinson, the colored actor and dancer, who has been in pictures with me and who is a very good friend of mine. This one had a drawing on it of what was supposed to be him, with a big grin on his face, tap-dancing up a staircase. I guess he must have liked it all right. I didn't see him that day, but when I got home at night I found a big heart-shaped box of candy he had sent waiting for me.

"Even my school teacher, Miss Klamt, who is with me most of the time when I'm at the studio, didn't seem to mind the 'funny valentine' I sent to her. It had a drawing on it of a lady with huge, horn-rimmed glasses, a ruler in her hand and a very sour look on her face. Of course, Miss Klamt doesn't look anything like that, but it was my idea of what some school teachers look like. I guess she must have thought it was funny, for she laughed and laughed when she got it. And that afternoon she sent me a lovely big bunch of violets!"

STAR SLOGAN CONTEST
Are you a member of a FAN CLUB? Turn to page 88 for full details on SCREEN BOOK Magazine's new STAR SLOGAN Contest.

The lovely lady above is Lona Andre, a Hollywood starlet. She is lolling in a bath of hot sulphur water—part of the beauty treatment indulged in by players

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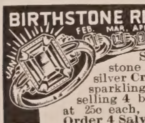
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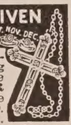

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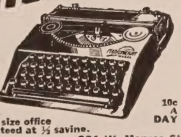

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What's Shooting Now

[*Continued from page* 84]

galvanized iron?" It's the voice of Jack Haley issuing from the Tin Man. He bends his knees and creaks us a bow. The blacksmith from the studio foundry runs up with an oil pump and a giant pair of shears. The director, it seems, wants the Tin Man's collar cut down a bit. Jack moans, "And I get nervous when a barber shaves me!"

Twenty little green gnomes with weird faces run out on the stage. (Singer's midgets, but you'd never believe it with that make-up.) They dance around Judy. I've never seen her look as cute as she does as the blonde-pigtailed little Kansas girl who was blown to Oz on the breath of a cyclone. The Scarecrow flaps his wings—pardon me, arms—and joins in the dance. A friendly lion comes over and gives us a roar. A lion who sounds a great deal like Bert Lahr. He waves a paw in the direction of his whiskers. "They're real. I've got a lot of disgusted brothers down at the zoo who gave their all for 'em. But they tickle like blazes."

Mervyn LeRoy has spent $1,800,000 to bring a dream to life.

NIGHT in Hollywood. Hold tight because we're going to whiz 40 miles out Ventura boulevard to Warner Brothers' ranch at Calabasas. Brethren, I'd ride 400 miles to see that redheaded Jimmy Cagney ride a bronco in a land rush. He's *The Oklahoma Kid*, big-hearted toughie who's sworn to wipe out Humphrey Bogart's gang because they killed his father.

Policemen collect our passes at the entrance of the ranch. Beyond, some 600 extras are gathered around whopping bonfires. (There'll be frost warnings radioed to the orange groves tonight!) A cute little maid in calico dips us a curtsy. "Oooo, my chilblains," moans Rosemary Lane. "Have some hot coffee? It's the only thing that's saved my life."

"Sissy," chuckles Jimmy coming over. He's wearing a sombrero, very tight pants and rubber spurs. (Cagney, the screen's tough guy, can't be hired to use real spurs on a horse.) "Lady, you're about to witness the opening of the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma— time, 1893!"

The loud speaker booms. The crowd moves into place. That's Breezy Eason over there, the man who stages all the stunt rides for Hollywood (remember *The Charge of the Light Brigade* and *Robin Hood*?) He has a hundred trick riders trained to work together. Tonight they're cowboys.

There's the gun. The land rush is on! Wonder if the real one was as good. Lit by gigantic flares, it's weird, breath-taking. Shouts, cries, screams of horses plunging together, dust rising as they race madly on. Then another gun. Six hundred weary people come trailing back. Sixty of the vehicles have been broken and there's a man with his face bleeding. Doctor says it's nothing serious. "Folks . . ." it's Director Lloyd Bacon's voice over the loud speaker, "I want to thank you for one of the finest scenes ever given me. We'll sound the supper bugle now. Everybody back at midnight, please."

Standing by a fire, a tall, lanky man is teaching Cagney a trick draw on his gun.

"That," says one of the cowboys, "is Al Jennings, old-time train robber. He was sentenced for life but President McKinley pardoned him. Now he's technical adviser on the picture."

Funny place, Hollywood.

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

MOVIE STORY invites you to preview the most thrilling hit pictures produced every month. This month, for instance, you can enjoy Tyrone Power's big new technicolor picture, "Jesse James," long before it comes to your local theatre.

MOVIE STORY'S previews are in the form of exciting, full-length story versions of the films. Each story is generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself.

There are fourteen full-length previews and features in the February issue of

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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

February Issue Now On Sale. Don't Miss It!

FAN·CLUB EXCHANGE

Chaw Mank

Boosting Dick Powell has been a joy to me. Our fan club is five years old, and Dick values his fans and friends of the screen and radio. We do not wish members who just want their name listed in our news bulletins, but "dyed-in-the-wool" fans. Fans who will serve and boost him to the top; criticize his work, help him select songs and better roles. Membership fee is 28c. We wish foreign friends from everywhere. Dick sends free photos to all club members and donates gifts to the drives and contests we sponsor. Our Club News is meeting with success everywhere; fans donate the articles and poems in Dick's honor.—Chaw Mank, President, Dick Powell Fan Club, Staunton, Ill.

Thank you for all this helpful information, Chaw. I know you and your numerous members will be pleased to know that Dick's new picture, *Going Places,* will be nationally released during the first week of the new year.

Will you please give me information regarding the whereabouts of a Jeanette MacDonald and a Gene Raymond Fan Club?—Joyce P.

Mrs. Glenna Riley is the president of the Chevalier-MacDonald Club, 149 S. 7th Street, New Castle, Indiana. I quote a few words from her recent letter: "I have the original Maurice Chevalier-Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club. It is starting in its seventh year and is well established. A very good club paper is put out regularly every other month. I will be very happy to send full details to anyone who may desire them." Thank you, Glenna. Write to R. C., 1245 N. Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, for information regarding a Gene Raymond Fan Club. (Sorry, I can not give you the full name of the president of this club.)

Your new department, Fan Club Exchange, is indeed a godsend. I want to take this opportunity to thank you personally for offering the readers of SCREEN BOOK Magazine such a fine opportunity. If you have information regarding the whereabouts of a Priscilla Lane Fan Club, I would appreciate receiving same.—Marilyn W.

Here goes, Marilyn. "Through the medium of your exchange I'm sure many fans will find clubs that will bring them a little closer to those they admire, and will increase their movie enjoyment. Of all the Fan Clubs in existence there is none more enjoyable than our MELODY LANE CLUB. It is in honor of those two grand girls, Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, who are the loveliest inspiration a club ever had. Our president is Jane Greenberg, of 189-32 45th Road, Flushing, Long Island, N. Y., who is also the editor of "Lane Lineas" our bi-monthly paper. Our dues are 50c per year, for which each member receives a beautiful 11x14 photo of the girls, a membership card, the club bulletin. All in all we have a pretty grand organization, if the proud secretary may say so, and I hope that all those other Lane fans will step up and join our 250 happy *Melody Laners.*—Ethel Wedemeyer. (Many thanks to you, Ethel).

Please tell me how to go about becoming a member of a Norma Shearer Fan Club.—Lucille Bass.

Write to Loretta Barclay at Tanglewood Lane, Sea Cliff, New York. Loretta is president of the Official Norma Shearer Fan Club and tells me that dues are 50c per year, which entitles you to a personally autographed photo, membership card, entrance in all club contests and a copy of their journal which is issued quarterly.

Next January will celebrate the second anniversary of the Paulette Goddard International Club and what an interesting two years it has been! Paulette takes a personal interest in her club—her interest has never faltered from the very beginning just as our faith in her has never faltered. We never gave up hope of seeing her on the talkie screen and now our dreams for her have come true. Membership dues in the club are fifty cents per year for domestic and seventy-five cents for foreign. The news is published every other month. Members receive a beautiful autographed photo direct from Paulette. Our membership extends to Argentine, South Africa, Java, Australia, Puerto Rico, New Zealand, British Columbia, China, etc. I am sending you two of my recent club publications which I hope you enjoy looking over. Here is for a huge success in your work on the exchange!—Elizabeth Welsh, President, 3110 Creswell, Shreveport, La.

I certainly did enjoy looking over your club publications and am happy to say that I found them both entertaining and attractive. Thank you, Elizabeth, for your kind wishes. Keep in touch with us.

"I've changed to Chamberlain's ... have you?
My friends have changed, too"

So many prefer this golden liquid lotion that isn't thick and is guaranteed not to thicken. Chamberlain's Lotion is ideal to protect skin in wintry weather. It dries with convenient rapidity and there's never a trace of stickiness. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and resulting redness. You'll like Chamberlain's Lotion, too. Try it and see.

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Please send Free "Carry-Size" Chamberlain's Lotion. **FREE!**

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SEND NO MONEY with order
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Curved Shockproof

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YOUR ORDER SHIPPED IN RICH GIFT BOX

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO.,
Dept. S-392, Newton, Mass.
Rush offer. ☐ Lady's ☐ Man's

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else. ©1938, C.P. INC

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The Profession that Pays

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Accountants who know their work command responsible positions and good incomes. And the need for trained accountants is growing. About 17,000 Certified Public Accountants in U. S. and many thousands more executive accountants. Many earn $2,000 to $10,000. We train you thoroughly at home in spare time for C. P. A. or executive accounting positions. Previous bookkeeping knowledge unnecessary—we prepare you from ground up. Our training personally given by staff of C. P. A.'s. Low cost—easy terms. Write for valuable 48-page book describing opportunities in accounting and telling how you may enter it successfully.

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I'LL FINANCE YOUR TRAINING All practical work on real electrical machinery and equipment. No advanced education or experience needed. Lifetime employment help after graduation.

Get training first, then pay tuition later. Write for all details of my **"Pay-Tuition-After-Graduation"** plan and how many earn while learning. **H. C. Lewis, Pres., Coyne Electrical School, Dept. 29-34, 500 S. Paulina St., Chicago.**

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STAR SLOGAN CONTEST

We have good news for you. SCREEN BOOK Magazine is conducting a new and exciting contest called STAR SLOGAN CONTEST. Prizes will be awarded to the persons submitting the best and most original slogan. Here's how to write your slogan: If you are a member of a Bob Hope Fan Club, you will naturally select your idol as the subject for your slogan. The slogan will be constructed from the letters of the star's name, in this manner: **B**ob **O**ffers **B**est **H**umor **O**n **P**aramount **E**ntertainment. Simple, isn't it? However, regardless of what fan club you may belong to, IT IS NOT MANDATORY TO USE THE NAME OF THE STAR YOUR CLUB REPRESENTS. You may use the name of any movie star.

When submitting the coupon at the bottom of this page, if you belong to a fan club be sure to fill in the name of the fan club to which you belong, the name and address of the president, and your full name and address. If you find that your slogan is too long for the space allowed in the coupon, you may jot down your slogan on a piece of paper *but be sure to attach the coupon to it. No entry will be eligible for a prize, no matter how good it is, if it is not accompanied by a contest coupon.*

Since the winners of this contest will be announced in the March issue, all entries must be received by noon of February 10, 1939.

PRIZES

First Prize	$10.00
Second Prize	5.00
Third Prize	3.00
Fourth Prize	2.00

RULES

1. Contestants may submit as many slogans as they desire but each slogan must be written on or accompanied by the coupon provided for that purpose in this magazine.
2. The prizes will be awarded to the best and most original slogans as constructed from the letters contained in any star's name.
3. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. The editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine are the judges and their decisions shall be final.
5. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries submitted to this contest.
6. Employees of Fawcett Publications or members of their families are not eligible to compete in this contest.
7. When filling out the coupon, please PRINT the required information.
8. Mail your entry to the STAR SLOGAN CONTEST EDITORS, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York.
9. All entries must be post marked no later than February 10, 1939.

COUPON

I am a member of the ....
(List Fan Club)

The name & address of our President is:

....

....

MY SLOGAN IS: ....

....

....

My name ....
Address ....
City & State ....

Feb. 1

Blunder Bride

No modern woman can afford to miss this stirring confession of an impetuous young savage who married an army aristocrat—and then almost broke her heart trying to live up to his rigid code of honor.

A real-life story you'll never forget!

Also in this issue:

I BOUGHT MY LOVE
CAN I EVER FORGET?
WORKING MAN'S WOMAN
BACKWOODS SWEETHEART
A WIFE WITHOUT MARRIAGE

Plus the thrilling story of a girl who watched life from behind a newsstand, blind to her destiny that lurked around the corner—

I GAVE MY HEART TO A LOVE-CHEAT
Novelette of the Month

Now On Sale
10c

Romantic Story
BLUNDER BRIDE
MY MOTHER WAS A MATCH-MAKER

RomanticStory

This is the current version of "Slide, Kelly, slide." The players are Frank Coughlin, Jr., and Bobby Jordan, in Warner Brothers' new picture, *Off the Record*

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 80*]

Peninsula. Visiting on the 20th Century lot one day, he was seen again and rushed into a swell part in *Tailspin*, opposite Alice Faye and Connie Bennett. He was so good in the rushes he was immediately signed. No, Kane doesn't want to travel any more!

* * *

POOR Isa Miranda is having her troubles. She memorizes her lines perfectly, but she still doesn't know what they mean. As a result, she puts the emphasis on the wrong word. Maybe Isa is the one who said, "What's that in the road a-HEAD?"

* * *

WE WOULDN'T know why everyone was so upset over the plight of Richard Greene. But after things had calmed down sufficiently for us to ask one little question, we inquired as to what major catastrophe had befallen Mr. Greene. We were informed that Richard had gone duck hunting and sprained his trigger finger! What *will* the ducks think?

* * *

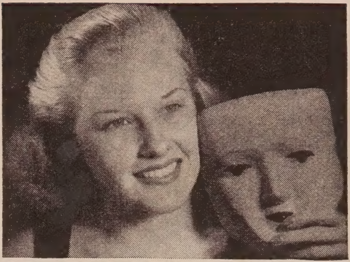
ANN SOTHERN recently turned down a wonderful contract offer from M-G-M. Ann's reason was that she wants to free lance and do fewer and better pictures. But it was quite a feather in her bonnet. Only a few years ago, Ann was under contract to Metro. Her name was Harriette Lake then, and during her entire commitment period they only used her to pose in Spanish shawls for publicity pictures.

* * *

GARBO has a nice new dressing room waiting for her when she goes to work. She doesn't know it yet and probably won't like it a bit. The silent one doesn't like to make changes but this time she can't help herself. Franciska Gaal has been moved into the old room.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

Y	O	U	N	G				S	H	O	R	T
O	■	M	O	O	N		S	T	A	R	■	H
U	L	■	D	E	A	N	N	A	S	■	M	R
T	O	T	■	S	I	■	O	N	■	S	U	E
H	O	H	L	■	S	I	R	■	D	I	C	E
	K	E	I	T	H	■	T	O	U	G	H	
			N	E	■	■	■	N	M			
	G	R	E	E	N	■	C	A	M	P	S	
S	E	A	S	■	A	I	R	■	Y	A	L	E
M	A	Y	■	L	N	■	I	S	■	T	I	M
I	R	■	R	A	C	K	E	T	S	■	M	E
T	■	H	E	D	Y		S	E	A	L	■	R
H	A	R	D	Y				P	Y	G	M	Y



3 Minute Massage removes that dulling mask

Perhaps your own *natural* complexion is much more lovely and youthful than you realize. Its true glory may be dulled by a "mask" of hidden dirt—dirt that ordinary cleansing methods never reach.

A Pompeian Massage takes only three minutes, yet it removes this dirt and leaves your skin looking younger and more radiant. Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams . . . works differently. It's 70% pure milk. You simply massage this cream on your face, and as it dries, massage it off.

This massage removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

You be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage . . . and be *convinced* by results.

Pompeian
Rolling Massage

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.

Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and booklets of beauty hints as described. FWG 2

Name.............................. *Street*..............................

City.............................. *State*..............................

One of the Best GRAY HAIR PREPARATIONS is Made at Home

RIGHT in your own home you can, at small cost, make a gray hair preparation that has been the standby of thousands of men and women for over 25 years. Here's the money-saving recipe: Get from your druggist one ounce bay rum, one-fourth ounce glycerine and one box BARBO Compound. Mix in half-pint of water, or your druggist will prepare it for you for a few cents.

BARBO combed into the hair as directed gives a soft, youthful, natural-looking color to gray, faded or streaked hair. It is not sticky or greasy; will not wash out or rub off; does not color the scalp or affect permanents or waves. Leaves the hair soft and glossy. Try the money-saving BARBO recipe today.

JEAN'S COUGH (DUE TO A COLD) SOOTHED

"My little girl started to cough at night. Luckily we had Smith Bros. Cough Syrup. It worked like a charm. Her cough was soothed, she went to sleep peacefully." — *Mrs. H. Fisher, Hastings, N. Y.*

6 Oz. Bottle Only 60¢

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP *contains* VITAMIN A

HOLLYWOOD HOBBIES

"Midnight" is the horse and the rider is Bob Taylor. His hobby is to breed and train horses on his 30-acre ranch near Hollywood

Jimmy Stewart bought a color camera out of his first pay check. Has shot more than 10,000 feet of color film

Eleanor Powell likes petit point embroidery. She's making a back for one of her living room chairs

Mechanic Tracy finds time to repair his outboard motor. Something seems to be wrong with the throttle

A little light gardening takes up Fanny Brice's spare time. (Maybe Fanny's shooting pool with a caterpillar)

Gable, up in the Malibu mountains, covers his hunting trips with stills and movies of scenes along the way

Janet Gaynor spends her spare moments on the golf links. If she makes this one, it will give her a six

HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO

Women Earn UP TO $23 Weekly

SHOW THE LATEST FASHION FROCKS NOW PERSONALLY SELECTED AND AUTOGRAPHED BY FAMOUS MOVIE STARS.

—and in addition get all

YOUR OWN DRESSES FREE!

in this New Kind of Work for Married Women

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED • NO INVESTMENT

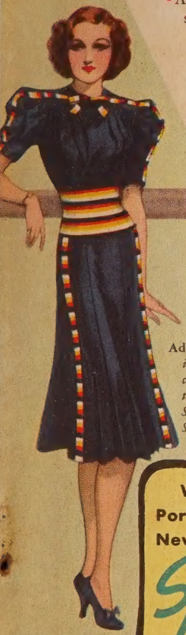
• Ambitious women, who want to make extra money, can represent Fashion Frocks, Inc., one of the world's leading dressmaking houses, right in your home community. You can earn up to $23 in a week and all your own dresses Free to wear as samples, and you need not invest one penny, and you need no experience. It is very pleasant dignified work, because your friends and neighbors and all women love to look at the latest style dresses. They will gladly give you their orders because you not only show them the newest and most stunning dresses, but you save them money besides, offering dresses direct from the great Fashion Frocks factory, at the lowest factory prices.

NO CANVASSING REQUIRED

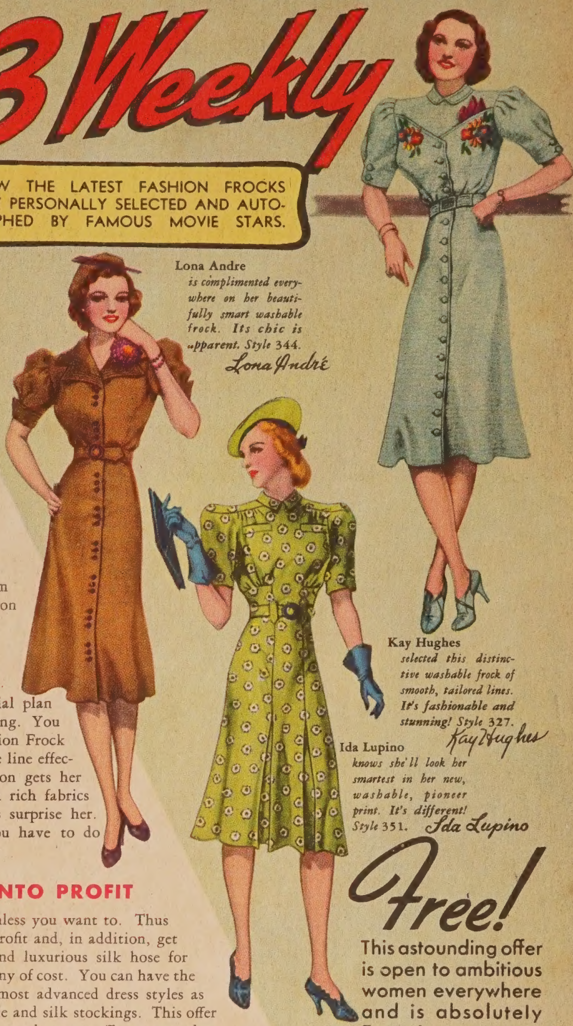
• You can start easily and quickly through our special plan that requires no regular house-to-house canvassing. You don't have to know style, values or fabrics. Fashion Frock way of presentation enables you to show the entire line effectively to any woman. This dramatic presentation gets her interest. The smart styles, gorgeous colors and rich fabrics thrill her. And the low direct-factory prices surprise her. You merely write the orders. That's all you have to do We do the delivering and collecting.

TURN SPARE HOURS INTO PROFIT

• You do not have to work full time unless you want to. Thus you can turn your spare hours into profit and, in addition, get smart new dresses, fine lingerie, and luxurious silk hose for yourself in your size, without a penny of cost. You can have the pleasure of always wearing the most advanced dress styles as they come out, as well as lingerie and silk stockings. This offer is probably the most amazing employment offer ever made to women, because it makes possible such liberal earnings plus free dresses. Mail the coupon for the marvelous free opportunity. Or write a letter, a postal will do, and give age and dress size.



Adrianne Ames *is delighted with her chic, washable frock trimmed with Roman Stripes. It's new! Style 353.*
Adrianne Ames



Lona Andre *is complimented everywhere on her beautifully smart washable frock. Its chic is apparent. Style 344.*
Lona André

Kay Hughes *selected this distinctive washable frock of smooth, tailored lines. It's fashionable and stunning! Style 327.*
Kay Hughes

Ida Lupino *knows she'll look her smartest in her new, washable, pioneer print. It's different! Style 351.*
Ida Lupino

Write for Complete Portfolio of 150 Smart New ADVANCED 1939 Spring Dresses
many as low as 3 Dresses for $3.98

Free!

This astounding offer is open to ambitious women everywhere and is absolutely Free in every respect. There is nothing to pay now or at any time.

FASHION FROCKS Advanced Styles for Spring 1939 are the finest in our entire 31 years of dress manufacturing history. They are the last-minute styles direct from Paris, Hollywood, Riviera and other famed fashion centers, where our stylists rush the newest style trends to us to be made into Fashion Frocks.

Personally Selected and Autographed by Movie Stars

Prominent screen actresses have personally selected many Fashion Frock dresses for the coming season. And they put their stamp of approval on these glamorous dresses by autographing them.

This superior line of dresses is never sold in stores, but by direct factory representatives only. They are nationally known because nationally advertised. They are endorsed for style and value by Household Magazine Searchlight, and are approved by fashion editors of leading magazines. This practical, unanimous O. K. by these recognized authorities makes Fashion Frocks absolutely authentic in style, supreme in value and easy to sell.

Fashion Frocks Enjoy National Demand

Women everywhere are eager to see the newest Fashion Frock advanced Spring creations which have been personally selected and autographed by famous movie stars. This tremendous demand has forced us to increase the number of our representatives, so this glorious opportunity is open to you. Just mail coupon for FREE details of this amazing offer.

Just Mail Coupon!

For Full Information . . No Obligation

FASHION FROCKS, INC.
Dept. BB-225
Cincinnati, Ohio

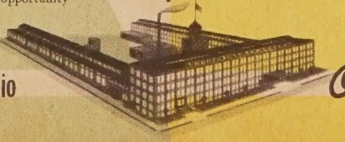
• I am interested in your Free offer. Send me all the details how I can make up to $23 weekly and get my own dresses without a penny of cost.

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........

Age.......... Dress Size..........



FASHION FROCKS, Inc. Dept. BB-225, Cincinnati, Ohio

Our 31st. Year in Business...

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LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.
CHESTERFIELD
MY NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION
Chesterfields
FOR MORE PLEASURE

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WHY STARS HATE THE CANDID CAMERA—PAGE 28

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

SCREEN BOOK

AGAZINE
(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

MARCH
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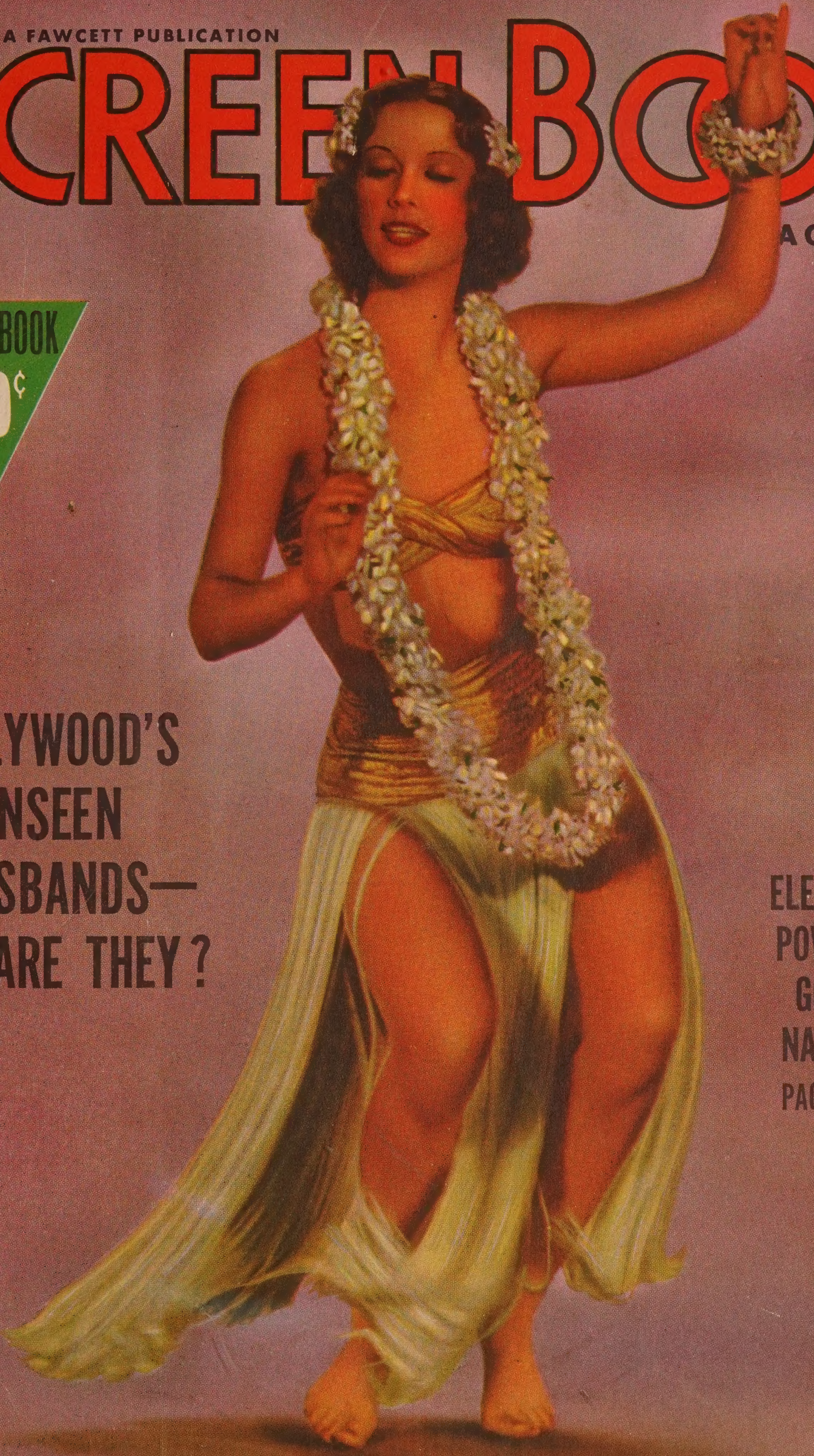
SCREEN BOOK
10¢



HOLLYWOOD'S
UNSEEN
HUSBANDS—
WHO ARE THEY?

ELEANOR
POWELL
GOES
NATIVE
PAGE 40

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true is the most exciting, most entertaining magazine on the newsstands today. If you do not agree the purchase price of the magazine will be refunded.

***true** is guaranteed!*

A money-back offer stands behind every copy of **true**! Go to your newsstand today and buy a copy. If it does not fulfill every claim we make for it; if you do not feel that you have received your money's worth in thrillingly different reading—*your money will be promptly returned!*

true

MARCH

MY MOB—A BOOK-LENGTH DETECTIVE FEATURE

THE PAINTED HOURI AND THE HOUSE OF DEATH • BEDSIDE BORGIA

"MY MOB"

Inside Story of the Gibson Gang

I SMUGGLE White Cargo

BUBBLES OF DOOM!

MASTER OF THE SECRET WORLD

No other magazine can match the excitement and drama that pulse through the pages of **true**! Every story and every photograph reflects some thrilling and amazing phase of life itself. Every story is strange—but **true**!

In the March issue, now on sale, you will thrill to: BUBBLES OF DOOM, the tragic story of the curse that has haunted the famous Mumm champagne family, despite great wealth and social position . . . MY MOB, the inside story of the notorious Gibson gangsters and their gun-toting women as told by one of them . . . BEDSIDE BORGIA, the incredible—but **true**! story of a comely nurse who mixed passion and murder in a bizarre career that led to the gallows . . . More than fifteen complete stories and features in all, every one of them *guaranteed!* Every one of them complete. No serials!

true **Now On Sale At All Newsstands** **true**

"'Pink Tooth Brush'— So that's why my smile has grown so dull!"

Protect your smile! Help your dentist keep your gums firmer and your teeth sparkling with

IPANA AND MASSAGE

That dull, dingy, dreary smile—it can't be yours! Why, yours was the smile that had such magic—yours were the brightest of bright, sparkling teeth! What happened—who's at fault?

You, dear lady! You saw that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—knew it meant trouble. You knew the step you ought to take—the step that, as an intelligent and sensible person, you're going to take right now!

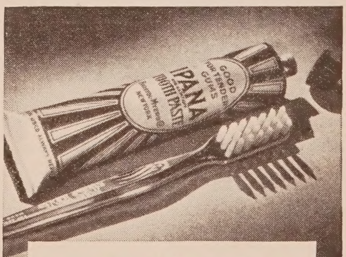
You're too wise and too lovely to go on taking chances with the beauty of your smile. So see your dentist—*and see him today. And when he tells you how to help guard against "pink tooth brush"—and if he suggests the healthful stimulation of Ipana and massage—follow his advice!*

Protect Your Smile Against "Pink Tooth Brush"

"PINK TOOTH BRUSH" is only a warning—but when you see it—*see your dentist.* You may not be in for serious trouble, but find out the truth. Usually, however, it simply means gums robbed of work by our modern soft and creamy foods. His advice will probably be, "more work for lazy gums" and very often, "the healthful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the health of your gums as well as to clean your teeth. Each time you clean your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. As circulation is increased within the gum walls, gums tend to become firmer, healthier—more resistant to trouble.

Don't gamble with your smile! Get an economical tube of Ipana at your druggist's today. Make Ipana and massage your daily, common-sense dental health routine. Help keep your smile as attractive as it should be!



TRY THE NEW D.D. TOOTH BRUSH

For more effective gum massage and for more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for the new D. D. Tooth Brush.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREEN BOOK

Incorporating SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXI **No. 8** **MARCH, 1939**

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MANAGING EDITOR

AL ALLARD
ART DIRECTOR

GORDON FAWCETT, HOLLYWOOD MANAGER

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SPENCER

TRACY

in the most romantic role that this grand actor has ever portrayed on the screen.

HEDY

LAMARR

THE GLAMOROUS *Exciting* BEAUTY... YOUR SENSATIONAL NEW DISCOVERY

Welcome her to her first Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring role—an exotic orchid of cafe society...

I TAKE *this* WOMAN

with

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Mona Barrie • Louis Calhern • Jack Carson

Produced by LAWRENCE WEINGARTEN • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE • Story by CHARLES MacARTHUR

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

The LION'S ROAR

In addition to appearing in the motion picture publications, this column also appears every month in McCall's, Pictorial Review, Redbook, Look and Liberty Magazines.

Dear Fans —
This is a fan letter for you. I thank you from the bottom of my lion's heart for the way you have responded to this column.
Leo

Mickey Rooney, whose Hardy adventures have pressed him close to our collective bosom, is about ready for you in "Huckleberry Finn".

★ ★ ★ ★

Rally 'round! All friends of Mark Twain this way! Think of it! We're in for the delights of "Huck", Jim, the Duke of Bilgewater, the Lost Dauphin, the Widow Douglas, Captain Brandy.

★ ★ ★ ★

Shifting the scenery for the moment to Hawaii and the art of waving a grass skirt, there is Miss Eleanor Powell, the girl born to dance, in "Honolulu".

★ ★ ★ ★

Lest you think that "Honolulu" is a solemn treatise on Polynesian folkways, there is in the cast that female brain-trust Miss Gracie Allen.

★ ★ ★ ★

Pause for Station Announcement: M-G-M broadcasting the news to watch impatiently for "Honolulu", "Huckleberry Finn" and "I Take This Woman".

★ ★ ★ ★

GIFT-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB

This game involves the use of your scissors—it is hence known as "Shear Nonsense." If you crave a photo of Mickey Rooney as "Huck" Finn, fill in name, address, and mail to Leo, M-G-M Studio, Box G, Culver City, Cal.

Name.................................

Address.................................

★ ★ ★ ★

This is about the time when those New Year resolutions are beginning to feel the tug. But rest assured we'll keep to ours.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which is, to see that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continues to lead the way in entertainment.

★ ★ ★ ★

See you on the screen.

—*Leo*

ZONITE—THE FAMOUS ANTISEPTIC THAT CAME OUT OF THE WORLD WAR*

RAW THROAT AREA

RAW THROAT?
Start Gargling Now!

At the first sign of a raw, dry, ticklish throat, gargle with Zonite. Gargling with Zonite benefits you in three ways: (1) it kills the germs connected with colds — *at contact;* (2) eases the rawness in your throat; (3) relieves the painful swallowing. If you're looking for antiseptic results, and not just a pleasant-tasting mouthwash—Zonite is your product! So be prepared. Get Zonite from your druggist. The minute you feel rawness in your throat, start gargling. Use 1 teaspoon of Zonite to ½ glass of water. Gargle every 2 hours. Soon your throat feels better.

DANDRUFF ITCH

DANDRUFF ITCH?
Here's an Antiseptic Scalp Treatment

Here is a simple treatment that does what skin specialists say is necessary if you want to combat dandruff caused by germs:—

1. Add 2 tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water in basin.
2. Massage head for 3 minutes with this Zonite solution. *This gives head an antiseptic cleansing — stimulates scalp — kills germs on hair and scalp at contact!*
3. Lather head with good shampoo, using same Zonite solution. (We recommend "Barcelona" Castile Shampoo.) *This loosens dirt and dandruff scales.*
4. Rinse very thoroughly. *This leaves scalp clean and sweet.*
5. If scalp is dry, massage in a good oil hair dressing. *This relieves dryness.* Do this twice a week at first. And later, once a week.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
We are convinced that if you use this Zonite treatment faithfully, you'll be delighted with results. *That is why we guarantee complete satisfaction* — or your money back in full!

*Zonite is a clear, colorless, liquid antiseptic — an improvement on the famous Dakin Solution which revolutionized World-War surgery . . .

Use **ZONITE** for
FIRST AID • SORE THROAT
BAD BREATH • DANDRUFF
ATHLETE'S FOOT

FILMLAND WHISPERS

WHILE Cesar Romero was making a personal appearance in San Francisco, he visited the famous Sky Room cocktail bar. A comely miss staggered up to his table and accused him of trying to impersonate Cesar Romero, the movie star. When our hero insisted that he actually was the one and only, the little woman insisted that he prove it. Thinking it better to humor her than try and argue, Cesar opened his coat and showed the tailor's label with his name printed on it. His accuser drew herself up to her full height, pointed a finger practically in Cesar's eyes and hiccoughed, "So-o-o, you're wearing a shecond hand suit." Then she passed out cold. Cesar Romero being a perfect gent, carried her back to her table.

* * *

WHENEVER a crowd gathers in a Hollywood store, you can depend that a movie star is shopping. Adrian and Janet Gaynor stood in a circle of curious people while they shopped in the bag department of a smart shop. When Adrian held a bag up next to Janet that was almost as big as the diminutive star herself, the crowd began to giggle. Adrian and Janet weren't a bit concerned. What the people didn't know was that the shoppers were picking out a birthday gift for a friend, who happened to be three times the size of Gaynor.

* * *

SHE'S only been married a short time, but that voluptuous comedienne is already showing signs of great interest in the cameraman on her current picture. When she gives parties, she sees to it that someone brings him along. And when she goes to other parties, she always asks if he is going to be there before she accepts the invitation. She thinks she's fooling everyone, but the poor gal is only fooling herself.

[*Continued on page* 8]

Lovely Ann Sheridan is shown above in a scene from the Warner Brothers picture, *The Professor Steps Out,* co-starring Dick Powell. Who could blame the professor?

★ **BETTE DAVIS** *Brings You Her Crowning Triumph!*

BETTE DAVIS in 'DARK VICTORY'
GEO. BRENT • HUMPHREY BOGART
Geraldine Fitzgerald • Ronald Reagan
Henry Travers • Cora Witherspoon
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • From the Play by George Emerson Brewer, Jr. and Bertram Bloch • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture • Presented by WARNER BROS.

★ **DARK VICTORY** Never a story of love so exquisite!...She smiled at the cost, and bravely paid the reckoning when her heart's happy dancing was ended.

THE KISS YOU DREAM ABOUT! Perhaps your *lipstick* stands between you and the man you love...a harsh, greasy red...that makes him think your lips themselves are hard and cold. Why not experiment...tonight...with *something different?*

FOR WARM, SOFT LIPS—TANGEE! Just stroke that orange magic on. Watch it change to *your* shade of blush-rose... see how it makes your lips alluring, tempting ...ready to kiss...and so Tangee keeps them with its protective creamy base!

MATCHED MAKE-UP, TOO. For lovely, glowing, "natural" color in your cheeks, use matching Tangee Rouge, Compact or Creme...for "cameo" skin, use clinging Tangee Powder. Blondes, brunettes, redheads find Tangee gives the *young*, appealing look men love.

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

NEW! Booklet by Emily Post solving 50 important problems, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

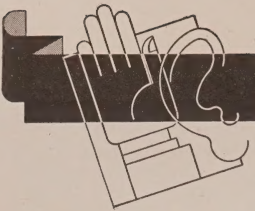
The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Emily Post Booklet. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*________________ (Please Print)

*Street*________________

*City*________ *State*________ F39



FILMLAND WHISPERS

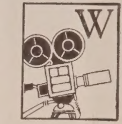
[*Continued from page* 6]

HOLLYWOOD is convulsed at the stories about the midgets who are working in *Wizard of Oz*. When they walk into the M-G-M commissary, it's no uncommon sight to see Robert Taylor graciously lifting them up on a chair so they can reach the table. But the funniest story of all concerns a little fellow who took a terrific fall in the little boys' room. You'll have to use your imagination for this one. Next time they use midgets in a picture, it will save time and money if special equipment of all descriptions is designed on a "smaller" scale.

* * *

LEW AYRES had one of his biggest thrills recently. In searching for the projection room where they were running off the previous day's rushes, Lew opened the wrong door. Seeing a huge closeup of himself on the screen that looked strangely familiar, Lew went in and sat down in the last row. One of the executives was running off a print of *The Kiss*, Lew's first picture, in which he appeared opposite Garbo. He sat there fascinated because it was the first time he had seen the completed film. At the time he made it, Lew could never summon up the courage to see how awful he felt he must be. By the time he realized he was going to have a movie career, *The Kiss* was no longer being shown.

* * *



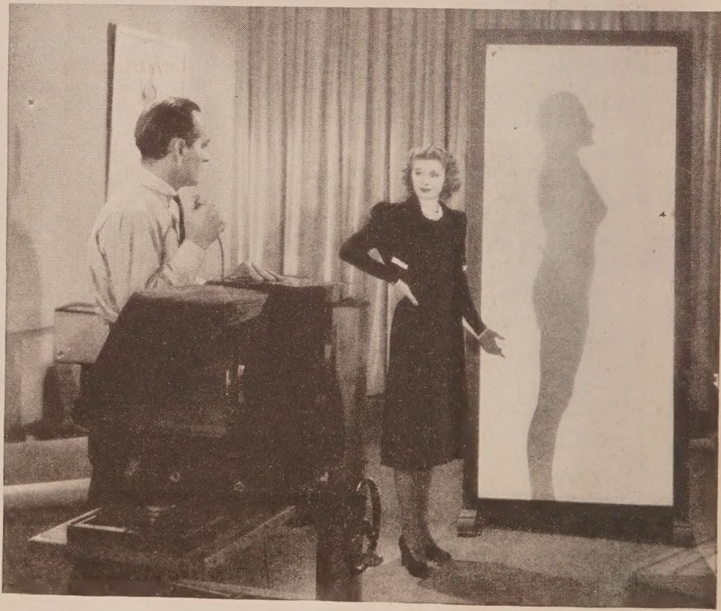
WHEN Don Ameche goes into the make-up department each morning, he has a special screen put in front of his chair. It seems that Don has to have a very intricate shading job done to make his face photograph. It takes longer to make him up and the make-up is more painstaking than any used on the glamour girls. Don gets a bit self-conscious about it all and prefers not being watched.

* * *

THAT delightfully mad Russian, Gregory Ratoff, had everyone convulsed in the projection room. They were watching some scenes from a new picture. Gregory was on the screen and also in the audience.

"Mar-r-rvelous, ta-a-are-e-efic, san—sayshun—al, sto-o-pendous," he shouted, as he watched his own acting. Then he continued: "Vun-n-derful—ma-a-ag-nificent—ho-r-rrible that such a genius should owe so many bills!"

[*Continued on page* 75]



Lucille Ball supervises pictures taken by a commercial photographer in this scene from RKO's *Beauty for the Asking*. Miss Ball, Donald Woods and Patric Knowles head cast

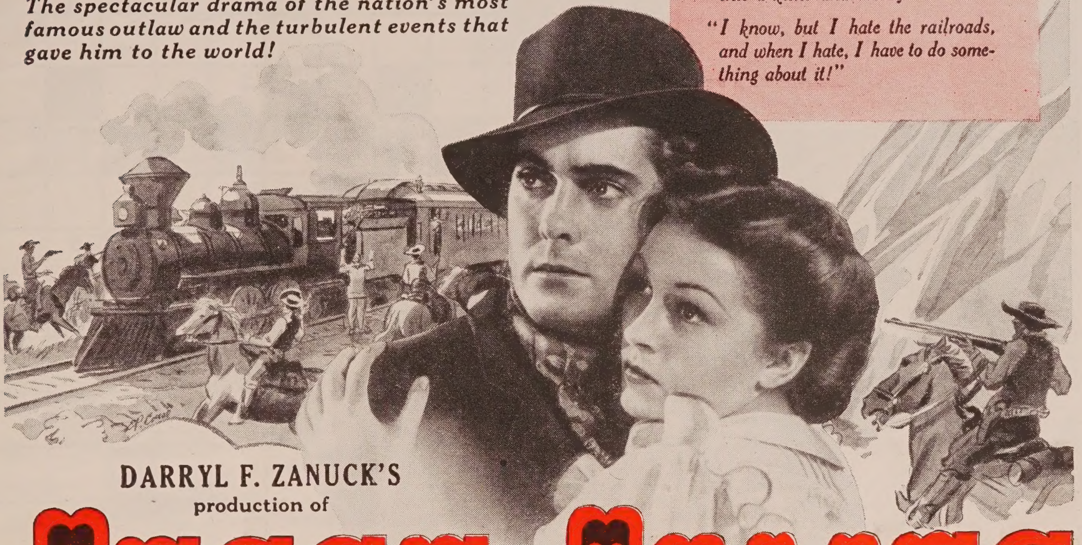
"HE WAS AN OUTLAW... A KILLER... HIS LIFE WAS THE EPIC STORY OF A LAWLESS ERA!"

He was hunted, but he was human! And there was one—gentle yet dauntless—who flung her life away—into his arms!

The spectacular drama of the nation's most famous outlaw and the turbulent events that gave him to the world!

"Jesse, you're a hero now! But this will get into your blood! You'll turn into a killer and a wolf!"

"I know, but I hate the railroads, and when I hate, I have to do something about it!"



DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
production of

JESSE JAMES

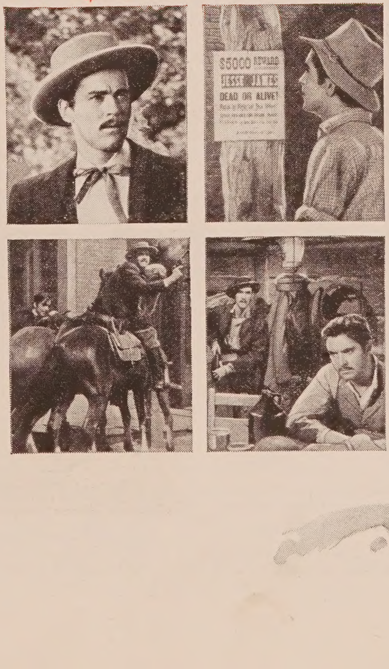
Photographed in TECHNICOLOR

starring

TYRONE POWER
HENRY FONDA
NANCY KELLY
RANDOLPH SCOTT

and HENRY HULL
SLIM SUMMERVILLE
J. EDWARD BROMBERG
BRIAN DONLEVY
JOHN CARRADINE
DONALD MEEK
JOHN RUSSELL
JANE DARWELL

Directed by Henry King
Associate Producer and Original Screen Play by Nunnally Johnson
A 20th Century-Fox Picture



WHY NOT USE TAMPAX THIS VERY MONTH?
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

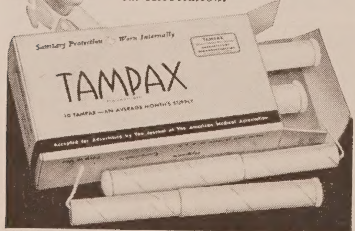
EVERY day more women are discovering Tampax, and spreading the news among their friends. This modern *civilized* sanitary protection is rapidly sweeping the country. Already over *one hundred million* Tampax have been sold to outdoor women, college students, housewives and office workers. It is really a necessity for any woman who *must* keep busy and active at all times of the month—every month, every season.

Tampax is unlike any other product. Of compressed surgical absorbent cotton, it is hygienically sealed in *individual containers,* so neat and ingenious your hands never touch the Tampax at all! No belts or pins are used, because Tampax is *worn internally.* No bulk to show. No odor can form.

Tampax is comfortable, efficient and very compact to carry in your purse. At drug stores and notion counters. Introductory size 20¢, average month's supply, 35¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package.

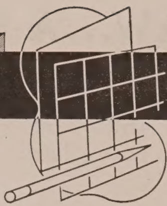
"DESIGNED BY A DOCTOR—WORN INTERNALLY"

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.

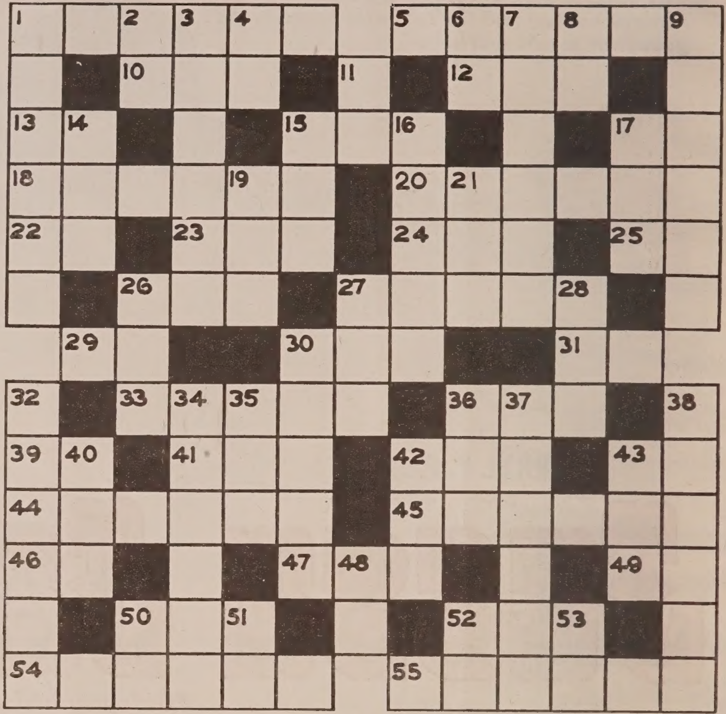


TAMPAX INCORPORATED FWG-39
New Brunswick, New Jersey
Please send me introductory size package of Tampax with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins).

*Name*____________________
*Address*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________



CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Star of *Just Around the Corner.*
5. Star of *Hard to Get.*
10. *She Had to* ———.
12. She was teamed with Bob Burns in *Arkansas Traveler.*
13. Leroy Mason's initials.
15. Descriptive of films shown at first-run theatres.
17. Joe Penner was starred in ——— *Chase Yourself.*
18. Wendy's surname.
20. Kenneth but not Howell.
22. *Girls* ——— *Probation.*
23. Descriptive of facts in *Believe It or Not* shorts.
24. *Breaking the* ———.
25. Pronoun used in Biblical films.
26. Gertrude Michael's native state (abbr.).
27. Whose role was that of *Nana* in screenplay of same name?
29. Initials of a star of *Too Hot to Handle.*
30. Middle name of Marcia Jones.
31. *A Yank* ——— *Oxford.*
33. His last name is Maxwell.
36. Bob Potter in *Swing That Cheer.*
39. *Gold* ——— *Where You Find It.*
41. William Benson in *The Sisters.*
42. To register grief in sound films.
43. Mr. Overman's initials.
44. Remember Dorothy ———?
45. Kitty in *Mother Carey's Chickens.*
46. Edward ——— *Saint.*
47. Neil Hamilton had lead in *I Married a* ———.
49. *Beg, Borrow* ——— *Steal.*
50. It is used in drawing animated cartoons.
52. Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern were paired in *She's* ——— *Everything.*
54. Duke Lester in *Five of a Kind.*
55. What Bill Robinson does in films.

DOWN

1. Matt Collins in *Arkansas Traveler.*
2. *Give* ——— *a Sailor.*
3. Richard Greene and Nancy Kelly had leads in *Submarine* ———.
4. Initials of 1 Down.
6. *King* ——— *Alcatraz.*
7. A star of *Wings Under Suspicion.*
8. Elizabeth Young's initials.
9. John Barrymore's brother.
11. *Service* ——— *Luxe.*
14. *A* ——— *to Remember.*
15. His last name is Sparks.
16. Marcella in *Annabel Takes a Tour.*
17. Descriptive of comedy dramas.
19. Louis Hayward's bride.
21. The dog in *Blind Alibi.*
26. *That Certain* ———.
27. Frank Fay was born in ——— Francisco.
28. Lieutenant Brent in *The Mad Miss Manton.*
30. *King Solomon's* ———.
32. Radio commentator seen in *Garden of the Moon.*
34. Any of famous quintuplets of *Five of a Kind.*
35. Conflict of China seen in newsreel.
36. What Zorina dances upon (sing.).
37. The lady in *The Cowboy and the Lady.*
38. He had lead in *Valley of the Giants.*
40. Sound films enable one to hear as well as to do this.
42. ——— *Giant.*
43. Bim in *Angels with Dirty Faces.*
48. Jed Prouty's role as member of Jones Family.
50. ——— *from the City.*
51. Kane Richmond's initials.
52. Miriam Hopkins was born here (abbr.).
53. Initials of a star of *The Show Goes On.*

(Solution on page 67)

Salute to Shirley

By

E. J. SMITHSON

Shirley Ross, Paramount player and one of Hollywood's most recent brides, enjoys an evening at home. At left: She is shown in a scene from the Paramount picture, *Paris Honeymoon,* in which Bing Crosby and Franciska Gaal have lead roles

SHIRLEY ROSS was having the thrill of her young life-time.

She was on her first personal appearance tour, playing the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. Her throat was as dry as the inside of a miser's heart and she could hear her knees knocking together in perfect rhythm to the beat of the trap drums down in the orchestra pit. She gave a swift look into the wings and saw good old Georgie Jessel, the genial master of ceremonies, smiling his encouragement and pantomiming for her to "give out" with her first blues song when the time came.

And when the time came, she did, with such vim and vigor that when she finished the cash customers wore blisters on their hands.

Then it happened!

"I was dolled up like a plush horse," Shirley laughs as she tells about it. "The dress I wore weighed a ton and it had a train as long as from here to there and the spotlights played upon it and me very prettily indeed. I felt proud and happy about the whole thing.

"I glanced into the wings and there was Georgie frantically gesturing for me to get the heck off the stage so that he could go on with the program. To show me just how he wanted me to make my exit he took four or five backward steps, turned slowly, and then walked deeper into the wings. All this took less time than it takes to tell you about it.

"It looked simple and sensible and very easy to copy so I put on my Sunday smile as I retreated from the footlights. I must say at this point that no queen could have conducted herself with more poise and dignity than I. I took step number one, then step number two, then step number three and then I became foot conscious. The heel of one slipper caught in the train of my dress. I kicked out with my free foot in as ladylike a manner as I could, hoping against hope that the audience wouldn't discover the awful predicament I was in. I think that up to the time of the first ladylike kick I had them puzzled.

"I started another little ladylike kick and the very next thing I found myself flat on my back in the center of the stage! The theatre began to rock with laughter and it seemed centuries before the curtain came down and Georgie Jessel had me in the wings.

"That's my story of the great train wreck! That's what happened to Shirley Ross, the girl who thought she had the poise and dignity of a queen! Now for the anti-climax. After I had recovered whatever it is that makes you nonchalant, I told Georgie that despite everything I was going back on the stage and sing another song. The show must go on and so must Shirley, despite her utter confusion and embarrassment. That's what I told Georgie and that's what Georgie told the orchestra leader—and that's just what I did. Sang another song in my pretty dress with the spotlights playing upon it and once again I gave the audience some-

[*Continued on page* 12]

Girls WITH OVER-POWDERED FACES NEVER STAY IN MEN'S GOOD GRACES!

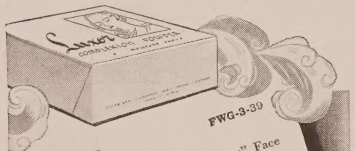
LUXOR

"Feather-Cling"

FACE POWDER

has a light touch!

You need never fear that stodgy, over-powdered effect when you use Luxor "feather-cling"—the face powder with *a light touch.* It sits lightly as a feather, stays on smoothly for hours. Shine-proof and moisture-proof too, so it doesn't cake or streak. At toilet goods counters in smart, new shades (55c). For generous size FREE trial package send coupon.



FWG-3-39

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.
I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . .
Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2. . . Brunette . . .
Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my free trial package to

Name..
Address..
City.......................... State..........
(This offer is not good in Canada)

Salute to Shirley

[*Continued from page* 11]

thing to roar about. My knees buckled under me and I went down in a dead faint!"

Well, when all is said and done, what happened to Shirley only goes to prove that you can't keep a good girl down. Convinced that her career was ruined because of these two catastrophes, she was ready to skip all further personal appearances and go back to sunny California. But the more she thought about it, the more cowardly such a move seemed to be. She'd stick by the ship if she had to fall down every night! Came the dawn and the morning papers and she primed herself to withstand the taunts and jibes of the critics.

Much to her surprise, the reviews were verbal bouquets, no less! The boys and girls who write theatrical pieces for the papers really went to town about that cute and courageous little trouper, Shirley Ross! Ditto for the boys and girls who write theatrical pieces for the Boston, Philadelphia and other big city papers. Clippings describing her success began to trickle into Hollywood and it wasn't long before she received a wire ordering her to report for an important part in an important picture.

"So I came back," Shirley says, "all pepped up and ready for work, but all that I did was to sit in my room day after day and wait in vain for the telephone call that would send me in front of the cameras. Occasionally I'd drive out to see the men who were paying my salary and put on a 'Miss Quiz' act. But I never had much success getting satisfactory answers to my questions. I was told to 'take it easy,' that 'something would turn up soon,' and that I must 'learn to be patient.' Back I'd go to my little room and try to practice what they preached. I began calling myself the 'lost Shirley Ross!' And then something happened."

And what happened was this.

Completely fed up from the two-year run-around treatment given him by his studio, George Murphy, the young Irisher who had made himself world-famous as a musical comedy dancing and singing star, staged a Los Angeles revival of *Good News,* a Broadway smash hit he had starred in. He offered Shirley the tough gal role in it.

The show was an immediate success and the critics went raving mad about George, Shirley and everybody in the cast. Ditto San Francisco a few weeks later. Once again the studio began to receive extravagantly worded columns of praise about the two talented youngsters who had sense enough to take time by the forelock, the bull by the horns and opportunity by the nape of the neck.

"Well," says Shirley, "it was, for me, a repetition of my personal appearance tour. I was told to take it easy, to be patient and to rest assured that a good role would be provided for me in no time at all. But time marched on and finally I marched right into Bernie Hyman's office and spoke my little piece. When I finished Bernie spoke his—with the result that he placed me under his personal contract and promised that he'd get me into a picture just as soon as he was ready to produce one. About a week later he called me up and said he had me placed in *The Devil Is a Sissy,* a picture he was going to produce soon."

Less than two days before the cameras were going to turn for Hyman's picture, Paramount called Shirley up to offer her a spot in *The Big Broadcast of 1937.*

"They told me to hold everything," Shirley says, "until I had read the script. When I said that it was a waste of time to do even that, they said the script was already on the way.

"Well, I read it that night and so did my mother, my father and my sister, Janice. Everyone agreed that I should take the role if it were possible. I called Bernie Hyman early the next morning and told him about the Paramount offer and, bless his kind heart, he told me to hurry over with the script. When I did, he went over it scene by scene and compared my role with the one I had in *The Devil Is a Sissy.* When he was through, he admitted *The Big Broadcast* was the better of the two for me. 'But what can I do?' he asked me. 'Here I've already got $500,000 tied up in my picture, it starts tomorrow and what will I do for a star if I let you go? I'm sunk! It's terrible, but I'll tell you what you do. You call me this afternoon. By then, after I go into a huddle with some of the boys, I'll know where I'm at—and so will you.'

"I told him that the best thing to do was to forget it, that we'd made *The Devil Is a Sissy* and that I was silly to even think of mentioning the Paramount offer to him. Bernie shook his head and said that wouldn't do at all.

"Well, I went home and phoned as he had ordered. The first thing he said was that 'he knew he was making a big mistake in letting me go, but who was he to interfere with a girl's career.' Have you ever in your life heard of any producer doing anything like that before? If he isn't the salt of the earth, all wool and a yard wide, a gentleman and a scholar and just about the finest man in this or any other town, I'm not Shirley Ross!"

Peggy Conklin took Shirley's role in *The Devil Is a Sissy,* Shirley went into *The Big Broadcast of 1937* and from that one into *Hideaway Girl, Waikiki Wedding, This Way, Please, Blossoms on Broadway, Prison Farm, Thanks for the Memory, The Big Broadcast of 1938* and *Paris Honeymoon.*

Shirley landed in Hollywood with her parents from Omaha, Nebraska, in time for her to enter grade school. Later she attended Hollywood High School where she soon rated among the best in amateur theatrical activities. Voice and piano studies brought her into the limelight.

From Hollywood High she enrolled at the University of California where she continued her piano, singing and dramatic work. Halfway through her second year at the university she made an audition for Gus Arnheim, the popular bandleader, and wrote her name to a nine-months' contract to appear as a featured "blues" singer with the orchestra.

"After playing in several of the large cities on the west coast," Shirley says, "we moved into the Beverly Wilshire Hotel. It was inevitable that at sometime movie executives would hear me sing—and perhaps become interested." And sure enough . . .

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer officials heard her and offered Shirley a screen test. After that came a contract and parts in *What Price Jazz, Manhattan Melodrama, 100% Pure* and *The Merry Widow* (with Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald.)

Personal appearances came next, to be followed by intervals of inaction, then *Good News* with George Murphy, and finally Paramount and established stardom.

LORETTA YOUNG
MEN FALL FOR SKIN THAT'S SMOOTH AND **SWEET**
GIRLS WHO DON'T PROTECT **DAINTINESS** LOSE OUT
EVERY WOMAN REALLY WANTS ROMANCE
WHY ARE SO MANY SO CARELESS ABOUT **DAINTINESS?**
WITH FRAGRANT **LUX SOAP** IT IS SO EASY TO BE **SURE** OF THIS CHARM
IT MAKES A BEAUTY BATH THAT'S LUXURIOUS YET VERY INEXPENSIVE
I ALWAYS USE IT. IT LEAVES SKIN REALLY FRESH AND **SWEET**
SMOOTH AND DELICATELY FRAGRANT, TOO!
IT'S A WONDERFUL WAY TO PROTECT **DAINTINESS.** TRY IT!
LUX TOILET SOAP

Protect daintiness the Hollywood way. Screen stars use LUX TOILET SOAP as a BATH soap, too. Its ACTIVE lather removes stale perspiration, every trace of dust and dirt. Leaves a delicate fragrance on the skin.

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

STAR OF THE 20TH CENTURY-FOX PRODUCTIO
"WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND

TEST
Thynmold
for 10 days
. . . at our
expense!
GIRDLE OR BRASSIERE may be worn separately

Appear
SLIMMER
. . . at once!

WOULD you like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE . . . and wear dresses *sizes smaller?* That is just what the Thynmold *Perforated* Rubber Girdle will do for you! But you won't believe it possible unless you actually try it yourself. That is why we will send you a beautiful THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere to test for 10 days at our expense. If you cannot wear a dress smaller than you normally wear, it costs you nothing.

BULGES *Smoothed Out* INSTANTLY!

■ Make the simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice the bumps of fat . . . the thickness of waist . . . the width of hips. Now slip into your THYNMOLD and see the amazing difference! Your new outline is not only smaller, but all bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Quickly CORRECT YOUR FIGURE FAULTS

BEFORE . . . A Bulging Reflection in Your Ordinary Girdle

AFTER . . . Sizes Smaller . . . No Bulges . . . in Thynmold!

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed. If you are not delighted . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Made of the Famous PERFOLASTIC RUBBER

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help body moisture evaporate...its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Send for free illustratedfolder

Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
Dept. 133, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.

Send me illustrated folder describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and full details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name..
Address..

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

EVERY month your editor seats himself at the typewriter, assumes a thoughtful pose, gnaws his fingers and snarls at the office boy. By this behavior he lets the staff know that he is about to write an editorial.

Like all editors, he is a trifle lazy. He doesn't like hard work any more than you do, and he is thoroughly convinced that editorial writing is hard work. More important than that, however, is his awareness of the importance of the undertaking. He realizes that he is passing on to you his ideas about one of America's largest industries. He wants his suggestions to be valid, his comments of interest to you. He knows that you are vitally interested not only in Hollywood stars but in Hollywood itself.

This month, as he began to "unreel" Hollywood, your editor found himself thinking about the history of the movie industry. He told himself that no business has had a more colorful background than the business of making movies. And he came to the conclusion that you would be interested in a brief sketch of this fascinating background.

It all started back in the latter part of the 19th century, between 1877 and 1900. Leland Stanford conducted one of the early experiments. He had two cameramen turn a number of cameras on a horse, and the results, viewed in series, gave a semblance of action.

Somewhat later, Thomas Edison, aware of the experiments of several Englishmen, devised a peep-show which he called the Kinetoscope. Edison was aided by the work of George Eastman, who had developed a film on which 48 exposures a second could be taken.

Shortly before the end of the century, Edison built a projector from the designs of Thomas Armat. It was called a Vitascope and was first used in 1896. Gentlemen in top hats gathered at a New York music hall to witness the first public showing of movies on a screen.

In the meantime two brothers, Louis and Auguste Lumiere, began experiments with a light camera and projector. Their progress was so excellent that their cameraman, Francis Doublier, was able to take reasonably clear pictures of the world of the '90's.

Edison had demonstrated the commercial possibilities of movies and men with vision were quick to jump on the bandwagon. The Biograph studio in New York was one of the important early studios. Mary Pickford, Mack Sennett and D. W. Griffith learned movies at Biograph. Its chief competitors were Edison, Vitagraph and Selig Polyscope which was located in Chicago. More studios sprang up yearly, grew, merged and formed the foundations of the great organizations of today.

* * *

Public interest in movies rose during the early 1900's. The theatres were of the Nickelodeon type and the pictures were crude, usually lacking a story. Not until 1903, when the Edison Company put out *The Great Train Robbery*, was a complete story told in pictures.

From then on movies developed by leaps and bounds. Along came the slapstick era, with Mack Sennett dealing out comedies and bathing beauties left and right. Remember the Keystone cops? They were characteristic of that period.

Adolph Zukor stepped into the industry with Famous Players Film Company. Cecil B. DeMille was offering the business his genius in pictures like *The Squaw Man*. In 1914 a little man in a derby hat appeared with Marie Dressler and Mabel Normand in a picture called *Tillie's Punctured Romance*. He was Charlie Chaplin, the comedian who became known from one end of the world to the other.

D. W. Griffith's amazing film, *The Birth of a Nation*, appeared in 1915. Your editor has seen it more than 20 times and is still able to marvel at it. A year later Griffith put out *Intolerance*, a picture which boasted one of the largest sets ever built. *Intolerance*, however, was more than a spectacle: it told a worthwhile story and contained scenes which would be censored today because of their frank social implications.

* * *

It would be impossible to record all the players who made film history between 1918 and 1926. Most of us remember them well . . . men and women whose acting thrilled us during the post-war period. Theda Bara, Valentino, Gloria Swanson, Norma Talmadge, Mary Pickford, Doug Fairbanks, Lon Chaney, the Barrymores, Ramon Navarro and hundreds of others. Men like Samuel Goldwyn controlled their destinies and thrust them into the limelight.

Your editor said he was going to write a brief sketch. In looking back at what he has written, he realizes how much has been left out.

He was present on the night Warner Brothers' *The Jazz Singer* first appeared on Broadway. Being somewhat young and obstreperous at the time, he was more impressed by Al Jolson's funniness than he was by the sound. Today he realizes the significance of that picture.

Movies have developed within the lifetimes of most of us. The American public created the movie industry and to the public Hollywood has a great obligation. But don't forget that it works the other way, too. Movie fans owe Hollywood constructive criticism and worthwhile suggestions.

SCREEN BOOK Magazine has always done its best to bring you outstanding stories, the type of reading material a discriminating audience demands. Last month we brought you an article by Warden Lewis E. Lawes, entitled *Audience Behind Bars*. You responded with letters of praise, not only for that revealing article but for every one in the magazine.

This month we are presenting the usual combination of fine stories and pictures of your favorite stars. I know you'll like every one of them, but I am particularly interested in your response to *Why Stars Hate the Candid Camera*. (Page 28). Read it now, then write to me giving your opinion of the story.

I WANT you to know about one of the April stories before I end this column. It's a Mickey Rooney article in which Mickey discusses the problems of the younger generation and the relations between young people and adults.

Mickey's frankness makes this article fascinating reading. He has definite ideas on the subject and is not at all hesitant about presenting them.

The title is *What's Wrong with a Kiss*, the magazine is SCREEN BOOK and the issue is April. Don't miss it. It's the kind of story SCREEN BOOK Magazine is proud to present.

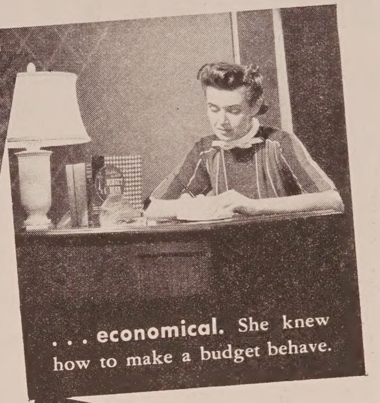
See you next month,

THE EDITOR.

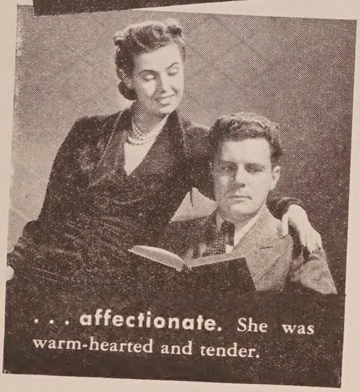
She was a "Perfect Wife" ... except for ONE NEGLECT*

She was lovely . . . always took care to *look* smart and fresh.

. . . efficient. Her house was always neat, clean, well-run.



. . . economical. She knew how to make a budget behave.



. . . affectionate. She was warm-hearted and tender.

. . . . cheerful. She never nagged, or moped, or wept.

BUT . . . she was careless (*or ignorant*) **about Feminine Hygiene** *And her husband would gladly have traded most of her virtues to correct this one fault.

"Lysol" might have made her score 100%

Love is not logical, more's the pity. You probably know at least one woman who seems to "have everything" *except the love of her husband.*

Don't be too sure he's just ungrateful . . . Perhaps *she's* guilty of the one neglect no husband can stand. A neglect, a fault, that may kill a man's love, even when everything else is perfect.

If *you're* in any doubt about feminine hygiene—ask your doctor about "Lysol". Probably no other product is so widely known and used by women for this purpose. Here are some of the reasons why "Lysol" is preferred . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

Also, try Lysol Hygienic Soap for bath, hands and complexion. It's cleansing, deodorant.

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. S.B-903, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________ State________

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

DISBARRED By HOLLYWOOD

By JOHN F. DEVINE

THE appearance of Gail Patrick in a picture called *Disbarred* makes her whole life story sound like a gag. But don't let it fool you. It isn't. Nothing about this sleek, black-haired charmer with the velvet voice is a gag.

When you link up her girlhood with her current film frolic you get the idea, at first, that she spent all her undergraduate days just building up a publicity background for a Paramount movie in which she was to appear in 1939. She didn't.

Actually, she spent all those years burying her nose in dog-eared tomes, and filling that pretty young head with memorabilia about equities, torts, corporate practices and writs of *certiorari* and *habeas corpus*. She worried more about data from Blackstone and the other legal long-beards than about dates with the boys from the fraternity houses down the street.

Lovely Gail Patrick, pictured at right, plays the part of a lawyer in her new Paramount picture, *Disbarred*. She is shown below in a dramatic scene with Robert Preston

The simple fact is that Gail Patrick is a one-track gal who got derailed. With a Bachelor of Arts degree already gathering dust in her bedroom closet, and with a scholarship to cut expenses in law school, she was well on her way to becoming a female "mouthpiece" when, literally and figuratively, she was "disbarred" by Hollywood.

The courts of the nation might be less grim than they are if there were more decorative personalities of the Patrick type at the counsel tables. But there is one thing to be said for Gail's presence in Hollywood: it probably has saved a lot of wear and tear on susceptible Alabama jurors. Mama knows what the case is about when Papa is serving on a jury, and she might fill the dinner table talk with cutting remarks if she gets the idea that Papa's verdict was influenced more by a lady lawyer's voice than by the evidence. Now veniremen can enjoy the Patrick theatricalities on the screen, and if they keep their mouths shut at home she won't disrupt their domestic lives.

Gail didn't want to be an actress when she won a Paramount talent test at the University of Alabama. Her name was Margaret Fitzpatrick and she wanted to be a lawyer. She regarded the prize trip to Hollywood as a lark, and the screen test that went with it as so much hooey. She tucked a round trip ticket into her purse and told her parents she would be home in two weeks.

That was six years ago. She still wants to be a lawyer but she doesn't dwell on it so much. A short time ago, in referring to her new starring role, she said:

"I am going to be a lawyer, if only on the screen. In *Disbarred,* I raise objections and pound the bench to my heart's content."

There you have the secret of her whole career. She wanted to be a lawyer, but chance made her a successful actress. If you've ever sat in a courtroom and watched high-priced attorneys pacing before a jury, raving one minute and softly quoting poetry the next, you will find it easy to recognize the kinship in the histrionics of the bar and the screen.

One of New York's wealthiest lawyers says the greatest disappointment of his life is that he did not become a Shakespearean actor. Gail admits that she derived no little pleasure from the scenes in which she "objected" vociferously and pounded the bench in *Disbarred.* Both statements tend to prove that something more than a modicum of exhibitionism is essential to the character of a successful trial lawyer, as well as a successful actor.

In its last analysis, Miss Patrick's statement also shows why a movie career has submerged, if not entirely downed, her earlier desire to make a living and a reputation by pleading with juries.

Opportunism and assimilation being as valuable to an actress as to a lawyer, her pre-legal training stands her in good stead in films. In *Murder at the Vanities,* one of her early pictures, she was murdered in the first scene and had to play a corpse for nine consecutive days.

"I fooled them on that one, though," she says. "I just stretched out comfortably, played corpse with one eye and kept the other one open. I learned more in that role than in all my other pictures combined."

Rating high among her pet aversions are interviewers who ask fool questions. Shortly after she was married to Bob Cobb, who runs the Vine Street Brown Derby, she was cornered by a reporter who asked her,

"Should every star get married and if so, why?"

"How should I know?" Miss Patrick replied. "I've been married almost a week."

Another gushing word-juggler, who began an interview with a request for Gail's "secrets of beauty," was squelched with two words. Smiling her sweetest smile, the luscious Alabaman softly said,

"You flatterer."

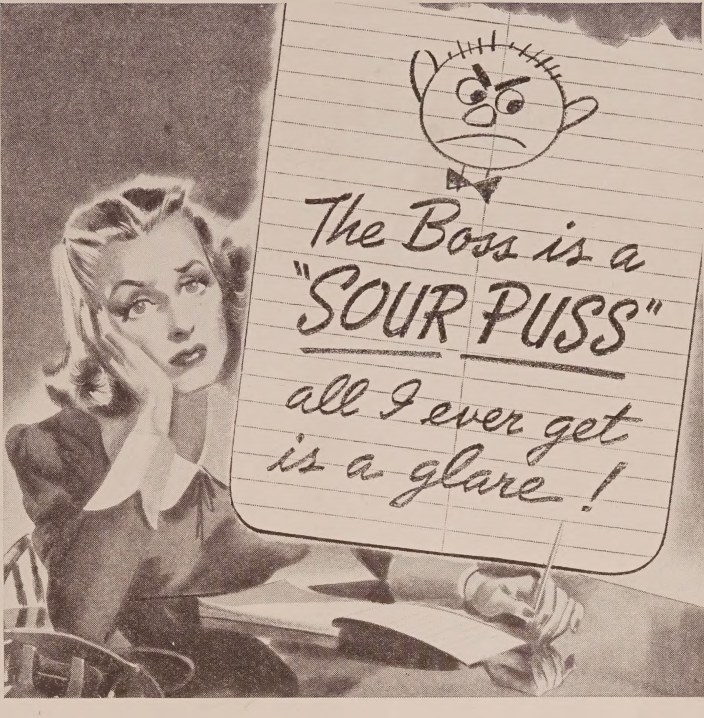
If that talent contest hadn't come along to send her off on a new tangent, Miss Patrick probably would have been a splendid lawyer. She has that faculty, peculiar to the legal mind, for taking great pains with small details.

She had sense enough, for instance, to know that although Belles with Southern accents may be able to make a lot of time at a Princeton prom, their acting fields are strictly limited. So she got rid of her drawl and began to make her pronunciation correct, rather than cute, even before she left the Paramount training school.

ALL of which, by the way, brings up a new thought while we're on the subject of "y'all gals." David O. Selznick might do himself and his public a favor by testing Gail Patrick for the muchly-publicized role of Scarlett O'Hara. That is, if anyone, including Mr. Selznick, still cares whether he ever finds a Scarlett.

Attending to a few other details, about which she never had bothered during school days, Gail set to work learning how to apply make-up properly and how to make her

[*Continued on page 69*]



Girls who click, in jobs and on dates, avoid underarm odor with MUM

SALLY thinks the whole world's against her. She works so hard at her job. She tries so hard to make friends. But somehow all that she gets for her pains are snubs.

Strange that such a pretty, capable girl should find others so unfriendly? Not when you know what *they* know about Sally! For no one likes to be near a girl who offends with underarm odor. And everyone finds it hard to say, "You *could* be popular—with Mum!"

Girls who win, in business and in love, know a bath alone is not enough for all-day underarm freshness. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* Mum is such a *dependable* aid to charm!

MUM IS QUICK! In a hurry? Mum takes 30 seconds, but keeps you fresh all day!

MUM IS SAFE! Any dress is safe with Mum, for Mum has the American Institute of Laundering Seal as being harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving, Mum soothes your skin!

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at your drugstore today. Let Mum keep you always sweet!

GIVE ROMANCE MORE CHANCE...USE MUM!

IT'S ONE THING MEN WON'T FORGIVE. EVEN IN WINTER YOU'RE NEVER SAFE— UNDERARMS ALWAYS NEED MUM.
TO HERSELF: LOOKS LIKE MUM HAS SAVED MY ROMANCE. BILL'S RUSHED ME ALL EVENING.
MUM

For Sanitary Napkins— *Mum leads all deodorants for use on napkins, too. Women know it's gentle, safe. Always use Mum this way, too.*

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS

Where may I obtain a picture of little Janet Chapman?—D. E. C.

Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California. Do not forget to send a quarter to cover cost of mailing, etc.

To settle an argument will you please let me know whether Franchot Tone went to Cornell or Colgate University?—Mary K.

Franchot graduated from Cornell.

I would like to know the name of the boy who portrayed the part of Prince Azim in *Drums.*—Anne S.

It was Sabu.

Please tell me what Sonja Henie's next picture will be. Who will be her co-star?—Franklin McC.

Love Interest is Miss Henie's next film. Her leading man has not been selected at this writing.

Could you please tell me at what studio I may obtain an autographed photograph of Tyrone Power?—Doris A.

Upon receipt of 25c, Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California, will gladly send you his photo.

Will you please give me a few facts about Frankie Thomas? Also, tell me how many pictures he has appeared in to date. What is his next picture?—Barbara R. M.

Frankie was born in New York City on April 9, 1918. His nationality is Scotch-Irish. He is 5 feet, 9 inches tall, weighs 142 pounds, has blue eyes and light brown hair. He made his stage debut at the age of nine months when his mother, (Mona Burns Thomas) carried him into a scene she was doing in the play *Mister Man.* Before coming to Hollywood and films, Frankie did leading roles in an impressive list of stage plays. Alternating between stage and screen, Frankie's pictures include *Dog of Flanders,* the starring role in *Tim Tyler's Luck* and the role of Mayor in *Boys Town.* He was featured in two of the latest Nancy Drew pictures at Warners, and was featured as the leader of the Little Tough Guys *"In Society"* at Universal where he is currently at work on *Code of the Streets.*

Please advise me where I may obtain a picture of Ann Sheridan? Also, I would like to know the title of her next picture, and who plays opposite her.—Edella M.

Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California, will gladly send you Ann's photo upon receipt of 25c to cover cost of mailing. Her next picture will be *The Professor Steps Out* in which Dick Powell co-stars.

Will you please tell me how I may address Hal Roach?—Jessie Anne.

Hal Roach Studio, Culver City, California.

Please tell me who played the part of Marsha Hunt's brother in *Annapolis Salute?* Is he to portray Dagwood in the *Blondie* series?—D. Y. K.

By popular request, young Frankie Thomas is proclaimed young "man-of-the-month." He is currently working on Universal's *Code of the Streets*

The role of Tex Clemmens was played by Arthur Lake, who co-stars with Penny Singleton in *Blondie.*

Would you please tell me what songs were sung in Sonja Henie's picture, *My Lucky Star?*—Betty C.

"I've Got A Date With A Dream," "Could You Pass On Love," "The All American Swing," "This May Be The Night," "By A Wishing Well."

Please advise me as to the name and address of the company that produced the picture *Of Human Hearts*, starring Walter Huston.—Robert L. M.

Of Human Hearts was produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Culver City, California.

Please tell me who played the part of the big brother in *Safety In Numbers.* Also, where can I obtain pictures of Mickey Rooney, Dick Powell and Richard Greene? What will the cost be?—Dorothy M.

The role of William Butler Reynolds was portrayed by Charles Rogers, and the role of F. Carstair Reynolds was portrayed by Richard Tucker. Mickey's picture may be obtained from M-G-M, Dick Powell's from Warner Bros. and Dick Greene's from Twentieth Century-Fox. The addresses of these studios are listed elsewhere in column. Twenty-five cents per photo is the charge.

Who played the part of Jay in *Freshman Year?* Where do I send for his photo? Where do I address William Lundigan?—Mabel K.

Both Stanley Hughes and William Lundigan can be reached at Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

I would like to know the name of the boy who played the part of Tim in the picture *Speed To Burn.* Also, how can I get a picture of him?—D. A.

Upon receipt of 25c, Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California, will gladly send you Marvin Stephens' photograph.

Who played the part of the cruel warden in *Crime School?* Also, who was the sheriff in *Valley of the Giants?*—E. D. S.

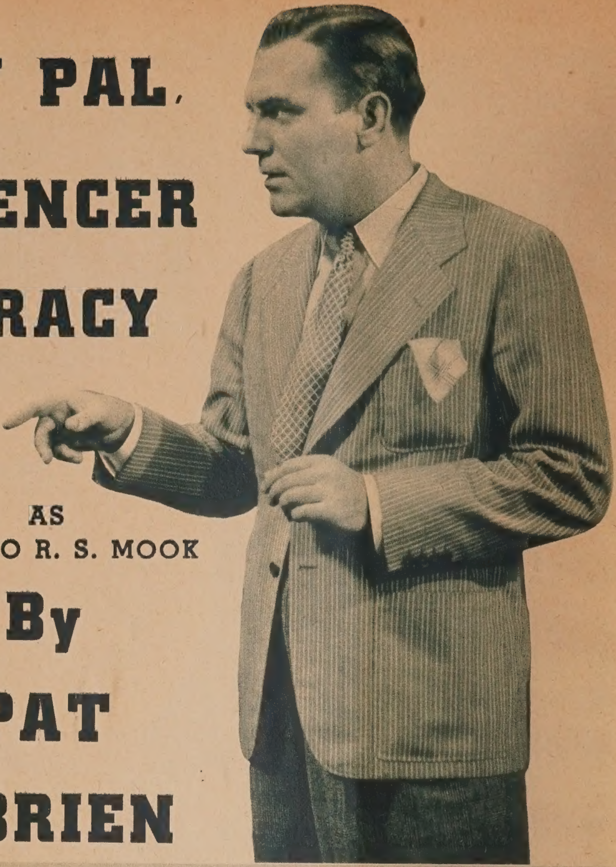
Both these roles were portrayed by Cy Kendall.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

DEANNA
DURBIN

Universal Pictures Player in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up"

MY PAL, SPENCER TRACY



AS TOLD TO R. S. MOOK

By PAT O'BRIEN

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down,
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young!
—CHARLES KINGSLEY

When that time comes for Spencer Tracy he'll never have to worry about finding a familiar face. He and Pat O'Brien have been junketing around this country together for almost 25 years. The adventures and joys and disappointments which they have shared would fill a book. In the following article, Pat takes a look at Spence.—THE EDITOR.

ONE of the clearest recollections I have of Spence is of the two of us in dirty overalls and jumpers sitting in the dining room of what was, in those days, Milwaukee's swankiest apartment hotel. We were stowing away a modest breakfast of grapefruit, ham and eggs, toast, jelly and milk. At the end of the meal Spence airily scrawled his signature across the bill and we left.

Our waiter eyed us with venom. Neither of us had any money for a tip. The *maitre d'* viewed us with acute distaste. We did nothing to elevate the atmosphere of his dining room, and, under ordinary circumstances, we would have been refused admittance. But these were no ordinary circumstances. Spence lived there!

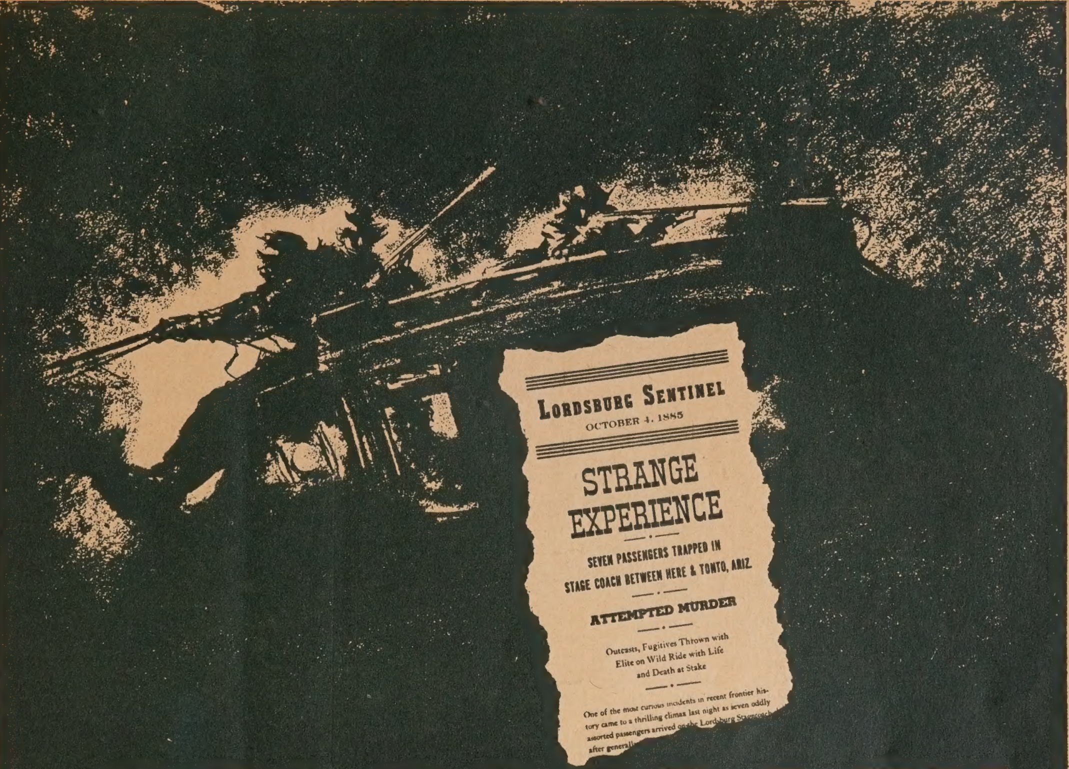
We were about 16 at the time and were on our way to work. Every Saturday this routine was repeated. We worked in a lumber yard to pick up a couple of iron men so we could roister around on Saturday nights. Our breakfast usually cost more than we made during the day but Spence's father paid for them.

His father was sales manager for one of the big truck companies. He was one of the most vivid personalities I have ever encountered. People used to say when a customer wanted a truck John Tracy would go out and sell him a fleet of trucks.

You can imagine things were not exactly tough for Spence so far as home life went, but his dad had positive ideas about the upbringing of kids. That was why we worked. My part in this drama of

[*Continued on page* 54]

Pat O'Brien is shown here in a scene from his latest Warner Brothers' picture, *Off the Record*. Spencer Tracy will be seen next in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *I Take This Woman*



LORDSBURG SENTINEL
OCTOBER 4, 1885

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

SEVEN PASSENGERS TRAPPED IN STAGE COACH BETWEEN HERE & TONTO, ARIZ.

ATTEMPTED MURDER

Outcasts, Fugitives Thrown with Elite on Wild Ride with Life and Death at Stake

One of the most curious incidents in recent frontier history came to a thrilling climax last night as seven oddly assorted passengers arrived on the Lordsburg Stagecoach after generall

STAGECOACH

A **WALTER WANGER** PRODUCTION
(Producer of "Trade Winds," "Algiers," "Blockade," etc.)
DIRECTED BY
JOHN FORD
(Academy award winner, director of "Submarine Patrol," "The Hurricane," "The Informer," etc.)
with **CLAIRE TREVOR** • **JOHN WAYNE**
Andy Devine, John Carradine, Thomas Mitchell, Louise Platt, George Bancroft, Donald Meek, Berton Churchill, Tim Holt

Dance-Hall Girl: Nothing mattered but a man she'd never seen before.

Convict: He gave himself up in order to be taken to Lordsburg where three men waited to kill him.

"Buck" the driver: He wanted to go home.

The Man of Mystery: A strange whim . . . something from the past . . . forced him to go.

Doctor: It took 12 cups of coffee to sober him in time.

Wife: "We must go on . . . I've got to find my husband."

"Curly" the Marshal: Why did he release his prisoner?

Traveling Salesman: "I'm a married man . . . father of five . . . I insist we go back."

Banker: Why so careful of the little black bag?

Lovely Virginia Bruce is pictured with her director-producer husband, J. Walter Ruben, whom she calls "Sonny"

HOLLYWOOD'S UNSEEN HUSBANDS—WHO ARE THEY?

By JAMES PETERSON

RECENTLY a famous banker, who knew very little about motion pictures, visited Hollywood. He told a friend of his, a famous executive, that he would like to meet some of the big stars. The friend said, "Well, how would you like to meet Claudette Pressman, Jean Ross, Virginia Ruben, Irene Griffin, Madeleine Astley, Martha Rose and Margaret Hayward?"

The banker looked annoyed.

"I never heard of one of them," he said. "I don't mean a lot of little extras or stock girls. I want to meet some really big stars."

To this day he doesn't realize that he turned down a chance to meet Claudette Colbert, Jean Arthur, Virginia Bruce, Irene Dunne, Madeleine Carroll, Martha Raye and Margaret Sullavan. When their married names were mentioned, he failed to recognize them—all because these stars were married to some of the unseen and unknown husbands of Hollywood.

Some of these men are famous in their own right; some are exceedingly wealthy and some earn larger salaries than their wives do. Yet they are rarely photographed, almost never interviewed and not one person out of ten could tell you who they are, what they do and what their background is.

They are the back-seat husbands of Hollywood. Some of them, like Dr. Pressman and Dr. Griffin, detest publicity, feeling that it is contrary to medical ethics to share the spotlight with their famous wives. A few, like Frank Chapman, the back-seat husband of Gladys Swarthout, actually enjoy shoving their wives into the foreground, while they themselves remain in the background. Others, like Ham Nelson, start in determined not to resent being the husband of a Hollywood star, but reach a point sooner or later when they can't stand it any more.

There are two things the typical American girl would like to own: a mink coat and a movie star husband. The great difference between the two, however, is in the matter of holding them.

Once the last payment is made on the mink, it's a cinch to have, to hold and to keep forever.

But, oh, how hard it is to keep your love blooming like a century plant with an actor husband. You need tact, patience, tolerance, pride, humility, a sense of humor, a driving force and a feminine reticence to love and cherish the man who is a romantic neon light bringing glamor, romance and adventure to half the women in America!

But the back-seat husbands of Hollywood often have very little temperament and are inclined to idolize their famous wives. Often these marriages last a lifetime, and trouble sets in only when the rumble-seat husband begins to rumble against his position.

Let's take a look at some of these unseen husbands of the Hollywood stars.

First, there is Dr. Joel Pressman, the unseen husband of Claudette Colbert. When Claudette was married to Norman Foster, they freely discussed their marriage. Every time a story was written about Claudette, Norman's name was promi-

Arthur Hornblow, Jr., is another unseen husband famous in his own field. He is shown at right, chatting with his wife, Myrna Loy

nently mentioned, for as an actor every bit of publicity he got was of value to his career.

But when Claudette married Dr. Joel Pressman, she changed her tactics completely, stopped talking about her private life and took pains never to mention her husband's name in interviews. This was in complete accord with Dr. Pressman's wishes, for he feels that it would be in the worst possible taste for him to garner publicity through being a movie star's husband. When he and Claudette were first married, he refused to allow cameramen to photograph him with Claudette. He yielded when she explained that it was expected of every movie star's husband, and that the newspapermen and cameramen would resent it if he didn't cooperate.

Her close friends say, however, that she considers it an example of Hollywood's distorted perspective that her work is regarded as more important than Dr. Pressman's. To her, his work is far more important than hers.

Dr. Pressman is a specialist on sinus troubles. A graduate of the Harvard Medical School, he served his interneship at Bellevue, the famous New York hospital to which are brought men and women suffering from all the illnesses which can ravage the human body or mind. Today he is a staff

[*Continued on page* 59]

When Dorothy Lamour was unknown, husband Herbie Kaye was a famous orchestra leader. Today Dorothy's popularity surpasses his. Bob Cobb and his wife, Gail Patrick are the other couple above

Claudette Colbert, right, is Mrs. Joel Pressman. Despite Pressman's medical work, his spouse is better known

Left, Irene Dunne's husband, Dr. Francis Griffin, dodges publicity. He's shown ducking the cameraman, smiling in insert.

I LOVE DANGER

Gwen Dew Interviews

GEORGE BRENT

George Brent is shown above with Bette Davis in Warners' *Dark Victory*. Below, an exclusive informal photo of the star

This picture of Brent working on his plane was snapped at the star's desert hideout

FOG curled up from the moors and drifted slowly across the dark, lonely road. With the coming of evening, the cottagers had closed their shutters and turned the lights low. It wasn't wise to draw attention to yourself during these days. Every night the rattle of gunfire shattered the silence of the Irish countryside. More than once the village women had stood trembling at the windows, watching wraith-like figures creeping through the fog. Children had wakened at midnight to hear a whispered conversation or a half-stifled groan.

"Lor', through the arm he got it, an' will you look to the poor lad?"

This night had been quiet, but out on the road a truck was rumbling toward the village. The driver had turned off the headlights and was hunched over the wheel, straining to see the road. Beside him sat a young man whose face revealed the marks of fatigue. The back of the truck was crowded with men.

The driver spoke suddenly.

"George, boy, do you see anything ahead?"

The young man leaned forward and stared into the darkness. Behind him there was a murmur of conversation as the men in the back of the truck prepared for action.

"Thought I did, sir. Hi, sergeant, back of that hillock!"

The furious chatter of a machine gun punctuated his words. On the iron roof of the truck there was a clanging as a hand grenade struck and rolled into a ditch. The truck picked up speed and roared on into the night.

The men in the back of the truck relaxed. The driver slowed down and turned again to the lad at his side.

"Close one, eh, Brent? Guess Dublin will think we're pretty lucky tonight."

Young George Brent put his gun away and grinned at the driver.

"Close is right, sir. But I'm not minding it."

It was indeed the danger call that had drawn young George Brent into the now historic Irish rebellion. An Irish padre had said one day to the youth, "Son, do you want to do something for your country, something dangerous?"

[*Continued on page* 63]

BLONDELL—WHERE TO?

By HELEN HOVER

Latest and one of the loveliest Hollywood rebels is Joan Blondell. She wants to forget her looks, try earthy, dramatic roles

JOAN BLONDELL is making the biggest gamble of her career.

She wants to discard the formula that made her a famous star. She doesn't want to be the blonde cutie-pie any longer. She doesn't want to be a glamor girl with glued-on eyelashes. She doesn't want to parade as the hard-boiled newspaper girl or the "chorus girl with a-heart-o'-gold." She feels that this stock pattern is preventing her from becoming what she really wants to be—a great actress.

Joan wants to forget her looks. She wants to be a live woman who suffers and goes through periods of anguish. She doesn't care if she looks homely or dowdy, as long as she portrays the natural emotional transitions experienced by most women.

When Joan first came out to Hollywood seven years ago, she was a shy, blonde youngster with ambitions and hopes of becoming a great actress. Her father, Ed Blondell, had been a vaudeville performer. Joan had trouped around with so many theatrical lights since childhood that she had a more comprehensive backgrounding in the acting business than most screen newcomers.

Once in Hollywood, she was cast as a hard-boiled but lovable young gold digger in *Illicit*. It was a minor role (Barbara Stanwyck was the star) but she did such a thorough job of scene-filching in that film that before you could say "Peggy Hopkins Joyce" she was typed. Stardom followed and for the seven succeeding years Joan Blondell has not been allowed to emerge from the hard-boiled, wise-cracking, dumb-bunny portrayals to show what she could do in the way of serious drama.

She might have gone on endlessly, for she has maintained a tremendous following of avid fans, anxious to see her comedy prancings on the screen. But that sort of success was like drinking from an empty cup.

When I talked to Joan the other day, she expressed herself vigorously. The honesty for which she is noted was apparent in everything she said.

"I'm tired of being a stock player, appearing in endless routine roles. Not so long ago, I made 32 pictures in 27 months—more than one picture a month! Certainly such factory production doesn't allow for any individuality, any attempt at sincere interpretations. I've been miserable watching myself on the screen, always looking the same, acting the same, appearing in the same thin roles.

"I NEVER get a 'lift' out of seeing myself on the screen. I used to bite my lips to keep from crying after seeing myself in a picture that was exactly like the last. I wanted to sneak out of the theatre so that I wouldn't have to face the people who had just seen me.

"There have been so many interesting roles I've wanted to do—so many vital characters I have had my heart and soul set on playing. There was the lovable dumbdora in *Boy Meets Girl*, for instance. There was the plucky young woman of *One Way Passage*, the drab but vibrant Irish girl in *The Plough and the Stars*. Those roles are deep-rooted and real.

"I'm not a flapper but I've been doing flapper parts. The experience of marriage and motherhood has given me a broader outlook. The shallow roles I have been ordered to do are foreign to my real personality and I have found them increasingly offensive. It has been a great strain for me to play bold, brazen young snips all these years.

"I want to do genuine characters. I'll have to fight for the chance to do them but fight I will. I don't want to be beautiful. I want to be real. I would like to do *May Flavin*. May is a spirited Irish girl who had such a fierce, primitive love for her husband and children that she scrubbed floors in an office building for them and became old before her time. She was a two-fisted, hard-bitten woman—but she was first and last a *woman*.

"I read *Rebecca* by Daphne du Maurier the other night, and there is another vibrant personality—a drab girl afraid of people and in agony of spirit all the time. She tries to be the wife of a man she loves and fears, yet she shivers before the servants.

"Every woman can identify herself, at some time or other, with the panic that comes over [*Continued on page 52*]

COWBOY CAGNEY RIDES

The movie underworld will be a lonely place, now that Killer Cagney has gone west. Jimmy is riding the range in Warners' *Oklahoma Kid*. Photo above shows Jimmy aboard his foaming nag

The quick draw, as practiced by Cagney. He's going to "fan" the gun

Romance rears its lovely head. Rosemary Lane is the beautiful player at right

The Oklahoma land rush is one of the sen
tional scenes of the picture. Settlers are sho
waiting for the signal, left above

THE RANGE

The second stage of the quick draw. Cagney, playing the part of Jim Kincaid, strikes the hammer of gun with side of hand

Here is how the Oklahoma Kid deals with Oklahoma's saloon element. One man is down and the situation is under control

Scenes like the one above prove Cagney's riding ability. Rocky terrain is no handicap to Warner's star

HERE WE COME

They're off! The settlers whip up their horses and gallop toward the boundary

ECK YOUR
OTING IRONS
HERE ~
RED DOG
MONEY
HERE

Cowboy trappings have not limited Cagney's ability as a smacko artist. The scene at right is evidence

WHY STARS HATE THE

Glamor goes out the window when ice cream goes down the hatch. Ask Danielle Darrieux and Doug, Jr.

Ten candid camera fiends were almost killed in the rush to get this choice picture of Jackie Coogan

Is this the face that launched a thousand hits? Ouch! Who jabbed Clark Gable with a candid camera?

Margaret Sullavan has many cute mannerisms not caught by the camera. Here's one of them

Stars' features assume strange contours in front of the mike. That's Ginger Rogers emoting

CANDID CAMERA

By LUPTON A. WILKINSON

NOT since the great crazes of bicycles and bustles has any mania hit America with such frenzied vim as the peek-box parade.

Hollywood can't take it. Those stars who were somewhat retiring before are now becoming hermits. Popular favorites who were genial, easy to see in public and happy-natured now wear that hunted look. Nervous breakdowns are growing more fashionable than appendicitis.

The camera—magic friend, pampered pet and recorder of beauty—has turned to bite the face that feeds it.

Hollywood's biggest horror production for 1939 might well be titled, "The Snake in the Lens."

Beginning as a pleasant, healthy tendency toward "informal" published photographs instead of posed ones, the candid camera rage has rushed madly out of bounds. Competition to secure grotesque, freakish shots has bred an epidemic of faked pictures. In some quarters the journalistic ethics that always ruled the printed word have apparently flown out the window. Anything goes in photos!

Telescope lenses and airplanes are the latest weapons of the Let's-Take-a-Peek Club. A while ago there appeared in print a large aerial photograph of Fred Astaire's home. There was also a diagram, giving the location and use of each room, *including the childrens' nursery and bedrooms.*

Astaire, an old trouper and a good-natured, appreciative fellow regarding publicity, exploded with a bang.

"This is really sporting!" he exclaimed. "Now we have a new industry—maps for kidnapers!"

A lovely star, who hasn't had a grouch since Hollywood rescued her from small-town theatricals, expressed the every-day phases of the new menace with tear-stained distress.

"Don't use my name," she pleaded. "I don't want to be singled out for revenge. What the big city gangster-racketeer does to the small storekeeper is nothing to what a bandit cameraman can do to a star.

"Here's the unfair part. Suppose you are a housewife. You don't make a living partly by your public looks, though they may be better than mine. Yet how would you like to be photographed in the middle of your day's work, or in the garden weeding, or on a rainy, windy day? Maybe looking your worst. Would you like such a picture sent down to your husband's office?

"Think of your own feelings about photographs. When your family snaps four photos of you, after plenty of preparation, you

Lithen to the lady lithp! She doesn't, of course. It's a camera trick on beautiful Carole Lombard

Is it "Hi-ho, Silver," or a high C? Truth is, Joan is protesting against being snapped

Bob wasn't ready for this one; and neither was Barbara—but the candid camera waits for no one

Henry Wilcoxon, Sally Haines and Marjorie Weaver come off second best with a snake in the lens

The camera bandit must have hidden in the sugar bowl to get this shot of Miriam Hopkins

Virginia Bruce wears an expression here never seen on the screen

The hour is late, the candid snooper is hard at work, and Marlene Dietrich is the victim

Pat O'Brien, Bill Powell and Bing Crosby, three avid railbirds, get caught with their bets down

throw away the three poorest and keep the best."

This lady's appealing argument skirts a great truth. It's a well-kept secret, but here goes:

Stars are human beings!

They are so human that they themselves thought candid cameras were great fun. They took 'em on the sets, on holiday outings, to restaurants. Extras, grip-boys, script girls, even directors, joined the fad.

Startling pictures began to "leak." One director recently received the shock of his life. As a Sunday guest on a large yacht party, he thought it highly amusing to snap an "informal" picture of a young actress, important in the news because she is enjoying the rare fortune of being starred in her first picture. The snap was truly informal: it caught the star at the rail, unprettily seasick. Somebody from that yacht talked. An editor offered the director $1,000 for a print of the picture.

The director destroyed the print and the negative. He has reformed his candid camera!

That huge price offered for a single, unpleasant photograph helps explain the fact that faked pictures are cropping up. A simple but annoying example happened not long ago to the beloved Shirley Temple. A still photograph from *Wee Willie Winkie* showed her making a face and sticking out her tongue. An editor combined this with a picture of Freddie Bartholomew and had the boys in the dark-room do a little trick photography.

The resulting picture was not Shirley, the actress, but Shirley, the person, making a face at another child star. It made her seem an offensive smart alec. Built on two real

[*Continued on page* 81]

The light was bad, and the subjects unprepared, so Helen Hayes and Fredric March receive a stiff camera-paddling

It isn't often that Dolores Del Rio is caught off-guard. This is the kind of picture candid cameraddicts fight for

Many hands and one camera put Anita Louise into this spot

Maybe the picture Basil Rathbone is taking proved as unflattering as this one of him

This piggy went to market . . . Jackie Cooper's caught making both ends meet

AT YOUR THEATRE SOON

NOTE: Here you will find the first reviews of all important pictures before they are published by any other fan magazine. These reviews are prepared by the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, usually before the picture itself is previewed in completed form. In order to get these reviews in advance of all other movie publications the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine spends much time observing production and filming on individual sets, reads the entire script and observes the day's rushes in the projection room at the studio. Thus an intelligent appraisal of the picture can be given you in these columns before or at the same time the picture is first shown in your community. Release dates given are national release dates. If the date given is January 15, that does not mean the picture must play in your city on January 15. It will play some engagements on that date, however, and will be in your city on that date or as soon after as your local exhibitor can arrange the showing. For reviews of pictures now playing local theatres consult Topper's Review Chart.

IDIOT'S DELIGHT

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Clarence Brown. Starring Norma Shearer and Clark Gable, with Edward Arnold, Charles Coburn, Joseph Schildkraut, Burgess Meredith, Pat Paterson, Laura Hope Crews and Skeets Gallagher. National release date—January 20, 1939.

THE screen version of Robert E. Sherwood's Pulitzer Prize winning play, *Idiot's Delight*, teams Norma Shearer, Clark Gable and Director Clarence Brown for the first time since their memorable success in *A Free Soul*. Every indication points to a repetition of that box-office triumph.

A smash hit on Broadway three years ago with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne in the starring roles, *Idiot's Delight* has spectacular production values which were fully utilized by M-G-M. The picture features some of the most amazing scenes ever filmed of bombing planes destroying a great city in a "future war." The three-act stage play required only one set; the motion picture version has 167 scenes, 42 sets.

An acrobat in the earlier part of the film, Miss Shearer actually swings by her teeth in one scene. In later scenes she sings a Russian song, "Kak Stranna," and a duet with Gable of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." No dancer, Gable spent six weeks learning the vaudeville routine of Charleston and "Shuffle Off To Buffalo" steps, claims it was the most difficult screen chore of his career. Also, with a chorus of six blondes, a straw hat and cane, he sings "Puttin' on the Ritz." Establishing some sort of record for hard work, he appears in all but five of the 167 scenes. Miss Shearer is absent from only 21 scenes.

All signs and lines spoken by natives of the nameless country created as a locale for *Idiot's Delight* are in Esperanto, the international language, which thus gets its first official audition on the screen. Another language "first" is Miss Shearer's phony Russian accent, heard during the latter part of the film.

Probable critics' rating of *Idiot's Delight*: Excellent.

The picture is 20th Century's *Jesse James*, the players are Tyrone Power and Nancy Kelly

Merle Oberon and David Niven are shown resting between scenes of United Artists' *Wuthering Heights*. Cameraman Gregg Toland sits beside Niven

MADE FOR EACH OTHER

(Selznick International)

Directed by John Cromwell. Starring Carole Lombard and James Stewart, with Charles Coburn, Lucile Watson, Donald Briggs, Eddie Quillan, Harry Davenport, Esther Dale, Alma Kruger and Tully Marshall. National release date—Late February.

DOING an abrupt about-face from the madcap comedies in which she has recently starred, Carole Lombard undergoes the most complete transition of her career in *Made for Each Other*. Her selection for the part of the wife in Jo Swerling's dramatic story of young married love was a bombshell to the movie industry. Reverberations from that bombshell will doubtless be heard in thunderous applause for her splendid performance.

As Jane and John Mason, Miss Lombard and James Stewart portray in moving fashion the happiness and heartbreak of a typical young married couple. Under the brilliant direction of John Cromwell (*Algiers, The Prisoner of Zenda*) these popular stars portray the delicate emotional shadings of Swerling's original screen story deftly and convincingly.

There are 86 dialogue roles in *Made for Each Other,* a new record for the movies . . . Approximately 125,000 feet of film were shot and all but 11,500 feet discarded . . . The elderly, mustached gentleman seen standing at the bar in one scene is Walter Cameron. An extra today, 33 years ago he was Hollywood's first hero in *The Great Train Robbery,* the picture which laid the foundation for the whole film industry. Since Junior, and Masons' child in *Made for Each Other,* plays an important part in the story plot over a period of a year, three children were used for the role. The youngest, 10-months-old Bonnie Belle Barber, worked 20 minutes a day for three days, earned $225—less $4.50 for unemployment insurance and old age pension.

Probable critics' rating of *Made for Each Other:* Excellent.

ST. LOUIS BLUES

(Paramount)

Directed by Raoul Walsh. Starring Dorothy Lamour and Lloyd Nolan, with Maxine Sullivan, Tito Guizar, Jerome Cowan, Jessie Ralph, William Frawley, Mary ("Punkins") Parker and the Hall Johnson Choir. National release date—February 3, 1939.

THE Mississippi river in flood, Dorothy Lamour in sarong and dusky Maxine Sullivan ingratiating herself with a brand-new swingcopation of the classic title song, help make Paramount's latest musical offering, *St. Louis Blues,* sparkling entertainment.

Expertly directed by Raoul Walsh and laid against the familiar but ever-popular background of life in the Deep South, the story concerns the efforts of a disillusioned blues singer (Dorothy Lamour) to find her happiness on a barnstorming Mississippi show-boat skippered by Lloyd Nolan. During the process Miss Lamour appears to definite advantage and Mr. [*Continued on page 71*]

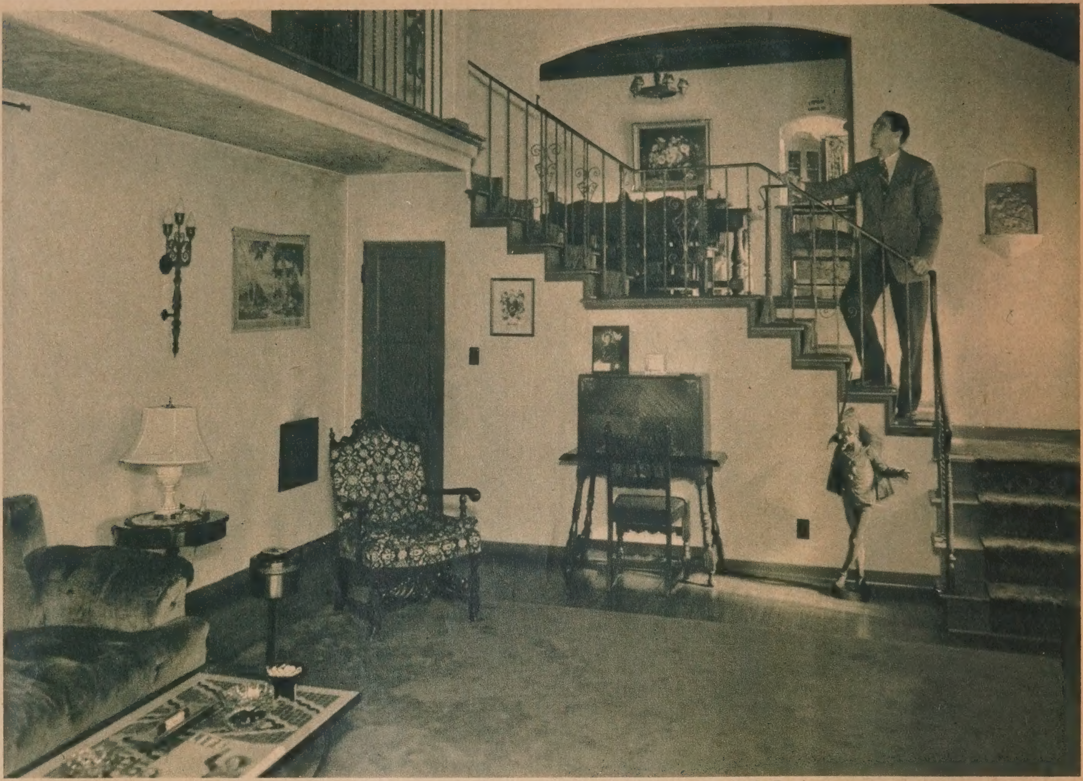
***Wings of the Navy* is Warner Bros.' new film. Players Olivia de Havilland, John Payne and George Brent are shown below**

Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer join in RKO'S *Love Affair*

Eleanor Powell will be seen in M-G-M's new picture, *Honolulu.* She is shown here, having a between-scenes chat with Mickey Rooney and Jerry Frank

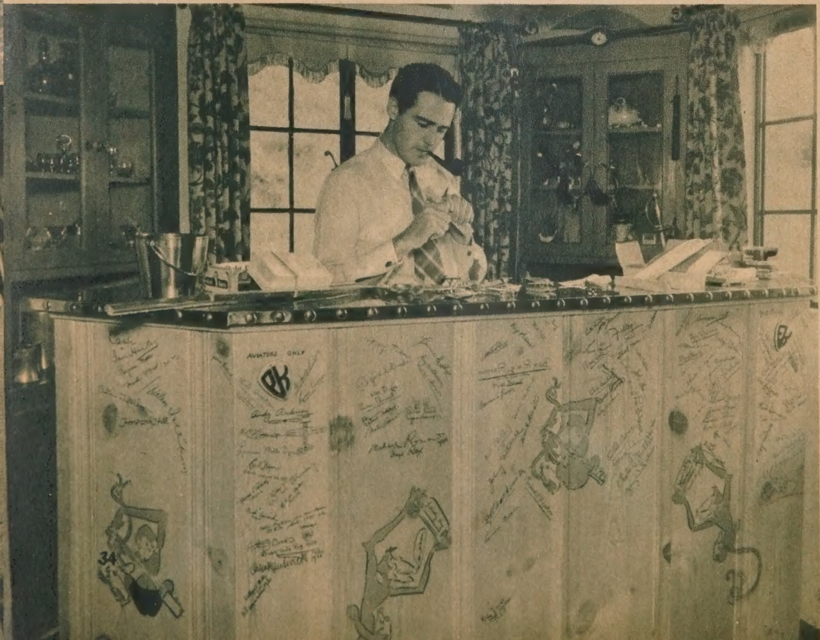
Paramount's *St. Louis Blues* will be at your theatre soon. Players shown here are Dorothy Lamour and Lloyd Nolan

AT HOME WITH PATRIC KNOWLES



Patric Knowles poses above on the stairs of his Toluca Lake home. Stairway leads to a balcony built out above the living room

The bar, shown below, is located half way up stairs. (See above.) Pat converted bar into a table at which he builds miniature planes



One of Pat's most interesting curiosities is the bronze Satan statue, shown at left

Heavy furnishings add to the dignity of the dining room pictured below

OPEN
COME IN

Photo below shows Pat's living room. Pat's next is RKO's *Beauty for the Asking*, his last, Warner's *Heart of the North*

ROGERS and ROGERS, INC.

By
ETHEL BARRON

Ginger Rogers and her remarkable mother, Lela Rogers, shown at right, have formed an unbeatable team ever since Ginger began her career. Lela has managed Ginger, pushed her toward stardom. With Fred Astaire, Ginger will be seen in RKO's *The Castles*. A scene from this picture is shown in the lower circle

Several months ago SCREEN BOOK *Magazine published one of Ginger Rogers' letters to Lela Rogers, her mother. So many requests have been received for more information about Lela Rogers that we are presenting the following article.*

IF EVER there is an Academy Award for the Mother Who Knows Best, there is no doubt that the prize will go to Lela Rogers. She, more than any other person in the world, is responsible for sending Ginger skyrocketing to stardom. She is the power behind the throne. She is a charter member of the Society for Managing Talented Offspring.

What sort of person is this woman who deliberately sacrificed a promising writing career of her own so that she might devote all of her time to clearing the way for her talented daughter? Is she the typical movie mama who makes a pest of herself by hanging 'round the lots and issuing orders that conflict with the director's? Does she nag and berate the producers when she thinks Ginger isn't getting a good break? And how does Ginger like the idea of having Mother handle her career? Does she resent it—as so many do—or is she grateful for the unselfish assistance of the woman who made her what she is today?

IN A statement to the press, Lela Rogers announced recently that from now on little Ginger would have to manage alone. She herself would resume her career where she left off about ten years ago. It is evident that Lela feels she has done her job and is free to leave Ginger to her own devices.

The saga of the two Rogers girls—mother and daughter—goes back many years. My brother met Lela at the time of the war when Ginger was only a bit of a kid. I coaxed big brother into telling me about the early days of this famous pair.

"Lela had enlisted in the Marine Corps as a Marinette in Washington, D. C.," he told me. "She worked in the department which handled the publicity for the Marines and I was in the Judge Advocate's department.

"Together with Hetty Gray Baker of the old Fox Film Corporation, we helped song-write and produce the show, *Tell It To the Marines,* down in Quantico, Va. As we grew to know each other better, she told me something of herself. I knew she had separated from her husband and that she had a kid about six years old. It was easy to see that the youngster meant more to her than anything else in the world. Ginger was staying with Lela's parents in Missouri, Mr. and Mrs. Carpenter, who were very well off at that time. But Lela worked like a Trojan just the same to send little odds and ends back home to Ginger."

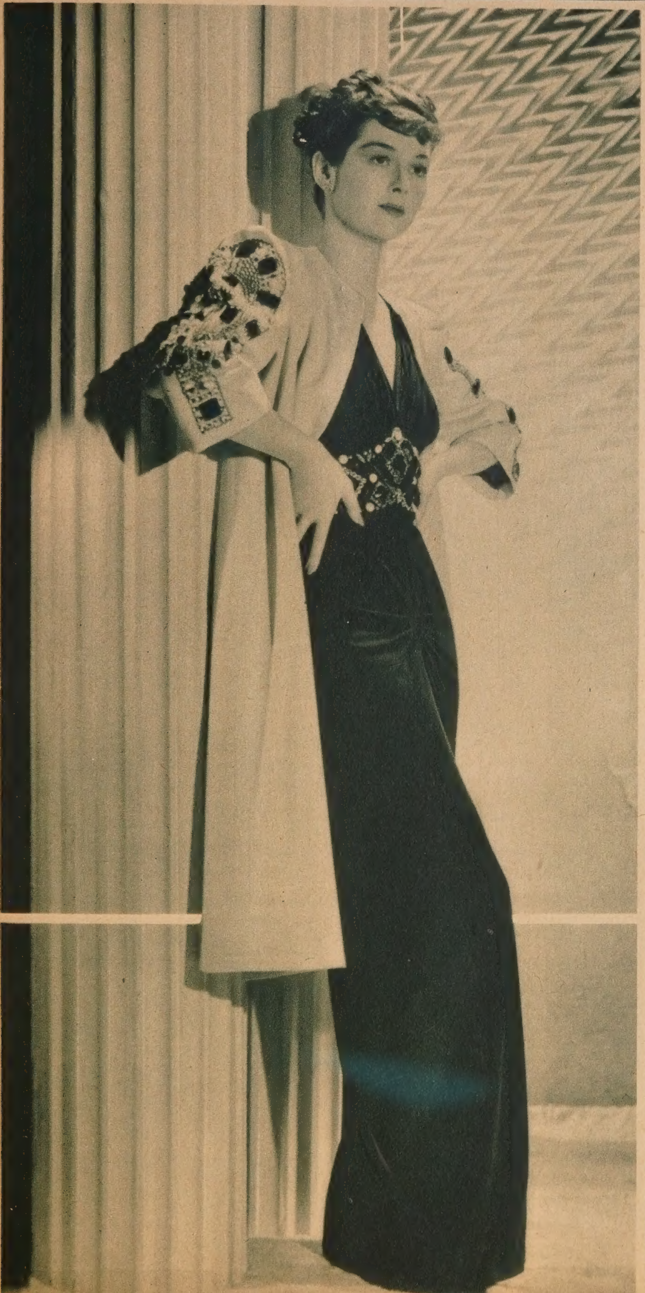
The war ended. Lela and her cronies of the Marine Corp parted but they still kept in touch with each other. Her letters, brave as they were, inadvertently betrayed financial difficulties. They were tough days for the two Rogers.

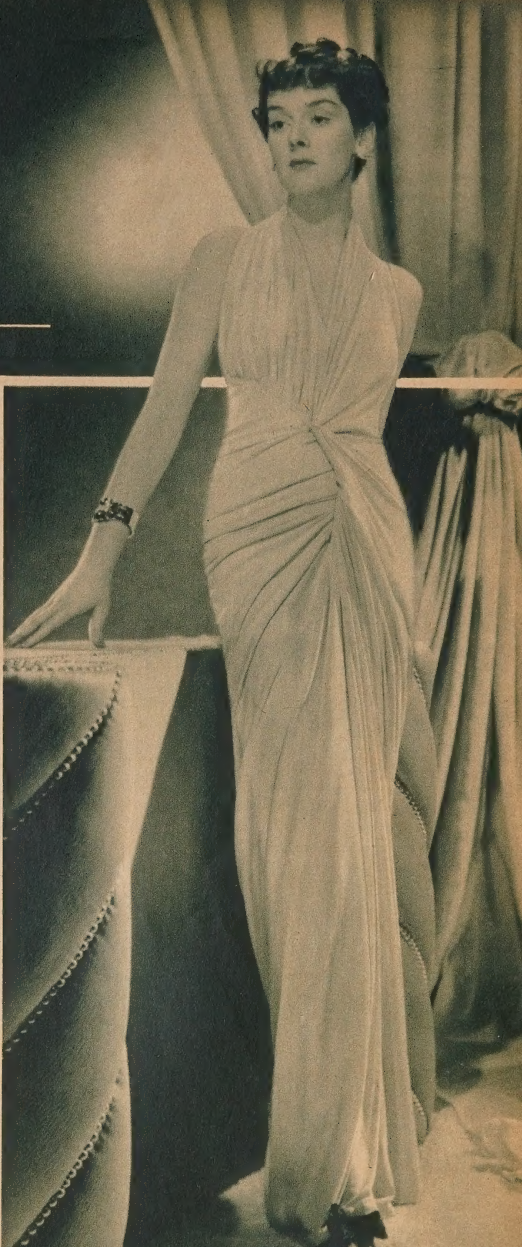
Never once did Lela ask for a cent from anyone. She worked day and night on small town newspapers, migrated to Hollywood where she wrote scenarios for Baby Marie Osborne, the Shirley Temple of her day. The salaries paid scenario writers then weren't what they are now and Lela had a hard time making ends meet. But while she was in Hollywood, she made the contacts and learned the ropes which were to prove so valuable to her years later.

Early in her life, Ginger began to show signs of talent. She liked to dance and she liked to draw and she didn't care particularly about going to college.

Everyone knows how Ginger won the now-famous Charleston contest. There followed minor engagements at local theatres in Texas. A friend who lived in San [*Continued on page* 50]

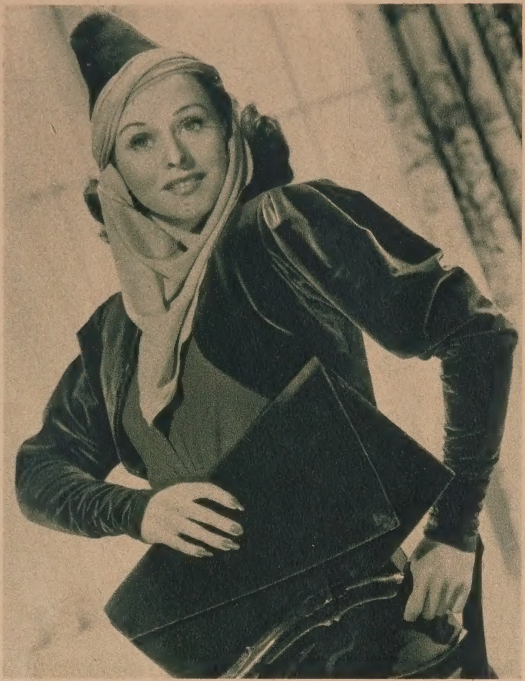
Fashionably Yours

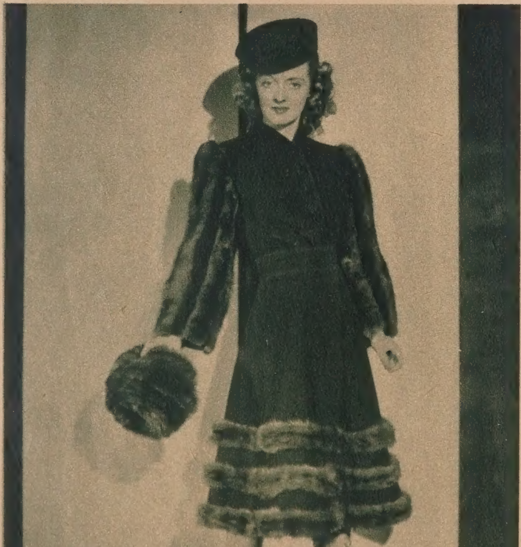




Over her black crepe dinner gown with jeweled girdle Rosalind Russell (at left) wears a heavy white ribbed silk evening coat, with embroidered sleeves matching the girdle of the dress. It was designed especially for the M-G-M actress by Alix while making "The Citadel" abroad. Miss Russell's only jewels are the diamond clip earrings. Shell pink jersey (above) drapes this stunning gown modeled by Miss Russell. Sophisticated lines are achieved through draping, the material being entirely in one piece. Toeless black crepe sandals with the bow trimmed in black sequins complete the ensemble

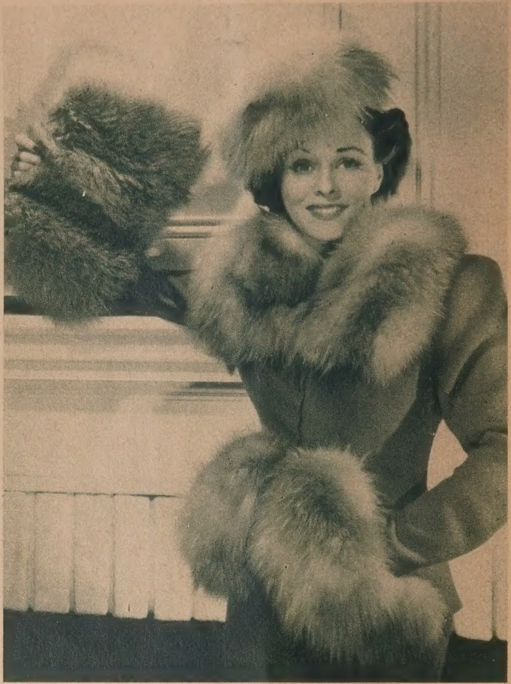
Royal purple is the color chosen by Paulette Goddard for this velvet and crepe bolero afternoon suit. The high-crowned hat brimmed with orchid crepe is draped flatteringly about the face

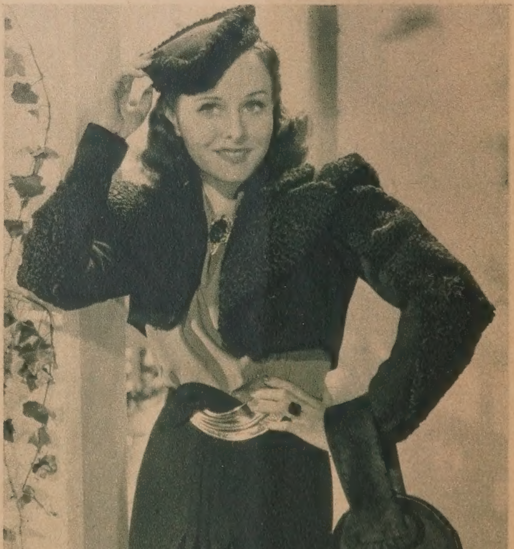




Orry-Kelly designed this outfit for Bette Davis to wear in her latest Warner release, "Dark Victory." Of black broadcloth, the sleeves, skirt and muff are stripped with sable

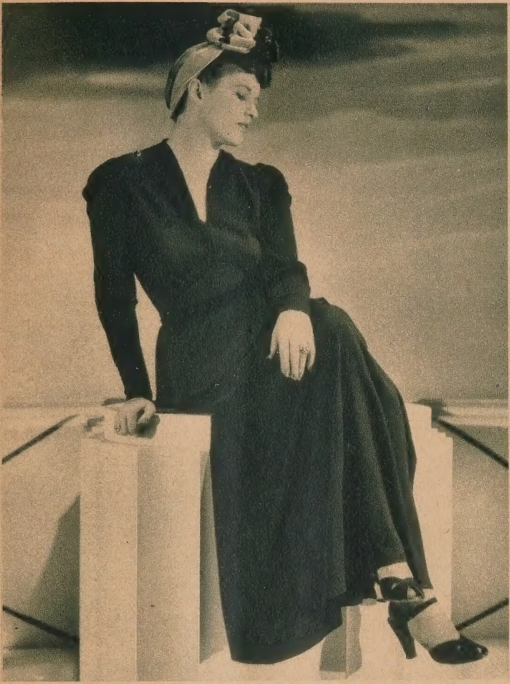
Red fox is extravagantly used in Miss Goddard's afternoon suit of beige tweed, matching tweed bag and high-topped turban. Paulette wears the suit in M-G-M's "Dramatic School"



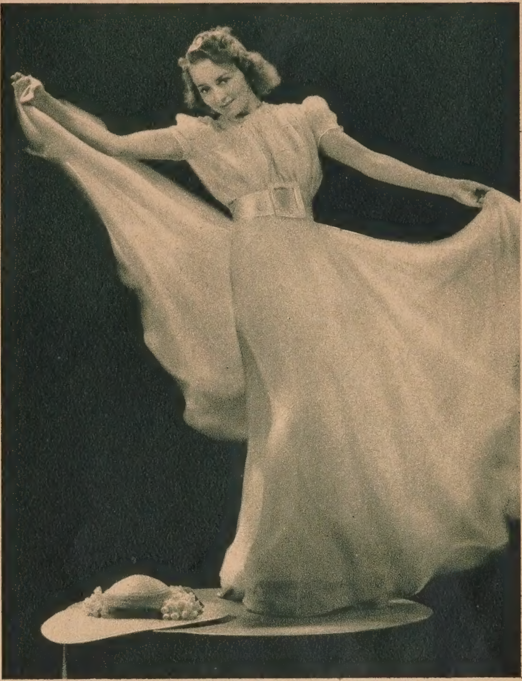


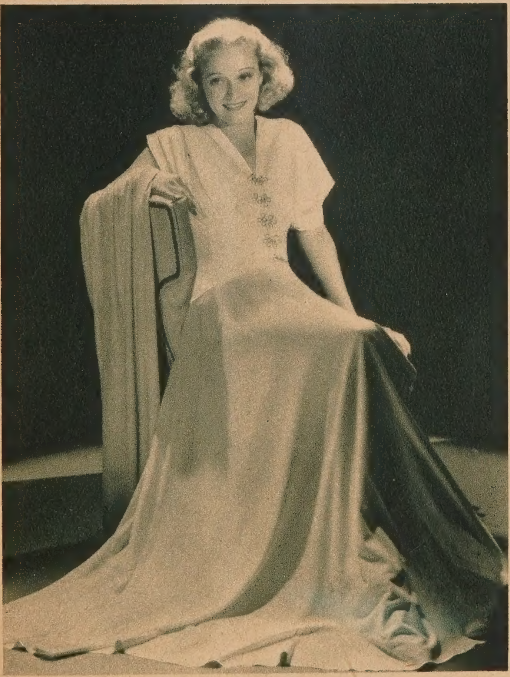
Paulette's black bolero wool suit is fashionably trimmed with Persian lamb. A puppet-sized tri-corn outlined in Persian lamb, and a dull green crepe blouse complete the outfit

Gale Page, appearing in Warner Brothers' "Always Leave Them Laughing," poses in a black crepe dinner gown of severe cut. The smart turban is of black and pink velvet

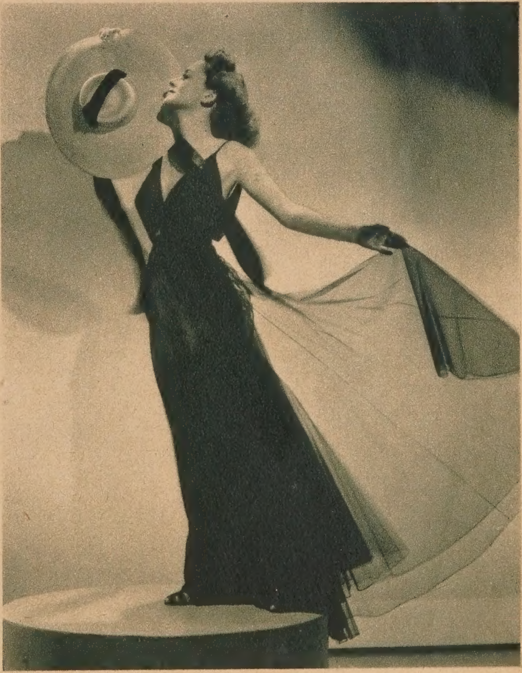


Olivia de Havilland swishes for our cameraman in her new pale pink chiffon gown. Cut on simple lines, the bodice is shirred from neckline to waistline and features a wide belt



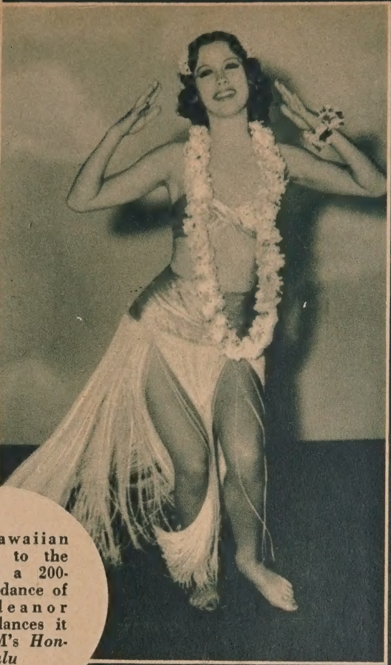


Ila Rhodes, Warner Brothers' newest starlet, is appearing in "Secret Service in the Air." Her chalk white gown of roma crepe features a train. Five gold frog clips are only touch of trimming

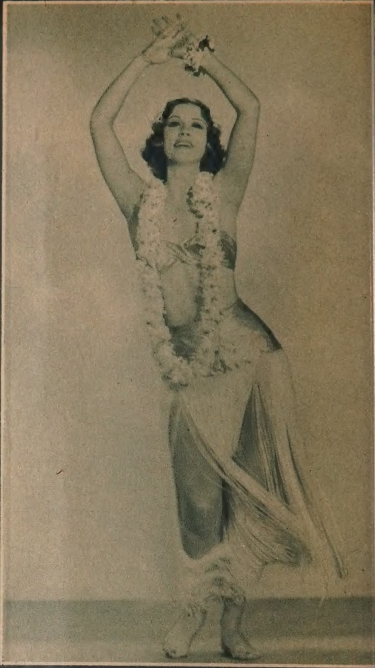


This sophisticated black chiffon gown was designed for Olivia's use in Warner's "Wings of the Navy." The large leghorn straw is trimmed with black ribbon which ties under the chin

The Hawaiian "Hymn to the Sun" is a 200-year-old dance of love. Eleanor Powell dances it in M-G-M's *Honolulu*

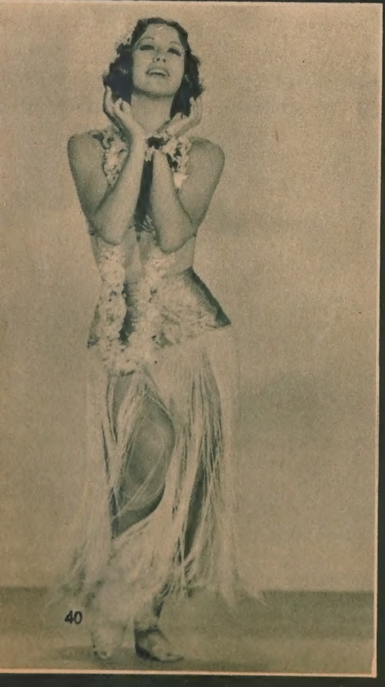


1. "The Moon rays will be my hat"

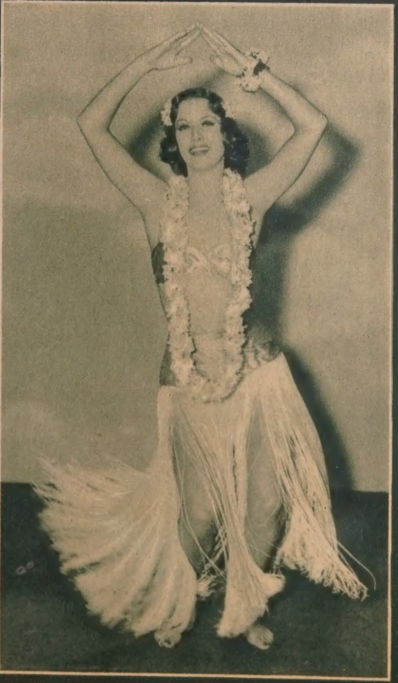


2. "The rolling clouds . . ."

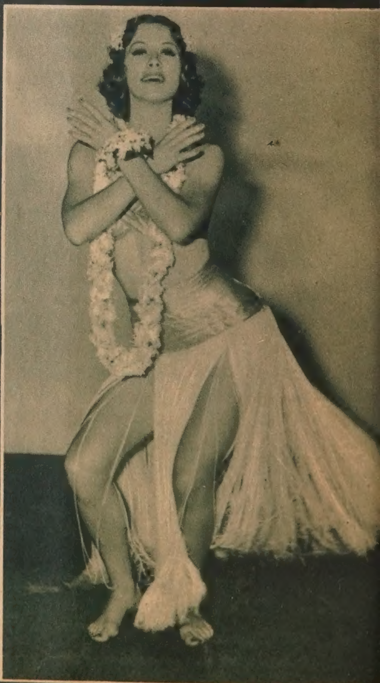
ELEANOR POWELL GOES



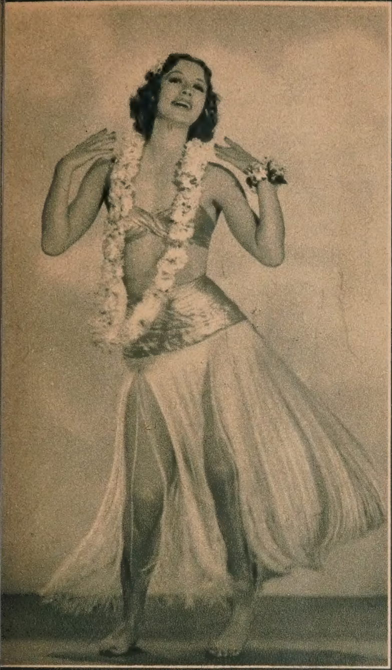
6. "The bird's nest . . ."



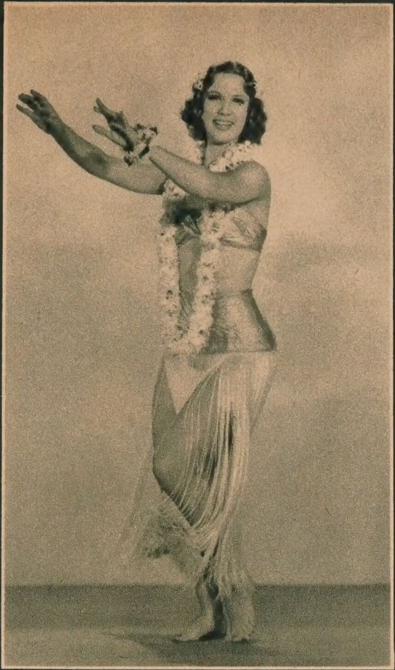
7. ". . . will be our house"



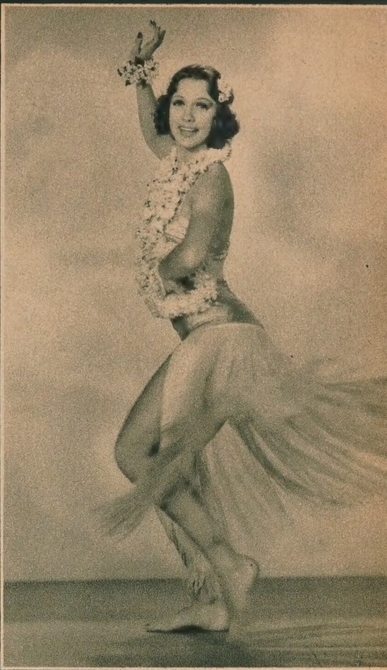
8. "My beautiful body . . ."



3. ". . . will be a ribbon in my hair"



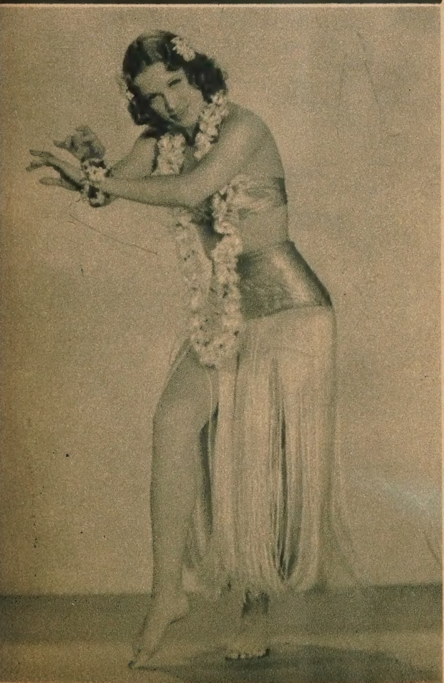
4. "The sun . . ."

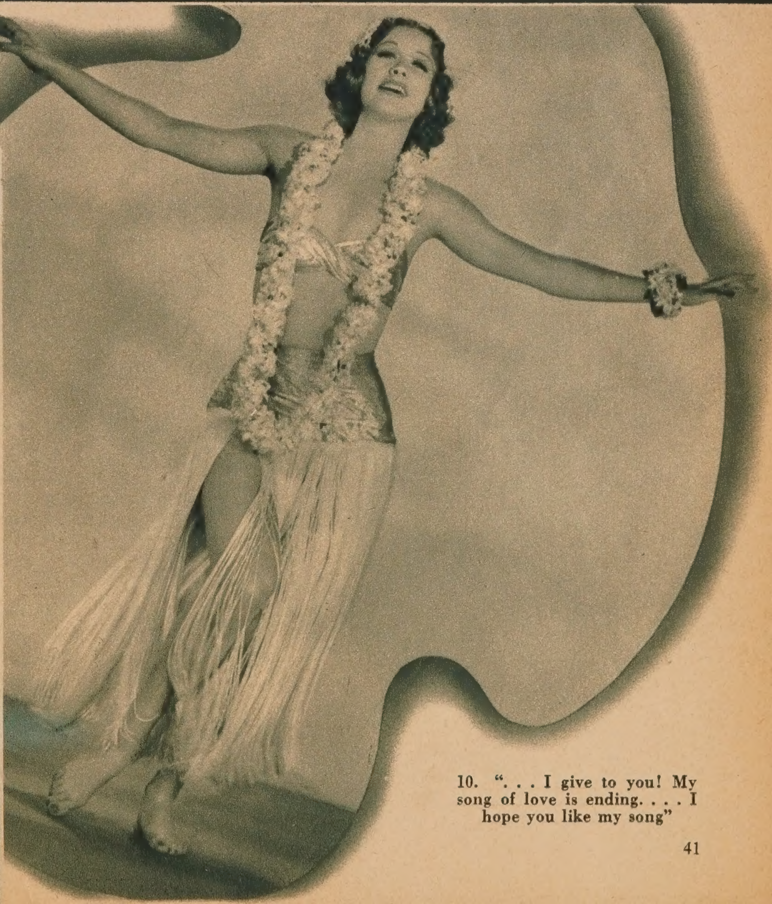


5. ". . . will clothe my body"

NATIVE

9. ". . . and all my love . . ."





10. ". . . I give to you! My song of love is ending. . . . I hope you like my song"

CAN A GIRL BE *Innocent* IN HOLLYWOOD?

ANONYMOUS

To the Editor,
SCREEN BOOK *Magazine,*
1501 Broadway,
New York City.

DEAR SIR:

Before I try to answer the question of whether or not a girl can be innocent in Hollywood, I want to ask you one. Will you keep my identity a deep, dark secret, let readers try to guess who talked out of turn? Otherwise, I can't talk freely. There's too much danger that certain people in Hollywood would think I had pointed the finger directly at them. And, after all, I live here, earn my living here, work with these people.

I don't know why you wrote to me, rather than some other young Hollywood actress. Why did you? Because I have a reputation for being "as innocent as a Hollywood girl can be?" I love that phrase—"as innocent as a Hollywood girl can be."

On the screen, I am the epitome of the Sweet Young Thing. I'm so naive, so unconscious of my girlish appeal to men, so sweet that really, sometimes, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm would look like a hellion alongside me. Off the screen, I'm not seen with an assortment of men at an assortment of nightclubs. (As it happens, I have a strong distaste for nightclub air and crowded dance floors.)

So I get a reputation for being "as innocent as a Hollywood girl can be."

What does innocence imply, anyway? We'd better have a definition before we go much further.

I'd define it as charming ignorance. I don't mean stupidity. That's never charming. I mean a pretty artlessness. If a girl is innocent, it's because she doesn't know how to be worldly. She doesn't know how to pretend to be anything she isn't. She is especially ignorant about the wondrous workings of sex. If she has sex appeal, it's not because she set out to have it.

Maybe your idea of innocence is something else. Maybe other people have other ideas. But, for better or for worse, that's my idea.

And can a girl be innocent in Hollywood? The answer to that is—well, look at the life a girl leads in Hollywood. Look at mine, for example.

I came to a movie studio from a red barn in New England. The barn was a summer theatre. I was a member of a summer stock company. There were about a dozen of us—all young, all ambitious, all afflicted with great, impossible ideals of acting. Our settings were primitive, our lighting meagre, our make-up amateurish, our costumes home-made. But such things didn't worry us. Neither did our peanut-size salaries. All that we, in our innocence, worried about was whether or not we were "real."

I got in the company through an influential friend of the family. The only acting I had done until then had been in school plays. I had been out of school only a short time. And I had never been away from my highly protective family before.

Studio talent scouts cover all the summer theatres, looking for "finds." I still don't know what made this scout decide I was one. Or how I ever got a contract out of the film test I took in New York.

[*Continued on page* 57]

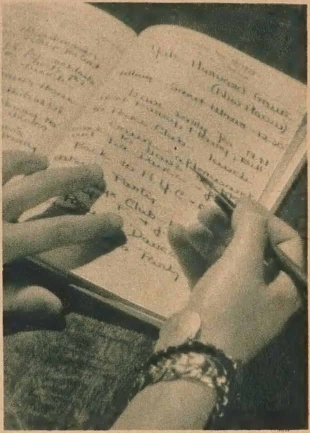
Life's a Whirl!

"MY DATE—AND THAT'S THE THIRD GUY TONIGHT!"
"WHY, I'D JUST LOVE TO!"
"TEA DANCE THURSDAY, THEN?"
"AW, GIVE ME A BREAK"
"JEAN'S PARTY SATURDAY?"

*Today's Debs Take EXTRA SKIN CARE–They Cream EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" into their Skin**

In the Ritz-Carlton's Crystal Garden—Margaret Biddle, Philadelphia deb, dances. She goes in for today's extra skin care . . . "I always cream extra 'skin-vitamin' into my skin by using Pond's Cold Cream."

Benefit opens Chicago's Opera Season—Tita Johnson, season's deb. "Extra 'skin-vitamin' in my daily Pond's creamings is just common sense."



Date Book—Four parties in one evening! No wonder **Phebe Thorne, New York deb,** sleeps till noon. To keep that fresh, sparkling look she uses **Pond's.** "I believe in it."

White Week End—Boston Debs frequently week-end at Peckett's in the White Mountains. (above) **Adelaide Weld,** debutante in Boston and New York. Faithful use of Pond's helps keep her skin smooth and soft. "It's so easy—I just cream my skin with Pond's."

Washington—Evalyn McLean chats between dances at her family's mansion, "Friendship," rendezvous of international society. She chose Pond's. "It's famous for smoothing skin to give make-up **glamour plus.**"

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S

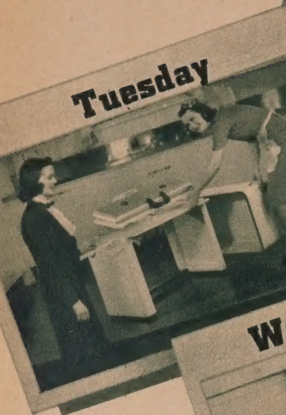
In Pond's Laboratory — Electrically driven propellers stir and mix Pond's Cold Cream.

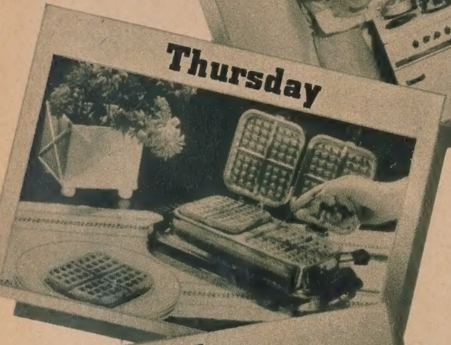
Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, price.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Tune in on "THOSE WE LOVE," Pond's Program, Mondays, 8:30 P. M., N. Y. Time, N. B. C.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**





ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES Eliminate Drudgery

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

MONDAY IS A HAPPY DAY, and you may start off the week with a smile if you use one of these easy-to-operate washers! Let this gleaming white model be your laundress, and you'll have more time for bridge, driving and other recreations. Styled for smartness, it meets with today's demand for a shorter and more satisfactory washday. And remember, this machine provides *quiet washing,* and is *easy on the nerves,* as well as *easy to clean,* and *requires no oiling!* Then there's the added feature of the fast-emptying "spin-basket," which damp-dries the clothes before you can say "Benny Goodman." Spin the basket, and remove the clothes directly to be ironed, without any further drying. Buy this model washer and all your washdays will be gay days!

TUESDAY IS A RESTFUL DAY, if you use this entirely new flatplate ironer. Back-breaking, fatiguing stooping is ended, because you *sit down on a comfortable chair*—and relax! Smooth your clothes or material over the large ironing surface (which is equal to 14 hand irons, believe it or not!), and draw the control bar gently towards you. That's really all there is to it. And this new ironer positively *irons everything*—shirts, dresses, linens and ruffles—and husband's trousers and suits. It has a *double-duty top* which gives you an extra, convenient porcelain-topped kitchen table. Buy this model ironer and your ironing days will be recreation days, too!

WEDNESDAY IS A JOLLY DAY, if you are cooking on this pocket-size compact apartment kitchen range. Set it flush to your kitchen cabinet or sink (it doesn't need a vent or pipe for installation either), and get out your best recipes. For though midget in size, it boasts an *extra size oven, three top heating units,* and what's this?—an *appliance outlet* on the rear for the coffee maker, the toaster or your favorite table grill. Insulated to keep heat in, there's a *thermostat* to let you know the finest grades in baking and roasting temperatures. Sliding oven shelves are adjustable; and three removable pans, one for each burner, enable you to do a tail-spin dinner from soup to nuts. Persuade husband to buy this range for you, and [*Continued on page* 78]

Daisy got orchids for telling–

I could hardly keep a straight face at the bridge club yesterday. In strolled Daisy—with her whole shoulder aquiver with orchids. Naturally, the girls were dying to find out who'd sent them. But Daisy just smiled mysteriously and said, "Wouldn't you like to know?" Ha-ha, I thought, *wouldn't Daisy like to know!*

Here's what happened. I ran into Daisy downtown on Monday. I'd been shopping all afternoon, and I wasn't up to par anyway. "Daisy," I moaned, "I'm so chafed and uncomfortable I can't go another step. Let's stop in here and have a soda."

"So that's what ails you," said Daisy, when I'd explained more fully. And with that she marched over to a counter and came back in a flash with a package. "I just got you a box of Modess," she said, "and I'll deliver *it* and *you* right to your door. Come on—my car's outside . . ."

Modess
Modess

"Now for some scissors," were her first words when we got home. I handed them to her—and she cut a Modess pad in two and showed me the soft, fluffy filler. I was amazed at the *difference* between the "fluff-type" filler in Modess and the layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

"You bet Modess is softer," Daisy continued. "And what's more, it's *safer!* There's a moisture-resistant backing inside every Modess pad!" Whereupon she took out the backing . . . and dropped some water on it. Safer is right!—Not a drop went through!

So—the truth is that Daisy's orchids came from *me!* Modess gave me such wonderful relief—both from chafing and worry—that I thought a corsage of orchids was none too great a reward. And to make the thrill greater, I left out my card—so Daisy would think they came from an admiring beau.

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

Dorothy Lamour's lovely hands have been trained to assume nice attitudes. *St. Louis Blues* is her next picture

HANDS UP!

BY JANET LYNN

Claudette Colbert, Hollywood's No. 1 contender for most shapely legs, also possesses beautiful hands. Paramount's *Zaza* is her next film

Lucille Ball, currently appearing in RKO's *Beauty for the Asking*, pays strict attention to her hand grooming

Ann Miller, RKO Radio player, is reputed to have the most beautiful hands in filmland. Daily care and exercise is her advice

YOU'VE got to hand it to Hollywood's glamour girls for making the most of their hands. Every star or player I've interviewed has made it clear that she considers it a breach of contract to neglect her quota of ten little fingers.

Movie stars work hard to beautify their hands for the same reason they work hard to make their hair gleaming and fluffy . . . their skin soft and dewy . . . their lips velvety red . . . their lashes long and curly. The reason: more sex-appeal.

Take a look at this bevy of gals with enough beauty among them to make you slightly dizzy. Study those various pairs of hands, and you will see what I mean. There is nothing like a gently curved hand, soft and white to proclaim: "Here is a fragile, alluring creature. Here is a lovely woman."

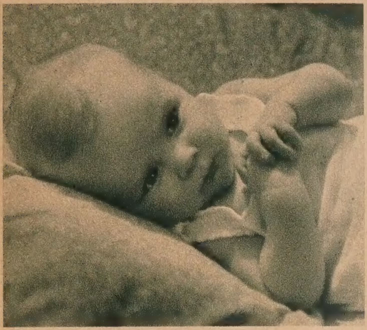
So take a tip from the stars if you want to make the boys sit up and take notice. Groom your hands as carefully as the screen beauties do. And above all, don't be discouraged if you weren't born with slender, tapering fingers and perfect nails. You can get the same effect—and it isn't done with mirrors. First of all, train yourself to make your hands adopt pretty, graceful attitudes. Even Dorothy Lamour's lovely hands wouldn't be worth a second look if she hadn't trained them to assume nice attitudes—whether in repose or in action.

Flexibility is at the root of all nice hand poses. If your wrists are stiff, your fingers inclined to stick out at angles, you must make them *un*bend. Let your hands go limp and flop them from the wrists several times a day, until

[*Continued on page* 66]

Will your baby grow as fast as Johnny?

A fine start . . . on Clapp's Strained Foods



Johnny at 3 months . . . "This picture was taken at the time Johnny had his first food from a spoon," relates Johnny Davies' mother. "We had agreed to let him be one of the test babies in our town (Westfield, N. J.) and the doctor started him off on Clapp's Baby Cereal first. After that came Clapp's Strained Spinach . . . and he loved it, right from the first . . ."

Johnny at 12 months . . . "Everybody said he was the happiest baby they ever saw—and he certainly was a healthy one! He had every food on the Clapp list from five months on—I'd give him a new one every few days—and he gained better than a pound a month right along. That speaks well for the vitamins and minerals in Clapp's Foods!"

Clapp's
BABY FOODS
STRAINED FOODS

17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth
Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup
Strained Beef with Vegetables
Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus
Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots
Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce
Cereal—Baby Cereal

The good work is continued . . . with Clapp's Chopped Foods

Johnny at 22 months . . . "A regular husky! He could already play ball with his Daddy. Of course, he'd outgrown Strained Foods, but, luckily, just at that time the Clapp people started to make Chopped Foods. They're more coarsely divided, the way doctors advise for older babies and toddlers. And such a blessing! No special marketing or cooking, yet the baby has his own menu and the family have anything they like!"

Johnny at 3 years . . . "Here's Johnny now. Isn't he a big boy? And solid as a little rock. We think he's a great credit to Clapp's Foods—but then the other babies who had them are all fine, sturdy children, too. He still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods and he's specially fond of those new Junior Dinners. They're Beef or Lamb with vegetables and cereals. Very substantial, and flavory, too—you ought to try them."

Clapp's
Foods for Young Children
CHOPPED FOODS

11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup
Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables
Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach
Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens
Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES . . . . CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

Why IS THE ENGAGEMENT STONE *a Diamond?*

Campana's
Italian Balm

● According to old superstition, the sparkle in a diamond was said to be "the fire of love"—hence the diamond was thought to keep love undimmed.

Today, the beauty of a woman's skin is more important than the size or sparkle of her engagement ring. And Italian Balm, the famous Skin Softener, is "first choice" among countless women who realize that chapped, dry, coarse-textured skin is repulsive to the eye—and withering to romance.

You'll *feel* the difference in your skin the minute you start using Italian Balm. It will be smoother, softer, lovelier looking. Italian Balm contains the costliest ingredients of any of the largest-selling brands—yet the cost to *use* is negligible, because it "goes so far." It's rich, wide-spreading—not thin or watery.

See for yourself why 98% of users interviewed said: "It acts quicker in overcoming dry, chapped, rough skin than anything I ever used before." Clip FREE coupon below.

Campana's
Italian Balm
The Famous Skin Softener

FREE
CAMPANA SALES COMPANY
573 Lincolnway, Batavia, Illinois
Gentlemen: I have never tried Italian Balm. Please send me VANITY Bottle FREE and postpaid.

*Name*__________
*Address*__________
*City*__________ *State*__________
In Canada, Campana, Ltd., F573 Caledonia Road, Toronto

FAN·CLUB EXCHANGE

Marguerite Slaney

I recently noticed a spread on the Deanna Durbin Devotees in a popular magazine. Can you tell me who the president of this club is, please? Also, what is the membership fee? —Mildred H.

Marguerite Slaney, the lady pictured here, is the president of the only Official Deanna Durbin Club. Marguerite tells me that there are more than 500 fans enrolled in her club, which includes such distinguished honorary members as Nelson Eddy, Jeanette MacDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Durbin, and the maternal grandmother of lovely Deanna. Dues are 50c per year. This entitles each member to an 8x10 personally autographed photo of Deanna, a membership card, list of members or pen pals. Every three months a copy of the club magazine "Deanna's Diary" is published. Write to Miss Slaney for further information at 1661 Alexander Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

Please let me know if there is a Bette Davis Fan Club, and which is the nearest to my home—Marjorie S.

Martha H. Ferguson, 81 North Eureka Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, is the president of the Official Bette Davis Club. This the only Davis Club I know of at present.

Please let me know if there is a Fan Club in honor of Ann Sheridan.—Andrew B.

Yes, Andrew there is. I received the following letter in the nick of time. "Won't you please print this information about our new Ann Sheridan Club? It's just four months old, but we're going places in a hurry. Dues are 50c per year. Privileges are the usual membership card and list, large photo and the club paper 'Ann Star,' published every two months. We have Ann's full cooperation, and at present we are conducting a membership drive with a lovely prize from Ann to be presented to the winner."—Mrs. Marylin Boinski, Vice Pres., 2360 South 12th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

I would like to know if there is a Jane Bryan Fan Club in New York?—Theresa C.

I have no record of a Bryan Club in New York, Theresa, but the Official Jane Bryan Fan Club is headed by Louise Thompson at 404 El Encanto Drive, Pasadena, California.

Would you please tell me where the nearest Deanna Durbin and Sonja Henie Fan Clubs are located?—Herman S.

The Deanna Durbin Fan Club address is listed elsewhere in this column. Write to Jean Garside, 635 Riverside Drive, New York, for information regarding the Sonja Henie Club.

Ralph Bellamy is my true-blue favorite, and I would like to know if there is a fan club in his honor.—Esme W.

Jeanette Mendro is president of the Ralph Bellamy Fan Club. Her address is: 3134 Elston Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

I would like to join a Bobby Breen Fan Club. Please give me the address and the rates.—Milton W.

Write to Donald Sullivan, 3146 Southport Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, for information regarding this club. The dues are seventy-five cents per year.

I am most anxious to join an Eddie Cantor Fan Club. Would you be kind enough to give me the name and address of the person presiding over such a club? —Margaret B.

James Styles is the president of the Southwestern Stars and Eddie Cantor Fan Clubs. His address is: Post Office Box 62, Calvert, Texas.

Due to the enormous quantity of fan club requests received, and in compliance with the wishes of our readers, SCREEN BOOK Magazine presents a department on the activities and whereabouts of the numerous Fan Clubs in all parts of the United States. FAN CLUB EXCHANGE is the name of our new department, and it will be conducted by a member of SCREEN BOOK Magazine's editorial staff, Joan Votsis. So, presidents and members of fan clubs everywhere, drop Miss Votsis a letter today giving her detailed information about your fine clubs.

STAR SLOGAN CONTEST

We have good news for you. SCREEN BOOK Magazine is conducting a new and exciting contest called STAR SLOGAN CONTEST. Prizes will be awarded to the persons submitting the best and most original slogan. Here's how to write your slogan: If you are a member of a Bob Hope Fan Club, you will naturally select your idol as the subject of your slogan. The slogan will be constructed from the letters of the star's name, in this manner: **B**ob **O**ffers **B**est **H**umor **O**n **P**aramount **E**ntertainment. Simple, isn't it? However, regardless of what fan club you may belong to, IT IS NOT MANDATORY TO USE THE NAME OF THE STAR YOUR CLUB REPRESENTS. You may use the name of any movie star.

When submitting the coupon at the bottom of this page if you belong to a fan club be sure to fill in the name of the fan club to which you belong, the name and address of the president, and your full name and address. If you find that your slogan is too long for the space allowed in the coupon, you may jot down your slogan on a piece of paper *but be sure to attach the coupon to it. No entry will be eligible for a prize, no matter how good it is, if it is not accompanied by a contest coupon.*

Since the winners of this contest will be announced in the June issue, all entries in the second STAR SLOGAN Contest must be received by noon of April 3, 1939.

PRIZES

First Prize	$10.00
Second Prize	5.00
Third Prize	3.00
Fourth Prize	2.00

RULES

1. Contestants may submit as many slogans as they desire but each slogan must be written on or accompanied by the coupon provided for that purpose in this magazine.
2. The prizes will be awarded to the best and most original slogans as constructed from the letters contained in any star's name.
3. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
4. The editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine are the judges and their decisions shall be final.
5. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries submitted to this contest.
6. Employees of Fawcett Publications or members of their families are not eligible to compete in this contest.
7. When filling out the coupon, please PRINT the required information.
8. Mail your entry to the STAR SLOGAN CONTEST EDITORS, Fawcett Publications, 1501 Broadway, New York.
9. All entries must be post marked no later than April 3, 1939.

COUPON

I am a member of the.......................................
(List Fan Club)

The name and address of our President is:

....

....

MY SLOGAN IS:...

....

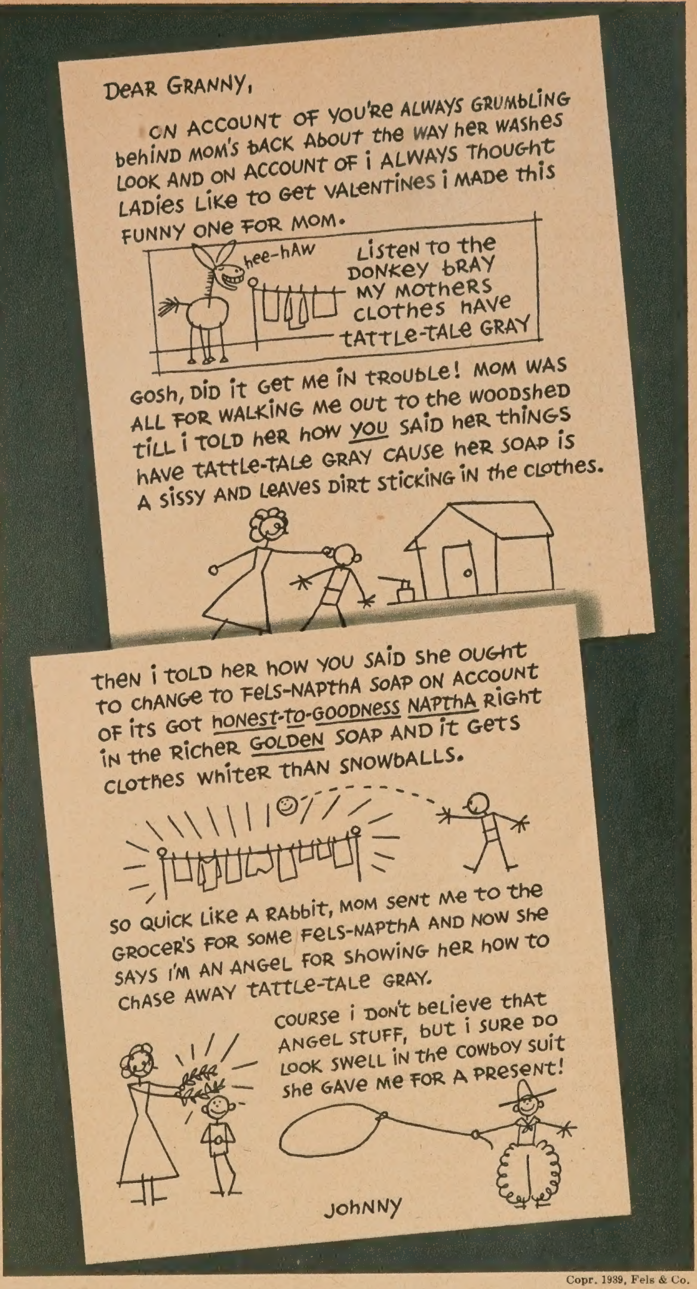
....

My name...

Address...

City & State...

March 2


hee-hAW
Listen to the donkey bRAY my mothers clothes have tattle-tale GRAY

DeAR GRANNY,

ON ACCOUNT OF YOU'RE ALWAYS GRUMBLING behind MOM'S bACK About the WAY her WAShes LOOK AND ON ACCOUNT OF i ALWAYS Thought LADies Like to get VALENTINES i MADE this FUNNY ONE FOR MOM.

GOSH, DID it GET ME IN TROUBLE! MOM WAS ALL FOR WALKING ME OUT TO the WOODSHED TILL i TOLD her how YOU SAID her things have tattle-tale GRAY CAUSE her SOAP IS A SISSY AND LEAVES DIRT STICKING IN the clothes.

then i told her how you SAID She ought to change to Fels-Naptha SOAP ON ACCOUNT OF its got honest-to-goodness Naptha Right in the Richer golden SOAP AND it Gets clothes whiter than snowballs.

so quick like a Rabbit, mom sent me to the grocer's for some Fels-Naptha and now she says i'm an angel for showing her how to chase away tattle-tale gray.

course i don't believe that angel stuff, but i sure do look swell in the cowboy suit she gave me for a present!

JohNNY

Copr. 1939, Fels & Co.

P. S. If *you* want to see tattle-tale gray hurry out of your clothes—do what Johnny's mother did. Get Fels-Naptha Soap at your grocer's and try it! You'll find it easy on hands. Fine for your daintiest things. And it gives you the whitest, loveliest washes you ever pinned on a line!

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN. HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Women that stop men cold

always stand out alone or in groups

ONE REASON will usually be found in the way they *look* and *feel.*

A clear skin . . . that is, a skin not only clear, but beaming with health and vitality . . . actually excites one to admiration.

Men are smart enough to always want to look their best, too.

rich, red blood necessary

And all this is quite simple, because when you have rich, red blood coursing through your body, you possess genuine vitality . . . the kind that makes for strength, energy . . . a wholesome complexion . . . and that assurance of well being.

If worry, overwork, undue strain, colds, or some sickness has reduced your blood strength, S.S.S. Tonic, in the absence of an organic trouble, will help you to build the blood back up to normal again.

an aid to digestion

Further, S.S.S. Tonic will help you to enjoy and get more value out of the food you eat . . . it whets the appetite . . . and stimulates natural digestive juices . . . *a very important step back to health.*

You, too, will want to take S.S.S. Tonic to help regain and maintain your red-blood-cells . . . to restore lost weight . . . to regain energy . . . and to give back to your skin that much desired natural glow.

Buy and use with complete confidence, and we believe you, like thousands of others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making "you feel like yourself again."

At all drug stores in two sizes. You will find the larger size more economical. © S.S.S. Co.

S.S.S. Tonic stimulates the appetite and helps change weak blood cells to strong ones.

Rogers and Rogers, Inc.

[*Continued from page* 36]

Antonio remembers seeing Ginger then. "She was pretty awful," she says now. "I never dreamed that the tall gawky, redheaded amateur I saw in a movie theatre would ever turn into the glamorous star she is now."

For a long time after that, many people must have had the same idea about Ginger. Lela brought the girl to New York and that first visit to the big city couldn't have been a happy one. Most of the time they were down to their last cent.

Finally, after a long struggle, along came a $50 a week contract. It must have seemed like a million dollars to them. Small movie offers came with it. And that was when Lela Rogers first showed the remarkable acumen noticeable in all of her business deals. It is this business ability that has made Ginger the star she is now.

A close friend of theirs who handled their contracts told me, "Of course she was tempted to accept those movie offers. She was hard pressed financially but she saw that Ginger wasn't ready for movies. She wasn't trained or well-known enough. If she accepted then, Ginger would remain a $50 a week performer for the rest of her life. If she wanted, the girl might develop and be able to demand more money.

"That is the very essence of Lela's success with Ginger. She has never rushed her, has never tried to exploit her for personal gain. She always waits until she knows that Ginger is ready to go, before she makes any further demands. The producers recognize and respect that quality in Lela and for that reason she can always write her own ticket."

I asked how the producers liked the idea of dealing with "a movie mama."

"They like her for the reasons I've just stated. They know she's honest in her demands and they realize she knows Ginger's value at the box office.

"They know, too, that they can't put anything over on her, because she's as smart as they are. During the days of her struggles she asked for no quarter and now she doesn't give any. It's a treat to see her handle the producers. She has a laconic, almost ironic way of dealing with them. She knows she's got something that they want.

"Every offer is carefully weighed, then either turned down coolly or accepted just as coolly. She has a habit of speaking her mind clearly and forcefully."

GINGER'S birth as a dramatic actress and her surprising talent for straight acting is not due to accident but to careful planning, hard work and keen foresight on her mother's part.

Lela wanted her daughter to become a dramatic actress for several reasons. Continuous dancing was bad for Ginger's health. A second reason was Fred Astaire's belief that they ought to separate for a little while. Most important of all was the necessity for versatility in Hollywood.

The story of that long interval between the Astaire-Rogers pictures has never been clear. The combination was one of the most successful in the history of Hollywood picture making. They were more of a unit than a team. They were like Gilbert and Sullivan or the Castles, whose story they are portraying in RKO's new film.

The inside story is that Fred Astaire thought the light of stardom had shone too

Charles Rhodes, SCREEN BOOK Magazine's photographer, catches the John Farrows (Maureen O'Sullivan) and the Arthur Hornblows (Myrna Loy) in a gay mood at the Ice Follies

forcibly on both of them and that it might be advantageous to have it shine on one of them at a time.

The public, he felt, had come to look upon them as a pair rather than as two separate personalities.

Ginger was working terribly hard. She had to get up at five o'clock in the morning. At seven o'clock she was at the studio for rehearsals; then she would stand for hours to be dressed so that not a wrinkle would show.

She would rehearse until the director felt they were ready for shooting. Her dancing averaged 13 hours a day. She was so tired when she got home that she'd have to have her feet swathed in bandages. At the end of a picture, the doctors would order her to bed for days at a time to get back the weight she had lost.

The strain was beginning to tell and Lela began to worry. With her usual foresight and ability to grasp situations, she took stock. Ginger was working too hard. Astaire felt a separation would be beneficial. Ginger might not be as good a dancer as Astaire, but she had charm, personality, beauty. Ginger could learn to act. Acting wasn't nearly as strenuous as dancing.

Mother and daughter talked it over. Lela did not yet make known her decision to RKO. She wasn't ready. Again exhibiting that remarkable restraint, she permitted the Astaire-Rogers pictures to go on. In the meantime, she began preparing her girl for straight acting.

Lela at that time was coach of the RKO dramatic school and teaching girls to act was right down her alley.

When she had Ginger ready and was confident that she wasn't promising anything that couldn't be fulfilled, she went to the head of productions at RKO and told him that for awhile Ginger would go in for non-musical pictures.

THE Astaire-Rogers combination is back again now. The public got them together again. They will go on as they did before, until one or the other gets restless.

Ginger doesn't consider her mother's control as domination. She loves Lela more than anyone else in the world, but Ginger is not the 'yes, mama' type. She has a mind of her own and often takes exception to some of the plans her mother has for her.

But Lela is so much more level-headed than Ginger that Ginger usually learns to follow her advice. Lela never butts into Ginger's private affairs. When Ginger separated from Lew Ayres, Lela made no comment one way or the other. She restricts her managing to business matters only.

She knows her kid's weaknesses, and irresponsibility happens to be one of them. One of Ginger's Manhattan friends remembers being awakened at two o'clock in the morning by a telephone ring. The operator said it was Hollywood calling.

"Hello," said a gay voice, "this is Ginger Rogers."

"What's the matter, Ginger?" the friend asked.

"Nothing's the matter. I just wanted to ask you something."

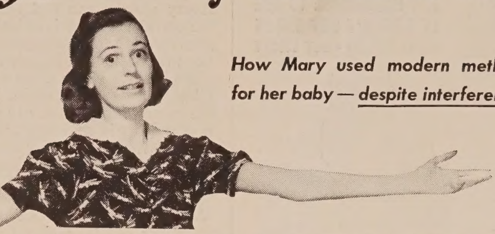
"Yes, but why at two o'clock in the morning?"

"Two o'clock in the morning? Why, it's only ten o'clock here."

Ginger is extravagant and generous with her money and Lela has to hold the strings a little or it would be gone. No matter how interested Lela becomes in other things, her paramount interest will be 'her baby' and no matter how busy she may be, she will always find time to keep a watchful eye on Ginger.

"Why does my mother-in-law *always* take my husband's side?"

How Mary used modern methods for her baby — despite interference!



MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?
JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll *make* her take it . . .

MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right . . .
MARY: Oh mother . . . please . . . *please* . . .

MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help . . . !
MARY: But I *don't need help!* It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to *force* Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.

MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of *special* care calls for a *special* laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?
MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only,* for children. It's SAFE . . . has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!

JOHN: Look, mother, look! . . . she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!
MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.
MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

I like Chamberlain's

IT HELPS KEEP MY SKIN LOOKING YOUNG
IT'S ECONOMICAL TO USE
IT DOESN'T GET THICK
QUICK DRYING • NOT STICKY

And that's why so many prefer this clear, golden, liquid lotion that isn't thick nor gummy. It's ideal for hands, arms, and wherever skin is rough or chapped. It soothes as it smooths away roughness and resulting redness . . . helps to keep skin soft, smooth and young looking. Next time you buy, try

Chamberlain's Lotion

at Drug . . . Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters

Guaranteed NOT TO THICKEN . . NOT A DROP WASTED

SEND FOR CONVENIENT "CARRY-SIZE"

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Please send Free "Carry-Size" Chamberlain's Lotion. FREE!

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DOES YOUR HAIR REFLECT HEALTH, BEAUTY, CHARM?

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Is your hair soft, lustrous, beautiful? Or is it thin, stringy, faded?

Does it enhance your appearance—or spoil your looks?

You are lucky if your hair is rich in the elements that make for normal growth.

But if it falls out excessively; if you have flaky dandruff, or if there are signs of approaching baldness, send for a sample of KOTALKO, or buy a full supply at the drug store.

Thousands recommend KOTALKO, the distinguished hair proprietary, because it is a valuable aid to scalp energy which remains the only source of hair growth and the sole resistant against preventable baldness.

Do not let scalp fatigue dull your hair, dim your popularity, or interfere with your charm. Safeguard your hair! Kotalko is sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for men's, women's and children's hair. Use coupon.

Kotalko Co., A-64, General P. O., New York

Name ....

Full Address ....

....

Blondell—Where To?

[*Continued from page 25*]

May Flavin when her husband leaves her. Every woman can feel the horrible fright, the awful sense of inferiority that Rebecca goes through. I have suffered the same emotions that May and Rebecca did when I read those books. I love those women. I'd trade all the sequins and satins I have worn on the screen for a chance to wear a dirty old cotton dress in a picture and scrub floors as May Flavin does. The nonsensical girls I have been playing are fakes!"

THERE have been three contributing factors in Joan's decision to break away from her old type of role. She has been aware of the experiences of three other Hollywood women. Dick Powell, her husband, has given her the self-confidence necessary in taking so important a step. Last of all, Joan suffered a severe disappointment this year.

The women whose experiences have helped Joan face realities are Bette Davis, Myrna Loy and ZaSu Pitts.

Bette Davis had the courage of her convictions two years ago and fought her studio for better assignments, though the fight cost her an imposing price. Bette had to pay $14,000 to her own lawyers; she had to pay the entire legal expenses the studio had incurred and she sacrificed her salary for the ten months she didn't work. She lost about $150,000, and on top of it all she caused many people to call her "ungrateful."

But Bette won in the end. Money was small sacrifice for the right to obtain roles that have since lifted her to the top of the dramatic ladder.

Bette gave Joan the courage to fight to protect her career.

Myrna Loy taught Joan that transitions are simple to make. Myrna's career was a sluggish affair when she was weighed down by phoney Oriental eyes and mannerisms. Myrna changed horses in mid-stream, washed the exotic goo off her face and emerged as a radiant, young American modern who became the dream girl of half the husbands in the country.

If Myrna could make the switch from bizarre Orientalism to wholesome Americanism, then why couldn't Joan make the switch from frivolous parts to earthy, simple roles?

Then there was ZaSu Pitts. ZaSu Pitts could have been one of the greatest tragediennes in Hollywood. But ZaSu Pitts of the long, eloquent fingers and the sensitive face, is doomed to comedy roles because she didn't escape in time. When ZaSu was cast in an important dramatic part in *All Quiet on the Western Front,* the preview audience laughed ZaSu right out of the picture because she was too firmly entrenched in their minds as a fluttery comedienne. So ZaSu has been playing comedy ever since, while other actresses have been getting the truly great dramatic roles that will live in picture history.

ZaSu Pitts was the warning to Joan to make an about-turn before it was too late.

Many times, Joan wondered if she were right. In spite of her protestations, the studio still cast her in the same film mold. She began to wonder if indeed that was all she could do. It was Dick Powell who restored the waning confidence in herself, who told her she had all the qualities of a really fine actress if only she wouldn't let discouragement cloud her goal.

MORE than that, Dick was aware of the unhappiness that Joan was going through, for he had been rebelling at the crooner roles that had been coming his way. For a long time he had been asking for more believable parts that depended upon dramatic ability rather than on vocalizing alone. The recent announcement that both Dick and Joan had obtained a release from their re-

Captivating Sally Eilers spends her spare time enjoying a skating session at the Tropical Ice Gardens. She is shown with the Brandt sisters, professional skaters from Switzerland spective Warner Bros. contracts came as no surprise to those who know them.

This year a great disappointment stirred in Joan an alive, healthy anger which brought everything to a head.

Last year Joan did *There's Always a Woman* for Columbia. It was one of the most successful pictures she had ever made. Joan loved the part. It was comedy, yes—but as she explains, it was legitimate comedy and the girl she played was a definite character with fire and color. So delighted was Columbia with her interpretation of it that they scheduled her to appear in the sequel, *There's That Woman Again.*

Before starting work in it, however, she had to make Warner's *Off the Record.* So anxious was she to appear in the sequel that she started to work in *Off the Record* only five weeks after Ellen was born. She hoped to finish the picture in time to be ready for the outside assignment.

The sacrifice came to nothing. Production of *Off the Record* didn't go as quickly as the studio had expected. Delays occurred. Day by day Joan worked furiously, hoping to make the deadline in time. Columbia held up production and preparations were at a standstill.

After weeks had passed Columbia could no longer wait for her. Exhibitors' dates had to be met and the picture could not be postponed any longer. They engaged another star, Virginia Bruce, to play the part Joan had made famous.

BUT the final irony was this: on the day that the cameras started to grind on *There's That Woman Again,* Joan became free to take the role! Twenty-four hours killed Joan's chance to do the lovable, slightly screwy detective-wife in *There's That Woman Again.*

It broke her heart. But it did something else. It made her good and mad, so mad that she is going to fight now for more lasting characterizations instead of letting them slip away.

When she left Warners, Joan did so with the firm resolution that she would not go to work again until she was guaranteed a crack at the sort of roles she wants. Whether she will ever get those roles—and how she will handle them if she does—only time can tell.

But a sagacious director once told me that Joan's real potentialities hadn't even been scratched. "She has been buried in so many trivial parts that her true ability hasn't even been touched. No one is quicker at grasping the mood of a story or a character than Joan, and she has a superb sense of timing. She adds more to her portrayals than really exists and she has a keen story mind. But she never has been given the chance."

Then again, Myron Brinig, who wrote *The Sisters* and *May Flavin,* sold the latter best-seller to M-G-M with a specific suggestion to cast Joan in the leading role. Whether Joan will nose out M-G-M's talent roster for the coveted role is an interesting question.

But if you find it a long jump from gay, harum-scarum parts of the past to stark, earthy dramas, remember this: the blue eyes that have laughed and sparkled in previous pictures are also capable of holding deep feeling and sincerity. The healthy vitality which helped her as a bouncing comedienne makes her a natural for the part of May Flavin. Joan bears a striking resemblance to May in her intense energy and bravado. And remember also that her dramatic background of the early stage days has equipped her with a capacity for knowing what she wants to do—and a versatility which makes her able to do it!

"BETTY'S REALLY BEAUTIFUL—*BUT*..."
"I KNOW—SHE OPENS HER MOUTH, AND FLOPPO! —WHAT SHE NEEDS IS *IRIUM!*"

Was My Face Red-but
IRIUM SHOWED ME how to win sparkling bright teeth...a "come-closer" smile!

Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM

to erase cloudy surface-stains from teeth . . . reveal their full pearly brilliance!

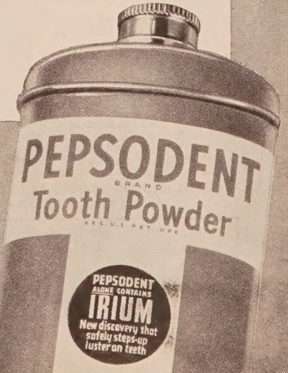
● Want a "Come-Closer" Smile . . . a smile that makes others look the second time? Then join America's landslide to Pepsodent Tooth Powder containing IRIUM! 32 million sales prove you can't go wrong!

Why is it Pepsodent Powder *has what it takes?* That's simple . . . because only Pepsodent contains wonderful IRIUM. Never before has there been so effective a cleansing agent in *any* tooth powder!

You'll discover Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM makes teeth shine and sparkle as they naturally should! Does so quickly . . . easily . . . effectively . . . for it brushes away *masking* surface-stains—thus revealing the full natural brilliance your smile *naturally should have!*

What's more—Pepsodent Powder containing IRIUM is SAFE! Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Get Pepsodent Powder now!

FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE START TODAY THE IRIUM WAY with PEPSODENT POWDER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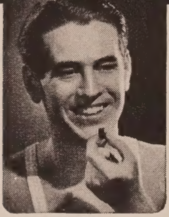
BRAND
Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM
New discovery that safely steps-up luster on teeth

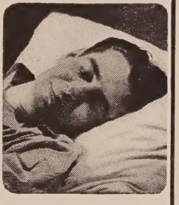
TROUBLED BY CONSTIPATION?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons, no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take!

2. YOU SLEEP through the night ... *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is a gentle laxative. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.



3. THE NEXT morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

Ex-Lax is good for *every* member of the family—the youngsters as well as the grown-ups. At all drug stores in 10¢ and 25¢ sizes. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative.

Now improved—better than ever!

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

COUGHS...

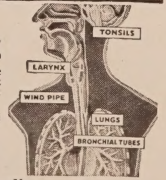
Here's Why You Cough ...

WHEN YOU CATCH COLD

1 Congestion results and the tiny glands in your throat and windpipe cease to work properly.

2 The secretions of these glands often turn to heavy, clinging phlegm.

3 This sticky phlegm irritates your throat and you cough.



How PERTUSSIN Relieves Coughs—

1 Pertussin, an herbal syrup, stimulates the glands in your throat to pour out their natural moisture.

2 Then that sticky, irritating phlegm is loosened, and easily "raised" and expelled.

3 Your throat is soothed and your cough relieved quickly and safely by the Pertussin "Moist-Throat" Method.

QUICK AND EFFECTIVE, AS PROVED BY MILLIONS OF BOTTLES USED

PERTUSSIN

PRESCRIBED BY MANY DOCTORS FOR 30 YEARS

My Pal, Spencer Tracy

[*Continued from page* 20]

Life in the Raw was being played because Spence refused to work in the lumber yards unless his dad got me a job there, too.

Our job consisted of taking boards off a pile and loading them on a truck for delivery. I used to scramble spryly to the top of the pile, pass a board down to Spence and then rest until he had lugged it almost 50 feet to a truck and loaded it on. This kept up for quite sometime until we got into geometry and Spence figured out he was doing about three fourths of the work. After that we alternated on top of the pile.

The war and sex reared their ugly heads about the same time. The war seemed more exciting so we enlisted in the navy. We went through training station together and then Spence was sent to Hampton Roads while I remained at Great Lakes.

AFTER the war, Spence returned to Milwaukee and entered Ripon College. I remained in New York and managed to get on in the merry-merry (a musical comedy chorus.) But, after all, I knew that hipping the ballet was not going to teach me to be a Booth or a Barrett. Besides, I was getting lonesome for the pal who hadn't joined me in my first venture into a theatrical career. So I drifted back to the homelands to see how things were progressing with my shipmate.

When I reached Ripon, Spence was playing the lead in a show the college dramatic society was putting on. He was darned good in it, too. Instead of going backstage, I watched him from out front and afterwards went to a drugstore where I knew I'd find him. He was sitting at a table with a girl and didn't see me come in. I took a lemon off the soda counter and rolled it down the aisle. That got a rise out of him when he looked down and saw what had hit his foot.

The state of Wisconsin had recently passed a resolution granting any returned soldier $30 a month to study anything he pleased, provided he went to school within the state. I talked Spence into taking up theatricals seriously. We began pulling wires, told the Board we couldn't get the training we wanted in Wisconsin and finally talked them into giving us our $30 and letting us go to the American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York.

We darned near starved there several times. Spence wouldn't take any more from his family than mine could send me because he wanted us to be on an equal footing.

It used to be a hard and fast rule with us that we would never return milk bottles as long as we had any money between us. After the money ran out, we'd start taking back the empties and live on the deposits we got from them. Once we'd used up all the milk bottles and for three days we lived on

All set for a picnic, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers are accosted by Dick Elliott, railroad conductor, in this scene from their latest RKO Radio co-starrer, *The Castles*, in which they portray Vernon and Irene Castle, who formed the first internationally-famous dance team water and pretzels. We didn't dare leave the room because we were way behind with our rent and knew if we got out of the room our landlady would lock us out and take our clothes.

Finally a cousin of mine came to see us and loaned us a few dollars.

We made our debut simultaneously in the Theatre Guild's production of R.U.R. It was after we had got this precarious foothold in the theatre that things were tough.

We were in stock together a couple of times—once in Grand Rapids and once in Baltimore. Frank McHugh was in the latter company.

I remember one Christmas eve when we couldn't even afford to buy a holly wreath. We separated in the morning and started canvassing the town to see if we couldn't dig up some calendars with holly painted on them. When I reached home that night McHugh and Spence hadn't found a single holly calendar but the walls were covered with calendars depicting ladies who might better have been on the covers of the Police Gazette. For dinner we had a little salami and some stale bread.

But better times were in store for us. I think it was New Year's eve when an admiring fan baked us a magnificent looking pumpkin pie. "Superb" is the only word that describes its appearance and "colossal" the only one to do justice to its size. We hadn't time to eat it at noon because we had a matinee. So we laid it away carefully in a dresser drawer. After the matinee we hadn't time to go home before the evening show. After the night performance we went out with some friends to celebrate. The stage manager called a rehearsal for next morning and we barely made it. "Requiescat in pace," might have been engraved on the face of that pie. That routine kept up for about five days. Finally we knew our pie was done for—spoiled. Your nose knows.

SPENCE opened the drawer and gazed sorrowfully at it. Suddenly as one man, the three of us fell on the pie. Mack Sennett in his palmiest days never had a troupe of players throwing more pie than we threw at each other.

A little while later we fell back into the slough of near-bankruptcy. For a while things were so tough we used to take books from lending libraries and sell them to second hand bookstores. Having been raised on the "honesty is the best policy" theory, we were careful to keep track of the names and addresses of the libraries and the titles of the books. Years later, when our exchequers had got over the measles, mumps and whooping cough, we sent the libraries the dough for the books.

A few things about that Baltimore engagement stand out in my mind. The owner of the company liked to pass out dough. He always paid off every Saturday but he had no sooner paid everyone than he would start back around the dressing rooms and borrow some of it back again.

There was a chap named Sherwood in Baltimore who ran a restaurant called "Sherry's." He was a good egg and would always give us credit. Once the owner of the company took up a collection to buy him a watch. It was a beautiful watch, handsomely, albeit sentimentally, engraved. Sherwood gave us a banquet when we presented it to him.

A few years later Spence and I met in Baltimore when we were playing there in different shows. We went around to Sherry's to have a bite and talk over old times. When our bill came it was for almost $100. We howled to high heaven and presently Mr. Sherwood appeared, still wearing the watch the company had given him. "Your bill," he explained, "is really only $3.45. The rest of it is for payments I've had to make on this watch."

The owner of the company had made only the down payment and Sherwood had been obliged to make all the others!

I recall, too, that when we moved from the hotel where the pie-throwing episode took place our bill for breakage was more than our room rent.

Once while we were in Baltimore my folks miraculously got hold of a little spare change which they sent me for a present. I promptly bought myself an elegant gray suit. For some reason it captured Spence's fancy and I never got a chance to wear it because he always had it on. A couple of years later when I ran into him in Chicago there was my suit hanging in his closet. It was practically worn out but I hopefully tried it on. Then everything became as clear as day. He had nonchalantly had the suit altered to fit *him!*

One day he got a wire telling him to report in Boston immediately. He was to replace an actor (now a big star in pictures) in a show called *Conflict*. A week later Frank was ordered to join him. I was left alone.

Not long after that the company disbanded and I eventually found myself in Atlanta (in stock, not prison.) About the time I began wondering how long a man could live without eating I received an envelope from Spence with $100 and a note jokingly remarking he had heard things were tough on the great outside.

LOVE IS SUCH A PRECIOUS THING!
WHY RISK LOSING IT WITH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN?
I THINK YOU'RE JUST SILLY TO RISK GETTING DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH A LOVELY COMPLEXION MEANS TO A MAN!
BUT WHY DO YOU THINK PALMOLIVE WOULD HELP MY SKIN? WHY IS IT DIFFERENT FROM OTHER SOAPS?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES GENTLY YET SO THOROUGHLY, KEEPS PORES SO CLEAN AND HEALTHY, LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
I GUESS I'D BETTER TAKE YOUR ADVICE AND USE ONLY PALMOLIVE, TOO! THAT "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" OF YOURS CERTAINLY WORKS LIKE A CHARM WITH THE MEN!
PALMOLIVE
IT'S MADE WITH OLIVE OIL! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!

Warrior Queen wins with smile!

Roman soldiers feared her—but admired her beautiful smile. Her teeth were kept sound and sparkling by exercise on rough, chewy foods. We moderns eat soft foods that fail to give our teeth enough healthful exercise.

HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE CHEWING GUM HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE 5¢

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YOUR TEETH NEED DENTYNE!

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You'll find it a delight as well as a sensible health habit to chew Dentyne daily—its spicy flavor is so delicious, so *lastingly* good! The flat package (exclusive Dentyne feature) slides neatly into your pocket or purse—a treat always in reach.

DENTYNE

DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

The same thing happened another time when he was playing in *The Baby Cyclone* in Chicago. He wired me $100 because he knew I had been out of work a long time and must be about strapped.

When we were in New York, together we were nearly always broke. There was a friend of our's from Milwaukee named George McBride. His father was head of a furnishing goods store. We always knew when George was coming to New York on a buying trip, so we didn't mind if we had to eat in one-arm lunch rooms for a few days before he arrived.

He always had money for his expenses and we would tell him, "Never mind buying your furnishings. You buy first for O'Brien and Tracy—and we want food, not shirts."

The first time he came we took him to a small restaurant up on Lexington Avenue and ordered the three biggest steaks they had in the joint. It was an old building with combination gas and electric fixtures.

The owner brought the steaks and retired to the kitchen. We had just started eating when George noticed the smell of gas. There was a leak somewhere. He got sick and went out. Pretty soon Spence didn't feel so good and he got up to leave, insisting I come with him.

"Nothing doing," I yelled. "I've been in training for this meal for a week and I'm not going to muff it now. All three of these steaks are going to be eaten—and by me."

"You'll be asphyxiated, you crazy fool," Spence shouted.

"Well, what a way to go," I yelled back, "with a full stomach."

When I finished the steaks, I left. Spence and George were waiting outside for me, sore as a couple of boils. One word led to another and the first thing you know Spence and I were throwing fists at each other like Louis and Schmeling. He was sore partly because I'd been nutty enough to stay in there eating and partly because he was still hungry.

I don't remember what finally stopped the fight but I do remember that George left in a taxi for his hotel and Spence and I walked home together—on opposite sides of the sidewalk. We had a room with twin beds. We undressed, turned off the lights and got into bed without a word.

Just before we fell asleep I said, "Goodnight, Penner." (I used to call him Penner, or Joe Cook or William Collier because he was playing in comedies then. I still maintain he is one of the finest comedians in the country.)

"Goodnight, kid," he said softly.

And that is the only time in 25 years there has ever been the slightest unpleasantness between us.

His loyalty and thoughtfulness are two of his outstanding characteristics. Twice when Spence has been leaving shows to go into new productions he has got me his old part. The same thing has happened out here in Hollywood when producers or directors wanted him for a certain part and he couldn't do it. He's always tried to throw the part my way. The best break I have ever had in pictures was due to Spence's efforts.

Mervyn LeRoy wanted him for the lead in *Oil for the Lamps of China.* Spence knew the Fox Company wouldn't lend him so he said to Mervyn, "They wouldn't lend me in the first place and in the second place I don't see why you want me. You have an actor on your own lot who could play that part better than I could. Pat O'Brien." It was solely on Spence's recommendation I got that role.

Many people who know him only slightly think he has no sense of humor. All I can say is, he's my best audience. He doesn't crack wise, but there is no one who catches the point of a joke more quickly than he.

He's—well, he's just Spence—the best pal a fellow ever had. My only regret is that despite the change in our fortunes we can't go back to the old days and live them all over again. It would be worth it—with him.

Active in all winter sports, pretty Mary Carlisle, doesn't pass up the thrills (otherwise known as tumbles) that skiing affords

Can a Girl Be Innocent in Hollywood?

[*Continued from page* 42]

I was the innocent of innocents.

When I arrived in Hollywood, I didn't know a soul here. I had no idea of what might be ahead of me. I was 3,000 miles from home. But, luckily, I had my mother with me.

I didn't realize, then, just how lucky I was. I've found out since. I've been spared a lot that other girls, alone in Hollywood, haven't been spared.

My Hollywood education began, the minute I stepped off the train in Pasadena. A press-agent and a photographer were there to meet me. They asked me to sit on a baggage truck, with my legs crossed, for a New-Find-Arrives-In-Hollywood shot.

Arriving was a thrill. So was the thought of my picture in the papers. I sat up on the baggage truck as big as life, registering joy at being here, and trying not to be conscious of the people stopping to watch. Then the press-agent asked witheringly, "Would you mind showing a little more knee, Miss —?"

If I did mind—and I did, believe it or not—what could I do about it? I didn't know how influential he might be, and I wanted him to like me. Pleasing him meant more at that moment than being modest. I showed "a little more knee."

I DIDN'T know it at the time, but I was learning awfully fast. You can't hang onto modesty in Hollywood. Not if you want publicity. Also, when a man who might be important to your career asks you to do something you don't want to do, you had better know how to say "No" without antagonizing him or else say "Yes." If you're young and even half-way attractive, sexiness is expected from you.

You can't get anywhere in Hollywood without plenty of it. Or, if you prefer, IT.

That little fact is impressed upon you early.

You pass a film test and get a contract at a salary that awes and flatters you. On top of that the studio asks you to leave for Hollywood immediately. You have visions of some picture halted, waiting for you. You expect to go to work as soon as you arrive.

You go to work, all right—but not on a movie set.

What I went through in the beginning, every newcomer has to go through. A series of close physical inspections. I spent days in a test studio, getting looked over, inch by inch, by men trained to see things as minutely as a camera does. They were very impersonal about the whole thing. But that little ordeal shattered my girlish modesty for keeps.

They started with my face. They photographed it from every angle, experimented with different kinds of make-up. I had always thought I had a fairly passable face. But everything seemed to be wrong with it. My eyebrows were "too thick," my eyelashes were "too thin," my eyes "popped too much," my cheekbones were "too high," my chin was "too angular," my mouth was "too wide," my left profile wasn't as good as my right, and "something had to be done" about my hair.

By the time they finished experimenting, I felt like a rag doll that had been given a porcelain doll's face. They didn't stop with screen make-up. They taught me tricks of off-screen make-up, too—so that any time, anywhere, I'd look more beautiful than I was.

An actress has to pretend while she's working. But in Hollywood her work never ends. When she isn't facing movie cameras, she has to face other cameras—unless she's good at running, like Hepburn. I had that impressed on me at the very beginning.

I had some exhaustive voice tests and was turned over to a voice coach for minor repairs. I had some exhaustive acting tests—love scenes, walking scenes, sitting scenes, crying scenes, laughing scenes. Then I was sent to the talent-training department for a thorough going-over.

Then I was made body conscious. I was photographed from all sides in a white bathing suit that fitted me like a layer of cold cream. Every curve was exposed, every curve was examined and every curve was minutely discussed. I was told exactly which ones needed a little more rounding out and which ones needed a little trimming down, and was recommended to the gym instructor and a masseuse. Also, I was told how "wrong" all my clothes were and told what I should wear to heighten my sex appeal.

I discovered that I wasn't the only girl who needed voice coaching and dramatic coaching and gym work. Apparently all newcomers did. I had about 10 or 11 girls for company. All of us were ambitious, and all of us worked desperately hard to im-

S.O.S.
SORRY, JACK...I'M CUTTING IN. BUT LISTEN, FELLOW, WAIT FOR ME AFTER THIS DANCE, WILL YOU? I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING
I KNOW JUDY GAVE YOU THE HIGH SIGN, WALT!
BUT YOU DON'T KNOW WHY, JACK! ON THE LEVEL, PAL--- YOU'VE JUST GOTTA SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
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COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
WELL, AS I LIVE AND BREATHE---IF IT ISN'T THAT DAILY DOUBLE, JACK AND JUDY, AGAIN!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY!
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prove, to get a screen chance. It was slow going. One girl got impatient. She went boldly in to a certain minor executive who had been too, too, paternal to all of us and asked him if he couldn't do something for her. He must have asked what she would do in return. And she must have said, "Anything."

The next we knew, he was calling at a new apartment she had taken by herself, and she was appearing in pictures.

IT'S pretty hard to take, when you're working hard and not getting anywhere, to see another girl get somewhere fast by having easy morals. I wondered what percentage there was in being decent and hard-working. So did those other girls. The only answer we could find was that if we got on the screen the hard way, we'd stand a chance of doing better and lasting longer, being better prepared.

Maybe we weren't the unsophisticated little girls we had been when we came to Hollywood but we still had self-respect. It wasn't required of us, but we had it.

Something that was required of us was sex-appeal. That was hammered into us by the talent-training department, and pounded into us by the publicity department. We were newcomers, unknowns. The only way press-agents could get newspapers and magazines to notice us was with sexy photos.

That meant "leg art." We had to pose in the shortest possible shorts, the tightest possible bathing suits and sweaters. If we ever posed in fashions, we couldn't have undies underneath, either top or bottom. Every curve had to stand out. Then there were those tasty shots in which we were seen silhouetted behind shower curtains, or were peeking out from behind ostrich-feather fans or semi-transparent balloons, apparently in the nude.

The impression that press-agents cultivated was that we were pretty cuddlesome morsels, not at all standoffish. And that's the impression that got around.

It may have simplified our getting into newspapers and magazines, but it certainly didn't simplify life.

The first movie breaks we had were small bits in big pictures. Mine were all along innocent-ingenue lines—but that didn't spare me. Men working on the pictures, as well as in them, would come up to me, introduce themselves, and ask, "What are you doing this evening?" Just like that. Some went so far as to suggest that they would see about getting me a bigger break, if I would see *them* after hours.

I had to be nice to all of them, invent sweet excuses, never seem insulted. I didn't know how, when or where I might bump into them next, and in the meantime we had to work together on the same set.

I had to wait for featured roles and a high salary to be left alone by unwanted suitors. And I was spared more of that sort of thing than some girls I knew.

Every girl playing romantic roles has to have romance rumors in private life. That's one of the first rules of Hollywood publicity. I've had my share of rumors. Only one of them has been half-way true. I could have fallen in love with one boy—but the studio broke it up. He worked for a bank. Suddenly, he was transferred to a branch in Hong Kong. You'll never convince me that the studio didn't pull wires to arrange that transfer. About the time he got the news, I was pointedly reminded that my contract had a clause which I had indorsed, in my innocence, in 1936, that I couldn't marry until 1941.

The only way I can have matrimony is without ceremony. So far, with that one exception that didn't materialize, I haven't been tempted.

People wonder why I go out so seldom and then seldom with the same man twice. They think I must be shy and retiring in private life, too. The real explanation is that I don't like to be pawed—and hands that have tried to paw me once will never have the chance again.

It's possible to be a virgin in Hollywood. But, thanks to a whole collection of factors, it's not possible to be an innocent one.

Robert Taylor, Wallace Beery and Robert Gleckler are shown in a scene from the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production *Stand Up and Fight*, adaptation of Forbes Parkhill's novel dealing with the struggle between railroad and stagecoach lines in the 1850's

Hollywood's Unseen Husbands—Who Are They?

[*Continued from page* 23]

member of two important Los Angeles hospitals, has an excellent private practice of his own and gives a great deal of his time to research work which may change the whole course of medical history. Yet to the general public he is doomed to be known only as "Claudette Colbert's husband."

A handsome chap, about 36 years old and six feet tall, he is extremely attractive. Claudette met him when she went to his office to consult him about her sinus trouble. He was not at all impressed by the fact that she was a movie star, and that probably piqued Claudette's interest. But she hadn't the slightest idea that she was falling in love with her doctor until she met him by chance one day on a golf course. They became deeply engaged in conversation. Seeing him for the first time outside his office, Claudette realized how attractive he was. In December, 1935, they were married at Yuma, Arizona.

Strange, also, is the position in which Leland Hayward finds himself. Though he is one of the most successful agents in the country, to the general public he is just Margaret Sullavan's husband, and people get his name mixed up with that of Louis Hayward, the actor who is Ida Lupino's husband.

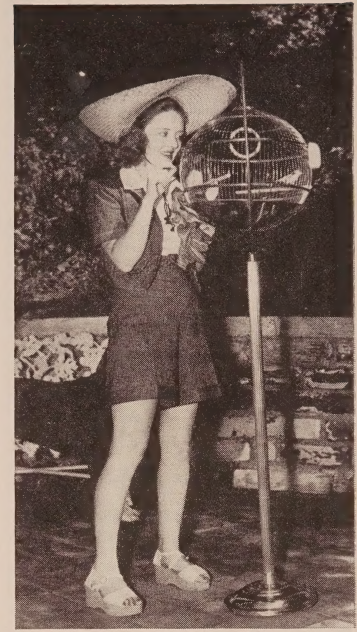
In Hollywood's inner circles, however, Leland Hayward's name is mentioned with respect and envy, for he has often pitted his intelligence and will against Hollywood's most important producers, and they have generally come off second best. He has represented some of the most famous stars in the industry, including Miriam Hopkins, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers, and some of the best known scenario writers.

HE IS so clever at outwitting producers that he has become the subject of many legends. His exploits were described in thinly fictionized versions in a national magazine's series of stories about an agent. One of his exploits was high-pressuring a producer into paying $50,000 for a story that hadn't even been written. When the deal was closed, Hayward called the writer and said, "See here, I've just sold one of your stories. Now you had better write it!"

Leland comes from a socially-prominent family, for he is the son of Col. Bill Hayward, former district attorney of New York. He is well-educated and claims a degree from Princeton. He has always escorted glamorous and beautiful women, and before he married Margaret Sullavan, many writers thought that he would end up by marrying Katharine Hepburn.

In the beginning, Margaret Sullavan was just one of his clients to Leland, but soon he fell madly in love with her. Today theirs is one of the happiest marriages in Hollywood. Friends say that he is the only person who was able to tame the Sullavan firebrand.

Typical of Leland's personality is the fact that his cable address is, "Haywire!"



Bette Davis, popular Warner Bros. star, is shown feeding her canaries. Bette's latest picture is *Dark Victory*

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Jean Arthur gives very few interviews on Frank Ross, her almost unknown husband, but in recent months Frank has given several on Jean Arthur.

Frank Ross is assistant to Milton Bren in the production department of the Hal Roach Studio. He is a dark, slim young chap who is so good-looking that he has had many film offers, all of which he has refused. He feels that he would rather leave the acting to Jean.

When he first met Jean, he was in the real estate business in New York, and was on a visit to California. A Princeton man, his friends were conservative people from fine families, and the bluff of some of the Hollywood crowd amused him. When he met Jean, he decided she was a real person and that it was her shyness that made people think she was high-hat.

Jean has an inferiority complex, which Frank has tried to help her overcome. He taught her that Hollywood judges you by your exterior and he convinced Jean that if you dress mousily people don't realize what an interesting person you are.

When Jean and Frank decided to marry, she was appearing in a play in New York. After their marriage, she returned to Hollywood, but they found long-distance marriage unsatisfactory.

Frank gave up his business interests in New York to be with Jean.

Whenever Jean has any problem, whether it concerns pictures or some personal matter, Frank is the person to whom she turns for advice. Her friends say that though she is guided by what he says, she always makes her own decisions.

The unseen husband of Irene Dunne is Dr. Frank Griffin, who has an excellent dental practice in New York. Not only do you rarely see pictures of him, but when Irene first entered the movies her studio built her up as a glamor girl and Dr. Griffin's existence was not even acknowledged.

The way in which the story of their marriage was finally unearthed makes one of those legends that Hollywood folk love to talk about.

For some reason, Irene has always objected violently to stories which paint her as being just a nice girl and a perfect lady. When she first came to Hollywood she was considered poor copy. One of her interviewers, after spending several hours with Irene, told her that she hadn't gotten a thing, and that she would write a story telling exactly what had happened and painting Irene as a nice person—but awfully, awfully dull.

At that, Irene became visibly upset.

"Don't do that," she begged. "I'll give you a story—an exclusive story no one in Hollywood knows about."

And she gave the story of her marriage to Dr. Griffin!

She had met Frank while attending a dance at the Biltmore with another man. They danced together, were immediately attracted to each other and when Dr. Griffin asked Irene for her 'phone number she gave it to

Claire James, picked by Earl Carroll as the most beautiful chorus girl in America, models a 1939 bathing suit in comparison with 1910 costume she wears in RKO's *The Castles* him at once. But it was six weeks before he phoned her to invite her to have dinner with him.

LATER she learned that he had been in love with her from the start, but he had fought against it. The reason why Dr. Griffin tried to resist his love for Irene was because he had been brought up among the most conservative people in the world, the natives of Northampton, Mass. He believed that no man ought ever to marry an actress. In fact, when he proposed to Irene Dunne he did so only with the understanding that he wanted her to give up her career.

At first she stormed and raged and refused to give in, but finally she said that she would give up her career—and she did.

It was only after their honeymoon, when Irene was offered a grand part in *Show Boat,* that she finally brought Dr. Griffin around to her point of view.

Today, Irene claims that her husband is her best friend. They have bought a home in California, and while Irene and her husband are sometimes parted when he takes care of his extensive practice in New York, they are together as often as circumstances make possible. Yet writers who ask for interviews with Irene on the subject of her unseen husband are courteously refused. She will talk about anything else, they are told, but she will not talk about her husband or her marriage.

In fact, Virginia Bruce is one of the few glamor girls in Hollywood who will talk about her husband—J. Walter Ruben, important director and producer, whom she calls "Sonny." Nevertheless, while J. Walter Ruben is important in his own right, to the world at large he is an unseen and unknown husband.

Rosemary Lane, Warner Bros. star, introduces her new kitten "Angel," known in more mischievous moments as "Huntz Hall," to her neighbor's cocker spaniel

Ruben was born in New York City, the son of Max Ruben who is in the importing business, and Ruth Walters, an actress, and was educated at Columbia University. Upon graduating, he decided to write fiction and did so well that he was given a chance at scenarios. Then he turned to directing. It was while he was directing Dennis O'Keefe and Virginia Bruce in *Bad Man of Brimstone* that the two fell in love with each other.

Up to that time Virginia had been convinced in her own mind that she would never again love with the devastating emotion she had once known for John Gilbert. Today her life centers around her husband and her daughter Susan. Virginia selected the beautiful new white house in Pacific Palisades into which they recently moved and the blue and white curtains for the playroom. She and "Sonny" go to pictures three or four times a week and they talk over the different phases of movie making together.

As an important producer, he often has to see various business associates in his home and when he does, he spends the evening in the library talking matters over with them while Virginia remains in the drawing room.

WHILE Madeleine Carroll has never hidden from the world the fact that she is married, only a few people in Hollywood have met her long-distance husband, Captain Philip Astley. That is because their separate interests keep them apart most of the time, and they can meet only when either one of them enjoys a vacation. Philip Astley is a handsome, six-foot two ex-war hero who at the present time is interested in real estate in England.

Eight years ago when they met at a costume party in London, she was a promising young actress. He was a captain in the Royal Life Guards, a unit which

EVERYBODY THOUGHT SHE'D BE AN OLD MAID
_BUT SHE DISCOVERED IN TIME WHY MEN DIDN'T LIKE HER...
YOU'RE MY BEST GIRL FRIEND, ANITA. TELL ME WHY I'M SO UNPOPULAR_PLEASE!
WELL, RUTH_SINCE YOU ASK_I THINK YOU SHOULD USE LIFEBUOY. IT'S A BIG HANDICAP FOR A GIRL TO HAVE "B.O."
IMAGINE_A GIRL LIKE ME GUILTY OF "B.O." BUT IT WILL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN! I'M PLAYING SAFE_I'M USING LIFEBUOY IN MY DAILY BATH
A GIRL'S A FOOL TO RISK "B.O."
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

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YOUR LIPS *for romance!*

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

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Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

serves the king of England and consists of the finest soldiers in the British army. Since he had come straight from a period of training at Sandhurst, which is something like our West Point, there was something soldierly about his bearing. His whole air was that of a man who would welcome life and whatever adventures it might bring with it.

Six months after they met, they were married. Today they keep in constant touch with each other through correspondence, cables and long distance calls.

"He advises me in all my work," Madeleine once said. "If I am away when one of my pictures is shown, he cables me. I can always depend on him to be honest. I am fortunate to be married to a man who is intellectually my superior, and who never exaggerates my abilities."

While the name Bob Cobb is very well known in Hollywood since he is the president of the famous Brown Derbies, to the outside world Bob Cobb is just another unknown husband. It is Gail Patrick who takes all the bows and gets all the publicity. But Gail thinks her husband is one of the grandest guys in Hollywood.

"They lost the pattern after they made him," Gail says. When she and Bob Cobb had a misunderstanding before their marriage and broke up, her friends told her, "Gail, you're a dope. Better get that guy back. You won't find another one like him in a hundred years."

Until she met Bob, Gail was considered too much of a lady to make good in Hollywood and some people went so far as to call her a prude.

But Bob laughed over her worries.

"People laugh at me because I don't smoke or drink," she told him.

"Well, what do you care whether they do or not?" he said. "I like you just the way you are."

He proved it by marrying her, and becoming one of Hollywood's unseen husbands.

Nearly everyone knows the name of Gloria Stuart and could tell you just what she looks like. Ask them about Arthur Sheekman and their brows will furrow. Who is he, they'll want to know. Just one of Hollywood's favorite scenarists and the second husband of Gloria Stuart.

When Dorothy Lamour married Herbie Kaye, Dorothy was just a singer with his band and Kaye was an important orchestra leader. Today, the situation is reversed. Dorothy is an important star and Herbie Kaye's name hasn't one tenth the box office draw that Dorothy's has. Sadly enough, when Dorothy was a nobody, they were very happy, but now that Dorothy is a big star and Kaye is just another unseen husband, divorce rumors are rampant.

There are plenty of other unseen, unpublicized husbands in Hollywood. There is Reginald Venable, an ex-navy man, Fay Bainter's husband, Joan Davis' husband, the husband of Ellen Drew, that brand new Hollywood Cinderella you saw in *If I Were King*.

IT WAS her studio's intention to publicize Ellen Drew as young, single and glamorous, and they expected her never, never to mention the fact that she was married to Fred Wallace, a make-up man. But when she said one day to a prominent columnist, "Oh, yes, I'm married and I have a little boy three and a half years old," they gave up trying to hide the fact.

In the past few months you've heard a great deal about Gale Page, who played with the three Lane sisters in *Four Daughters*. But you've never seen and probably never will see a picture of her husband. Though Gale wisely doesn't try to conceal the fact that she's married, she feels that many Hollywood marriages have been ruined through too much publicity.

Although Frank Chapman, the unseen husband of Gladys Swarthout, has said, "I love being a movie star's husband," there aren't many men who would agree with him. If you asked most of Hollywood's husbands whether they like being married to famous stars and they were in the mood to answer you frankly, most of them would say, in the famous words of General Sherman, "It is hell."

On the other hand, most of these men are madly in love with their movie star wives. Perhaps the average man thinks it would be wonderful to be married to a Claudette Colbert, a Jean Arthur or an Irene Dunne, but the men who married them love them not because they are movie stars—but in spite of it.

After a personal appearance at New York's Paramount Theatre, Shirley Ross returned to filmland for work in *Cafe Society*

COUGH MADE (DUE TO A COLD) FAST EXIT!

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6 Oz. Bottle Only 60¢

SMITH BROS. COUGH SYRUP *contains* VITAMIN A

I Love Danger

[*Continued from page* 24]

There had been no hesitation in the answer.

"All right then, lad. We need a runner to carry dispatches from Dublin to Glasgow. You'll be on your own, and if you are caught we can claim no knowledge of you. Only a brave one can do this job? Do you want it?"

SO IT was that there appeared in Ireland, Scotland and England, a young student who was apparently traveling for fun over the countryside of Great Britain. There were but few who knew he carried dispatches that would have meant his execution if he had been caught. Sometimes he hopped rides on trucks or was sent on special missions with the troops.

I think there was a great longing in the voice of the present-day movie star as he looked back down the path to youth.

"It was life at its most thrilling," Brent said to me. "I was very young, and I was inspired with a love for our leader, Michael Collins, that urged me on to more and more dangerous assignments. He was a magnificent man and a real patriot. He seemed to have the divine genius for making us all want to do or die for him."

"Was there much danger in what you did?" I asked.

"Yes, it was dangerous at times, I suppose. Not to admit that would be stupid. You can't carry papers that are incriminating without making you a subject for international police search, you know. Often I walked the countryside to observe what the soldiers were doing, so I could report back. At the same time I carried dispatches that would have made those soldiers happy to shoot me immediately. There was a lot of guerilla warfare all through Ireland and death was common. What was another lad to those men whose business was killing?"

To hear Brent tell it, you'd think that facing death each day was child's play. But hatred and a great willingness to kill marked the Irish rebellion, and George played his part in it. Prison terms weren't the mode of punishment—it was immediate execution.

"And how close did death catch up to you?" I queried.

"Several times my number almost came up," he answered with a flash of Irish smile. "I rode in trucks several times which were hit by bombs. But there were iron tops on them, so the bombs bounced off. Lucky, weren't we?"

It was by dint of repeated questioning that I pieced together the picture of one of these adventures—the one I have sketched for you at the beginning of this story. My own curious background had given me the chance to talk to Brent. This little-interviewed actor heard that I had just returned from a 50,000 mile world trip filled with strange happenings. "I'd like to talk to her," he said.

As we chatted together, I was impressed by the sharpness of Brent's observations. I told myself that it wouldn't be advisable to try to fool this man. Nothing could escape those apparently sleepy eyes.

"Why did you leave Ireland and the Rebellion?" I asked.

Brent laughed. "One day in a hotel the waiter who was serving me bent over and said, 'Are your bags all packed to leave, sir?'

"Naturally I was surprised to have a waiter ask me that question. I just shook my head and went on eating. Suddenly I came to. You can be sure I left the dining room as quickly as I could without attracting undue attention. I went to my room, took all the incriminating papers out of my dispatch case and hid them carefully. Then I went back to finish my dinner.

"In 15 minutes a party of soldiers arrived, with orders to search everything. They did, but they didn't find anything. I don't know yet who that waiter was, but he certainly saved my life!"

It was small wonder that Brent soon found himself on a freighter headed out to sea. His usefulness to headquarters ceased when he was suspected and so he left Ireland less than half a jump ahead of a firing squad.

TO UNDERSTAND the young George of those fascinating days and the smooth dramatic actor of today, one has to consider a few facts. There is that Irish blood, first of all. It gets its possessors in and out of all sorts of trouble. Then there was a father who was an Indian army officer in Calcutta, and a grandfather who knew that money had nothing to do with the joy of living.

It was this old man who taught George the following poem when they sat in the fireside corner, creating the dreams of the old and the young.

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WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—Remember BABY RUTH IS RICH IN DEXTROSE THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR ENERGY!

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!

"The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
All sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt."

This poem has influenced George's life even more than he realizes. From the time he was a youngster, he would rather have an adventure than find a fortune. Even today he rebels against a life that is routine and feels that Hollywood is a veritable trap. Yet he also realizes he is now a man grown, who must accept responsibilities, earn a living, and try to help make the earth a more enjoyable place for others.

In searching the records of Brent's younger days one finds telling incidents that indicate his continual search for action. Sometimes these characteristics lead the lad George directly into trouble.

There was the time, for instance, when he was enrolled in the University of Dublin. He liked it there. But there came a night when two impetuous youngsters entered a cab, both dressed in high hats, ready to take the town apart. There were words and disagreements and when the cab stopped, there alighted not two spotless young men-about-town but a pair of tattered and torn masculine beings, bruised and bloody. Before long there were two less students at the University of Dublin!

When Brent was still younger, he had lived in the United States and had earned a living by picking fruit for a cent a basket in northern New York. He worked like the devil for ten dollars a week on a farm. He also worked evenings in a bookstore so he could finish school. At last, with a few hundred dollars ahead, he crossed the Atlantic to visit an aunt in London.

It was while he was here that the Irish padre saw the light of adventure in young Brent's eyes, and offered him the part in the Rebellion which almost lead to his death.

After his experiences there, he searched Europe for excitement. When he couldn't find any, he manufactured his own. He followed the unknown trails of Spain, France, and Central Europe. There must have been romances there too, but I wasn't told about them.

There's a good deal of reticence in Brent—particularly when an interviewer asks him to talk about himself. Yet the following words give a clear picture of his personal philosophy.

"You can't expect a member of the Irish race to be contented with routine, can you? They were never meant to be serene—they never will be. We strive for peace of mind and as my grandfather indicated, we're apt to be happier when we're broke and haven't even a shirt. I'm no different than

Yards of satin are used to drape Lucille Ball for her part in RKO's *Beauty for the Asking*. Director Glenn Tyron is checking the folds

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any other Irishman, and I don't want to be!

"I like to take my excitement where I find it, and that doesn't happen to be in Hollywood or Harlem night clubs. I've found it in a Vermont lumber camp, in an African desert, in my own home."

Years have brought more balanced living, and a fairly routine existence to the actor. That is evidence that his character and his intelligence have become fully rounded by what life has taught him.

After the early adventures in his life, he turned to acting. When he returned to the United States from his European wanderings, he began his stage career. At one time he played Abie in *Abie's Irish Rose* for a year and ten months. He received excellent training in and around New York, and managed a company of his own. Then he played leading man in Denver for two years.

DANGER of another kind faced Brent during this time—danger of the type that only a man of full measure can meet. It was blindness. There is nothing so devastating to mental and moral balance as the knowledge that you may never again see the sun, the trees, colors, the faces of your friends. I could talk on common ground with this star, for I also have faced the tragedy of blindness. What you learn during those dark months may make or break you for the rest of your life.

During that time Brent learned to keep his own council, to think things through, to weigh people and events carefully. He realized the necessity of living in the present, without too much concern for the future. He felt that each day must be lived as fully and vitally as possible.

Imagine the torture of having to conquer the fear of life-long blackness! But Brent did, and fortunately the blindness was cured. Life again turned into sunny paths for him.

Alice Faye is shown resting at home between scenes of her new 20th Century picture, *Tailspin*

The movies finally came into Brent's life. But just because he is Hollywood-tied at present, Brent has not deserted the danger call.

There was the time on location, for instance, when a punch-drunk, crazy Indian decided to take it all out on Brent. Every one but Brent fled in terror. When it was all over, there remained a battle-worn Brent, and a submissive Indian!

"How do you manage to keep happy these days when your life is so full of work and routine?" I asked.

Immediately George's face was lighted by an inward enthusiasm.

"Flying! I suppose it is the thing I love best in all the world. It is hard to explain, but I suppose it is because when you are up in a plane you are completely removed from the annoyances of everyday life.

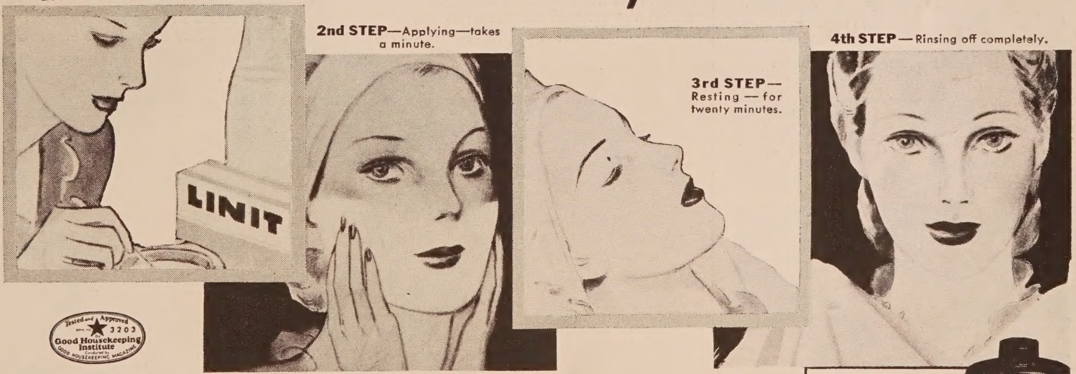
"There's a marvelous camaraderie among fliers, too. I can drop down on any field and find a group of fellows gathered in the hangar, talking the kind of talk I understand. If you are a flyer, you are their friend immediately."

Of course a large part of the answer to why Brent loves flying is the danger element. Machines aren't always perfect, and man's judgment isn't always correct. When you're miles up in the air, that thought always rides with you.

Not long ago Brent was caught in a fog over Los Angeles and his instruments went off duty. He flew in circles, for he knew he was near the mountains. His gas supply became lower and lower. Finally he was able to land and report to distracted friends that he had just had "one of the best times of my life."

George Brent's cup of life is already full. But I'll wager that one of these days, you'll hear that he is off for the far places again, in search of real excitement.

4 Quick Steps WITH THE NEW LINIT Complexion Mask


1st STEP—Mixing—takes a minute.
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2nd STEP—Applying—takes a minute.
3rd STEP—Resting — for twenty minutes.
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Look how easy it is for you to make the Linit Complexion Mask at home: 1—Simply mix three tablespoons of Linit (the same Linit so popular for the Bath) and one teaspoon of Cold Cream with enough milk to make a nice, firm consistency. 2—Apply it to the cleansed face and neck. 3—Relax during the twenty minutes the mask takes to set. 4—Then rinse off with clear, tepid water and pat the face and neck dry.

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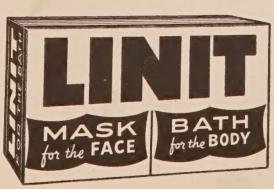

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Hands Up!

[*Continued from page* 46]

you loosen up those tight muscles. Make your fingers do crazy little dances on the top of your desk, until they get in the habit of flexibility. Whatever you do with your hands—whether setting the table, taking dictation, arranging flowers in a vase or playing cards—see to it that they do it gracefully. See to it that your wrists bend and rotate smoothly, that your fingers move neither too fast and jerkily nor too slowly and clumsily.

KEEP your hands up as much as possible. Hands that are allowed to dangle get red and the veins protrude in ugly fashion. Just think how unattractive your face would be were you to stand on your head most of the time. Don't ever wring your hands, form them into tight little fists, or spread the fingers out at angles. This makes the bones in your hands stand out glaringly, and there's nothing pretty about a skeleton hand, you must admit.

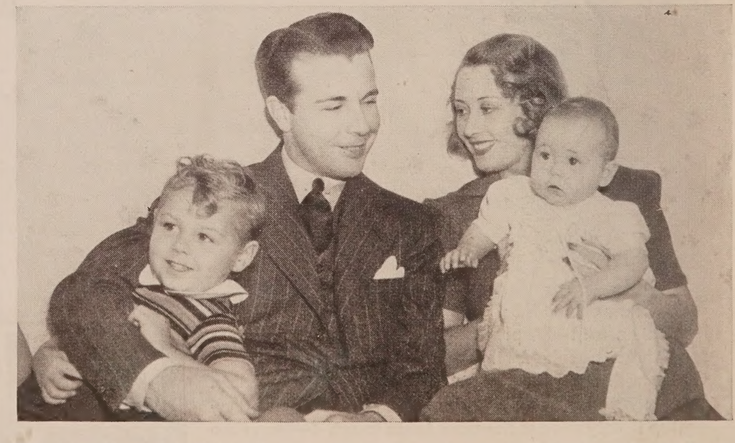
Don't be afraid of acquiring several fetching hand gestures, but for goodness sake, don't over-do it. A few restrained, telling gestures are better than constantly waving, fluttering hands. When you shake hands, extend your arm in a gentle curve, exert a firm pressure of the fingers. I've seen some women whose arms dart out like pistons, whose fingers grip like a vise; then there are others whose arms and fingers are as limp as spaghetti. When you consider that your handshake can be the beginning of a fine friendship, you should try to make it more effective.

Here are typical hand gestures: wagging a finger in playful admonition, waving away a second helping of potatoes or a bothersome thought . . . beckoning someone to your side . . . suppressing a yawn . . . lighting a cigarette . . . adjusting a curl . . . counting on your fingers . . . These and a thousand more. You and I use them all, but do we make them charming or ludicrously awkward? It's up to us to analyze the way we perform these little, but oh! so important gestures. One of the best ways to make them graceful is to watch the trained actresses on the screen. Watch and copy. You know that you shouldn't crook your little finger or hold it out straight when you are eating or drinking. You also know you shouldn't bite your nails or hold your finger in your mouth. But refraining from doing these things isn't enough. You must make every movement of your hands and fingers a little poem, if you are to make them assert your loveliness.

DON'T overlook the importance of wearing rings and bracelets to heighten the beauty and grace of your hands. I think that the current vogue for jingling charm bracelets and old-fashioned bangles is bound to make women use their hands more gracefully, to care for them more faithfully. Just as a giddy new hat makes you conscious of your hair—and makes other people conscious of it too—the wearing of feminine baubles on wrists and fingers brings hands into the spotlight. Long, slender cigarette holders serve the same purpose.

This noon I sat at a busy lunch counter munching a sandwich, in a hurry to get back to my typewriter. On my left sat a young woman whose pretty blonde hair and lovely face caught my attention. Quite naturally my eyes were drawn to her hands. And what a shock I got! They were shaped nicely enough, but the skin was rough and old looking, the nails were bare of polish and obviously hadn't known the touch of a nail file or orangewood stick for a long time. In a case like that flexible wrists and graceful gestures would have availed nothing. Here was a woman whose stock dropped to zero in my estimation. If she had been badly dressed, coiffed and made-up I might not have been so disappointed—but she wasn't. She apparently spent time and care and money on everything but her hands. And yet those poor neglected hands are the only things I remember clearly about her. Don't let that happen to you!

It won't if you will make a list of hand rules headed "Don't" and another list headed "Do." Under the first remind yourself never to put your hands in very hot water, never to use cheap, harsh soaps for laundering or dish washing, never to go out in zero weather



Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are shown above with their son, Norman, and the latest addition to the Powell family, Ellen. SCREEN BOOK Magazine's photographer, Charles Rhodes, took the picture without gloves, never to bite your nails or cuticle. On the other side of the sheet list these simple orders: Wipe your hands thoroughly dry after washing them with a mild soap and warm water. Use a hand cream or lotion every time you've had your hands in water. Get or give yourself a manicure at least once a week. Once a day, after washing your hands, push your cuticle back with a soft towel and remove stray bits of cuticle. If your nails are inclined to break easily, massage a cuticle cream or oil into them nightly. Use a coat of base under your polish to prolong its life. Always change your polish the instant it begins to chip.

THAT is hand and nail care in capsule form, but I have covered the most important points. And now to tell you about some preparations that will make all this easy, quick and inexpensive. A new line of nail polishes in twelve of the prettiest new shades I have ever seen. The big news about the polish is that it will stay on for seven days without chipping, cracking or peeling—and all the while it keeps its bright, lustrous finish. Only one coat is necessary, but if you want even more depth of color, even longer life for your polish, try two coats applied over a sheath of colorless base. Then your finger-tips will rival those of the movie queens pictured here. Oh yes, I forgot to tell you that the price is another excellent feature of this nail lacquer—10 cents for a large bottle!

Last winter I did a lot of skiing, and in spite of warm mittens and the usual precautions, I noticed that my hands were beginning to look red and rough. It was about that time that I discovered a pink hand cream with many qualities to recommend it. So I started using it, doubling upon my usual applications—and it did the trick! I know you'll sing its praises, too, once you try it. It disappears quickly into the skin, leaving no stickiness to annoy you and ruin your gloves or dress, and it has a faint fragrance that adds to your hand charm. Use it regularly or don't use it at all is my advice. You can't expect even a fine cream like this to transform red, chapped hands into smooth white ones if you use it only when you feel in the mood. You can "sample" it by buying the ten cent size at your local five and dime, and I'll wager my new pink angora mittens you'll go back for the 25 or 50 cent size! Want the name?

Troubled with chapped hands, brittle finger nails? Write Janet Lynn for her advice. She'll be glad to tell you, too, how to select nail polish shades. The only charge for this is a stamped, self-addressed envelope (3 cents in U. S. postage, please) sent with your letter to Janet Lynn, c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

I've stumbled onto some lipstick tissues that are honeys. Three hundred of these handy little squares cost only a dime—and they are just as grand for helping out in manicuring chores as they are for blotting off excess lipstick. Five by six inches, they're much larger than your conception of a lipstick tissue, which probably accounts for their popularity. Another thing in their favor is that they come in a bright coral color, that doesn't get too grubby looking after they've been used for wiping off nail polish or rouge. I forgot to mention that the paper is extra-soft and absorbent—and you won't find a trace or speck of lint in a gross of boxes. This is a bargain item and I'd advise you to investigate it.

Write to me before March 15th if you would like the names of any of these products. Just be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your request—and send it to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

T	E	M	P	L	E		P	O	W	E	L	L
A	■	E	A	T	■	D	■	F	A	Y	■	I
L	M	■	T	■	N	E	W	■	R	■	G	O
B	A	R	R	I	E	■	H	A	R	L	A	N
O	N	■	O	D	D	■	I	C	E	■	Y	E
T	■	A	L	A	■	S	T	E	N	S	■	L
	C	G	■	■	M	A	E	■	■	A	T	
F	■	E	D	W	I	N	■	T	O	M	■	M
I	S	■	I	A	N	■	S	O	B	■	L	O
D	E	V	O	R	E	■	K	E	E	L	E	R
L	E	■	N	■	S	P	Y	■	R	■	O	R
E	■	I	N	K	■	A	■	G	O	T	■	I
R	O	M	E	R	O		D	A	N	C	E	S

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4. ***eliminates lipstick line***

For your most thrilling lipstick experience, try this wonderful new Tru-Color Lipstick created by Max Factor, Hollywood, for the screen stars and you...*it's perfect!* There's a color harmony shade for you whether you are blonde, brownette, brunette or redhead. Remember to ask for Max Factor's TRU-COLOR Lipstick...$1.00.

POWDER... Your skin will look lovelier, more youthful, if your face powder is the color harmony shade for your type. This is the secret of Max Factor's Face Powder. Satin-smooth, clinging, it really stays on...$1.00

ROUGE...Are you blonde, brunette, brownette or redhead? There's a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Rouge that will be amazingly flattering to you. Creamy-smooth, it blends easily and evenly...50¢

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MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD: Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*....... FREE.

5-3-49

NAME____________________

STREET____________________

CITY____________ STATE____________

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ... ☐	Blue ..... ☐	BLONDE
Fair .... ☐	Gray ..... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Creamy ...... ☐	Green .... ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ...... ☐	Hazel .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Ruddy .... ☐	Brown .... ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ...... ☐	Black .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
Freckled .... ☐	LASHES (*Color*)	REDHEAD
Olive .... ☐	Light .... ☐	Light. ☐ Dark. ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ..... ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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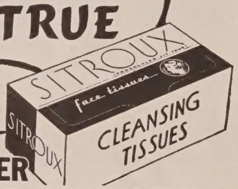
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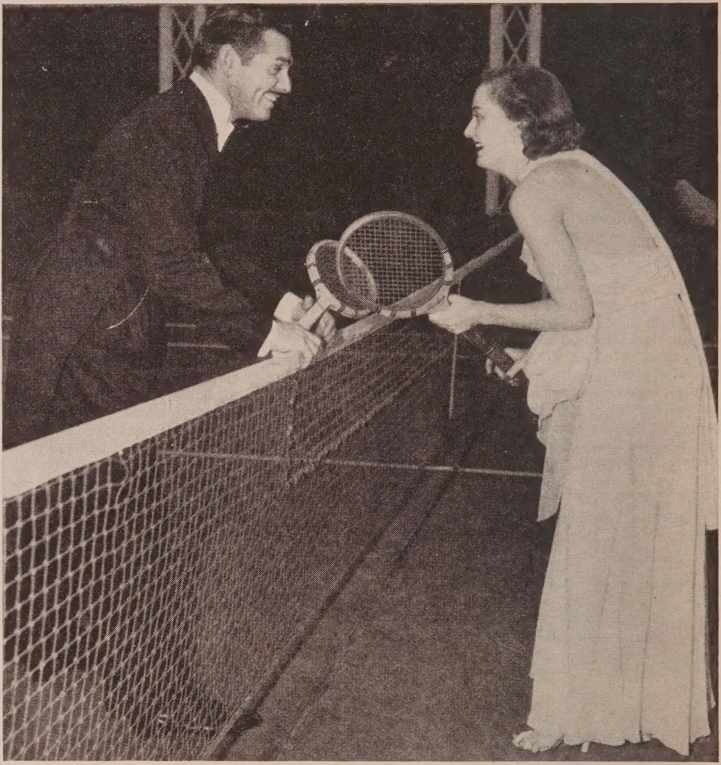
NO. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

THE POSTMAN RINGS



Playing tennis in formal evening attire is Clark Gable's and Carole Lombard's idea of fun. *Idiot's Delight* is Clark's next picture, and Carole's current film is *Made for Each Other*

Edith Zittler

$15.00 Prize Letter

Immortalize Dead Stars

DEAR EDITOR:
We mortals quite often fail to recognize a good thing even when it's right under our nose, and the Hollywood powers are no exception to this rule.

This is what I'm driving at: Why don't they film the lives of some of the beloved stars who have passed on? It has been said that the public has an extremely short memory, but that isn't true in the case of a performer who passed on at the peak of his career. We fans are really more loyal than we're given credit for. Don't the lavish ceremonies each year, in honor of the memory of the great Valentino, and the requests still pouring in by the thousands for the photograph of Jean Harlow; don't these things attest to the fact that we *can* and *do* remember? And what about Marie Dressler, Lilyan Tashman, John Gilbert and Will Rogers—we haven't forgotten them.

[*Continued on page* 70]

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

Disbarred by Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 17]

long, unruly hair behave. You can believe it or don't, but this gal who now is one of the smartest looking *femmes* in the film colony was anything but smart, judged by Hollywood standards, when she arrived there.

A lanky, awkward girl, with a complex about her tallness, she wore low-heeled shoes in an attempt to look shorter than her five feet seven. She studied and developed posture by practicing in front of a mirror. When her screen test proved that she needed filling out here and there, despite the fact that her shoulders were too narrow and her hips too broad, she began eating to gain the necessary poundage. And you don't hear anyone complaining about her figure now, do you?

She did all those things with the same thoroughness that she applies to her more pleasant activities, such as flying. After she was all set in pictures she looked around for something to occupy some of her leisure time. Planes fascinated her so she began to take flying lessons. She didn't talk about them, however, until she had soloed several times. Then she announced casually that she was going after a pilot's license.

When asked to be the guest of honor at the Cotton Carnivals in Memphis, Tenn., and Little Rock, Ark., Gail flew to the fetes and then planed on to Birmingham, for a visit at home. Harnessed in the cockpit with her was her black cocker spaniel, Shadow, her constant flying companion.

No matter what she may think of a thing, Miss Patrick listens to the evidence from both sides before she definitely makes up her mind. There were two schools of thought regarding her chances of becoming a successful actress when she first went to Hollywood. Gail was on the side that didn't think she would be a very good one. As we've said before, she didn't care. Everyone else seemed to agree with her own estimate of herself until the tag end of her second week's visit on the Paramount lot. They had all been pleasant to the little prize-winner from Alabama, but no one had said anything about putting her to work.

Then Marion Gering, the director, saw her in the Paramount cafeteria and said he wanted to test her for a part in a Lombard-Gable picture. Gail's Alabama accent cost her that role, but Gering promised her a part in his next picture. Word got around that Gering must have seen possibilities everyone else had missed; that maybe, at long last, the winner of a talent contest really had talent. Assuming that Paramount already had her under contract, another studio tried to borrow her for a picture. Whereupon the Paramount brass hats woke up and got Gail's signature on the dotted line before anyone else could snap her up. Since then she has made about 40 pictures, with every company on the coast bidding for her services at one time or another.

And that, is the story of how Hollywood dispensed True Justice by putting Gail Patrick into movies, where we all can see her, instead of letting her be penned up in musty courtrooms to be ogled by judges and jurors.

She's a rare phenomenon, this Patrick gal. One of the few movie contest winners ever to get beyond bathing suit publicity poses. She doesn't smoke and she has tasted liquor only twice. Once she took a sip to see what it was like and another time she swallowed a snifter when she fainted in a dentist's office.

Her chances of becoming a lawyer are *nil* now, but she still thinks that some day she'll go back to Alabama and run for governor, as she always had planned to do. Well, if she conducts a baby-kissing campaign here's one guy who'll move to Birmingham and start wearing rompers.

APRIL SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
brings you exclusive stories and pictures of your favorite stars. Don't fail to read
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(Mickey Rooney)
HOW ONE STAR SIDESTEPS SCANDAL
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Age...................... Dress Size.................

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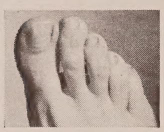

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Without Calomel — And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores.

The Postman Rings

[*Continued from page 68*]

This gesture would not only be a beautiful tribute to the memory of a departed favorite, but it would have the hundreds of thousands of admirers of each jamming the box office. —*Edith Zittler, 548 N. Homan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Ferdinand, The Bull

DEAR EDITOR:

There are handsome heroes who fight for damsels in distress. There are swashbuckling heroes who awe the lovely heroines with their deeds of courage. And there are bulls who fight matadors, and bulls who butt trees. But alas! not *Ferdinand*!

Despite these handicaps, *Ferdinand* is threatening the popularity of all the screen heroes—and this includes Clark Gable, Robert Taylor and Tyrone Power.

If we thought that Walt Disney's *Three Little Pigs* was a sensation, his Silly Symphony, *Ferdinand*, is proving a riot. And here's the proof: When the crowds leave the theatre it isn't the romantic Ronald Colman in *If I Were King* about whom they're talking. No, it's the incomparable *Ferdinand* who prefers to sit under the cork trees watching the butterflies weave lazily in and out of the fragrant blossoms than to fight with a matador!—*M. F. Donner, 6220 37th St., N. W., Seattle, Wash.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

More Patriotic Shorts

DEAR EDITOR:

A few days ago I saw a picture which deserves commendation. The picture was entitled, *The Declaration of Independence.* The names of the actors were not stressed very much, but the spirit with which they entered into the little historical plot paid a real tribute to our Fathers of the past who risked so much and endured criticism that our nation might be born.

With our democracy being attacked from many angles in this day, it behooves every loyal citizen to see again those early day sacrifices and become re-consecrated to the task of preserving this heritage of liberty handed down to us. This little picture is a means to an end and we should one and all give hearty praise to its producer and to those admirable characters participating in it.—*W. F. Anthony, 222 South Eddy Street, Fort Scott, Kansas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Rosemary vs. Priscilla

DEAR EDITOR:

Because two of Hollywood's most promising new actresses are unlucky enough (only from the career angle) to be sisters, movie-goers may be deprived of a delightful screen personality if circumstances continue as they stand at present.

Lovely Priscilla Lane has been acclaimed the latest sensation. Charming Rosemary Lane has been pushed into the background as one of the many Lane sisters. Why? Because although Rosemary is as talented as Pat, although in different phases of their art, Priscilla has been given not only much romantic ballyhoo, but better picture opportunities. We have not seen Rosemary as anything but a singer, and a foil for non-too-outstanding leading men at that. Priscilla has had leading roles in her movies that were able to carry her through, despite poor productions. In *Four Daughters* the nation cheered Priscilla. I doubt if any of the moviegoers realized that Priscilla stood out because she had the leading role. Rosemary didn't even appear throughout half the picture! I do not discredit Priscilla—she is as much my favorite as is Rosemary, but I dislike the injustice of the situation. All Rosemary needs is the opportunity in the form of a good role in a good picture.—*Jane Greenberg, 189-32 45th Road, Flushing, N. Y.*

EDITOR'S NOTE: You will be pleased to hear that Rosemary has the lead role in three forthcoming Warner productions, *Oklahoma Kid* opposite Jimmy Cagney; *They Made Me a Criminal* opposite John Garfield, and *Yes, My Darling Daughter* opposite Jeffrey Lynn.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Special Request

DEAR EDITOR:

I have just seen *Angels With Dirty Faces* and wish to ask: Who is that little boy who sang the choir solo in *O Salutarus Hostia*? What an unusual voice!

Must Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen, Judy Garland, Edith Fellows and other child stars hold the limelight indefinitely? Bring on this talented youngster again and soon, please!—*C. M. Morrison, Box 219, Great Falls, Mont.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Screen Book Magazine Takes a Bow

DEAR EDITOR:

Are movie fans just a bunch of malicious spinsters, peering under drawn window shades, hoping to catch their neighbors up to something discreditable? Some fan publications, SCREEN BOOK Magazine honorably excepted, seem to think so. And if they broadly hint at alleged unconventional domestic arrangements existing between certain film notables, they are merely giving the fan what they think he wants. Does he want it? Has he any right to it? Is it good that he should have it?

A movie fan buys an hour's entertainment from his favorite performer. Does the purchase entitle him also to a detailed history of the actor's amorous exploits, past and present, and a horrified "tsk, tsk" because these do not happen to coincide with his own ethical notions? Buying a pound of pork chops, does the same fan acquire as a bonus rights to a survey of the butcher's love life? What do you want for a dime, anyhow?

Right or wrong, you can lay it right in the lap of the few misguided publications catering to the peeping Tom and nosy Norma type of fan.—*Art Long, 107-48 88th St., Ozone Park, N. Y.*

Read April SCREEN BOOK Magazine. Exclusive stories and pictures of your favorite stars.

At Your Theatre Soon

[*Continued from page 33*]

Nolan justifies his studio's hopes that he has successfully graduated from the ranks of the heavies into hero roles.

As the title implies, the musical score of the picture will probably be far more interesting to the average movie-goer than the story, acting or setting. Miss Lamour's singing will undoubtedly add to her already tremendous popularity while the playing of a new "hot" band, Matty Malneck's, introduces an original style of "polite" syncopation which should find favor with film audiences.

Highlight of *St. Louis Blues* comes when Maxine Sullivan, the sepia songstress whose swing version of "Loch Lomond" swept the country, sings a new arrangement of composer W. C. Handy's million-dollar tune, aided and abetted by the celebrated Hall Johnson Choir. Since he wrote it 35 years ago, Handy's *St. Louis Blues* has sold more than 14,000,000 copies. Paramount's film will probably send sales zooming again.

Probable critics' rating of *St. Louis Blues*: Good.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

(United Artists)

Directed by William Wyler. Starring Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier, with David Niven, Flora Robson, Hugh Williams, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Donald Crisp and Leo G. Carroll. National release date—Late February.

FROM the turbulent pages of Emily Bronte's classic novel, *Wuthering Heights*, Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur have fashioned a screenplay which seems destined to score artistically and box-officially. Laid on the desolate moors of England's Yorkshire country, the film brings to vivid life the famed love story of Cathy (Merle Oberon) and Heathcliff (Laurence Olivier), the gypsy foundling whose imprecations against her family came to tragic fulfillment.

The production marks the return to the American screen of the English actor Laurence Olivier, who fled these shores six years ago after being promised the leading role opposite Great Garbo's *Queen Christina*, only to lose the part to the late John Gilbert. In the supporting cast English-born David Niven plays opposite his former flame, Miss Oberon, for the first time since *Beloved Enemy*, which picture coincided with the end of their once torrid romance. Flora Robson, England's greatest character actress, plays Ellen. Hugh Williams, who handles the difficult role of Hindley, was signed to a contract in London on a Friday, sailed for America on Saturday, arrived in Hollywood the following Thursday and went to work the next day, having covered 6,000 miles in exactly one week.

To transform a 450-acre farm 50 miles north of Hollywood into an exact replica of the Wuthering Heights country, thousands of pots of Yorkshire heather were imported. A completely equipped stone castle and miles of typical English fences were constructed. Total cost of the set: $100,000. Cast casualties on location: Miss Oberon, one sprained ankle from running over the "Yorkshire" hills; Mr. Olivier, one bad case of hay fever from the imported heather.

Probable critics' rating of *Wuthering Heights*: Very Good.

JESSE JAMES

(20th Century-Fox)

Directed by Henry King. Starring Tyrone Power, Henry Fonda, Nancy Kelly and Randolph Scott, with Henry Hull, Slim Summerville, J. Edward Bromberg, Brian Donlevy, John Carradine and Donald Meek. National release date—February 3, 1939.

AT AN outlay of $2,000,000, more than ten times what the famous outlaw allegedly stole during his celebrated career, 20th Century-Fox has recorded dramatically and authentically the life of Jesse James, peer of all American bandits. The result more than justifies the expense.

Under Director Henry King (*Alexander's Ragtime Band, In Old Chicago, Lloyds of London*), who picked the locale after a 15,000 mile airplane survey, a film troupe of 200 went on six weeks' location at Pineville, Mo. (pop. 475), in the heart of the Ozark mountain region where the original Jesse James made outlaw history. Actual shooting culminated three years of intensive research into

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the 1866-1882 period of the bandit's reign.

Technicians erected post-Civil War saloons, hotels, stores and a blacksmith's shop almost overnight, covered Pineville's paved streets with 3,000 truckloads of dirt and set the town back, in appearance, some three-quarters of a century. Before returning to Hollywood they restored everything to its original form.

During his 16-year career of banditry Jesse James reputedly took some $200,000 from banks, railroads, stage coaches and in miscellaneous holdups. In six weeks on location 20th Century-Fox spent some $500,000 in the Ozark country.

Starring in the Technicolor film are Tyrone Power as Jesse James; Henry Fonda as Frank James, his brother; Nancy Kelly as Jesse's wife and Randolph Scott as the United States Marshal. A strong supporting cast virtually guarantees sure-fire box office.

Probable critics' rating of *Jesse James*: Excellent.

WINGS OF THE NAVY

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Starring George Brent, Olivia de Havilland, John Payne and Frank McHugh, with John Litel, Victor Jory, Henry O'Neill, John Ridgely, John Gallaudet, Donald Briggs and Regis Toomey. National release date—February 5, 1939.

LATEST in the current series of thrilling aviation films is Warner Brothers' *Wings of the Navy,* a swiftly-paced, at times spectacular picture which should satisfy the most avid flying fan.

Starring George Brent, John Payne, Olivia de Havilland and Frank McHugh, *Wings of the Navy* combines the rare virtues of authenticity and high-powered drama. To guarantee accuracy Director Lloyd Bacon took his company of 70 players on a transcontinental junket to Pensacola, Fla., the "Annapolis of the Air," where complete facilities of the U. S. Naval Air Station were extended to the Hollywood visitors.

During the three weeks' on location stay in Florida, Brent, who has a civilian pilot's license, was the only member of the cast permitted to go up out of film hours in Navy seaplanes. On two trips the Navy fliers allowed the star to pilot the big ships.

Director Bacon was on familiar territory in this drama of the skyways. A Naval officer during the World War, he now holds the rank of lieutenant commander in the reserve. In one scene he wears his own uniform in portraying a member of the air station commandant's staff. Wearing a Navy uniform is old stuff to Frank McHugh, who has appeared in four other service films.

Wings of the Navy gives newcomer John Payne one of Hollywood's biggest breaks of the year. Cast as Brent's younger brother, he has a full, sympathetic part which should boost his stock as a coming star.

Probable critics' rating of *Wings of the Navy*: Good.

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by William McGann. Starring John Garfield and Rosemary Lane, with Morgan Conway, Peggy Shannon, Stanley Fields and Dick Purcell. National release date—Middle February.

JOHN GARFIELD, who was elevated to stardom following a brilliant performance in his first picture, *Four Daughters,* follows through on his drive toward cinematic fame with another personal acting triumph in *Blackwell's Island.*

Based on the expose a few years ago of corrupt conditions existing in New York City's since-demolished East River prison, the story is packed with action and gives Garfield ample room for his dramatic brilliance. Cast as Tim Hayden, newspaper

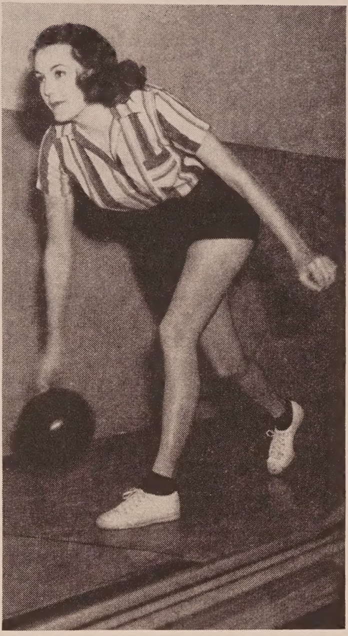
Hoofer Gable, they call him. He is shown here with five charming members of the cast of *Idiot's Delight,* the M-G-M film in which he is co-starred with Norma Shearer

reporter who exposed the city prison scandal, the young star gives a deft and convincing performance.

Rosemary Lane, who was with Garfield in *Four Daughters,* adds to her fast-growing popularity in the role of Nurse Sunny Walsh. Dick Purcell, as her policeman brother, and Stanley Fields, portraying the gangster boss Bull Bransom, handle difficult roles in first-rate fashion.

Garfield's role as the reporter who knew the "inside" on New York City crime conditions, is a natural for the 26-year-old actor. He was born in the toughest tenement district of Manhattan's teeming East Side and was, by his own admission, "ripe for the reform school" at the age of 12. Instead he met Angelo Patri, snowy-haired patron saint of underprivileged children. Patri saw talent lurking behind the hard-boiled, sullen mask young Garfield had adopted, and interested him in dramatics . . . Not many years later the critics were accolading his performance in the stage play *Golden Boy.* From then on Hollywood and stardom was a *fait accompli* for the kid who almost became a criminal.

Probable critics' rating of *Blackwell's Island:* Very Good.



Bowling 'em over, and in more ways than one, is Kay Sutton, raven-haired feminine lead of RKO Radio's *Lawless Valley*

HONOLULU

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Edward Buzzell. Starring Eleanor Powell, Robert Young, George Burns and Gracie Allen, with Rita Johnson, Jo Ann Sayers, Betty Jaynes, Douglas MacPhail, Eddie Anderson and Willie Fung. National release date—February 3, 1939.

THE languorous atmosphere of Hawaii in which the film is laid fails to impede the fast tempo of M-G-M's newest musical comedy, *Honolulu.* Under the flying feet of Eleanor Powell and the glib tongues of Robert Young, George Burns and Gracie Allen, it moves along swiftly and entertainingly.

Against a conventional story background of mistaken identity, which gives Young his first dual role, Director Buzzell has fashioned an eye-filling, toe-tingling picture which should receive a warm reception. Dancing and music are superior.

Imitating Bill Robinson in his celebrated stair dance, Miss Powell dons black face for the first time. Her legion of fans will revel in the hula number which took the dancing star three weeks to master and will hear her sing a song, "What Makes the World Go Round?" They will be disappointed to learn that her famous dancing shoes, "Ike" and "Mike," patched and repaired countless times during the past three years, finally gave out during the filming of *Honolulu* and had to be retired.

Cast as a movie star "trying to get away from it all" and as a Hawaiian planter who looks like the star, Young talks to himself in the picture by means of a split screen, the first time he has ever been used in this cinematic stunt. Thor, the huge Great Dane who licks him on the ear during the picture, wouldn't do the trick until whipped cream was daubed on Young's face.

For the first time in their career Burns and Allen are not teamed. Though both appear in the picture they never meet on the

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screen . . . Eddie Anderson, who plays the valet, is the famous "Rochester" of Jack Benny's radio programs.

Probable critics' rating of *Honolulu*: Very good.

YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN

(Universal)

Directed by George Marshall. Starring W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, with Constance Moore, Princess Baba, Blacaman, Grady Sutton and Edward Brophy. National release date—February 17, 1939.

SINGLY, either bulbous-beaked W. C. Fields or Edgar Bergen's impudent Charlie McCarthy can make even a second-rate comedy a smash hit. Working together with good material they are capable of producing a three-alarm laugh riot. And that is exactly what they have made of Universal's ambitious comedy, *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man.*

Fields and McCarthy devotees will find plenty of side-splitters in their pet comedians' first co-starring picture. The circus background of this screwy farce gives Fields free play for his inimitable talents, including a brand new gag in which he works with Oliver, a ventriloquist's dummy, his stooge in the hilarious feud with "woodpecker-bait" McCarthy.

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man also marks the screen debut of the much ballyhooed Princess Baba, youngest daughter of the white Rajah of Sarawak. Despite her tremendous build-up the Princess not only photographs amazingly well but handles her share of the film antics more than adequately.

As if all this weren't enough to assure a golden harvest at the box office, Universal has added a bizarre fillip in the strange person of The Great Blacaman, wild-haired animal hypnotist who claims to be the only man in the world who can hypnotize lions to such an extent that he can bite them on the nose without retaliation.

Edgar Bergen and pretty Constance Moore, who gets her first screen break in *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man,* carry the romance in the picture.

Typical of the comedy's humor was a small, chintz-draped portable bungalow erected on the Universal lot for Charlie McCarthy. A notice on the door reads:

PRIVATE

Edgar Bergen, knock before you enter.
W. C. Fields, termites and woodpeckers, KEEP OUT!

Probable critics' rating of *You Can't Cheat an Honest Man*: Good.

DARK VICTORY

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by Edmund Goulding. Starring Bette Davis and George Brent, with Geraldine Fitzgerald, Humphrey Bogart, Ronald Reagan, Henry Travers, Cora Witherspoon, Dorothy Peterson and Charles Richmond.—National release date—Late January.

IN THE gallant, tragic role of Judith Traherne, doomed star of *Dark Victory,* Bette Davis rises to heights of dramatic brilliance seldom equaled in her distinguished career. Her third starring film in one year, it may easily prove to be her best.

The restrained, convincing portrayal of Dr. Frederick Steele by co-star George Brent heightens by contrast Miss Davis' superb interpretation of the giddy young heiress who is destined to tragedy. From delicate nuances of emotion to hysterical outbursts of passion, Miss Davis plays the part with a skillful expertness rare even in so veteran an actress as she.

Dark Victory, adapted by Casey Robinson from the George Brewer, Jr.—Bertram Block play, is the moving story of Judith Traherne's reaction to the realization that a malignant disease allows her only a few months of life. Ably reinforced by a strong supporting cast headed by Geraldine Fitzgerald, Ronald Reagan and Humphrey Bogart, Miss Davis and Brent recreate the celebrated stage roles in moving, sympathetic fashion.

As a magnificent study in human emotions, *Dark Victory* will undoubtedly gain a place on the critics' "must" list this year, may possibly be in line for the title of "best picture of 1939."

Probable critics' rating of *Dark Victory*: Excellent.

Adolphe Menjou and Roger Daniel (backs turned) are pictured watching a rearing horse. They are playing in United Artists' production, *King of the Turf*

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 8]

BOB TAYLOR is such a nice guy we hate to expose him. But our information is too good to keep. Read these instructions carefully before you try out Bob's favorite parlor trick. It worked beautifully for him, so if you've got what Taylor's got, try it on your own group of friends. Bob lights a cigarette. Then he holds it between his thumb and index finger. The lighted end burns into the index finger while Bob just smiles at you pleasantly. If you expect to see a charred member when Bob shows you his hand, you're doomed to disappointment. This is how he does it. He holds a highball glass in his hand first. The finger that will eventually receive the lighted end of the cigarette, is held close to the cold glass. After several seconds it becomes so numb, the burning cigarette cannot penetrate. It looks wonderful when Bob does it—but now you're on your own!

* * *

FORTUNATELY for the movie stars, there's always something new coming along to intrigue Hollywood. Right now it's the outdoor ice rink owned by Betty Grable's father. Every night the stars flock there, each one trying to outdo the other with original skating routines and costumes that look like they belong in a Ziegfeld show. Personally, Betty Grable will do for our money. She wears a one piece white jersey bathing suit. And if you've never seen Grable on ice, you've never lived!

* * *

MAYBE it won't sound so appetizing to you, but to Alice Brady it's wonderful. When she is on a picture Alice gets very hungry. So at eleven o'clock each morning, her maid brings her a large dish of raw oysters. Some mornings Alice starts with clams and other mornings she tosses off a tin of imported caviar before going to lunch at twelve.

* * *

WHEN Bob Young moves out of his Beverly Hills home, he leaves behind a wealth of memories. This is the first home Bob ever owned in his life. He bought it when M-G-M assured him that he was going to be one of their permanent and valued players. Bob has come a long ways since those days. He is renting the home and moving into a new ranch out in San Fernando valley.

DIRECTOR EDDIE SUTHERLAND has every right to see pink elephants. For weeks he directed 'Queenie" in scenes with Alice Brady, Babe Hardy, Harry Langdon and Billie Burke. Now "Queenie" is a peace-loving actress as long as her boy friend is allowed to stand back of the camera and throw her kisses. So the two elephants were allowed to carry on their little romance, while the front office boys tore their hair. At the finish of the picture, Jean Parker who was also in it, presented Sutherland with a white elephant made of patent leather. A note written by Jean, explained that this particular animal was an old maid!

* * *

KAY FRANCIS lost no time in proving to Hollywood that she and Baron Barnekow are still very much that way. When Kay sailed away on an ocean voyage, alone, Hollywood raised inquiring eyebrows. But the first evening back in town, Kay saw to it that her silver-haired young baron (who looks like Hoot Gibson) took her to dine at the Beverly Hills Brown Derby. And on this particular night there wasn't a candid cameraman or a Hollywood columnist to be seen for miles.

* * *

MRS. BASIL RATHBONE, who loves to give parties and run up furnished houses in her spare time, is all smiles again. It's been quite a while since the Rathbones

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converted their home into a three ring circus or pulled any over night weddings. But now they have moved out to the Bel-Air section of the town and plans for the new house are developing by the moment. A private suite for their young son and his wife takes care of one wing. After a short acting fling in *Dawn Patrol,* Rathbone, Jr., has gone back to the cutting room. Several parties are being planned and decorators are transforming the place to suit Mrs. Rathbone's taste.

* * *

WONDER what the tourists thought when they walked on the *I Take This Woman* set and saw Spencer Tracy reading tender speeches to a rug that was hung on the wall just out of camera range. The rug was really supposed to be Hedy Lamarr, who wasn't on the set at the time. It was Spencer's suggestion that they hang the rug at just the level where Hedy will be seen when they cut to her on the screen. When they offered to send for Hedy, Spencer assured them that he could talk to the rug and get amazing results.

* * *

AND then there's the he-man actor, who recently played opposite a glamour boy in a prize fight picture. He gets his hair dyed periodically in a Sunset Boulevard beauty salon.

* * *

THE new ranch house of Liz Whitney, where Errol Flynn took a sock at polo-playing Aiden Roark, is really something to tell the horses about. In her bedroom, Liz has a chair made from the horns of various steers. Her bed has a headboard made from a wagon wheel

June Duprez takes daily exercises on studio grounds at Denham, England, for her latest production, *The Four Feathers*

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and the great outdoors motif is carried throughout the house. My, wasn't it fortunate that the newspapers carrying the headlines of Flynn's folly, should be on the streets the night they previewed Errol's latest pitcher!

* * *

EVEN though Joan Fontaine and Conrad Nagel appear to be all wrapped up in each other, the fact remains that both are being seen more often with other companions. Not so long ago Conrad spent a pleasant evening with a comely brunette, out at the popular new Grace Hayes Lodge. Joan attended the preview of *Kentucky* with Producer David Selznick, but of course there is no smoke here. Mrs. Selznick, who is a friend of Joan's, was visiting in the East and couldn't get back in time to go to the preview, too.

* * *

THE studio took extra pains in hushing up the details of Ray Milland's fall from his horse. But Ray came so close to breaking his neck that the shock will remain with him for many months to come. The saddle girth broke when Ray, leading an army of men, hurdled the camera. As he landed back on the ground again, Ray, who was pounding away at top speed, felt the saddle go. He landed on his head, gashing it on the cobblestone street. Two fingers on his left hand were torn to the bone. When he regained consciousness, the first thing Ray said was, "I'm all right. I can go to Europe." He did go, too. The trip was delayed for three days while Ray stayed in the hospital. He traveled wearing a white patch on his head and his hand in a sling.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack L. Warner as they arrived on the *S. S. Normandie* from abroad

WE SAW this with our own two eyes, or we never would have believed it. Lana Turner is wearing a charm bracelet made from the 18 clamps they used on her appendectomy. What, no zippers?

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is impressed by the wonderful way Barbara Stanwyck and C. B. De Mille are hitting it off. Usually the stars working for the director stand in awe of the reputation he has built up for himself. Barbara does her job well, tries to be nice to everyone and refuses to take it all too-too seriously. One day after finishing a big scene in *Union Pacific*, De Mille turned to Barbara and said, "I wish now I had made you sing a few bars from an Irish song. I think your singing would have improved the scene." For a moment there was silence. Then Barbara, in that quaint way of hers, replied dryly, "Mr. De Mille, I think you would have lived to regret it!"

* * *

WE STOPPED to chat with Bette Davis on the Warner lot. She is much thinner, more subdued in manner and definitely showing signs of the hurt caused by her recent divorce from Ham Nelson. But the Davis humor is still in evidence. She pointed to the black wig she was wearing for her role of "Carlotta." "This is one time that a black wig won't make me look like Hedy Lamarr," said Bette.

[*Continued on page* 80]

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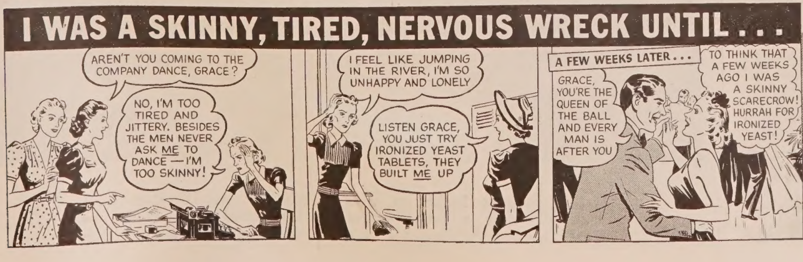
AREN'T YOU COMING TO THE COMPANY DANCE, GRACE?
NO, I'M TOO TIRED AND JITTERY. BESIDES THE MEN NEVER ASK ME TO DANCE — I'M TOO SKINNY!
I FEEL LIKE JUMPING IN THE RIVER, I'M SO UNHAPPY AND LONELY
LISTEN GRACE, YOU JUST TRY IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS, THEY BUILT ME UP
A FEW WEEKS LATER . . .
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Don't pay several hundred dollars more than necessary when you build a home! Buy it direct from our mill at our low factory price. We ship you the materials—lumber cut-to-fit, ready to erect. Paint, glass, hardware, nails, etc., all included in the price—no extra charges. We pay the freight. Plans furnished—also complete building instructions. No wonder our customers write us that we saved them 30% to 40%, compared with builders' prices. Easy terms—monthly payments.
Handsome Big CATALOGUE FREE
Send for FREE BOOK of Liberty Homes
Pictures wonderful homes in colors at money-saving prices. Designs to suit everyone. Write for your catalogue today!
LEWIS MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 6493, Bay City, Michigan

Electrical Appliances Eliminate Drudgery

[Continued from page 44]

you'll cook him dinners better than mother used to make.

THURSDAY IS THE MAID'S DAY OUT, and it won't disturb you a bit if you have this "double feature" waffle iron, which bakes two waffles for the price of one! No waiting with this twin-beauty iron which *bakes them faster* than HE or the family can gobble them up. A quick-heating glow-coil gives uniform heat, while expanding hinges allow the waffle to puff and puff as fast as it wants to, *without overflowing,* because, you see, there's a special rim around the edges which catches every drop of batter which escapes. Buy this newest of wafflers, and trim the well-dressed waffle with creamed chicken or tunafish, sweet syrup or butter.

FRIDAY NIGHT IS RELAXING, after a busy week, and in anticipation of the Big Party on Saturday! Nothing more luxurious than to go to sleep under one of these newest and most beautiful automatic comforters. You *sleep "warm as toast,"* or snug as the proverbial bug. *Quilted in lovely boudoir colors* to match any bedroom scheme, and assured of *perfect control* from the decorative little ivory and gold cabinet set on the night table. Buy it for yourself with Father's birthday check, and sleep like a movie star!

SATURDAY NIGHT IS PARTY NIGHT, and all the gang will be there to taste the tempting dishes prepared in this capacious electric roaster grill. It *cooks whole meals,* or meals for the whole crowd, whichever you choose. It's so good-looking it can stand right on the table while there emerges from it a golden-brown turkey (a 19-pounder at that) or a spicy baked ham, tomato treats and many other buffet specials. You can signal it "on" or "off" at will, while its ingenious *hinged cover* allows it to be raised without dripping. It actually holds 18 quarts of food—enough for the biggest and jolliest of buffet parties. Beg it, or buy it—it's the Big Must on the hostess' shopping list.

SUNDAY BREAKFAST IS LAZY, for life begins at breakfast! The electric coffee maker, automatic toaster, and table cooker all make breakfast a merry meal, whether it's Sunday or a week day. And when business says "Must be at office by 9 A. M.," the rapid automatic advantages of these appliances, and the fact that *cooking may proceed while eating,* saves time and *keeps foods piping hot.* Buy leisurely, time-saving breakfasts, electrically done to a turn.

EVERY DAY IS A SATISFACTORY DAY, when dishes are washed in this electric dishwasher which *does the whole job in 10 minutes.* And does it so much better too, because it *leaves no germs behind* on greasy plate or spoon, and dishes dried from scalding water are hygienically clean. When the table is cleared, the dishwashing job is done. Throw away your dishpan and enjoy another "outlet" for better living.

For further and fuller information on all these appliances, which have been dependably tested for YOU, fill in the following coupon and send it to me.

Let Me Send you more FREE information on the 8 appliances featured in this article, including name and address of manufacturer, and retail prices of items described.
Please paste this coupon on a penny postcard and send it to:

Christine Frederick,
c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine,
1501 Broadway,
New York City.

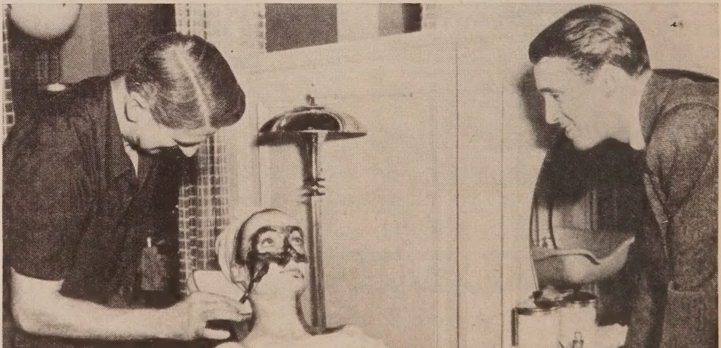
(This offer expires April 15, 1939)

Name ....

Street Address ....

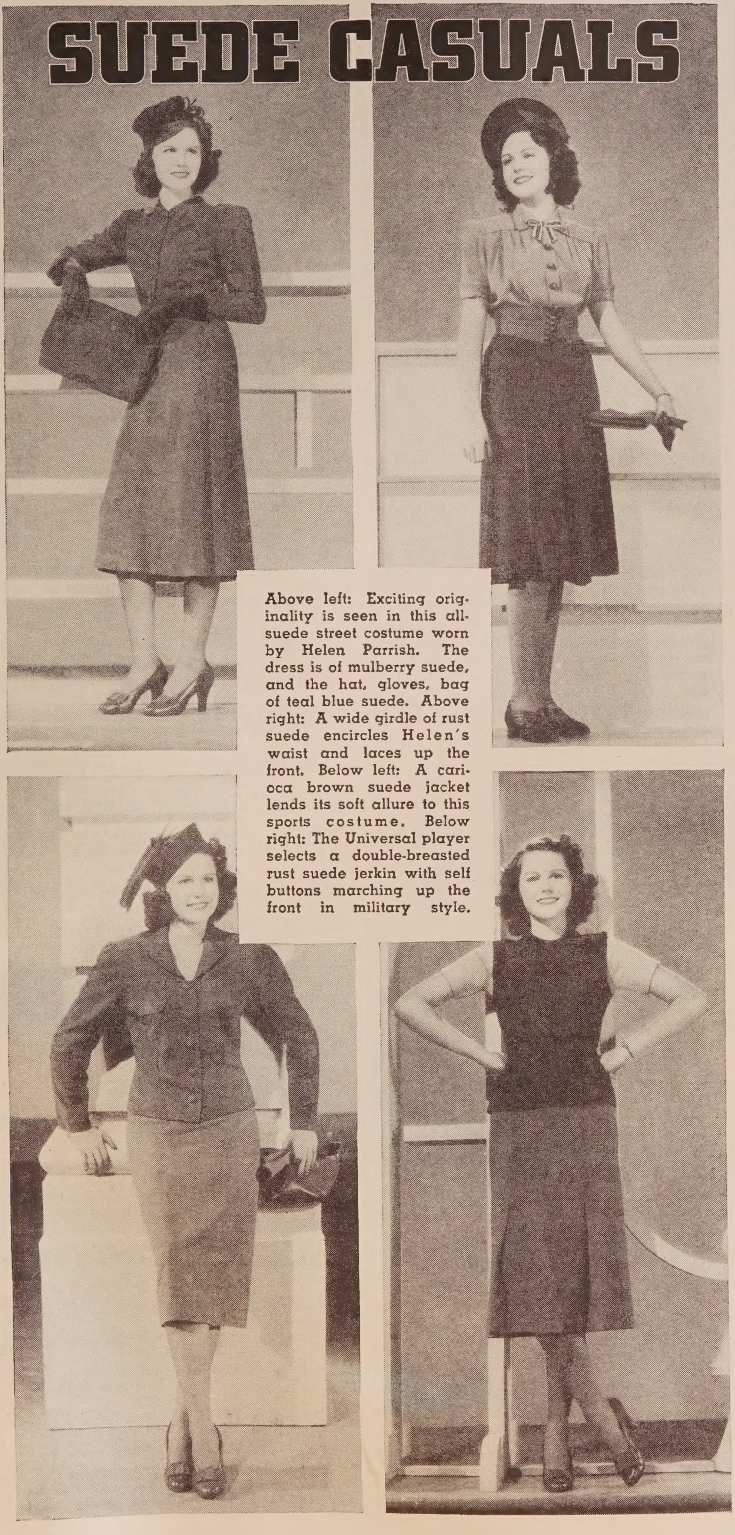
Town and State ....

SB-3



Jimmie Stewart looks on with amusement as Director John Cromwell adds a few touches of blackened cold cream to Carole Lombard's face for a scene in *Made for Each Other*

SUEDE CASUALS



Above left: Exciting originality is seen in this all-suede street costume worn by Helen Parrish. The dress is of mulberry suede, and the hat, gloves, bag of teal blue suede. Above right: A wide girdle of rust suede encircles Helen's waist and laces up the front. Below left: A carioca brown suede jacket lends its soft allure to this sports costume. Below right: The Universal player selects a double-breasted rust suede jerkin with self buttons marching up the front in military style.

If you've never worn dress shields before—
START OUT WITH THE BEST!

"Marvelite"
CHIFFON LATEX
DRESS SHIELDS
BY HICKORY

"SO THIN—YOU WON'T KNOW THEY'RE IN"

Marvelite brings you pounds of protection and priceless comfort, daintiness and economy . . . in less than an ounce! Buy Chiffon Latex "Marvelite" Dress Shields for all your frocks—today! Never another whisper about perspiration stain!—no more underarm acid-damage to your clothes!—never another speck of annoying bulk!

Transparent, boilable, economical: 35c per pair, 3 for $1. Money-back guarantee of satisfaction by the makers. You'll find "Marvelite"—and other styles of Hickory Dress Shields—at all good notions counters. Get your genuine GUARANTEED Hickory Shields today—refuse substitutes.

"Be wise—do as I do—
wear a Hickory belt"

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Sanitary Belts
WITH MARVELOX Grip

Don't buy bargains for the difficult days when you need EXTRA comfort, EXTRA security, EXTRA peace-of-mind. Get the best!—you deserve it. Hickory Sanitary Belts cost so little more, but they give you so much more in the constant feather-light comfort and long wear of soft Miracle stretch Lastex. Perfect fitting . . . WOVEN-TO-SHAPE . . . with convenient Marvelox grip—no pins or bulky tabs. At all good notions counters—refuse substitutes.

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 77*]

MR. "WRONG WAY" CORRIGAN may not be the most popular boy on the RKO lot, but they know better than to shove him around. The famed flyer lives in a nine-dollar-a-week hotel. It is walking distance from the studio and he always walks. Those jewelry salesmen, who somehow manage to crash the sound stages, know better than to approach Corrigan. He knows how to hold on to his money and can look a bargain straight in the eye without falling for it.

* * *

GINGER ROGERS wouldn't allow us to give this as her own health recipe, so you'll have to decide for yourself. As you know, the Rogers' figure is one of the most beautiful in Hollywood. Every day on the set Ginger eats a package of dried figs. Along about three in the afternoon she indulges in a chocolate bar. She eats very little breakfast and lunch. Dinner is her one good meal.

* * *

WHEN a little sick girl, who was too poor to buy a radio, wrote a letter to Deanna Durbin, that little star saw to it that the girl got one for Xmas. Then Deanna sent her a wire and a photograph and promised to visit her if she ever came to the little girl's city. The nice part of the story is that Deanna gave up her weekly allowance money to put toward her purchase.

Two of the first people Ben Blue entertained in his new home were Judith King and Helaine Moler, Paramount beauties who worked with him in *Paris Honeymoon*

A ticket of admission to previews of all the big hit pictures! That's what the ten cents you pay for MOVIE STORY Magazine buys you. These previews are in the form of thrilling, full-length story versions of the films, and are generously illustrated with beautiful pictures from the movie itself. This month Clark Gable and Norma Shearer are first on the program, in their new dramatic smash hit, "Idiot's Delight." And there are ten other movie stories and features for you to enjoy! You'll want to buy MOVIE STORY this month—and every month!

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

March Issue Now On Sale!

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BRUSH IT AWAY THIS EASY WAY

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a **free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
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462 Niagara Street, Buffalo, New York

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Tinytone Radio Corp., Dept. F-3, Kearney, Nebr.

NEW 1939 MODEL

Why Stars Hate the Candid Camera

[*Continued from page* 30]

photographs, this was in effect 100 per cent fake.

Most brutal and inexcusable of recent fakes was one that caused Jean Harlow distress and grief during the last days of her life. She spoke of it to more than one friend.

All Hollywood knew of Bill Powell's fine devotion to Jean. Incredible as it seems, one editor rooted around till he found an old snap of Bill on the day he married Carole Lombard. The groom was kissing the bride. The editor cut Carole Lombard's head off that picture, substituted Jean's and printed it as a "candid camera" shot of Bill and Jean. A pleasant trick to have played on you when you are grievously ill!

On sets the candid cameras give the stars the jitters, hurting both work and health. There's strain enough without that.

Way back yonder, Greta Garbo was working in *Grand Hotel*. So was Lionel Barrymore. Barrymore brought his old friend, the late Arthur Brisbane, world-famous editor, on the set. Greta quietly and apologetically declined to begin work until Brisbane had finished his visit.

Barrymore grew embarrassed. "He only came for the honor of seeing you work."

Greta remained firm. "Ask him if he could write an editorial with me, or anyone, looking over his shoulder."

Brisbane got it at once. He laughed, "I couldn't write a line."

If Greta's point was right, and few dispute it, how much more nerve-wracking it must be to take and re-take scenes with invisible eyes winking from every angle—mechanical monocles on every vest-pocket, peer-glasses in every powder-puff. Law may be sought to control aerial photographs like the Astaire example. Maybe so. Maybe not. Freedom of the press is dear to Americans.

On the lots and sets plenty is already being done. Most studios have already barred candid cameras, professional or amateur, star-owned or in the hands of visitors. One or two companies admit professionals on a pledge that they will submit photographs for approval. This gives the cheater at least one break. Perhaps by the time these words are printed cameras, which created Hollywood, will be Hollywood's most watched-against contraband!

Meanwhile, restaurants and night clubs are widely divided in policy. A few try to protect stars but it's hard to do. Other night spots look like camera conventions.

One downtown Los Angeles theatre, featuring personal appearances, reserves the first four rows for candiddling. Even an old-timer like Bill Robinson has been heard to moan, "I can't dance right with all those folks shooting at me."

The net result of present excesses is that stars are driven more and more into themselves for recreation, and are losing the last shred of desire for any real contact with their fans. There's also the effect on acting excellence, plus the nerves and health of people whom fans love.

No sensible reason exists why the candid camera should not remain a medium for universal fun and also for publication purposes. It can be used without being abused.

This writer has a hunch that something more powerful than law will bring the candid camera back to sanity. The fans' own sense of sportsmanship, applied in protest when decent bounds are violated, can scotch the Snake in the Lens.

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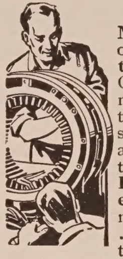

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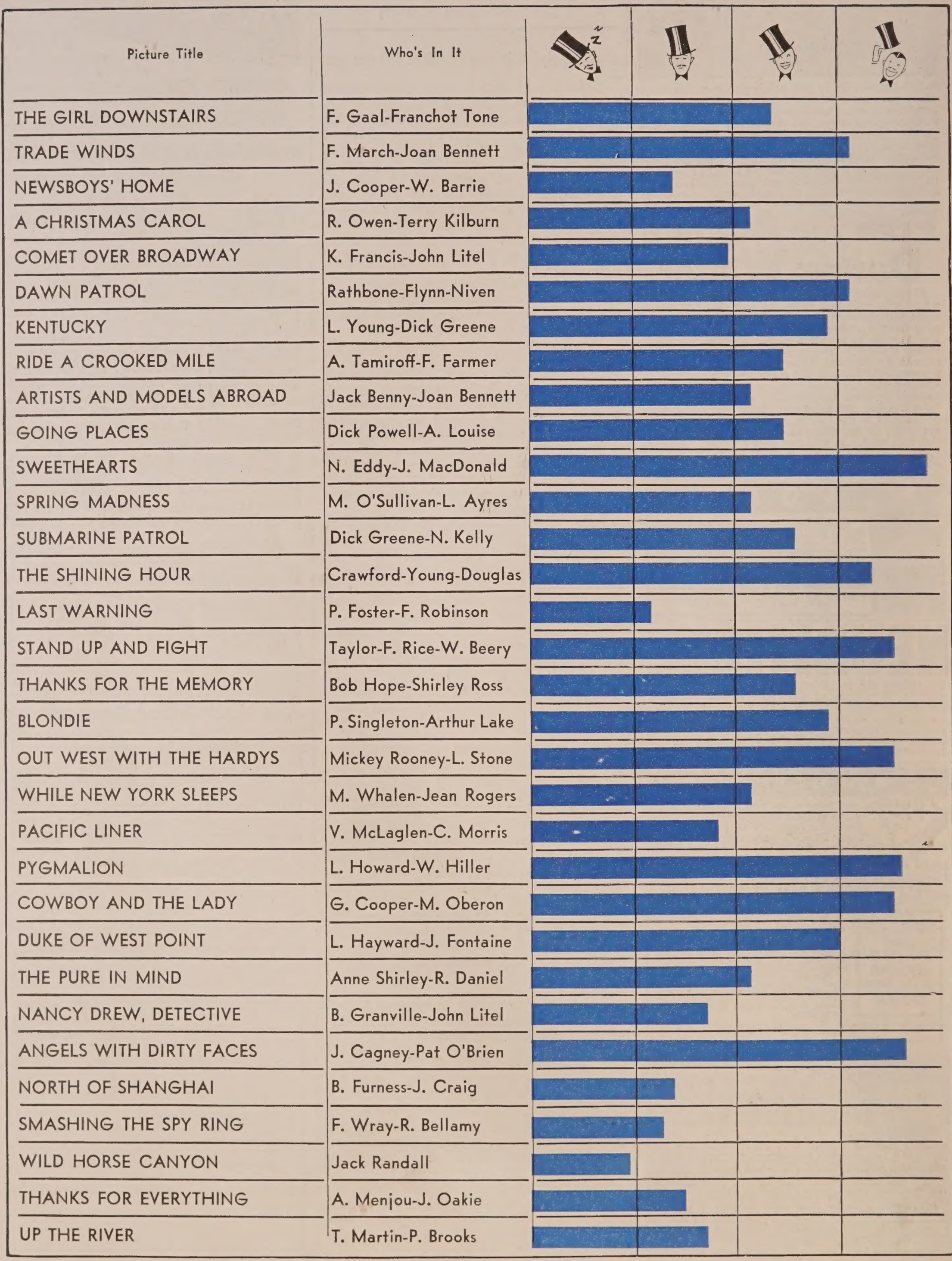
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)



Picture Title	Who's In It
THE GIRL DOWNSTAIRS	F. Gaal-Franchot Tone
TRADE WINDS	F. March-Joan Bennett
NEWSBOYS' HOME	J. Cooper-W. Barrie
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	R. Owen-Terry Kilburn
COMET OVER BROADWAY	K. Francis-John Litel
DAWN PATROL	Rathbone-Flynn-Niven
KENTUCKY	L. Young-Dick Greene
RIDE A CROOKED MILE	A. Tamiroff-F. Farmer
ARTISTS AND MODELS ABROAD	Jack Benny-Joan Bennett
GOING PLACES	Dick Powell-A. Louise
SWEETHEARTS	N. Eddy-J. MacDonald
SPRING MADNESS	M. O'Sullivan-L. Ayres
SUBMARINE PATROL	Dick Greene-N. Kelly
THE SHINING HOUR	Crawford-Young-Douglas
LAST WARNING	P. Foster-F. Robinson
STAND UP AND FIGHT	Taylor-F. Rice-W. Beery
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY	Bob Hope-Shirley Ross
BLONDIE	P. Singleton-Arthur Lake
OUT WEST WITH THE HARDYS	Mickey Rooney-L. Stone
WHILE NEW YORK SLEEPS	M. Whalen-Jean Rogers
PACIFIC LINER	V. McLaglen-C. Morris
PYGMALION	L. Howard-W. Hiller
COWBOY AND THE LADY	G. Cooper-M. Oberon
DUKE OF WEST POINT	L. Hayward-J. Fontaine
THE PURE IN MIND	Anne Shirley-R. Daniel
NANCY DREW, DETECTIVE	B. Granville-John Litel
ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES	J. Cagney-Pat O'Brien
NORTH OF SHANGHAI	B. Furness-J. Craig
SMASHING THE SPY RING	F. Wray-R. Bellamy
WILD HORSE CANYON	Jack Randall
THANKS FOR EVERYTHING	A. Menjou-J. Oakie
UP THE RIVER	T. Martin-P. Brooks

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During the "Parade of Progress" visit your grocer often. You will see and learn much of interest to every woman. From day to day your grocer will feature extra values of nationally advertised foods. Take advantage of the many opportunities to become better acquainted with nationally advertised brands and prove to yourself that nationally advertised brands cost no more than unknown brands—very often they cost less—and quality is always dependable.

FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS proudly salute the "Parade of Progress" and are happy for the opportunity to place this message before the two and one half million women who read Fawcett Women's Group magazines each month.

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MAGAZINE
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1939

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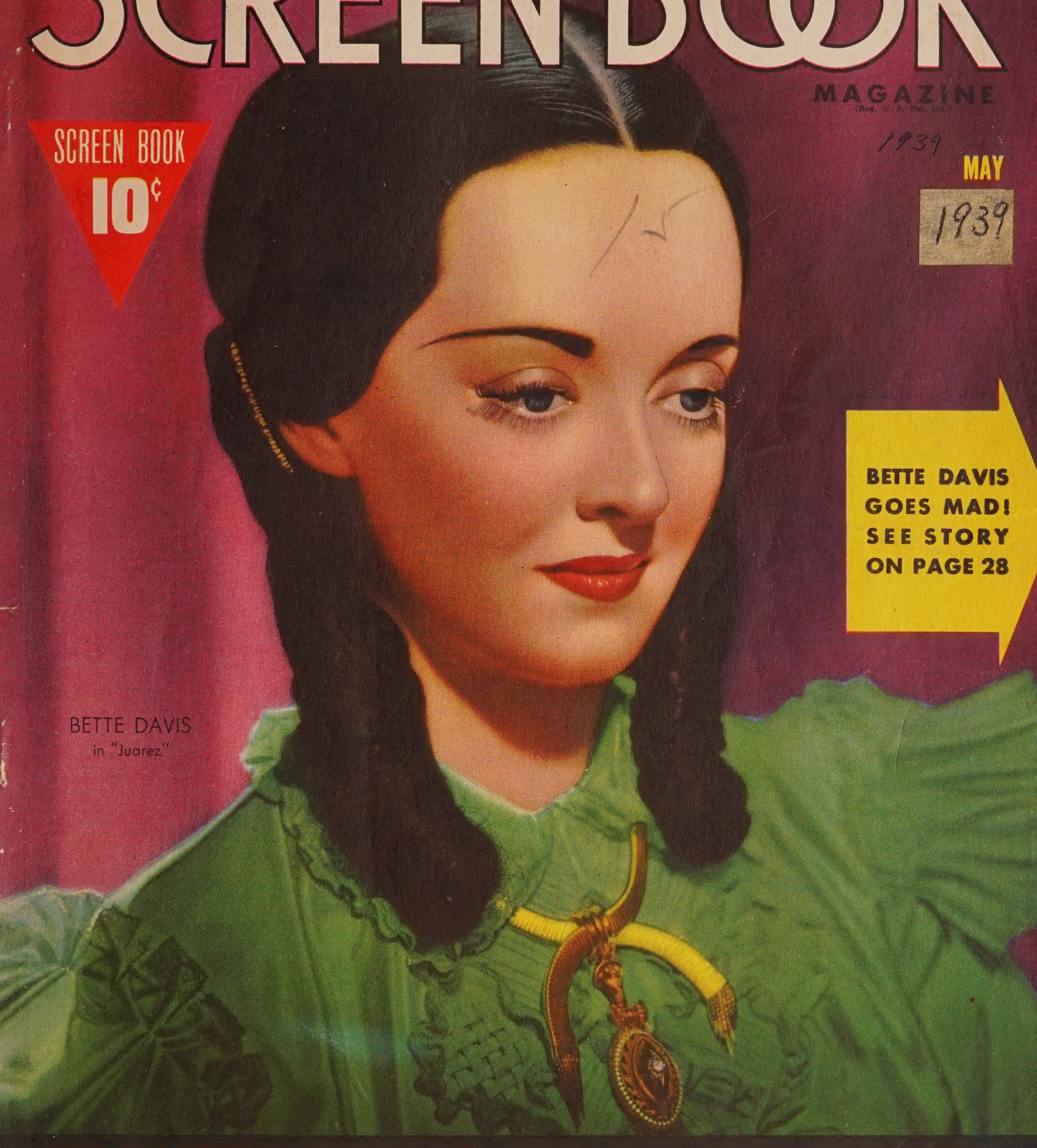
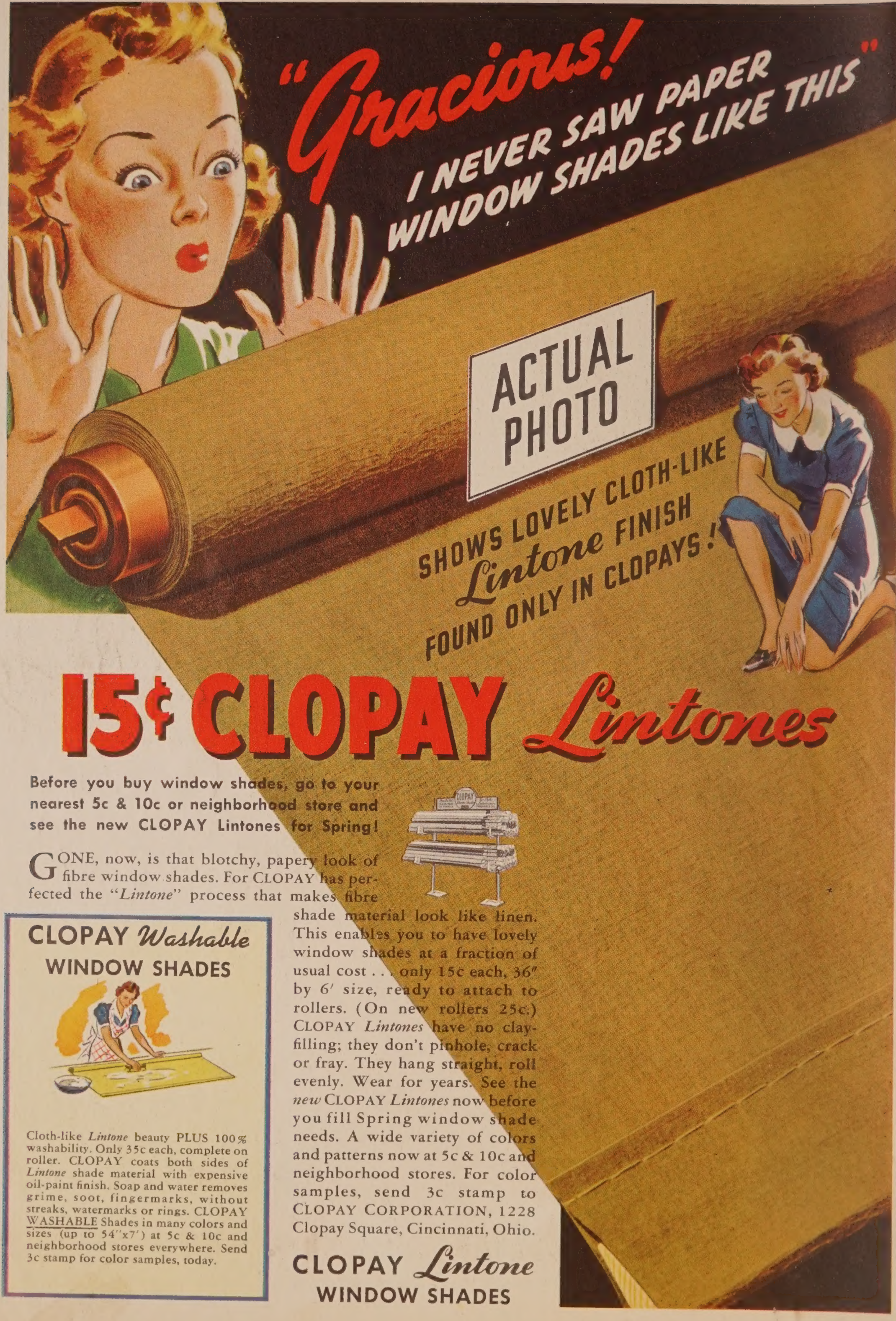


BETTE DAVIS
in "Juarez"

BETTE DAVIS GOES MAD! SEE STORY ON PAGE 28

CLAUDETTE COLBERT CENSORS THE CENSORS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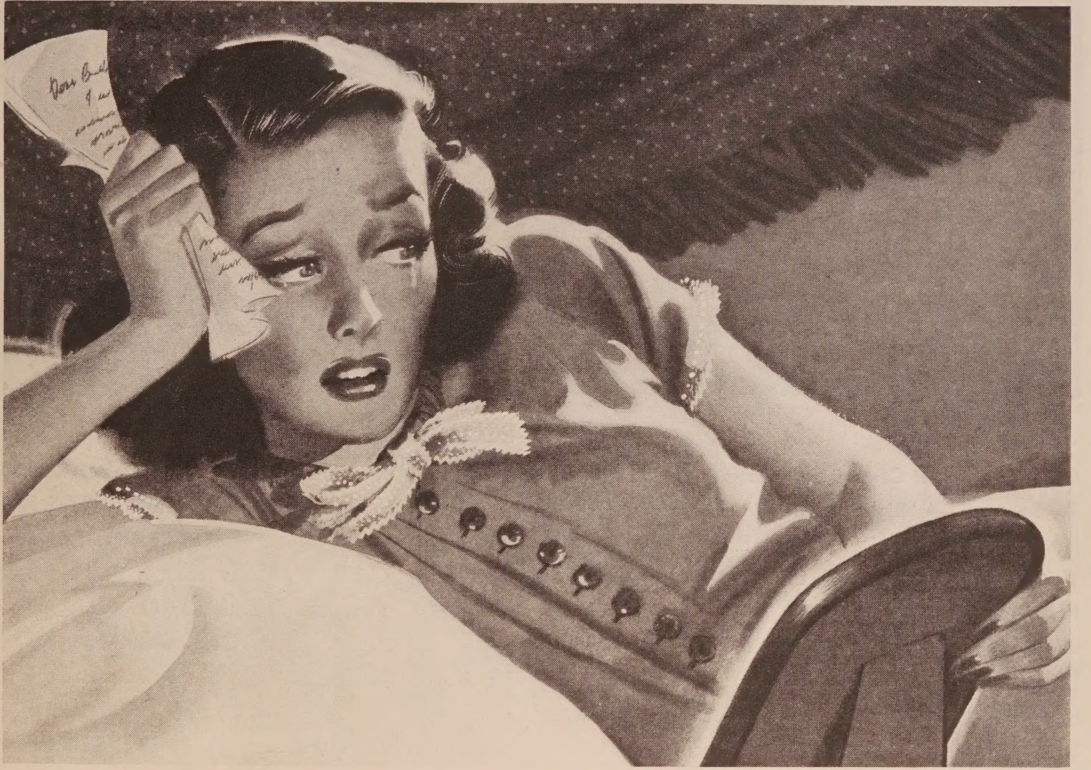

No girl need risk losing romance — when MUM so surely guards charm!

HOW COULD IT HAPPEN? How could he write those heart-breaking words? After all his tender promises to love her always—how could he hurt her like this? There was no warning, except the coolness she had barely noticed—and too easily dismissed.

But how significant it should have been for any girl in love! For when a man grows less attentive—distant—cool . . . there is a reason. So often the girl who loses out has grown careless—has foolishly neglected to use Mum!

Even fastidious girls make this mistake. They think a bath alone is enough when underarms always need Mum. They fail to realize that the freshness of a bath soon fades. A bath removes only *past* perspiration—never odor to come. That's why it's so important *never* to neglect Mum! Mum keeps you fresh *all day.* More women use Mum than any other deodorant. It's so pleasant . . . so easy to use . . . so sure to guard your charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! A pat under this arm—under that—and you're through. Takes only 30 seconds!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric—use it even *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum is soothing to your skin!

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops every trace of odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. With Mum, you're sure underarm odor won't break the spell of your charm. Mum keeps you *always* fresh!

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM, TOO
Don't risk embarrassing odors! Thousands of women always use Mum for sanitary napkins. They know that it's gentle and safe!

SMART GIRLS MAKE A DAILY HABIT OF MUM

I'LL USE MUM—NOW THAT I'VE LEARNED EVEN A DAILY BATH ISN'T ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS...

TO HERSELF: MUM HAS KEPT ME FRESH, ALL RIGHT. TONIGHT I'VE REALLY BEEN A HIT.

MUM **TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION**

PARADE OF PROGRESS At Your Grocer's, April 6 to May 6

SCREEN BOOK

Incorporating **SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE**

VOLUME XXI **No. 10** **MAY, 1939**

WILLIAM HARTLEY
EDITOR

W. H. FAWCETT
PUBLISHER

RALPH DAIGH
MANAGING EDITOR

AL ALLARD
ART DIRECTOR

GORDON FAWCETT, HOLLYWOOD MANAGER

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CHARLES RHODES, Staff Photographer .... **Top Photo by Apger: Jeanette MacDonald**

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America's Songbird Chosen Queen of the Screen!

(22 Million Fans Voted
Her FIRST in a Great
National Newspaper Poll)

Jeanette MacDonald in "Broadway Serenade"

with LEW AYRES • IAN HUNTER • FRANK MORGAN

They parted when she won fame and he failed. Was their youthful love strong enough to bring him back?

Frank Morgan and a grand comic cast. Glamour of Broadway show world! Crowded with gorgeous girls!

Beautiful Jeanette dances, sings! Hear "Broadway Serenade", "Magic Melody", and others...

A ROBERT Z. LEONARD PRODUCTION • SCREENPLAY BY CHARLES LEDERER
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Three steps to a Kiss!

Throw away your old greasy "red paint" lipstick! Put on Tangee. Its "orange magic" changes to *your very own shade* of blush rose —whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead.

Stop daubing on artificial-looking rouge! Use Tangee Rouge, with the same matching color, to give your complexion appealing "natural" loveliness. Top it off with Tangee Powder.

Then look in his eyes, and see the girl he's dreamed of mirrored there—young, sweet and adorably kissable! Hear him whisper, "Darling —I never knew you could look so lovely."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! *There is only one Tangee—don't let some smart salesperson switch you.*

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. *If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.*

Be Popular! Check up on *your* charm with Tangee Charm Test, sent with Miracle Make-Up Set below.

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin) (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Peach ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

*Name*____________________
(Please Print)

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________ F59

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

THE editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine want you to consider a question of vital importance to every movie-goer. Month after month we have received letters relative to the problem of double features versus single features. It is no exaggeration to say that our correspondence on this question greatly exceeds any other type of correspondence received.

We have learned that many of you are violently opposed to the double features and would welcome a return to single features. Others are equally strong in their support of the double bill.

Because of public interest in the question, we have planned a national newspaper poll to be conducted under the supervision of SCREEN BOOK Magazine. We feel that this poll will answer once and for all the question of whether or not the public wants double features.

In brief, the plan is for your local newspaper to carry a series of articles pro and con for five days. On the sixth day a ballot coupon will be published for your use in voting on this vital question. We may find it advisable to have ballots distributed in your local theatre.

By presenting both sides of the question over a period of five days, we hope the poll will produce a fair expression of public sentiment in each city. Your vote will influence both exhibitors and producers. Results of the poll will be announced in your local newspapers as the ballots are totaled.

Critics of various important metropolitan newspapers have expressed their enthusiasm towards our project and their willingness to cooperate.

Letters have been sent to producers asking their opinion on the poll. We have been pleased by the favorable comments from most of them, but the replies from some of the smaller studios have raised a serious question.

"Small studios," we are told, "exist because of the demand for double features. The poll you propose might easily ruin us, put hundreds of actors, directors and technicians out of work."

The editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine can not easily disregard this plea. On the other hand, we are aware of vigorous public demand for a return to the single feature.

We are putting the problem squarely up to you, our readers. It is truly your problem, for you are the people who "buy" the products put out by Hollywood. In the final analysis you are the ones who must decide whether or not we are to have double features.

In the June issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine there will be an announcement of interest to all of you. We are going to start the ball rolling by offering large prizes for your letters on the double feature question. You will have the opportunity to present your ideas and fill your pocketbook at the same time.

We'll tell you all about the contest in the June issue, so be sure to buy your copy of SCREEN BOOK Magazine the moment it appears on your newsstand. Look for the DOUBLE FEATURE CONTEST, read the rules and join in.

Remember—you must buy your copy of June SCREEN BOOK Magazine early. Tell your friends about the contest, show them this column and remind them to purchase June SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

Thirty-nine readers of this magazine are going to win prizes—and you may easily be one of them.

Ivy Stewart, a lovely bit of femininity, proudly displays her one-piece bathing suit of all-over print

ON PAGE 38 SCREEN BOOK Magazine presents Don Bogg's caricature map of Hollywood. A replica of this map as reproduced on a silk scarf may be obtained through him. They come in three colors—wine, blue and luggage tan, the price is $2.00 per scarf and Mr. Bogg's address is Box 1030, Hollywood, California.

—The Editor

THEY SAY . . . .

I enjoy reading SCREEN BOOK Magazine because it's the most timely and entertaining motion picture magazine on the newsstands.—Fay Bainter

* * *

Of course I'll recommend SCREEN BOOK Magazine to discriminating readers! Why not? I've read it from cover to cover for a long time and find each issue better than the last.—Melvyn Douglas

* * *

SCREEN BOOK Magazine is "tops" as far as I'm concerned.—Cary Grant

* * *

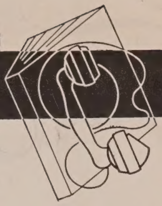
Thanks, fellers. We certainly appreciate the kind words.

—The Editors.

The Portrait of a Free Soul

NOW SEE THIS FACE ON THE SCREEN!

Out of the blazing fires of her genius, the screen's most gifted actress has created a gallery of unforgettable women. Now Bette Davis, the winner of two Academy Awards, comes to you in the climax of all her dramatic triumphs. In the role she has waited eight years to play. In the greatest picture of a woman's love that the world has yet seen. See "Dark Victory," a Warner Bros. picture, at your theatre Easter Week!



INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS,
Associate Editor

Will you please inform me which songs were sung in *Three Smart Girls* and *100 Men and a Girl?* The information obtained from the pages of SCREEN BOOK Magazine is greatly appreciated by the family.—Peter C. M.

In *Three Smart Girls* the songs were: *Someone to Care for Me* and *I Stumbled Over Love. Music In My Dreams* and *It's Raining Sunbeams* were the songs sung in *100 Men and a Girl.* Thank you for your kind words, Peter.

May I please have the cast of the picture *Paris Honeymoon?*—Eloise W.

Bing Crosby as Lucky Lawton; Franciska Gaal as Manya; Akim Tamiroff as Peter Karloca; Ben Blue as Sitska; Edward Everett Horton as Ernest Figg; Shirley Ross as Countess De Remi; Gregory Gaye as Count De Remi; Rafaela Ottiano as Fluschotska; Keith Kenneth as the butler; Raymond Hatton as Huskins and Barbara Weeks as Julieska.

Please tell me the name of the next picture Alan Curtis will appear in. Who will be his leading lady?—J. B. W.

Alan has a feature role in the new Wallace Beery picture, *Sergeant Madden,* and the love interest is supplied by newcomer Laraine Johnson.

Please tell me if Eleanor Powell had a double for her hula dance in the picture, *Honolulu.*—Gene A.

Miss Powell was very persistent in doing this dance herself and spent many hours learning the intricacies of the hula dance.

Will you please tell me if Don Ameche is making a picture under the title *When Winter Comes?* When will it be released? —C. K. H.

Don's next and only picture scheduled for him at this writing is *Alexander Graham Bell.*

I would appreciate a list of the songs sung in the picture *Sweethearts.*—Rita Z.

Mademoiselle, On Parade, Wooden Shoes, Every Lover Must Meet His Fate, Summer Serenade, Pretty as a Picture and *Sweethearts.*

Are Bing Crosby and Bob Crosby related?—Lucille V. C.

Yes, Lucille, they are brothers.

Joan Valerie, 20th Century-Fox actress, has been awarded a new contract for her fine performance in *Tailspin*

Have you a hankering to see your favorite star's photograph published in SCREEN BOOK Magazine? Beginning with the June issue, SCREEN BOOK Magazine will feature monthly a "Request Page" devoted to and determined by the number of requests received from our readers. Send in your request today! Just drop a postcard to SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Request Page, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month SCREEN BOOK Magazine will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N.Y.C.

May we have a biography of the young lady who played the part of "Sunny" in the picture *Tailspin?* Was she in the picture *Kentucky?*—Irene, John and Marie.

Joan Valerie is the charmer you refer to. Born in Chicago on May 12 and christened Helen Virginia Valkis, she set her mind on a stage career and never wavered. Joan soon gained her first opportunity dancing with the Blackaller Players during summer vacations. Her dramatic training began while she was a student at Morningside College. Following her graduation she worked both as a bookkeeper and as a commercial photographer's model. Her stage career began again when she accompanied the Blackaller Players on a tour in the play, *Let Us Be Gay.* Coming to California in 1936, she studied dramatics at the Pasadena Community Playhouse where she appeared in *Fallen Angel* and *The Great Garrick.* It was during the run of the latter production that she was seen by a talent scout and put under contract to Warner Brothers. Then followed feminine leads in a Technicolor short, *Day at Santa Anita,* and such Western films as *Cherokee Strip* and *Blazing Sixes* and *Old Barn Dance* with Gene Autrey. Other pictures she has appeared in are: *The Jones Family In a Trip To Paris, Submarine Patrol, Kentucky, Road Demon* and *Tailspin.* Miss Valerie is 5 feet, 4 inches tall, weighs 114 pounds and has blonde hair and blue eyes. Joan is a devoted bicyclist, and excels at tennis and badminton. Her hobby is poetry, especially Lord Byron and Browning. She is also a collector of antique jewelry.

In which picture was the song *Sonny Boy* sung and by whom?—Mrs. H. A. C.

The song *Sonny Boy* was sung by Al Jolson in his first talkie, *The Singing Fool.* He later appeared in the picture entitled, *Sonny Boy.*

What are the studio addresses of the screen's new king and queen?—Ernest H.

King Power's studio address is 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California, and Queen MacDonald's address is Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studio, Culver City, California.

I would appreciate it very much if you would tell me the names of the stars in the picture *Lost Horizon.*—Marion M.

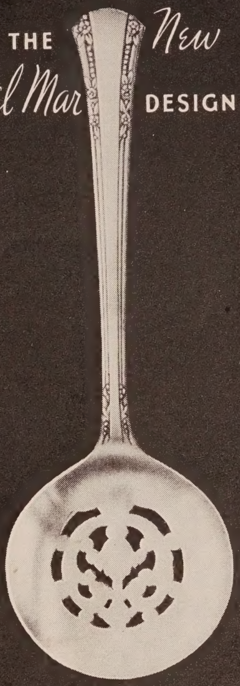
Ronald Colman, Jane Wyatt, Sam Jaffe, John Howard and Margo portrayed the leading roles of this fine picture.

More than a $10.00 SAVING –

1881 ROGERS

By ONEIDA LTD. *Silversmiths*

THE *New* *Del Mar* DESIGN –



INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Your dealer is now offering this lacy Tid-Bit Server, in DEL MAR design (ideal for gifts or bridge prizes) at only

25¢ REGULARLY $1.00

Lovely
ANN SHERIDAN
appearing in "Dodge City," a Warner Bros. Production, sets her table with this fine Silverware Service of Stars.

The SERVICE OF THE STARS

Yes, it's the selfsame kind of silverware chosen by so many glamorous Hollywood Stars. And now is the time to make this beauty yours. You can own a 58-piece Service for eight, a Tarnish-Proof Chest and a lovely, lacy Flower Vase (6¾ inches high) — *all* for only $29.95. If bought separately they would cost you $42.25. So you see you really do save *more* than $10.00. . . . Choose one to be really *yours*, from four lovely designs . . . shown at your silverware dealer's.

Copyright 1939, Oneida Ltd.

Strange BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Girls of Egypt Wore a Magic Charm At the time of Cleopatra, women wore a mystic charm to make them fascinating . . . and irresistible to men.

Girls of Today Use DJER-KISS Modern maidens know the way to be completely captivating...with the Parisian fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning... Djer-Kiss keeps you dainty and refreshed. Helps keep you cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin... you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

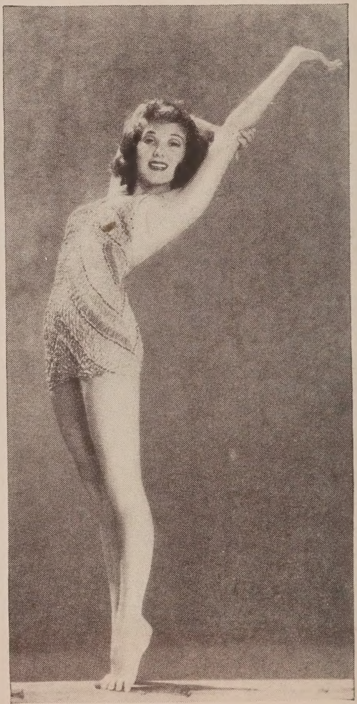
Genuine imported talc scented with Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

Parfum
Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff
Paris
Poudre de Talc

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

FILMLAND WHISPERS

CESAR ROMERO loves San Francisco and San Francisco loves Cesar Romero. So he goes up there every chance he gets. Recently he went up with the Bob Youngs, the Allan Jones and Una Merkel to attend the President's ball. While there, Cesar met Dr. Margaret Chung, the Chinese surgeon who is so greatly loved by the film colony. So Cesar remained over for a few days and Dr. Chung personally pointed out the local points of interest. Cesar and Ann Sheridan have regular weekly dates now—every week for seven consecutive nights! For his birthday, Ann sent Cesar a twenty-four sheet cutout of herself. It stands with an easel and Ann sent it as a gag of course. Cesar keeps it in his swanky living room.



Jean Parker shows what fresh air and sunshine will do for you. Her latest picture is Columbia's *Romance of the Redwoods*

* * *

EVERYONE in Hollywood is taking honors for originating the new cropped-to-the-head haircut. Our vote goes to Bette Davis, who insisted that Perc Westmore cut her hair close so the wigs would look well in *Juarez.* Bette gave her family quite a scare recently when she failed to come home one evening. Working late on the set, Bette, who now has Kay Francis' old dressing room suite, decided it would be much smarter to sleep at the studio than go home and get up again at five in the morning. When her mother happened to call and was told that Bette hadn't showed up, everyone got frantic. Finally, Bette's sister thought to call her dressing room. There was Bette snug as a bug in a yellow basket.

* * *

IT'S too bad some of our own fans can't take a lesson in politeness from the fans in Jamaica. When Janet Gaynor and Adrian visited there this spring, the natives would leave their autograph books at the hotel desk instead of pestering Janet. There were no less than 50 every night for Janet to sign and return in the morning. While they were there, the tourists visited the less civilized part of the island. Most of the villagers had never seen a red headed woman before, so Janet caused a lot of excitement. No trip would be complete without taking in a movie. Jamaica may not be first with the latest, but the audience was going in a big way for Joan Crawford in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney.*

* * *

PRISCILLA LANE'S family is pleased with Oren Haglund's influence on the youngest starlet. When she was going with Wayne Morris, Pat didn't care a darn about getting all dressed up. Wayne was a bit on the informal side himself so it all worked out nicely. But Haglund loves to see a girl looking her best at all times. So now Priscilla is buying up frills, and hopes to become a glamor girl.

* * *

BING CROSBY has never quite reached that stage of success where he expects people to wait on him. Along about three in the afternoon Bing begins to get that old feeling. Instead of asking a prop man, Bing borrows his bike. He peddles down to the studio commissary where they keep those apple vending machines. Bing drops a coin, gets his apple, then climbs back on the bike and goes peddling back to work again.

* * *

DAVID NIVEN might just as well face it. He will never be another Sonja Henie. When he went to take his first ice skating lesson, David spent so much time off his feet he shouted over to an attendant and told him that his skates were attached

[*Continued on page 12*]

What does a Woman want most?

CLAUDETTE COLBERT

LOVE! says the glamorous star of Paramount's "Midnight." "That's why beautiful skin is important. I use LUX SOAP—it helps guard against COSMETIC SKIN."

ANDREA LEEDS

LOVE! says this popular Samuel Goldwyn star. "No woman can be happy without ROMANCE. That's why it's foolish to risk COSMETIC SKIN. Screen stars use LUX SOAP."

Skin must be soft and smooth to pass the LOVE TEST

THE eyes of love look *close*. Foolish to let unattractive Cosmetic Skin spoil romance! Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather removes dust, dirt, stale cosmetics *thoroughly*—guards against the *choked pores* that cause Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Clever girls use Lux Toilet Soap. This soap guards the world's loveliest complexions. *Your* skin needs its gentle, protecting care!

LUX
LUX
TOILET SOAP

YOU want skin that's soft enough, smooth enough to pass the LOVE TEST! So use gentle Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather before you renew make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

PARADE OF PROGRESS At Your Grocer's, April 6 to May 6

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 10]

to the wrong spot! Last reports have it that David, supported on either side, is getting fancier by the moment.

* * *

JUST the sight of Norma Shearer and Lew Ayres together at the Cafe La Maze caused everyone's attention. But when they got out on the dance floor, eyebrows were raised in amazement. Maybe it's the new Norma Shearer. Then again, maybe she was just feeling in a particularly festive mood that night. But Norma danced, and how! And Lew looked more startled by the moment.

* * *

YOU'D never suspect the mild-mannered Leslie Howard of clothes consciousness. But Leslie wages a one man war against the uncomfortable conventional garb of his sex. Leslie wears one piece tailored suits that work with a zipper. He goes in for all kinds of sandals that are made for comfort instead of style. But right now, when he isn't playing Ashley Wilkes, he stays at home and catches up on his sleep. They've dyed his hair a pinkish blonde for the picture and Leslie refuses to have it seen by the public.

Between scenes of M-G-M's *Lucky Night*, Myrna Loy reads a copy of SCREEN BOOK Magazine

* * *

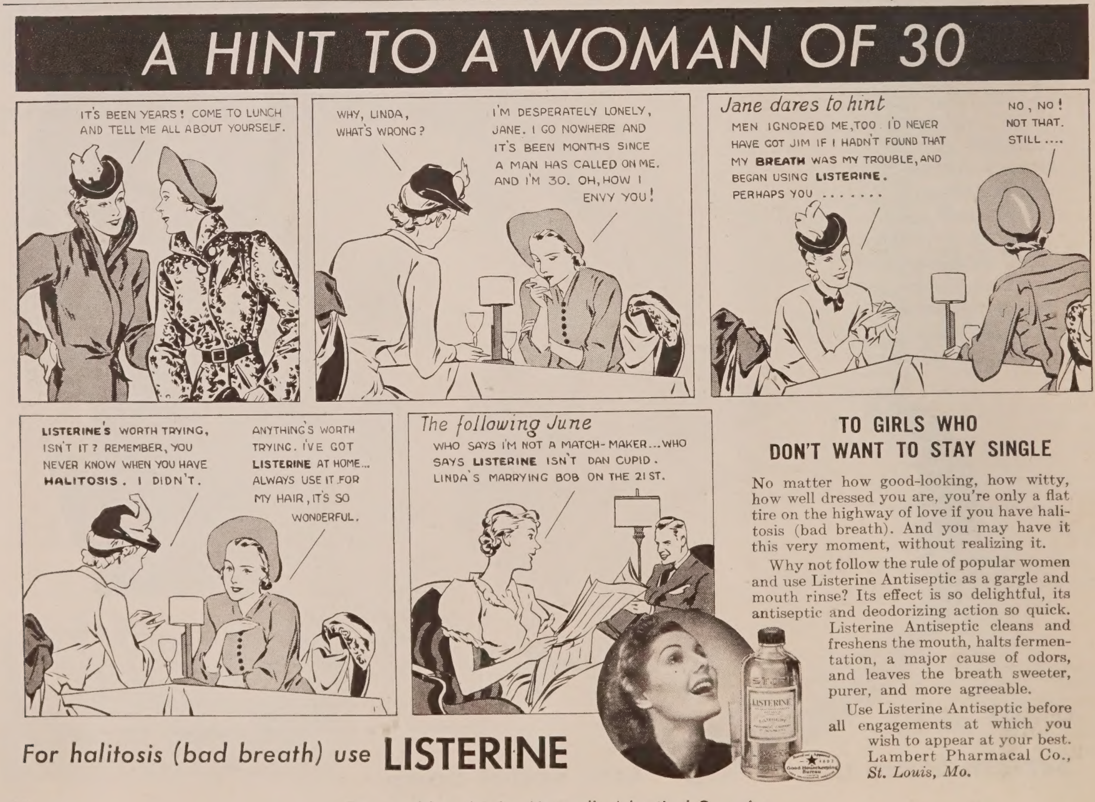
HERE'S hoping that Dorothy Lamour has come to realize that now is the time for all good girls to count their calories. Between pictures the songstress put on 14 pounds. And most of them showed in that scene from *St. Louis Blues*, where Jessie Ralph gave Dotty a massage. It's odd that la-Lamour should gain weight. No one works harder or is more active in Hollywood. Maybe it agrees with her.

* * *

GARY COOPER can now add jewelry designing to his long list of accomplishments. Mrs. Cooper arrived at Dolores Del Rio's dinner party, wearing a ring that caught the eye of everyone. It was made in the shape of a cowboy hat and studded with diamonds and pearls. It was so large it covered three fingers on Mrs. Cooper's hand. Yep, Gary designed it and surprised his little woman.

* * *

WHITNEY BOURNE is one of the swellest persons in Hollywood. When she read a book called *Memory of Love*, Whitney ran with it to production biggie Pandro Berman. Most any other actress would have tried to get the role for herself. Whitney is enthused over Barbara Stanwyck and insisted that she was the only Hollywood star who should get the part. Mr. Berman listened carefully. Then he bought the book. Typical of Hollywood, it has been announced that Carole Lombard will play the role.


A HINT TO A WOMAN OF 30
IT'S BEEN YEARS! COME TO LUNCH AND TELL ME ALL ABOUT YOURSELF.
WHY, LINDA, WHAT'S WRONG?
I'M DESPERATELY LONELY, JANE. I GO NOWHERE AND IT'S BEEN MONTHS SINCE A MAN HAS CALLED ON ME. AND I'M 30. OH, HOW I ENVY YOU!
Jane dares to hint
MEN IGNORED ME, TOO. I'D NEVER HAVE GOT JIM IF I HADN'T FOUND THAT MY BREATH WAS MY TROUBLE, AND BEGAN USING LISTERINE. PERHAPS YOU . . . .
NO, NO! NOT THAT. STILL ....
LISTERINE'S WORTH TRYING, ISN'T IT? REMEMBER, YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN YOU HAVE HALITOSIS. I DIDN'T.
ANYTHING'S WORTH TRYING. I'VE GOT LISTERINE AT HOME... ALWAYS USE IT FOR MY HAIR, IT'S SO WONDERFUL.
The following June
WHO SAYS I'M NOT A MATCH-MAKER... WHO SAYS LISTERINE ISN'T DAN CUPID. LINDA'S MARRYING BOB ON THE 21ST.
LISTERINE
For halitosis (bad breath) use LISTERINE

TO GIRLS WHO DON'T WANT TO STAY SINGLE

No matter how good-looking, how witty, how well dressed you are, you're only a flat tire on the highway of love if you have halitosis (bad breath). And you may have it this very moment, without realizing it.

Why not follow the rule of popular women and use Listerine Antiseptic as a gargle and mouth rinse? Its effect is so delightful, its antiseptic and deodorizing action so quick. Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation, a major cause of odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable.

Use Listerine Antiseptic before all engagements at which you wish to appear at your best.
Lambert Pharmacal Co.,
St. Louis, Mo.

Did *you* ever try to eat a tortilla? It's a Mexican pancake that looks like unbleached flannel—and tastes like unbleached flannel.

As *Nancy Drew* on the screen, Bonita Granville can go to night spots unchaperoned, and get away with it. But not as Bonita Granville off the screen. A month ago, she talked her mother into taking her to La Conga, Hollywood jitterbugs' heaven. The next day, the columnists mentioned Bonita as having been present the night before, and didn't mention her mother. And she's still getting protests from women's clubs. And fans.

A gent who had always liked Rosalind Russell's easy naturalness on the screen finally met her the other day, and discovered that, off screen, she is tense and subject to broad A's. Now he is in a considerable quandary. He wants to know: "Is Rosalind acting when she's acting, or acting when she's not acting?"

BORN to Andy Devine and Dorothy House—another son. . . . Born to Margaret Sullavan and Leland Hayward—another daughter. . . . Expectant: Mary Astor and Manuel del Campo. . . . Bob Burns and Harriet Foster.

The nine best performances of the month: The nine in *Stagecoach.* Especially John Wayne—too long unappreciated. . . . Another pleasure: Mickey Rooney's *Huckleberry Finn*—which ought to encourage Mark Twain to stop somersaulting in his grave. It took 'em a long while, but the movies have finally let one of his characters be real, rather than pretty. . . . Which reminds us that one of the local critics liked *Cafe Society* because Madeleine Carroll, heretofore subtly beautiful, had become beautifully subtle. "That," he added, "makes her two hundred per cent perfect." We have no hesitation whatsoever in accusing him of being a charter member of the Madeleine Carroll Fan Club.

QUOTATIONS-OF-THE-MONTH: Loretta Young, planning a vacation, "I want to find some nice quiet little place in Europe."

Madeleine Carroll, returning from six weeks in Europe: "I didn't hear any war talk. Or any peace talk, either, for that matter."

Elsa Maxwell, famed party hostess now in Hollywood to do a picture, telling how to enjoy life: "Don't be a snob, for a snob is never gay. I know, because I used to be one. Be yourself, and forget what the mythical grey ghosts, 'they,' will say about you, for 'they' simply don't exist."

Director Michael Curtiz, when asked if he would like debris to fall in a fire scene: "No—I don't want any actors to fall. Just timbers and stuff."

BEST real-life story of recent Hollywood months is how Vince Barnett, the professional ribber, became an amateur detective.

A few months ago, thieves broke into his home, stealing ten thousand dollars' worth of valuables, including several heirlooms. His wife, unnerved by the experience, had to spend two weeks in a hospital. He gained a fine appreciation of what it's like to be robbed.

A few weeks ago, he was approached by a man who had something new in the way of propositions. He offered to procure any item of expensive merchandise that Vince might have seen and wanted, and sell it to him cheap—cash on delivery.

At that time, it hadn't come out that a movie name or two had bought smuggled

[*Continued on page* 17] 86

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!
Cashmere Bouquet
MEN DO FIND YOU MORE ALLURING! WHEN, BEFORE DATES, YOU BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!
ALL THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS I KNOW BATHE WITH THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP! FOR CASHMERE BOUQUET'S DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR... AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS—LONG AFTER YOUR BATH, IT KEEPS YOU FRAGRANTLY DAINTY!
CUT IN? NOT ON YOUR LIFE! NOT WHEN I'M DANCING WITH ANNE!
I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! CASHMERE BOUQUET'S GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!
IT'S TRUE! A GIRL DOES HAVE MORE ALLURE WHEN SHE BATHES WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP... IT'S THE LOVELIER WAY TO GUARD AGAINST BODY ODOR!
Cashmere Bouquet
10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores
THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Will he notice your Spring hat . . . *or only a heavily over-powdered face?*

Hat by Sally Victor

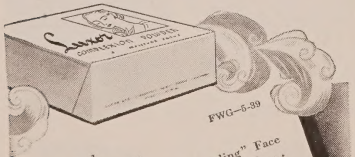
LUXOR

"Feather-Cling"

Face Powder

has a *Light Touch!*

Your smartest Spring bonnet will lose its stylish effect if you couple it with a heavy face powder. Get a box of Luxor "feather-cling," the face powder with a light touch. Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly for hours. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send coupon below.



FWG—5-39

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . . Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . . Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my *free* trial package to

Name..

Address..

City.............................. State..............................

(*This offer not good in Canada*)

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 13]

beauties in their own right. But the studio naturally had to concentrate on Loretta who is, after all, a star who commands a nice tidy sum for her services.

★ ★ ★

PITY the poor publicity man. On the set where Myrna Loy was being bounced out of a night club on her fanny a studio praise agent asked her to remain that night and do poster stills. They took the scene five times. Myrna took five different floperoos. And she took them like a lady. Finally, when the publicity man summoned up enough courage to make his request to Myrna, she very sweetly told him she would be glad to stay. If only there were a few more like Loy!

★ ★ ★

GINGER ROGERS is doggone glad she isn't in the glamor girl class. Recently Ginger took herself to New York to see the shows. Most stars arrive wearing everything but silver-fox drawers. The Rogers gal is so plainly dressed and bothers so little with being groomed she went walking down Fifth Avenue, into all the shops and wasn't asked for a single autograph. Other Hollywood stars please note.

★ ★ ★

WHEN someone asked Johnny Weissmuller why he had never appeared on the radio or worked for another studio, Johnny confided that the studio had forbidden it, because they wanted him to remain in character. Wonder if they expected Johnny to attend Hollywood premieres wearing his leopard G string and carrying his girl friend over his shoulder!

★ ★ ★

BOY greets girl department: Florence Rice and new-actor Tom Neal. They play golf in the rain at Palm Springs. Ronald (very manly) Reagan and Jane Wyman, putting their romance on ice skates. Jane Bryan and a deadender at Victor Hugo's cafe. Janie learning how the other half loves. Lee Bow-

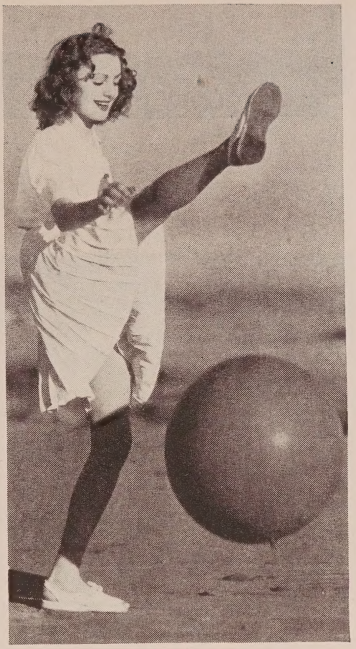
Rita Hayworth, featured in Columbia's *Plane No. 4*, takes her morning exercises beside a swimming pool man celebrating his new M-G-M contract with Frances Robinson, who will have many new contracts as soon as someone sees her strut her excellent stuff. Lana Turner, an old gal of 18, celebrating her birthday. Greg (rumba dancer) Bautzer is head man. Jimmy Stewart alone on Thursday night at Dave Chasens, watching Charlie Martin watch Joan Crawford. Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks at the Barclay Kitchen, where you have to carry your own gold key to gain admission. The ladies receive pink camelias from the chef.

* * *

WASN'T it only yesterday that the sad-eyed Ramon Novarro was getting 10,000 fan letters a week? Well, Ramon has not been forgotten by his fans, even if the fickle Hollywood producers had a change of heart. Still young and handsome, Ramon, who is now back with his family in the older part of town, celebrated his 40th birthday. In the daytime he went to the Westwood ice rink, where he keeps in shape by tearing off a few figure eights. That night all his old friends came over to wish him well. And hundreds of fans who have never stopped writing to him sent him presents and letters to make his birthday complete.

* * *

SEX appeal has hit a new high in Hollywood. Almost every out-of-town visitor, who is lucky enough to get escorted around the M-G-M lot, has one special request. Invariably they ask to be taken to the wardrobe and shown that very naughty dress Norma Shearer wore in *Idiot's Delight*. For the benefit of you and you who can't come to Hollywood and see for yourself, that dress was made of the very finest flesh pink jersey. In one scene it was so revealing that a duplicate dress had to be made of heavier jersey, before the Hays office would okay the shot.



This is Virginia Grey's favorite beach exercise. She bounces the ball, then kicks sideway over it. The M-G-M player will be seen next in *The Hardys Ride High*

* * *

PAUL MUNI, who has been off the screen for 18 months, found out that commuting from Palos Verdes to Burbank was almost a sleeper jump. So now he is selling his seaside home. Incidentally, don't be fooled by those John Garfield-Paul Muni feud rumors. A Hollywood columnist started it to fill up space.

* * *

THE thrill of becoming an American citizen was almost ruined for Francis Lederer when someone stole his pet pooch. Francis left the dog in his car in a parking station while he went to take his examination. When he came back the dog was gone and Francis couldn't do a thing about it. When he advertised over the radio and in the daily papers, Francis described the dog's breed and color. Hundreds of curious people answered the ad, dragging everything from poodles to great danes. The idea was that they wanted to see Lederer in person.

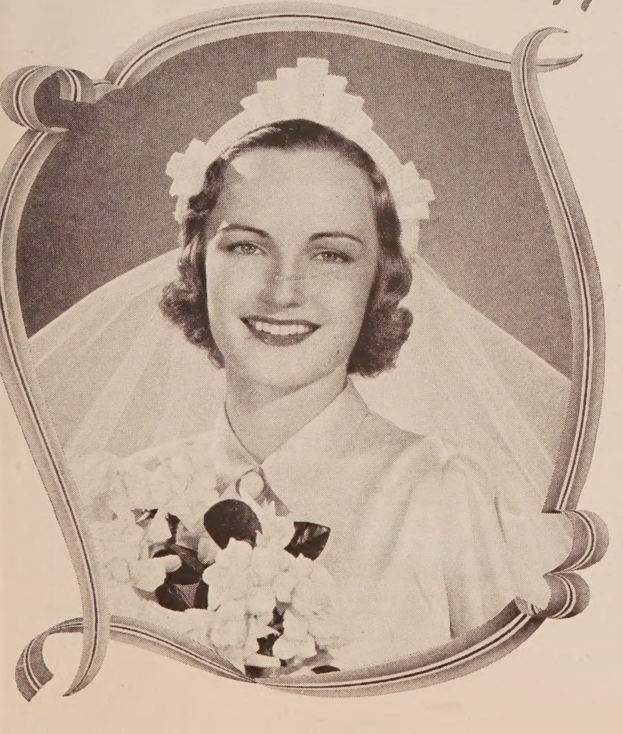
* * *

THE Warner studios continue to clamp down on all publicity pertaining to John Garfield's domestic life. For some strange reason they will not allow John

[*Continued on page 86*]

"No charm is more appealing than a fresh and Lovely Skin!"

says this lovely Philadelphia bride



I can't say enough in praise of Camay. Its gentle cleansing seems to freshen my complexion... and no charm is more appealing than a fresh and lovely skin.

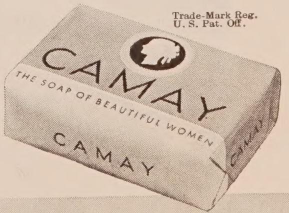
Philadelphia, Pa.
January 10, 1939
(Signed) RUTH ANN WALLEN
(Mrs. Charles S. Wallen)

SUCH magic words—"You're the only one I love!" What makes a man say them? Hundreds of lovely, happy brides will tell you that a fresh, smooth complexion is a most important charm. And brides should know!

So many beautiful brides advise Camay! They tell you, "No other soap seems to have quite the same rich, fragrant lather!" Camay cleanses *thoroughly*, yet its creamy lather is wonderfully *mild*.

Today, thousands of girls use Camay for complexions and for a refreshing bath of beauty. Camay's gentle cleansing helps you to *all-over* loveliness—to exquisite daintiness. *You'll* like this inexpensive care. Get three cakes today!

Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

LONG KNOWN TO DOCTORS . . .
NOW DISCOVERED BY WOMEN
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

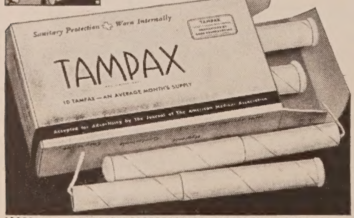
A new outlook on the whole hygienic problem of women is provided by the invention of Tampax, the patented *internal absorbent.* This principle has long been used by doctors, but the physician who perfected Tampax has ingeniously made it available for all classes of women.

Tampax is so comfortable you forget you are wearing it. As it involves no belts, pins or pads, there is of course no bulk to show, even with sheer formal evening gown or modern swim suit. Tampax is made of pure, genuine surgical cotton; contains *no paper.* Tampax is extremely efficient in its protection; no odor can form. Each individual Tampax is hygienically sealed in patented applicator—quite unlike any other product. No disposal problems.

Buy Tampax at drug stores and notion counters. Two sizes: Tampax and Junior Tampax. Month's supply 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% saved by purchasing large economy package of 40.

"A month's supply will go into an ordinary purse"

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association


Sanitary Protection Worn Internally
TAMPAX
10 TAMPAX—AN AVERAGE MONTH'S SUPPLY

TAMPAX INCORPORATED, FWG-59
New Brunswick, New Jersey

Send introductory package with full directions. Enclosed is 20¢ (stamps or coins). Size is checked below.

☐ TAMPAX ☐ JUNIOR TAMPAX

Name __________

Address __________

City __________ State __________

THE POSTMAN RINGS

Between scenes of her new Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer starring picture, *Broadway Serenade,* Jeanette MacDonald has her coiffure smoothed out while Ian Hunter jestingly supervises

Mrs. J. E. Peter

$15.00 Prize Letter

Beware of Too Much Ballyhoo!

DEAR EDITOR:
Here's an announcement for producers:

Take a tip from one of your vast public. All the gushy, sexy, flowery, and lengthy hokum put out weeks ahead of some costly production never drags us into a theatre. When the picture finally arrives we are so bored and disgusted with all the lavish promises telling us how stupendous, gigantic and colossal it is, that we go to some little movie that has had no preliminary ballyhooing. *And ninety per cent of the time we see a fine picture, ably acted, well directed and a good story.*

I still grit my teeth when I think of what they put over on us with *Parnell;* and now they are trying to do it with *Sweethearts.* We all grasped the idea that Jeanette MacDonald was beautiful after the first fifty close-ups of her, but when they started on the next fifty we just couldn't take any more and walked out on Jeanette! Oh, yes, the music was lovely, but the story was weak—they even put in a fashion parade to revive it—that's where my husband fell asleep and didn't wake up until Jeanette hit him with a high "C."

Here is the theme of *Sweethearts* in one sentence: "I'm going to Hollywood . . . nope, changed my mind, I'm going to stay in dear, old New York!" Imagine trying to

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

entertain adults with that for two hours!

Don't forget we movie-goers judge a picture on what our own eyes and ears see and hear; not on what the advertisements tell us. We may get hooked a few times, but we will resent it and in time even the most gullible worm turns.

Let the picture stand on its own merits. If it is good the public will soon find it out and if it is dull (even though a super-extravagant production) no amount of noisy advertising will make it good.

So please just slip us good pictures like *The Citadel, Stablemates, If I Were King, Suez, The Lost Horizon* and *Alexander's Rag Time Band.* Don't wear down our resistance with stupendous, gigantic and colossal advertising!—*Mrs. J. E. Peter, 1308 Avenue B, Fort Madison, Iowa.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Backstage Personalities

DEAR EDITOR:

Knowing of no better medium to reach all of the moving picture industries, the undersigned, through your columns, desires to make a constructive suggestion as a patron of the moving pictures.

The public, as I see it, would be very much interested from time to time to see the face of the author of the novel or the book from which the picture was produced; also, to see the picture of the producer and other men responsible for the production. You know that the producer is as important as are the author and the actors, and all that ever greets us is his name.

My suggestion, therefore, is that the moving picture industry add to the beginning of the picture a photograph or two as well as a statement by the people above mentioned.—*Leon H. Rose, 639 Market Street, Camden, N. J.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Readin', Writin' 'n' 'Rithmetic

DEAR EDITOR:

For others like myself who didn't have the opportunity of delving deep into the study of history while at school and feel they've missed a lot by not having had this advantage, I'm certain a big vote of thanks must go out to picture producers for historical movies. Especially, am I grateful for having seen *Marie Antoinette,* in which M-G-M gave me many marvelous opportunities for grasping interesting details about this regime that I would have missed, even had I learned history at school. The sense of vision is a wonderful and pleasant way for acquiring knowledge quickly, and retaining it forever.

Every detail, every scene from the romantic, with exquisite settings and costumes, to the screaming, swarming, blood-thirsty mobs, held me spellbound. Poor Marie! Right from birth, she was destined to be hated, accused of intrigue, and plotted against by the mob. To me, her one real love affair was little compensation for her miserable ending. I wish she had gotten away in her flight, and I'm wondering if she had whether the history of France wouldn't have been different.

But, be that as it may, my important mission, in this letter, is to extend my belated thanks to M-G-M for presenting this stupendous spectacle.—*Amy Miller, 1800 Eighth Avenue, San Francisco, California.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Falling Stars?

DEAR EDITOR:

Haven't we enough glamor girls in Hollywood without Carole Lombard joining the ranks?

Oh, I don't doubt her ability as such; she is beautiful and wears clothes well—but why hasn't she the grey matter to realize that she will be just one of many? It is "rugged individualism" that has made her what she is.

Another one who needs to be rescued is Ralph Bellamy. What are they trying to do to him? Please give him better roles.—*Ruth King, 2 Hamilton Ave., Cranford, N. J.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Double Feature Paralysis

DEAR EDITOR:

I am one of the many whose ranks are constantly on the increase, who deplore the fact that Hollywood producers insist upon forcing so many pictures upon the public that double feature shows are the custom.

Are the producers trying to kill the goose that lays the golden egg? "Better Pictures and Shorter Shows" is the battle cry of this group of people fast growing to a majority of all movie-goers.

America has an answer for the long show—that is—either to stay home entirely or to attend shows less frequently.

"Double Feature Paralysis" is claiming thousands of victims. Quality not quantity should be the aim.—*Gladys H. Teel, Cashmere, Washington.*

GET MEDIUM-SIZE BOTTLE OF AMAZING NEW

HALO SHAMPOO

FREE when you buy a large bottle at regular price from drug or department stores!

OLD WAY—Dulling film, often left by old-style shampoos, hides natural lustre

NEW "HALO" WAY—Removes dull film so hair is sparkling and manageable.

To see what a glamorous sparkle YOUR hair can have—

ACCEPT THIS THRILLING OFFER!

We give you medium-size bottle of Colgate's new Halo Shampoo, FREE, when you buy large bottle at regular price! After using FREE bottle, if you do not agree that Halo leaves your hair gleaming with natural highlights, return unused large bottle to dealer and money will be refunded!

ACT fast and you get a medium-size bottle of this amazing new Halo Shampoo, *absolutely free,* when you buy a large bottle from drug and department stores! What's more—Colgate guarantees you new hair beauty with Halo or you get your money back! A startling offer to prove that Halo is one shampoo that works equal beauty wonders on normal, oily or dry-looking hair of any color. Actual retouched photos show the astonishing difference it may make in your hair! Results are so exciting because Halo is different in three ways.

(1) Not Soap! Thus Halo cannot leave gummy film on hair to dull natural lustre. Yet Halo makes more lather than soap, in hardest water. Washes away dirt, loose dandruff and cloudy film so often left by many ordinary shampoos. No lemon or vinegar rinses are needed. But your hair is radiantly clean and free of film, so it reveals gleaming, natural highlights!

(2) Not Oil! Halo leaves hair soft and manageable, but never greasy!

(3) Contains no harmful chemicals! Does not irritate scalp. Guaranteed safe by Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Approved by Good Housekeeping.

So hurry! While limited supply lasts, get your medium-size bottle of this thrilling new Halo Shampoo *free,* when you buy large size at regular price from any drug or department store. Don't delay. You, too, can have soft, lustrous hair this easy, new way!

TEAR OUT THIS REMINDER COUPON

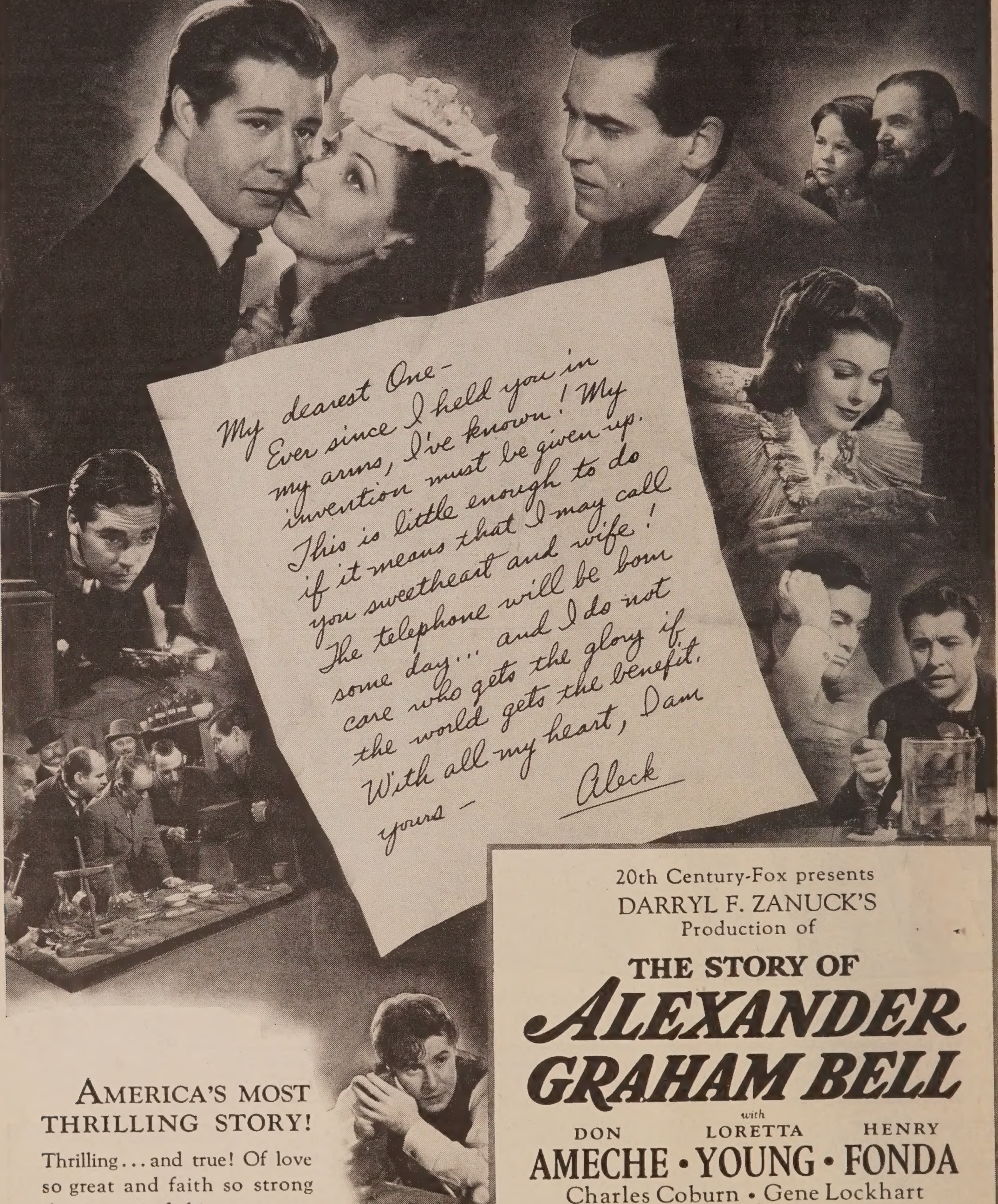
Free Trial Offer
HALO
HALO SHAMPOO

Look for This Special Combination Package At Drug and Department Stores

Buy large bottle of new Halo Shampoo at regular price, and dealers also give you medium-size, FREE! Try free bottle. Then if you don't agree that a single Halo shampoo reveals the natural beauty of your hair, return unused large bottle, and dealer will refund your money. Supply limited, so don't wait!

BOTH BOTTLES for only 49c

HURRY! . . . DEALERS' SUPPLY LIMITED!



My dearest One–
Ever since I held you in
my arms, I've known! My
invention must be given up.
This is little enough to do
if it means that I may call
you sweetheart and wife!
The telephone will be born
some day... and I do not
care who gets the glory if
the world gets the benefit.
With all my heart, I am
yours – Aleck

20th Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

with

DON AMECHE • LORETTA YOUNG • HENRY FONDA

Charles Coburn • Gene Lockhart
Spring Byington • Sally Blane
Polly Ann Young • Georgiana Young
A Cosmopolitan Production
Directed by Irving Cummings • Associate Producer
Kenneth Macgowan • Screen Play by Lamar Trotti
Original story by Ray Harris

AMERICA'S MOST THRILLING STORY!

Thrilling... and true! Of love so great and faith so strong that it inspired this man to endure ridicule, privation, hunger... to achieve the miracle of wings for the human voice!

Myrna Loy
Robert Taylor

Co-stars in M-G-M's "Lucky Night"

Claudette Colbert

"Naughty, naughty," said the censors when Claudette Colbert danced the can-can in *Zaza.* So out came the scene and Victorian prudery reigned triumphant once again

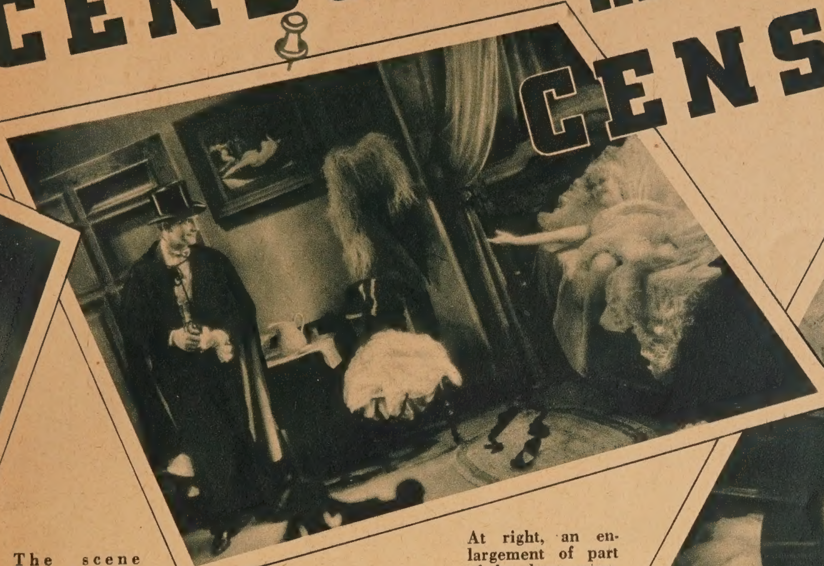
By

JAMES REID

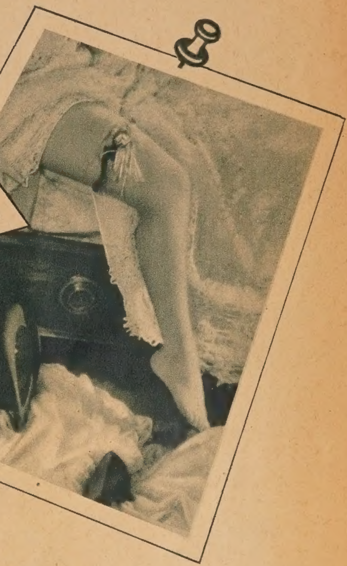
The censors thought your morals would be damaged by seeing Priscilla Lane and Jeffrey Lynn solve their love problems in the Warner production, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*

Blockade was blockaded by every conceivable form of censorship. Censors objected to the political significance of the story

CENSORS the CENSORS



The scene above, from *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, would be censored today. What was okay yesterday gets kayoed today



At right, an enlargement of part of the above scene. The dress is raised too high to pass the censors. Few people would object to elimination of this scene

Recently Langdon Post, executive committeeman of the National Board of Review of Motion Pictures, launched a stirring attack on censorship. He said, in part, that censorship "by the back door" inspired by certain groups and certain people was striving to bring about the same purposes that statutory laws have failed to achieve.

"Censorship by bigotry and prejudice," Mr. Post called it.

At about the time this statement was made, Warner Bros. film, Yes, My Darling Daughter, *was thumbed down by censors. Zaza had already been chopped apart. Many other pictures have been slashed or shelved during the last year.*

SCREEN BOOK *Magazine, conscious of the menace of careless censorship, asked one of Hollywood's most courageous women to discuss the problem. We are glad to present the views of Claudette Colbert in the following article.*

The Editor.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT smiled. "It's ironic, isn't it, that America is the last hope of free speech and tolerance in the world today, yet Hollywood is under a dictatorship? The dictatorship of censors."

She wasn't amused. Her smile was of the grin-and-bear-it variety.

Claudette was on the set of *Midnight*, waiting to go to work. Director Mitchell Leisen had been telling her about a lady visitor across the set.

It seemed that the lady visitor, middle-aged and genteel-looking, was a member of an Eastern censorship board. She was visiting friends in Hollywood. (Apparently, Mr. Ripley, even a censor can have friends in Hollywood.) And, while here, she was seeing the inside of a movie studio for the first time. When one of his operatives had [*Continued on page* 61]

Remember this scene from *A Farewell to Arms*? That picture suffered by the deliberate omission of the famous Italian retreat

Director James Whale wouldn't look at the finished version of *The Road Back*. He knew what censorship had accomplished

TYRONE POWER—A "RIGHT"

The fire stole the show in *In Old Chicago.* Tyrone Power was much too young for his part, though he strained for sincerity

In *Suez* Ty was Ferdinand de Lesseps, a man 50 years old, according to the history books. This historical picture didn't help Ty

By FREDERICK McFEE

TYRONE POWER ought to be tops, but he isn't. And the reason isn't hard to find. Every picture that he has made for the past year has screamed the reason. He's a "right" guy, playing the wrong roles.

He is easy to look at. A man can't be handsomer—without being a pretty boy. He has too much character in his face to rate that sneering title. Even men like him. For all his good looks, they accept him as a he-man. And, as such, they can understand his appeal to women.

He is young. He won't be 25 until May 5th.

He is a descendant of actors, grew up in the atmosphere of show business, knows as much about acting as any other handsome hero on the screen.

He has the confidence of his employers. They have spent more than a million on every picture he has made for a year.

Off the screen, he has been a young romantic—with conspicuous success. But on the screen he has had to be other things. And his success has been less conspicuous.

True, in a newspaper poll last January, Tyrone was voted King of the Movies for 1939. That proves he is popular. But it doesn't prove as much as the press-agents would have you believe.

Such polls are never accurate indexes of popularity. Most movie-goers can't be bothered to clip out ballots and send in their votes. Only ardent fans take the trouble, fans so smitten with certain stars that they would patronize any picture that those stars made, no matter what.

That Tyrone was voted King of the Movies doesn't prove that he is more popular than any other male star. The only thing it proves is that he has more ardent fans than any of his rivals, which is understandable, considering his assets.

The only accurate, reliable index of popularity is the tale that the box-office tells. And the statistics for 1938 say that, among all stars, both male and female, Tyrone ranks tenth in box-office appeal.

Four others right at his own studio, 20th Century-Fox, are more popular: Shirley Temple, Sonja Henie, Jane Withers and Alice Faye.

Three other Hollywood males are more popular: Clark Gable, Mickey Rooney and Robert Taylor.

No star, of any age, can compete with Shirley in popularity. She has a universal appeal all her own. But why should plumpish Jane Withers, in "B" pictures loaded with

[*Continued on page* 52]

Lloyds of London was another of Tyrone's historical pictures. His salvation lies in modern stories, modern costume

GUY IN WRONG ROLES

Alexander's Ragtime Band gave Tyrone Power an opportunity to handle a more natural role, that of a modern musician

The circle above shows Ty as Count Alex Fersen in *Marie Antoinette*. History and distorted history at that

Audiences are now deciding whether or not Tyrone makes a convincing Jesse James. Large photo is from that film

I DISCOVERED PAUL MUNI

as told to ETHEL BARRON

By JACOB KALICH

TWENTY-FOUR years ago I saw a boy of 17 perform and predicted that someday he would become the most famous character actor of his generation. That boy's name was Muni Weisenfreund. You know him as Paul Muni.

It was in 1915 that I became the assistant director of the Empire theatre in Chicago, Ill. The Empire theatre was to Chicago what the Yiddish Art theatre is to New York. It was the goal to which every Yiddish actor in Chicago looked forward. It was heaven to the impoverished would-be stars who came to America from the poorly-equipped theatres of Europe. I myself had been an actor in Lemberg, Galicia, and through a series of circumstances which are not important to this story, I became an assistant director.

One afternoon in the spring of 1915, my secretary told me a woman wished to see me. Naturally, I suspected it was another aspirant to the cast of the Empire theatre. Then a little, tired, careworn old lady walked in and held out her hand.

"Do you remember me, Jake?" she asked.

I looked at her for several moments and grasped her outstretched hand. It was Mrs. Philip Weisenfreund, a native of my home town of Lemberg and a member of a family of actors who had been playing the theatres of Poland for generations.

I asked her how things were going with her. She shook her head sadly. Her husband had died and had left her with nothing but fond memories. She had two boys to support. She had struggled for several years and now the boys were old enough to help out. The three of them had rented a nickelodeon in one of the poorest sections of Chicago and were eking out the barest kind of livelihood by playing seven and eight shows a day. She had heard somehow that I was now connected with the Empire theatre and had made it a point to see me. I asked about the boys.

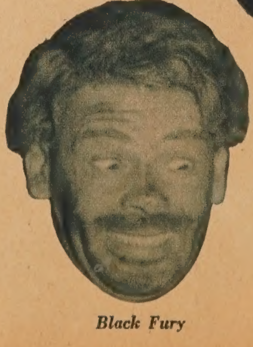
"The older boy is an actor in the troupe. Muni, the baby, is the back stage musician. I don't think you ever saw him, Jake. He was born after you left Lemberg. He plays the violin. But it is about Muni that I came to talk to you. Sometimes he plays bits when we need him for an extra part. Jake, I think the boy has talent. I feel he will never get anywhere if he stays with us. I want nothing for myself.

[*Continued on page* 54]

Paul Muni was discovered by the author of this story. Muni's next is Warners' *Juarez*

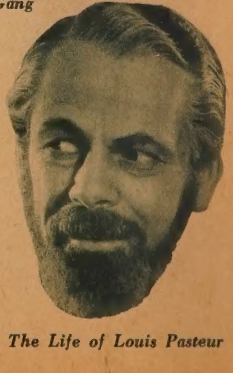
Fugitive from a Chain Gang

The Life of Emile Zola



Black Fury

The Good Earth



The Life of Louis Pasteur

They Took This WOMAN...

By PAUL KAREL

THE name of the picture was, *I Take This Woman.* The stars were Spencer Tracy, winner of the 1938 Academy Award, Walter Pidgeon, an eminently capable actor, and Hedy Lamarr, the most glamorous film find since Garbo. It semed to be an unbeatable combination, a "natural."

Publicity was released, movie magazines and newspapers published information on the picture and the public, conscious of the Lamarr charms, exclaimed, "Ah! Now we're really going to see something!"

Then a whisper began to spread, filtering from Hollywood to the editorial offices of the movie magazines.

"Something's wrong on the *Woman* set."

The rumor reached a climax with the announcement that *I Take This Woman* had been shelved for an indefinite period. Press agents were curiously reticent about the whole affair. Would the picture be revised? Well, perhaps. What was the trouble? Well, any one of a number of things. The script? Well . . . Hedy Lamarr? Well. . . .

Why did M-G-M shelve the picture Hedy Lamarr worked on for months? Is Hedy worth the $900,000 they spent? When are we going to see her again on the screen?

M-G-M's officials know the answers, but they're not talking. Officials have a way of not talking when plans have gone astray.

Despite the official silence, much of the story is apparent. After Hedy's initial success Hollywood panted to get her into a picture immediately. Producers bellowed, squandered money and wrung their hands. Hedy did scenes over and over until she burst into tears from fatigue. Her story was re-written time and again. She changed her make-up, tried different clothes. Production was stopped repeatedly to shuffle roles about.

First they couldn't decide if her picture should be a costume drama or a modern story. After weeks of yammering it was decided that costume pictures were on the skids. And, then, when they heard Hedy speak smart, up-to-date dialogue they ranted and tore their hair. It robbed her completely of all her mysterious glamor. So they tried another tack. Von Sternberg, who happened to be the director at this point, decided they could "mute" her. You know, give her treatment similar to that he used on Dietrich; soft white hands on sleek black hips, head in profile against a halo of fur, eyes to the stars and monosyllables only when absolutely necessary. They even tried that. But Hedy and modern dialogue just didn't jibe.

And then came more grief. They had love scene trouble. When Hedy does a love scene she "gives." She "gave" exactly the same in every one. Or rather, some of the clinches were too hot—the wrong ones. Her love scenes with Walter Pidgeon registered much more "umph" than those with Spencer Tracy, the co-star. That would never do. No one wanted that—even Mr. Tracy didn't like it.

They spent nearly a million dollars and then, as suddenly as it started, it was all dropped. Hedy's still dizzy and her studio is on the verge of insanity. Here they have the sexiest siren ever to hit Hollywood [*Continued on page* 56]

M-G-M has a problem in Hedy Lamarr. Publicizing her has been costly and there are no profits yet

Myrna Loy is Hedy's pal. They are seen in conversation at right

At left is a scene from Hedy's picture, *I Take This Woman.* The picture was shelved

Warner Bros.' *Dodge City* troupe experienced location troubles. Scene above is from the finished film

By ROBERT JOSEPH

WHAT to do about it?

Time was slipping by at the rate of $1000 an hour. The shooting company of RKO's *Twelve Crowded Hours* was sitting by on RKO's location ranch, twiddling thumbs and waiting. Cameras were in place, microphone booms were ready for action, the players were at the sidelines ready to go in and act, the gripman and director were staring off into the distance. Everything was ready but nothing was happening.

Across the fields and within hearing distance a San Fernando farmer was running a particularly noisy, chug-chuggy tractor up and down his property. He was beyond camera vision but the noise of his machine would have raised havoc with RKO's sound track. The director finally caught on. The rancher wanted money to keep quiet. Some was offered which he took without hesitation.

RKO continued shooting until the rancher felt enough time had elapsed and he deserved another present. He repeated his tactics for several days, until one morning no funds were forthcoming. He ran his tractor until 2 a. m. of the next morning. RKO cameras continued to grind away. The director rewrote the script on the spot and made a large portion of *Twelve Crowded Hours* silent.

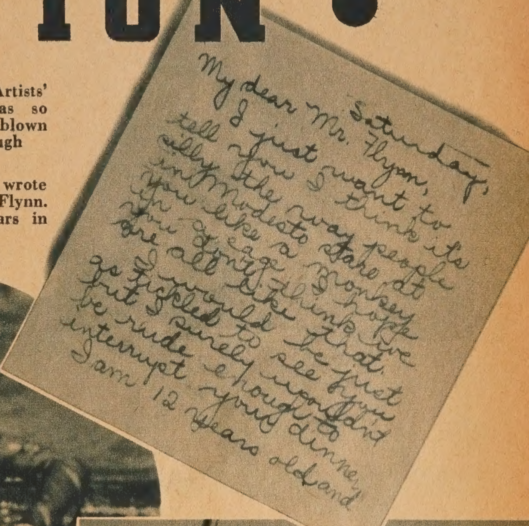
Director Lew Landers had answered merely one of the thousand and one questions that pop up on a location trip. A location trip is hard to define, but generally means taking camera equipment and sound machines off the home

Natives in the town where *Jesse James* was filmed tried to hold the director up for extra pay, mobbed Ty Power and Fonda

Nightmares On LOCATION •

The location for United Artists' *Wuthering Heights*, left, was so windy that equipment was blown around. No accidents, though

A little girl in Modesto, Calif., wrote this sympathetic letter to Errol Flynn. The rest of the letter appears in Mr. Joseph's article



Saturday,
My dear Mr. Flynn,
I just want to
tell you I think its
silly the way people
in Modesto stare at
you like a monkey
in a zoo. I hope
you don't think we
are all like that.
I would be just
as tickled to see you
but I surely wouldn't
be rude enough to
interrupt your dinner.
I am 12 years old and

Jackie Cooper, above, hangs to a log after a canoe upset during the filming of one of his Scout pictures

Walter Wanger's *Stagecoach* gang (right) had to pay $7 a day per man for accommodations on location. The previous agreement had been $3

lot for picture making. Street scenes beyond the studio gates and out-of-door sequences in the Ozarks, several thousand miles distant, are both location trips in the strict sense of the phrase.

There have been location trips on Hollywood Boulevard and Director Tay Garnett made a 40,000 mile location trip around the world in his 104 foot yacht, *Athene*. His shots were used for *Trade Winds* and represent the work of almost two years of shooting. In some ways location trips are the most interesting, and at the same time the most difficult phase of picture making. Away from the home lot there's no predicting what will happen. Every step of the trip is planned in the office of the location manager, who collaborates with the director, assistant director and producer. But the little unexpected things, the unpredictables, man-made and produced by the elements, rarely reported in the press, are what make location trips really interesting.

Consider, for example, the near-lawsuit Warner Brothers had on its hands when they were shooting Robin Hood in a little town called Chico, California. One of the publicity men along with the expedition inadvertently called the forest in which many of the sequences were being taken Bidwell National Park. Everything might

[*Continued on page 67*]

Juarez confers with his leaders. left to right, Uradi (Joseph Calleia), Diaz (John Garfield), Escobedo (John Miljan), and Juarez (Paul Muni)

Brian Aherne takes the part of the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian

JUAREZ—THE STORY OF

By KENNETH WHITMORE

A HORSE and rider come galloping out of the interior, across the dusty desert and into the sleepy little town of La Soledad. The breathless horseman dismounts before the inn, a grimy note clutched in his hand.

"A message from President Benito Pablo Juarez to the Emperor Maximilian von Hapsburg!" announces the envoy.

Maximilian rises to receive the note, and with the aid of his interpreter reads the scrawled words:

"It is given a man, sir, to attack the rights of others, seize their goods, assault the lives of those who defend their nationality, make of their virtues crimes, and one's own vices a virtue, but there is one thing beyond the reach of such perversity—the tremendous judgment of history."

The time is 1864, the locale, Mexico. But the message comes thundering down through the years and today applies with telling strength to the leaders of those countries where power is usurped, where violence strangles reason and the rights of others are ridden over rough-shod. And the judgment of history has sided with the Mexican patriot, Juarez, in his stand for peace and democracy in his own land.

It is this judgment that the Warner Brothers studios in Hollywood are bringing to life in the great camera document, *Juarez*—a measured judgment based on

This is a story conference. Standing, left to right, are the writers, John Huston, Wolfgang Reinhardt and Aeneas MacKenzie. Henry Blanke, producer of Warners' *Juarez*, is seated

Grim as death itself, the firing squad perform their task

Bette Davis is the lovely Carlotta, wife of Emperor Maximilian

One of the most dramatic scenes in *Juarez* is the one in which Bette Davis goes mad. She is shown below as the insane Carlotta

Bette Davis Goes Mad!

MEXICO'S TRAGIC TRIO

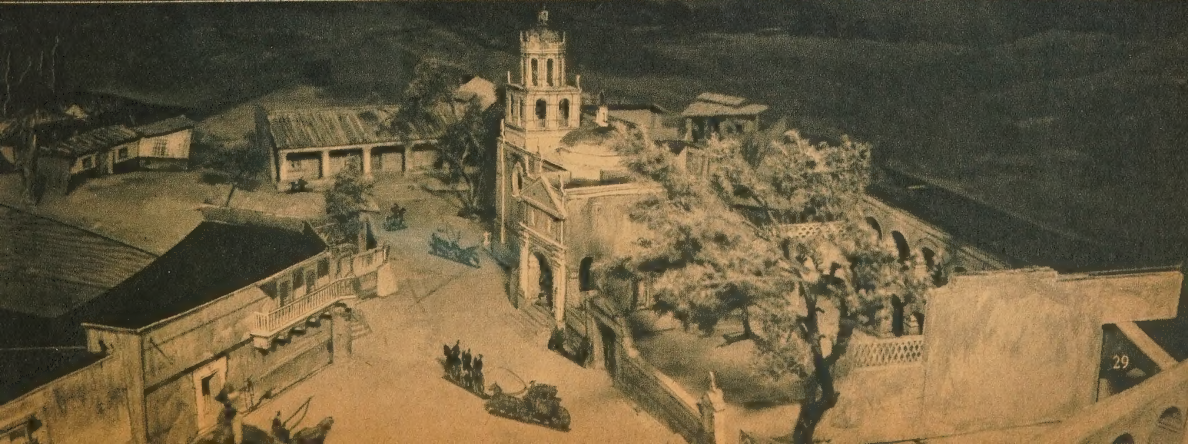
the accumulated documents surrounding one of history's most gripping biographies. The drama of the man, Juarez, is paralleled by the beautiful, tragic love-story of the Emperor Maximilian and the Empress Carlotta.

Paul Muni and Bette Davis are the stars of the picture—but they are stars who never meet! For Muni in his role of Juarez is a dark star, a menacing force until the greatness of his uncompromising idealism is made clear and ringing at the climax of the film.

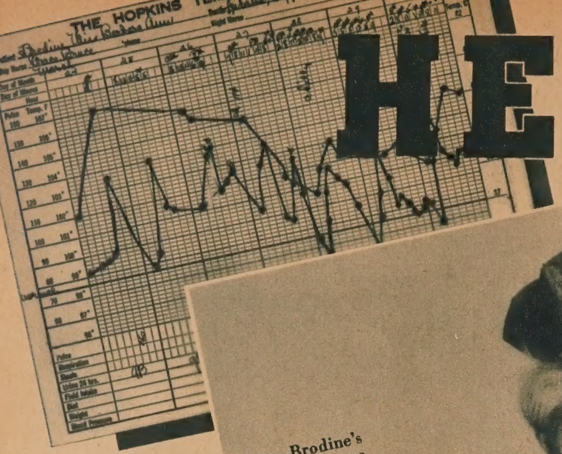
Muni plays the humble, self-educated Zapotec Indian who grew to be one of the greatest national leaders the world has ever known—Benito Pablo Juarez, President of Mexico from 1858 until his death on July 18, 1872. Bette Davis, raven-haired for this role, is the lovely and fragile Princess Charlotte, daughter of Leopold I and Louise Marie of Belgium, who as the bride of Maximilian becomes the Empress Carlotta of Mexico. One of the most dramatic scenes in the picture is the one in which Bette Davis goes completely mad.

Brian Aherne bears a striking physical likeness to the man he recreates—Maximilian von Hapsburg, the second eldest son of Archduke Franz Karl and Archduchess Sophie of Bavaria, who is forced by circumstance into becoming the puppet Emperor of Mexico from May, 1864, to June, 1867. Though he and Juarez never meet and are grim antagonists throughout the picture, actually Maximilian is at heart sympathetic to the aims of [*Continued on page 73*]

It looks real, but it is only a miniature of the cathedral square in *Juarez*. This set is but a detail of a ten-acre Mexican city built for the film



HEART of



Pictured above is Barbara Brodine's temperature chart. When she became ill, Gene Raymond, below, and Jeanette MacDonald were among the first to call. After her recovery, Gene carried her from the hospital. Mr. Charlie McCarthy, pictured below Gene, visited Barbara and sent flowers

Little Barbara Brodine is shown above as she appears today, thoroughly recovered from the illness that brought Hollywood racing to her bedside

HOLLYWOOD

HER father is Norbert Brodine, a shy, quiet little chap whose genius as a cameraman has been a byword around the studios for 15 years. Everyone calls him "Brodie." She's his only youngster. She's ten years old, has freckles and sparkling eyes. Her name is Barbara, but Brodie calls her "my heart."

By
MARIAN RHEA

People used to kid him about that. "You don't think much of that kid, do you, Brodie?" they'd say. When Barbara came to visit him on the set, they would tease her, too.

"Say, your dad says he is looking for another little girl because he's getting tired of you."

Brodie and Barbara would just grin knowingly at each other and let it go at that.

Brodie and his wife, Catherine, and little Barbara had a host of friends—famous, busy people like Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond, Director Frank Lloyd and his wife, Edgar Bergen (and Charlie, of course), Hal Roach, Basil and Ouida Rathbone, Billie Burke, Lanny and Olive Ross, Don Terry, Glenda Farrell, Feg Murray, the cartoonist, Anita Louise, Alan Mowbray, Louise Dresser and many others.

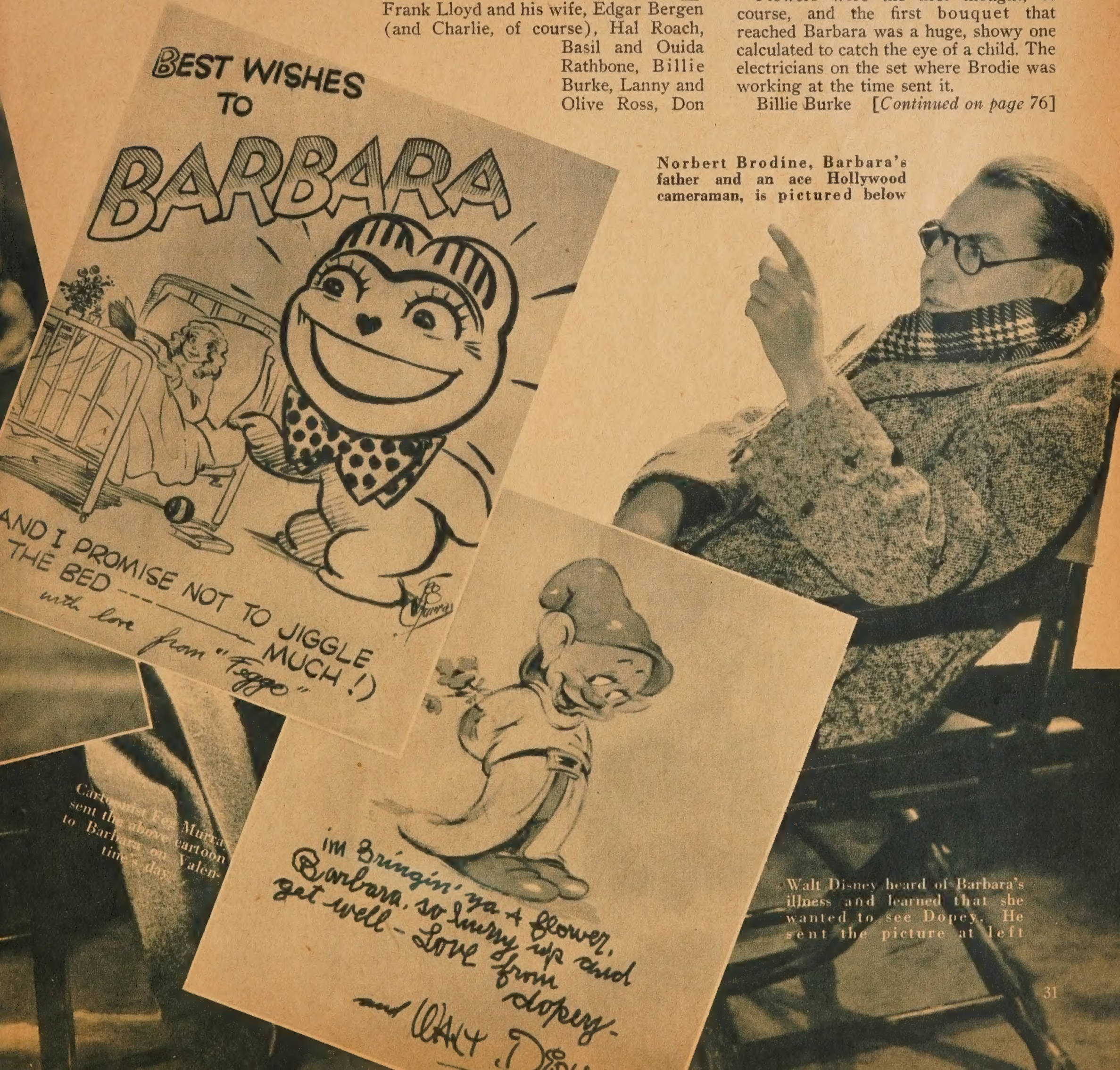
These people proved their friendship during those dark months when tragedy struck the Brodine family. They stood by, offered strength and encouragement and showed that Hollywood has a heart.

It was early in 1938 when Barbara became ill. One specialist followed another. Swiftly the news reached the studios around town.

"Brodie's kid is sick, terribly sick. They don't know."

Flowers were the first thought, of course, and the first bouquet that reached Barbara was a huge, showy one calculated to catch the eye of a child. The electricians on the set where Brodie was working at the time sent it.

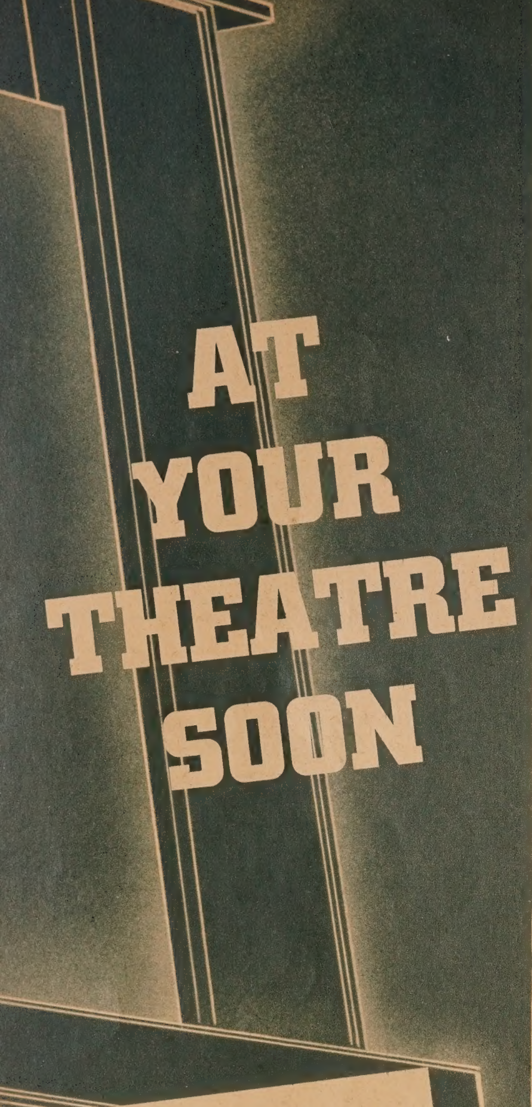
Billie Burke [*Continued on page* 76]


BEST WISHES TO BARBARA
AND I PROMISE NOT TO JIGGLE THE BED ---- MUCH!)
with love from "Feggo"
I'm Bringin' ya a flower, Barbara, so hurry up and get well - Love from Dopey -
and Walt D

Norbert Brodine, Barbara's father and an ace Hollywood cameraman, is pictured below

Cartoonist Feg Murray sent the above cartoon to Barbara on Valentine's day.

Walt Disney heard of Barbara's illness and learned that she wanted to see Dopey. He sent the picture at left



AT YOUR THEATRE SOON

NOTE: Here you will find the first reviews of all important pictures BEFORE THEY ARE PUBLISHED BY ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE. These reviews are prepared by the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, usually before the picture itself is previewed in completed form. In order to get these reviews in advance of all other movie publications the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine spends much time observing production and filming on individual sets, reads the entire script and observes the day's rushes in the projection room at the studio. Thus an intelligent appraisal of the picture can be given you in these columns before or at the same time the picture is first shown in your community. Release dates given are NATIONAL RELEASE DATES. If the date given is April 15, that does not mean the picture MUST play in your city on April 15. It will play some engagements on that date, however, and will be in your city on that date or as soon after as your local exhibitor can arrange the showing. For reviews of pictures now playing local theatres consult Topper's Review Chart.

LUCKY NIGHT

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Norman Taurog. Starring Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor, with Douglas Fowley, Bernard Nedell, Charles Lane and Bernardene Hayes. National release date—April 26, 1939.

THE theme of *Lucky Night,* which co-stars Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor for the first time, has a sure-fire popular appeal which would probably make the picture a success regardless of acting or direction. Generously fortified in both departments, *Lucky Night* will probably be a terrific success.

The story concerns the fabulously lucky skylarking of a penniless young man and an adventurous young heiress, who run sixty cents up to $5,000 in a series of madcap gambles. How they finally achieve the "happily ever after" ending makes for delightful and always entertaining comedy.

Because in one line of dialogue Miss Loy comments that a fish she sees "looks like George," a camera crew traveled 1,000 miles to and from San Francisco's aquarium to find and photograph a fish that actually resembled Douglas Fowley, who portrays George in the picture . . . *Lucky Night* gave Gladys Blake, supporting player, her first foothold in pictures. Returning home after her first day on the set she discovered that her home had been ransacked of jewelry and other possessions valued at $12,000.

Probable critics' rating of *Lucky Night*: Excellent.

UNION PACIFIC

(Paramount)

Directed by Cecil B. DeMille. Starring Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea, with Akim Tamiroff, Robert Preston, Lynne Overman, Brian Donlevy, Anthony Quinn and Evelyn Keyes. National release date—April 28, 1939.

WOVEN into a glittering tapestry by the grand master of spectacle, Cecil B. DeMille, *Union Pacific* presents in all its heart-pounding excitement the romance and roaring adventure which accompanied the building of America's first transcontinental railroad.

With fine regard for technical detail as well as dramatic sweep, DeMille has fashioned a film which should please even the most critical railroaders, and which is certain to excite even blase moviegoers. Against the mighty background of the Union Pacific's history-making achievement of the 1860's, the producer-director has created a powerful drama.

The "J. W. Bowker," America's most famous locomotive, runs under its own power in *Union Pacific.* DeMille borrowed the historic wide-stacked woodburner, built in 1875, from the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society and had it completely reconditioned. . . .

Myrna Loy and Robert Taylor (below) are rehearsing a lunch counter scene for Director Norman Taurog. Picture is M-G-M's *Lucky Night*

During its heyday the "Bowker" helped haul more than $700,000,000 in gold and silver from the Comstock Lode . . . The action scenes were shot at Iron Springs, Utah, selected because of its physical resemblance to the Wasatch Range through which the Union Pacific's rails were laid seventy years ago.

Probable critics' rating of *Union Pacific*: Excellent.

THEY MADE HER A SPY

(RKO Radio)

Directed by Jack Hively. Starring Sally Eilers, with Allan Lane, Frank M. Thomas, Fritz Leiber and Larry Blake. National release date—April 15, 1939.

CAPITALIZING on the recent disclosure of spy activities in this country, RKO Radio comes up with this story of a girl who became a secret agent to help avenge her murdered brother and trace a leakage of government information.

Sally Eilers is the girl who is willing to sacrifice her life to counter-spy on a ruthless ring of foreign agents. Allan Lane is a suspected member of the spy ring whose eventual identity brings a startling conclusion to the picture. Both handle their roles effectively.

Frank M. Thomas, who plays the chief government agent in *They Made Her a Spy*, had an authentic real-life background for his role. During the World War he was commandant of the Naval Flying Training School at Pelham, N. Y. . . . "Colonel" Coco Brown, Sally Eilers' four-year-old son, makes his first film appearance in the picture. He reported for work the first day sporting a hand-made black eye, the source of which he refused to disclose.

Probable critics' rating of *They Made Her A Spy*: Good.

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL

(20th Century-Fox)

Directed by Irving Cummings. Starring Don Ameche, Loretta Young and Henry Fonda, with Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Sally Blane, Spring Byington, Polly Ann Young and Georgiana Young. National release date—April 14, 1939.

IN BRINGING to the screen the trials and tribulations in the life of the man who invented the telephone, 20th Century-Fox has scored a distinguished triumph which will long be remembered.

Cast in the title role Don Ameche handles the dramatic impersonation of Bell with deft assurance. As Thomas A. Watson, the famous inventor's assistant and the man to whom he spoke the now celebrated words, "Mr. Watson! Come here. I want you." Henry Fonda is excellent. Loretta Young rounds out the starring cast with a brilliant portrayal of Mabel Hubbard, the deaf girl who became Bell's wife.

[*Continued on page* 80]

Alexander Graham Bell is Don Ameche's new picture. He is shown below facing the camera on the 20th Century-Fox lot

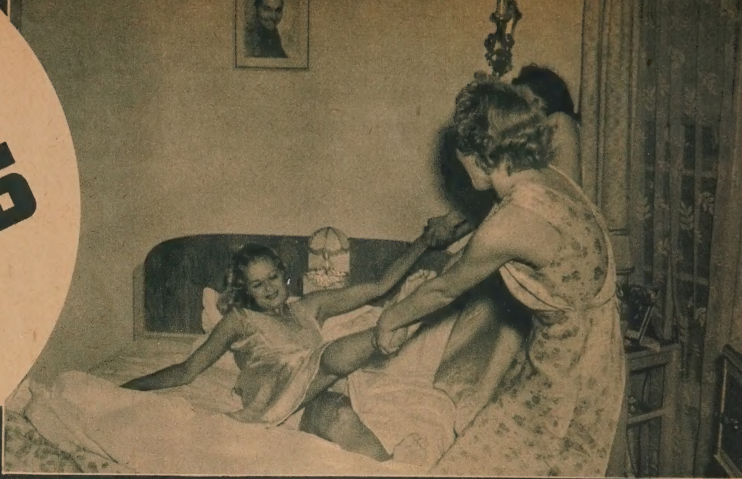
At top, a dramatic scene from Paramount's *Union Pacific*, starring Joel McCrea, Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Preston

Mischa Auer, Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell (above, center) drink a toast in Universal's *East Side of Heaven*

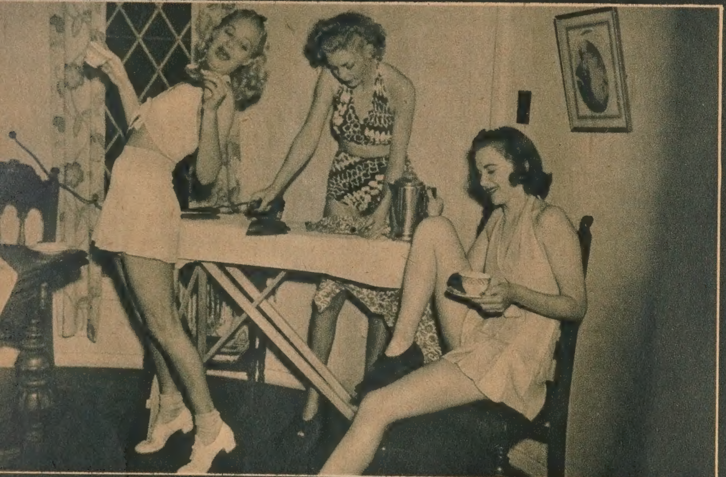
Lower photo (above) shows William Gargan and Kay Francis in a scene from *Women in the Wind*, a Warner Bros. film

They ENTERTAIN the STARS

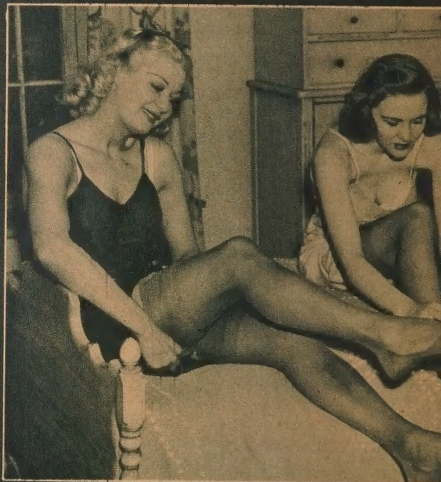
Photos by
CHARLES RHODES



1. SCREEN BOOK Magazine visits Patty Sacks, Mary Cassidy and Tess Brunson, entertainers at Earl Carroll's new Hollywood club. Photo on wall is of Clark Gable, autograph reads: "To Mary—with my best wishes for happiness and success always"

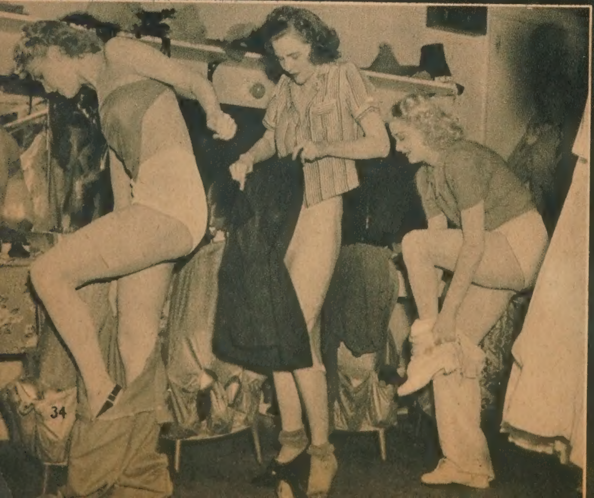


4. Home life among Earl Carroll's girls. Mary gets too close to Patty's iron

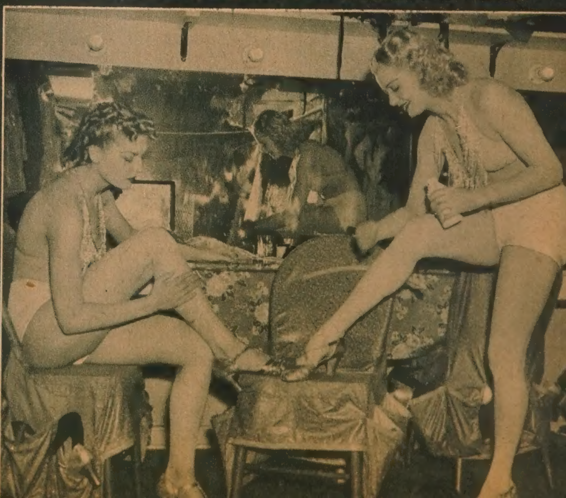


5. The girls get dressed for work. In a few hours they'll be entertaining stars at Earl Carroll's club

6. Off go the clothes as the girls enter the dressing room



7. Patty Sacks and Mary Cassidy apply body make-up



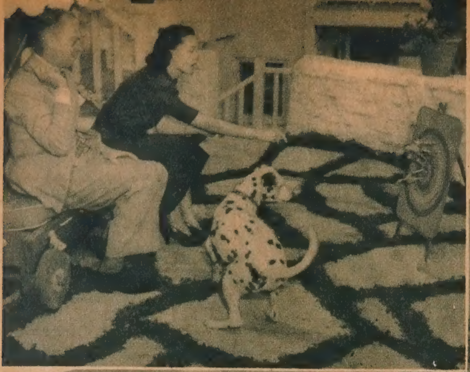
2. The girls put on play suits and prepare for the day

3. Before breakfast, they exercise to keep in good condition. Strenuous exercise helps them live up to Carroll's slogan, "The Most Glamorous Girls in the World"

8. Above, Patty helps Tess fasten her costume while Mary combs a stray lock

9. Ready to face Earl Carroll's patrons. Here is glamor as the stars like it

MAUREEN At MALIBU



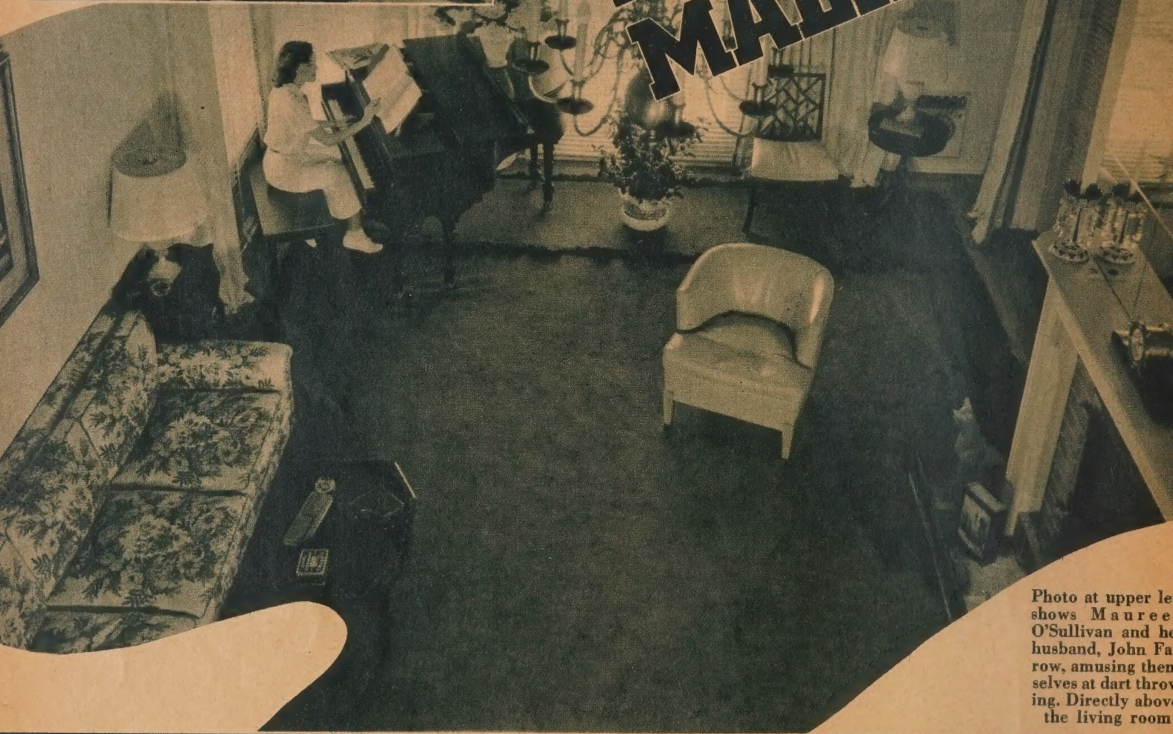
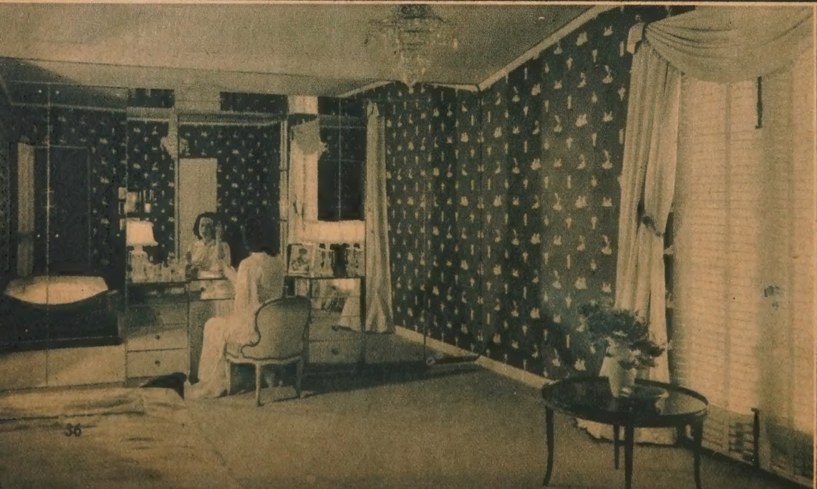


Photo at upper le
shows Mauree
O'Sullivan and he
husband, John Fa
row, amusing them
selves at dart throw
ing. Directly above
the living room

The dressing room of Maureen O'Sullivan's Malibu Beach home is shown below. The color scheme is brown and creamy white



The M-G-M star is shown, below, in the playroom of her beach home. Note length of the divan, and unusual window exposure

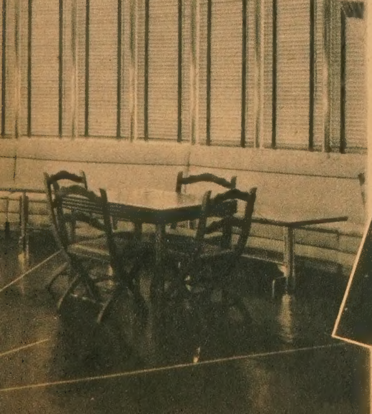
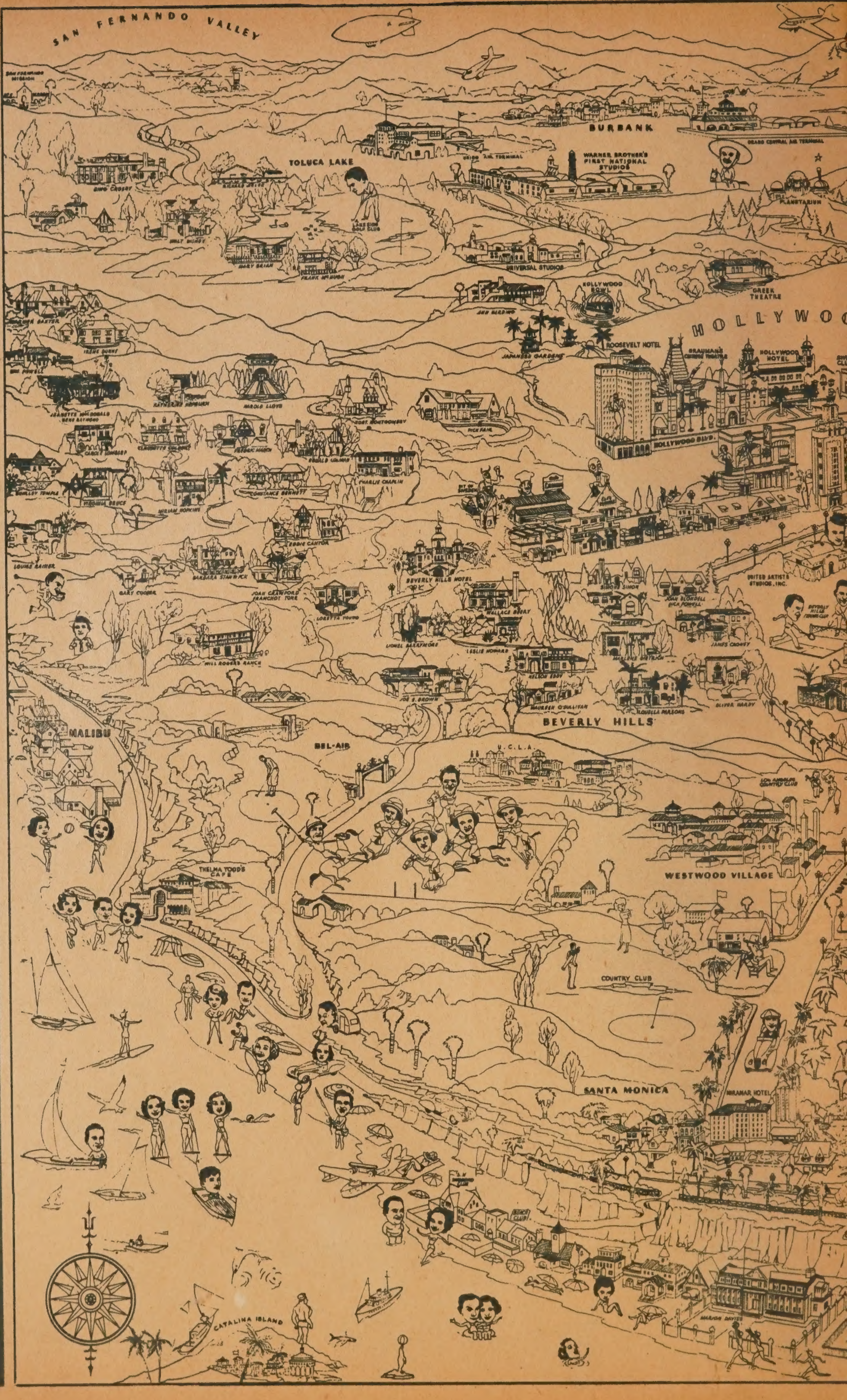
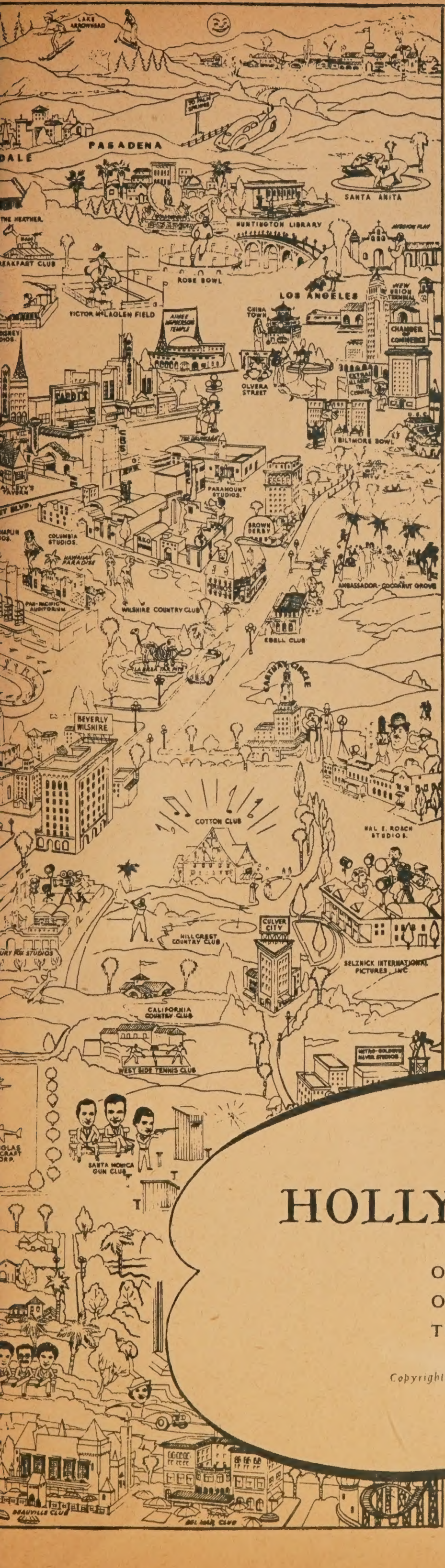


Photo above shows Maureen on her way to the beach. The house, as seen here, is only a few steps from the water

This breakfast room is decorated in royal blue and white. Maureen will next be seen with Johnny Weissmuller in another Tarzan picture


SAN FERNANDO VALLEY
SAN FERNANDO MISSION
TOLUCA LAKE
BURBANK
BING CROSBY
RICHARD ARLEN
LAKESIDE GOLF CLUB
UNION AIR TERMINAL
WARNER BROTHER'S FIRST NATIONAL STUDIOS
GRAND CENTRAL AIR TERMINAL
PLANETARIUM
WALT DISNEY
MARY BRIAN
FRANK McHUGH
UNIVERSAL STUDIOS
HOLLYWOOD BOWL
GREEK THEATRE
WARNER BAXTER
IRENE DUNNE
ANN HARDING
WM. POWELL
HOLLYWOOD
JAPANESE GARDENS
ROOSEVELT HOTEL
GRAUMAN'S CHINESE THEATRE
HOLLYWOOD HOTEL
JEANETTE McDONALD
GENE RAYMOND
KATHERINE HEPBURN
HAROLD LLOYD
ROBT. MONTGOMERY
PICKFAIR
HOLLYWOOD BLVD.
CAROLE LOMBARD
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
FREDRIC MARCH
RONALD COLMAN
SHIRLEY TEMPLE
VIRGINIA BRUCE
MIRIAM HOPKINS
CONSTANCE BENNETT
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
BIT OF SWEDEN
EDDIE CANTOR
LOUISE RAINER
BARBARA STANWICK
BEVERLY HILLS HOTEL
GARY COOPER
JOAN CRAWFORD
FRANCHOT TONE
LORETTA YOUNG
SIMONE SIMON
UNITED ARTISTS STUDIOS, INC.
WALLACE BEERY
JOAN BLONDELL
DICK POWELL
DON AMECHE
BEVERLY HILLS TENNIS CLUB
WILL ROGERS RANCH
LIONEL BARRYMORE
LESLIE HOWARD
JAMES CAGNEY
MARLENE DIETRICH
NELSON EDDY
JOE E. BROWN
MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
LOUELLA PARSONS
OLIVER HARDY
MALIBU
BEVERLY HILLS
BEL-AIR
U.C.L.A.
LOS ANGELES COUNTRY CLUB
THELMA TODD'S CAFE
WESTWOOD VILLAGE
COUNTRY CLUB
SANTA MONICA
MIRAMAR HOTEL
BEACH CLUB
MARION DAVIES
CATALINA ISLAND


LAKE ARROWHEAD
PASADENA
SANTA ANITA
THE HEATHER
HUNTINGTON LIBRARY
MISSION PLAY
BREAKFAST CLUB
ROSE BOWL
LOS ANGELES
NEW UNION TERMINAL
VICTOR McLAGLEN FIELD
AIMEE McPHERSON'S TEMPLE
CHINA TOWN
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OLVERA STREET
CBS
BILTMORE BOWL
PARAMOUNT STUDIOS
COLUMBIA STUDIOS
HAWAIIAN PARADISE
BROWN DERBY
AMBASSADOR-COCOANUT GROVE
PAN-PACIFIC AUDITORIUM
WILSHIRE COUNTRY CLUB
EBELL CLUB
CARTHAY CIRCLE
BEVERLY WILSHIRE
COTTON CLUB
HAL E. ROACH STUDIOS
HILLCREST COUNTRY CLUB
CULVER CITY
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On these pages the editors of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE bring you a caricature map of Hollywood. They know you'll enjoy looking at it and that you'll use it when you take that trip to Hollywood.

Examine it closely. On the left hand side you'll find the homes of Bing Crosby, Ann Harding, Katharine Hepburn, Harold Lloyd, Carole Lombard, Shirley Temple, Claudette Colbert, Nelson Eddy, Joan Crawford, Barbara Stanwyck and many others.

SCREEN BOOK writers are sometimes given assignments that involve rush visits to more than one studio. Most of the studios are located southeast of the city, but Warner Bros. and Universal lie to the northwest, at top center. The gray-haired writers you'll see in Hollywood are the ones who have made 15-minute dashes all the way from MGM to Warner Bros. so that you could have an exclusive story.

Pictured in the center of the map is the city of Hollywood. You'll see the night spots, Grauman's Chinese Theatre, the hotels and many of the other places you've read about. Southwest of the city lies Santa Monica, the playground of the stars.

As you examine the map you'll spot the faces of many of your favorites. Laurel and Hardy are sitting in the middle of the Hal Roach studios, Dick Powell and Clark Gable are at the Santa Monica Gun Club,. the Marx brothers are seated on a bench near the Deauville Club, and Edward Arnold and Cary Grant are swimming. You'll be able to identify many others.

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HOLLYWOOD STARLAND

OFFICIAL MOVIEGRAPH ON THE LAND
OF STARS • WHERE THEY LIVE • WHERE
THEY WORK AND WHERE THEY PLAY

Copyrighted by DON BOGGS, BOX 1030, HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORINIA

HOLLYWOOD HOLIDAY

DICK PINE Visits

Don Ameche

Don Ameche likes to relax in his study and garden, but most of his time is spent rushing around Hollywood. He is shown at left in a scene from 20th Century-Fox's *Alexander Graham Bell,* his latest picture

HE DOESN'T mind candid camera fiends and autograph collectors. Interruptions don't bother him. He doesn't object to working on his day off. He has no affectations. He bubbles over with humor and enthusiasm, likes Charlie McCarthy and cactus apples, is pleasant to people who annoy him.

Who is this paragon of all virtues, this movie star who chucks the world under the chin and kicks ostentation out the door?

Readers of SCREEN BOOK, meet Don Ameche. If you have a radio, you've listened to his program. If you attend the movies, you've seen his pictures.

Don doesn't have much time to himself. When he has a day off, something always upsets his plans. One recent holiday was spent at the dentist's and another was spent in court where he testified in a traffic case in which he hadn't the slightest interest. Somebody stole his car on a third day off, and he spent his time phoning police and hunting for it.

Last spring, when he had a few weeks off, he went to Europe for a period of relaxation. But his appendix up and said, "Oh, no, you don't!" And by the time the appendix was out and Don was up, he had to come home.

The other day, on the 20th Century-Fox *Alexander Graham Bell* set, Don told me gloatingly that he was going to have a day off.

"What do you think will happen this time?" I asked.

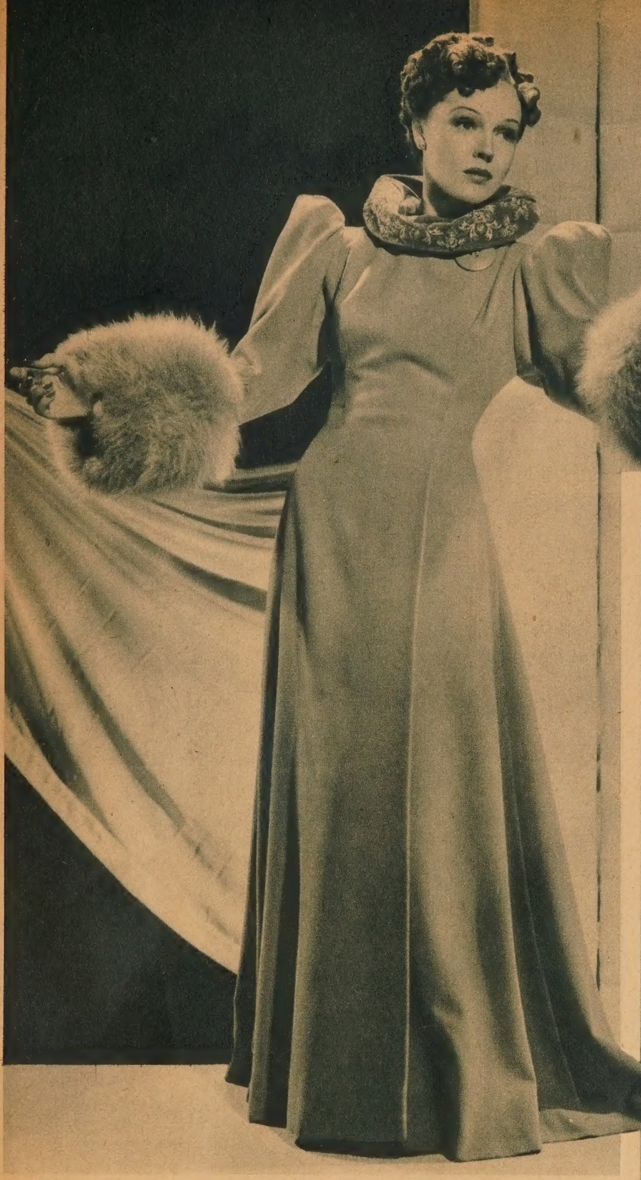
"Why don't you join me and see? We can just relax and and get acquainted. Come to my house about 8:30. You see, I always sleep a couple of hours later when I'm not working!"

He didn't smile when he said that, so I suppose he really does rise in the middle of the night when he's working. I suppressed my shudders and told him it was a date.

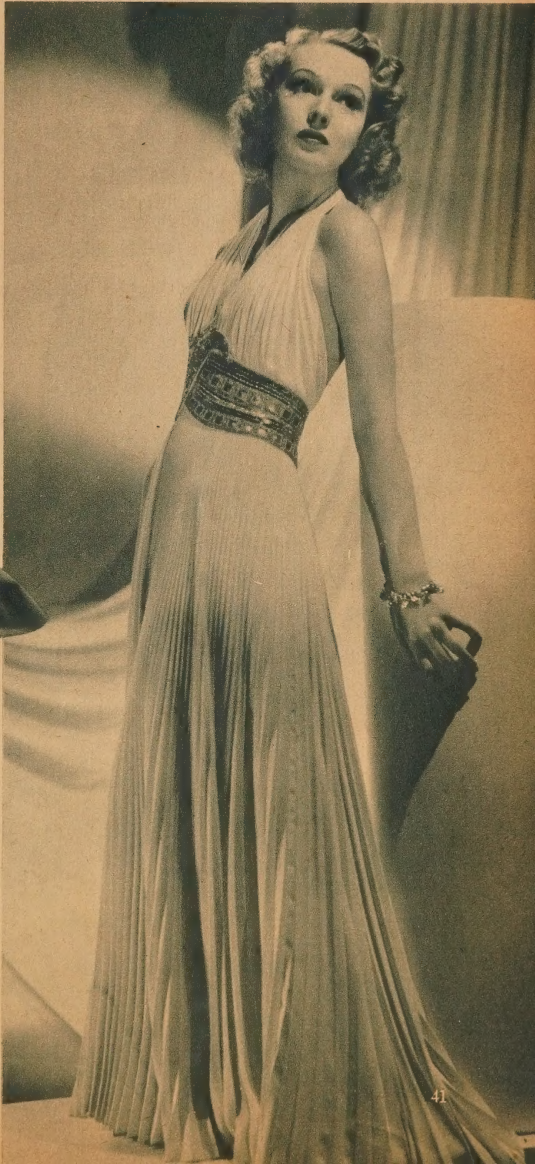
I managed to get there before nine and found Don having coffee on the patio of his new Mediterranean type house at Encino. It was one of those balmy California mornings when the weather is not "unusual." The phone was ringing; messages kept arriving; but Ameche was cheerful about it all. He was altogether too cheerful for nine o'clock in the morning.

Between interruptions, he chatted about horses, dogs, children, swimming and badminton. His enthusiasm for all these subjects knew no bounds. I've never known a fellow who

[*Continued on page* 65]

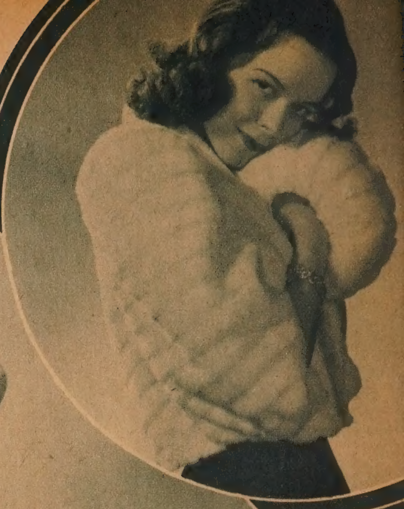


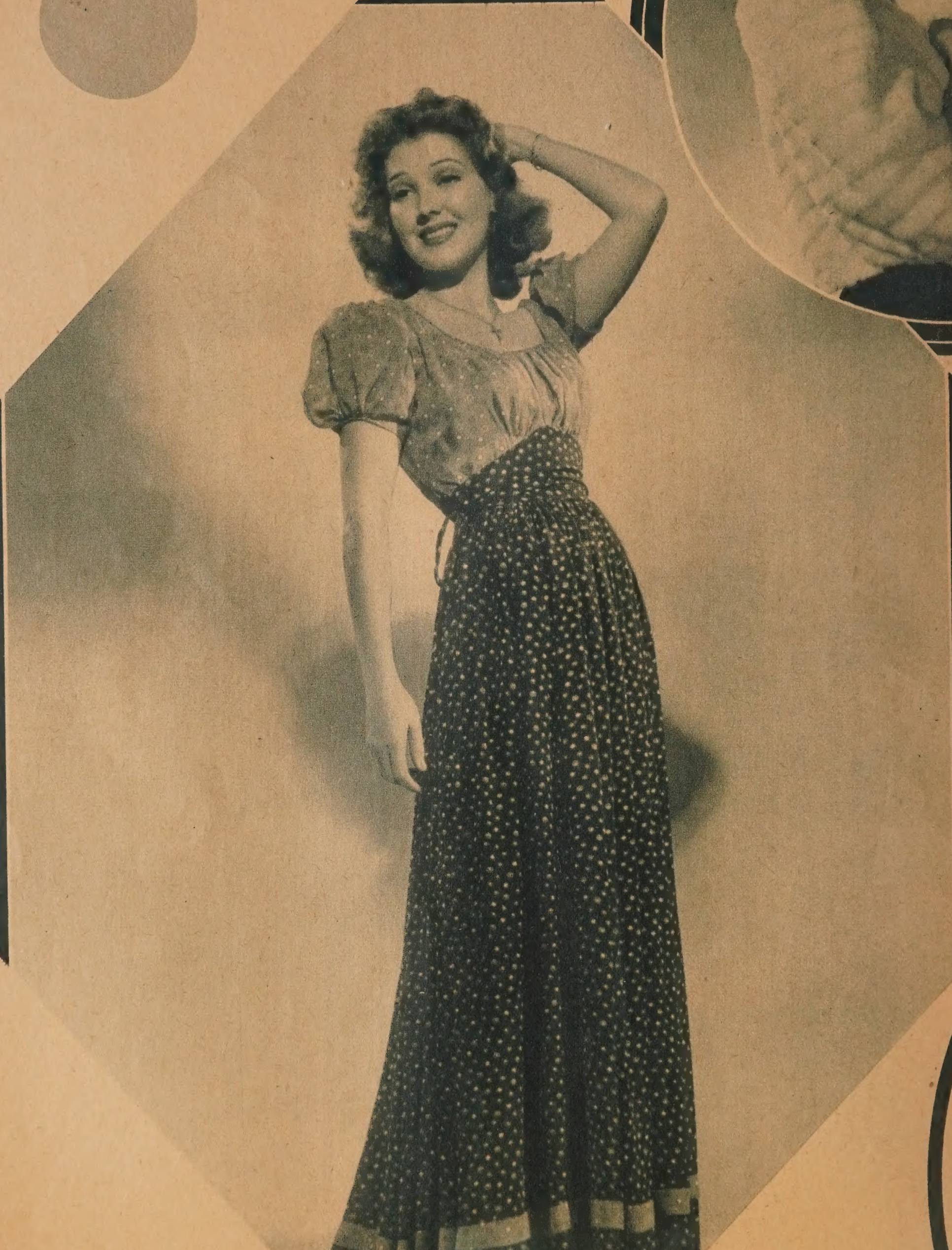
Rita Johnson's elaborate evening coat of fine flannel features muff-like cuffs of blue fox and an embroidered Elizabethan collar of royal blue velvet



Fashionably Yours

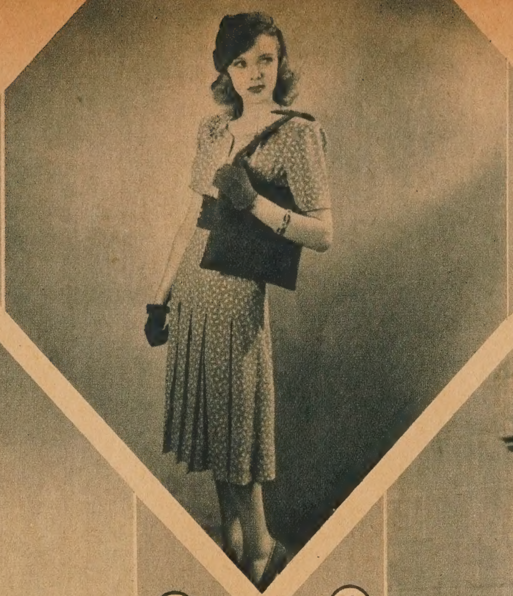
This pleated gown, fashioned of flesh crepe, is worn by Miss Johnson in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's "Broadway Serenade." The high girdle is of vari-colored stones





7. For summer wanderlust, petite Jean Parker, featured in Columbia's "Romance of the Redwoods," chooses this gypsy type evening frock of dotted blue and red sheer

Above: Miss Platt's waist-length ermine jacket with matching muff is a duplicate of her day-time ensemble, on opposite page



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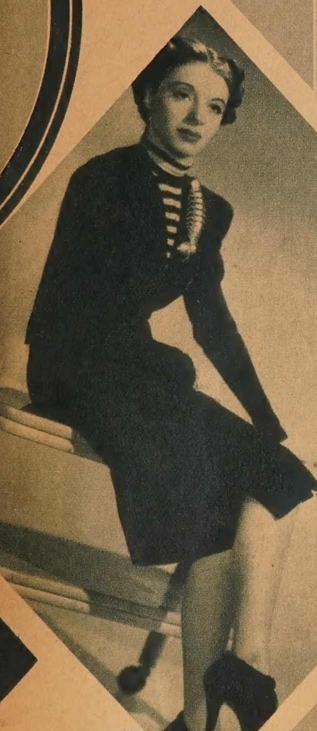

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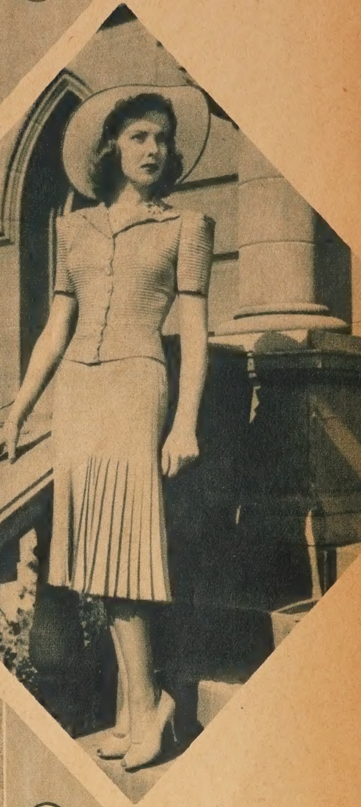

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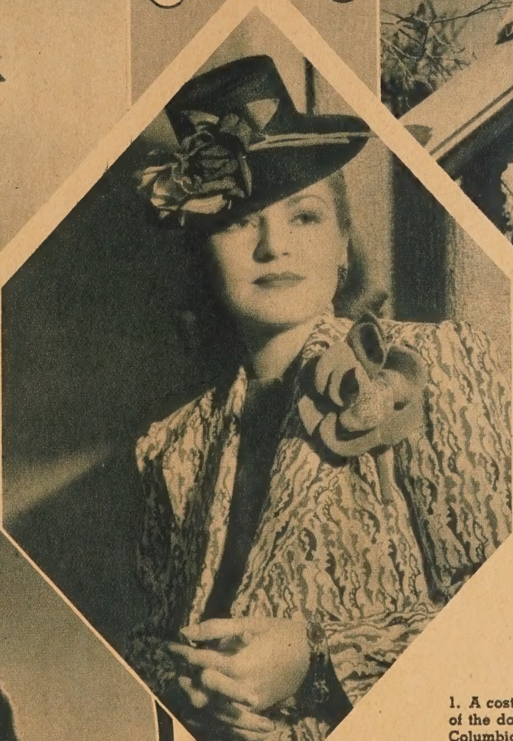
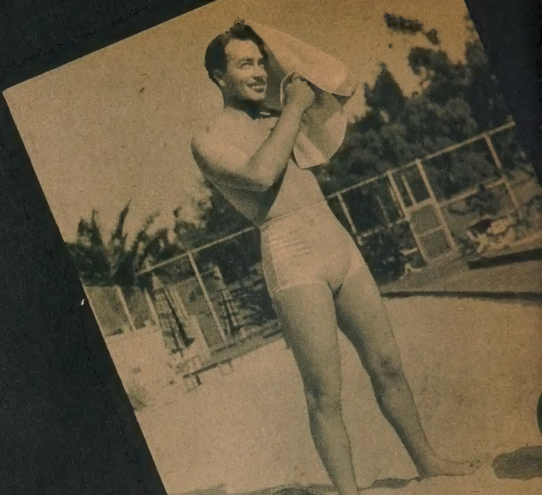


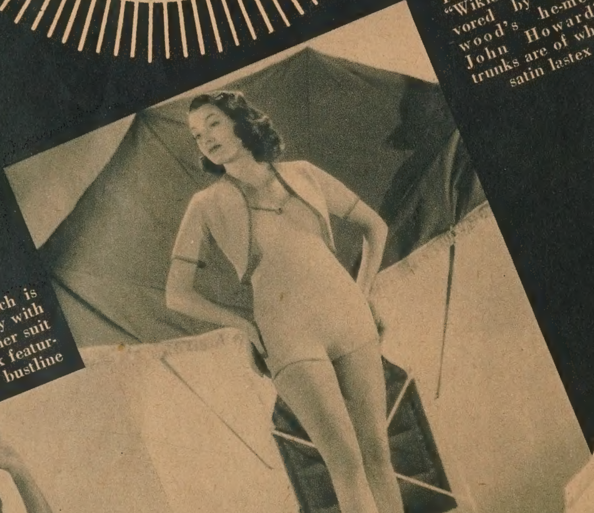
③

1. A costume to carry you through every hour of the day is worn by Ida Lupino, featured in Columbia's "The Lady and the Mob." White birds dot the dusty pink background of the slim frock. 2. Elaine Barrie, appearing in Paramount's "Midnight," wears a slim, black broadcloth suit designed by Edith Head. 3. For spring, Claire Trevor, star of Walter Wanger's "Stagecoach," selects a black straw stove-pipe hat trimmed with two roses in lavender and green. 4. Stitched pleating is news for spring and summer. Miss Lupino's jonquil yellow two-piece frock is tucked and stitched horizontally and the all-around pleated skirt is stitched to just below the hipline

STARS in the SUN



The new Gantner "Wikies" are favored by Hollywood's he-men. John Howard's trunks are of white satin lastex



Pleased as punch is Joan Woodbury with her new Gantner suit of satin lastex featuring shirred bustline

A bolero-topped suit of French blue wool enhances the brunette charms of Kay Sutton, RKO player

Helen Parrish poses in her new two-way stretch wool lastex West Coast Manchester suit

Hariette Haddon and Norah Gale display the new strapless Gantner suits which will be quite popular on the beaches this season. Paula De Cardo and Dorothy Dayton go in for polka dots and stripes

Dogwood print adds novelty to Kay Sutton's two-piece satin suit. Both her selections are BVD suits

Lillian Porter models a Jantzen "Coolie Twosome"—a gay suit with bright coolie hat print design

Joy Hodges's West Coast Manchester suit is of bronze satin lastex with separate trunks and "bra" halter top

Lovely Joan Valerie, 20th Century player, selects Jantzen's "Lazy Daisy" with adjustable braided straps

She Made It THE HARD WAY

Jeanette MacDonald is pictured above with Lew Ayres in a scene from M-G-M's new film, *Broadway Serenade*

Hard work and years of experience brought Jeanette her Hollywood opportunity. She is shown at left in a scene from *Broadway Serenade*

By E. J. SMITHSON

LOLA LOVELY had beautiful blonde hair and deep blue eyes. Whenever she walked down Main street traffic stopped, the town fire siren cut loose and the asphalt melted under her feet. Her face made men think of the South Sea islands. Her figure was the envy of every other girl in town.

One day, while Lola was mincing down the street, a talent scout from Magnificent Pictures stopped her.

"You have a future in the movies," he said. "Come with me and become a movie star."

So Lola went to Hollywood, was signed by Magnificent, played in a picture called *Palm Tree Love* and became a star overnight. Press agents wrote glowing accounts of her beauty, fans sent her bales of letters and her pay check amounted to thousands of dollars.

Lola attained success by the easy method. Her flight to stardom was not marked by disappointments, hardships, economies. Her good fortune inspired hundreds of other young hopefuls to tell themselves that sometime the same thing would happen to them.

It is true that there are stars in Hollywood who have had experiences similar to Lola Lovely's. But they are in the minority. Most of them have worked for their breaks, struggled against bad luck and won the necessary experience by hard knocks.

Jeanette MacDonald is one star who has made it the hard way.

Her name wasn't written in Neon lights the night she made her first public appearance on the stage, but she got her share of publicity. She was billed in 18-point boldface on the bottom of the program as an "ADDED ATTRACTION" of the charity play presented by her dramatic school. She was a tiny tot of three, still lacking a good inch or so of being tall enough to grasp her mother's apron strings. Her voice, when she came out between Act I and Act II to recite "Old Mother Hubbard" might have carried beyond the second row of the little theatre if the audience had been equipped with ear trumpets. But the little red-head got one of those "great big hands" when she finished and skipped back into the wings.

Although she was much too young to recognize it, that recitation was the first milestone in her theatrical career.

Many stars have had the advantage of being born into a stage family. This was not the case with Jeanette, although her sisters had artistic talents. She was the youngest of three MacDonald sisters who lived in a two-story red brick house on Arch street in Philadelphia. The other two sisters were Blossom and Elsie. Blossom was an excellent dancer even as a child, and Elsie, long before she ever started to school liked [*Continued on page 78*]

Turn Your BEST Face Toward *Spring*

—THE WAY SOCIETY FAVORITES DO!

April in Paris—An American countess stops to buy a fragrant bouquet. Thinking of sparkling complexions, THE COUNTESS DE LA FALAISE says: "Pond's is my choice. I use it to help keep my skin soft and smooth—glowing!"

Spring in the Garden is fun for MISS SALLY ANNE CHAPMAN, Philadelphia deb. Skin care is no problem to her. "It's so simple to cleanse and freshen my skin —with Pond's."

Bevy of Bridesmaids—Marjorie Fairchild's attendants are carefree! JEAN STARK (extreme left) is quick to grasp the new smart skin care. "The 'skin-vitamin' is necessary to skin health. It's thrilling to have it in Pond's."

FOLLOW TODAY'S SMART SKIN CARE—

NOW YOU CAN CREAM EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" INTO YOUR SKIN*

Dogwood Means Spring—"It's loveliest in Philadelphia," says MRS. A. J. DREXEL, III. And when skin is lacking in Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," it gets rough and dry. "That's why this vitamin in *Pond's* Cold Cream is such good news to me," she says.

Spring House Party at the University of Virginia. MISS LUCY ARMISTEAD FLIPPIN, charming southern belle, takes "time out" between dances to capture the magic of the night! "Pond's is traditionally famous. It was a natural choice for me. I use it to soften my skin so *make-up looks glamorous!*"

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S
POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing

Vitamin A, the "skin-vitamin," is necessary to skin health. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft again. Scientists found that this vitamin, applied to the skin, healed wounds and burns *quicker*. Now this "skin-vitamin" is in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream! Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, labels, prices.

*** Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.**

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LOOKING BEHIND THE STAR DUST

Ronald Reagan

Ann Sothern

Michael Whalen

Janet Gaynor

1. One of the following film great once worked in a shoe store. Do you know which one?

Ronald Reagan
[✓ Janet Gaynor]
Michael Whalen
Ann Sothern

2. What glamorous actress recently told the press: "I've retired from film work forever. I'm going to settle down and be a wife and mother?"

Pat Patterson
[✓ Lili Damita]
Joan Blondell
Elaine Barrie

3. What singing star found a career by chance through being the victim of a peculiar kind of throat trouble?

[✓ Bing Crosby]
Dick Powell
Rudy Vallee
Allan Jones

4. What well-known film figure has recently joined a brand-new organization to star in pictures written by herself?

Katharine Hepburn
[✓ Mae West]
Luise Rainer
Mary Pickford

5. What is Maurice Chevalier doing now?

Managing real estate
Directing pictures in Paris
Writing his memoirs
[✓ Appearing in French revues]

Jane Wyman

Rochelle Hudson

Anita Louise

Jane Bryan

6. What screen ingenue recently parted from her mother when the latter objected to her choice of a boy friend?

Jane Wyman
[✓ Rochelle Hudson]
Jane Bryan
Anita Louise

7. What English actor sailed from London to play a certain role on Broadway only to be snapped up almost immediately by Hollywood?

Patric Knowles
Leslie Howard
Richard Greene
[✓ Louis Hayward]

8. What top-notch star of today was once glad to usher in a theatre?

Kay Francis
[✓ Bette Davis]
Randolph Scott
Robert Montgomery

9. What comedian recently decided that Hollywood was on the verge of breaking up his marriage, so made plans to take his wife abroad at once for a rest and a second honeymoon?

Bob Burns
Joe Penner
Roscoe Karns
[✓ Jack Oakie]

10. Which of these stars originally played one of his best screen roles on Broadway?

[✓ Henry Fonda]
Fredric March
Ian Hunter
Paul Kelly

11. One of these song-birds once worked in a coal mine.

Nelson Eddy
Bing Crosby
Lawrence Tibbett
[✓ Allan Jones]

12. Which one of the following gratefully adopted for her own the name of the character she played in her first real part?

Mary Carlisle
Gloria Dickson
Ellen Drew
[✓ Anne Shirley]

13. What famous player of character parts was one of the co-founders of the New York Theatre Guild?

Walter Connolly
Henry Hull
Ralph Morgan
[✓ Helen Westley]

Ray Milland

Claudette Colbert

Fernand Gravet

Olympe Bradna

14. One of the following cinema favorites was born in Belgium. Can you tell which one?

[✓ Fernand Gravet]
Claudette Colbert
Olympe Bradna
Ray Milland

15. What team of screen love-birds feuded constantly during their long and profitable career?

[✓ Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern]
James Cagney-Joan Blondell
William Powell-Myrna Loy
Charles Farrell-Janet Gaynor

16. Who is the only star who ever stepped from the screen into Grand Opera?

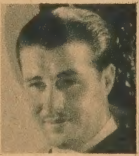
[✓ Hope Hampton]
Gladys Swarthout
Grace Moore
Lily Pons

17. Who was the founder of the American Guild of Musical Artists, an A. F. of L. affiliate and actively interested in better conditions for less fortunate musicians?

Nelson Eddy
Leopold Stokowski
Bing Crosby
[✓ Lawrence Tibbett]

18. One of these leading men has often used his brother as stand-in. Can you pick him?

[✓ Victor McLaglen]
Fred MacMurray
Robert Young
Robert Wilcox


Don Ameche

Shirley Ross

Melvyn Douglas

Loretta Young

19. What film favorite recently underwent an appendectomy in Holland?

Loretta Young
Shirley Ross
Melvyn Douglas
[✓ Don Ameche]

20. Which of the following players had a chief-of-police for father?

Lucille Ball
Tom Brown
Dick Powell
[✓ George O'Brien]

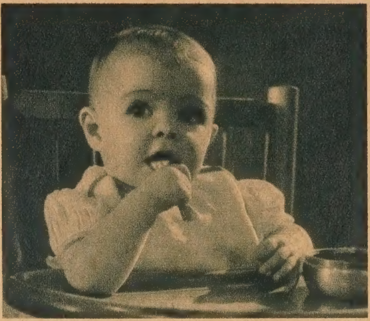
21. What well-known dancer happened to find a career—and health—while tap-dancing away the ills of a delicate childhood?

[*Continued on page* 63]

Elizabeth shows how your baby can grow

Babyhood . . . thriving on Clapp's Strained Foods

Elizabeth — 4 Months . . ."Here's her first really good picture," says Elizabeth Harkrader's mother. (Elizabeth lives in Westfield, N. J., where a study in infant feeding took place recently.) "I had just begun to feed her from a spoon then. She'd had Clapp's Baby Cereal about a month and was beginning Strained Vegetables. My, how she used to chirp when she'd see them coming!"



Elizabeth—10 Months . . ."She was creeping and beginning to pull herself up on chairs, at the time this was taken. She just gained like anything in those days—more than a pound a month. She was nice and solid, too, so that you could see that her Clapp's Strained Foods gave her the vitamins and minerals that a baby needs. She was getting all the Strained Foods by this time."

Clapp's
Baby Foods
Strained Foods

17 Varieties of Clapp's Strained Foods

Every food requested and approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. The Clapp Company—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

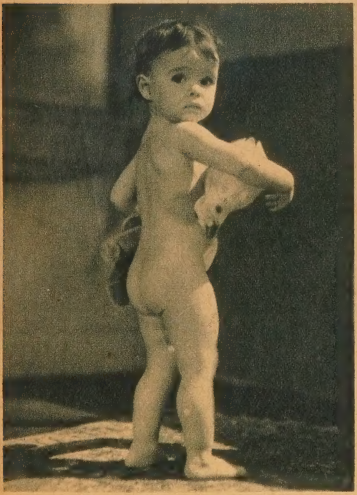
Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup Strained Beef with Vegetables.

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots Green Beans • Mixed Greens.

Fruits--Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce.

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Runabout Age . . . protected by Clapp's Chopped Foods



Elizabeth—1½ years . . ." 'Our little nudist,' her Daddy calls this picture. We were very lucky then, for just as she got too old for Clapp's Strained Foods, they started to make Chopped Foods. They're coarser, you know, help the child to learn to chew. But they're cut up and cooked and seasoned, exactly the way the doctors advise. It was lucky for me, too—Chopped Foods certainly save no end of work!"

Elizabeth — 3½ years . . ."This is her latest picture. She goes to nursery school now and she's so self-reliant and helpful—bathes herself, and even feeds baby brother. She still gets Clapp's Chopped Foods, and the grocer has some new ones—Junior Dinners—that she just loves. Beef or lamb, cooked with vegetables and cereals, and *very* good. I wish everyone with little boys or girls of Elizabeth's age could know about them!"

Clapp's
Foods for Young Children
Chopped Foods

11 Varieties of Clapp's Chopped Foods

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup.

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables • Liver with Vegetables.

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens.

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes.

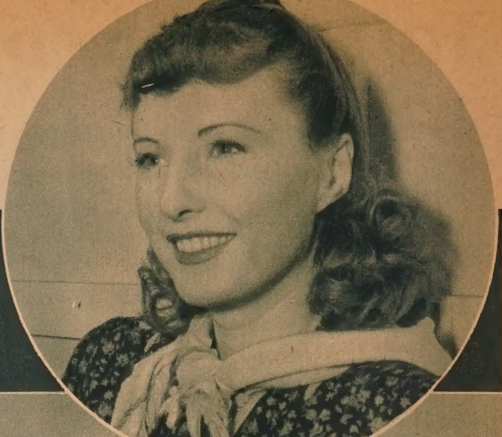
Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

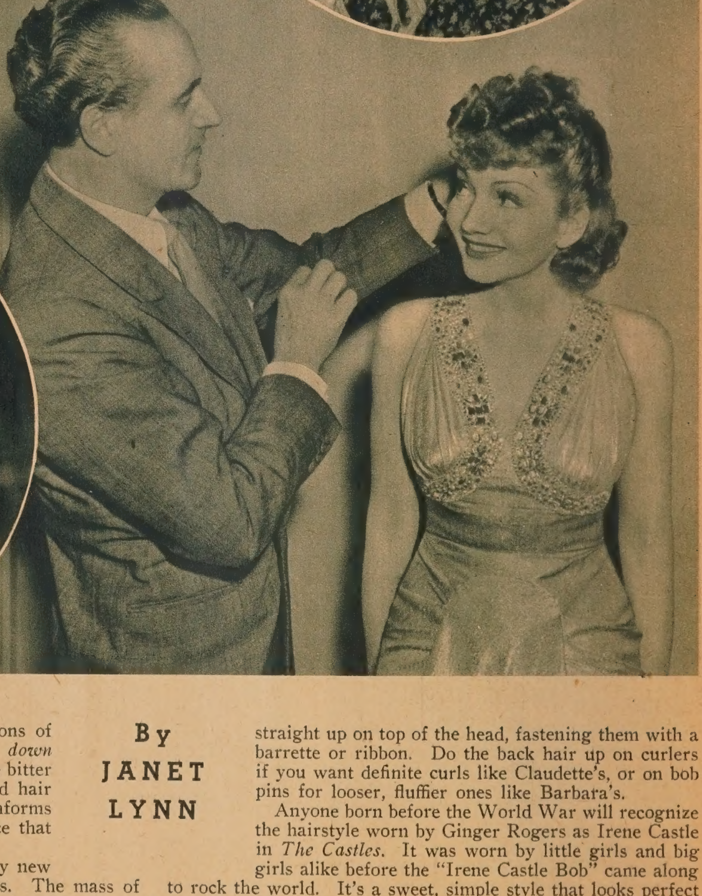
STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

PARADE OF PROGRESS At Your Grocer's, April 6 to May 6

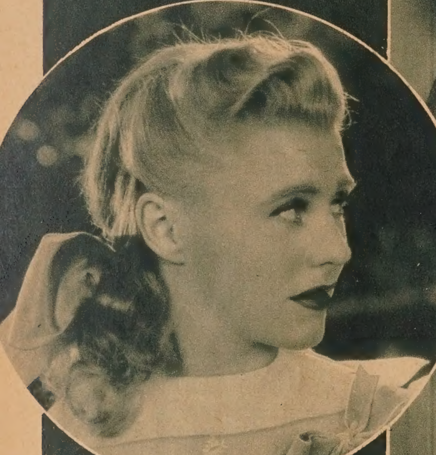
UPS and DOWNS



Barbara Stanwyck's "little-girl" coiffure is a happy medium. Miss Stanwyck appears in *Union Pacific*



Claudette Colbert, star of Paramount production, *Midnight*, smilingly approves of her new "high-low" coiffure



Ginger Rogers, appearing in *The Castles*, ties back her "pre-war" curls with a flat bow

By

JANET LYNN

HERE are three hot-off-the-griddle versions of the newest hairstyle—*up* in front and *down* in back. It's Hollywood's answer to the bitter controversy that waged last winter: "Should hair be worn up or down?" Furthermore it conforms perfectly to the "Little Girl" fashion influence that is sweeping us back to our panty-waist days.

And it's flattering, too, a quality which any new hairstyle must have to go over with the girls. The mass of curls at the nape of the neck softens the contours of the lower part of the face; the upward sweep of hair at the temples gives a youthful "up-lift" to the features and the curls or waves on top of the head make a frame for the upper part of the face.

Barbara Stanwyck's *Union Pacific* coiffure is looser, more simple and more childish than Claudette Colbert's but the basic lines are the same. Antoine, who created Claudette's coiffure for *Midnight*, simply made more and tighter curls than Stanwyck's hairdresser did. You can copy either of these hairstyles yourself, provided your top hair is cut short (three or four inches), the sides and back left long. Separate the top hair and curl it. Leave the side pieces straight and draw them straight up on top of the head, fastening them with a barrette or ribbon. Do the back hair up on curlers if you want definite curls like Claudette's, or on bob pins for looser, fluffier ones like Barbara's.

Anyone born before the World War will recognize the hairstyle worn by Ginger Rogers as Irene Castle in *The Castles*. It was worn by little girls and big girls alike before the "Irene Castle Bob" came along to rock the world. It's a sweet, simple style that looks perfect with the voile and organdy dresses and ribbon sashes that are being revived—and it's easy to arrange, too. The hair on top is waved deeply and pushed forward slightly (a little careful "ratting" underneath will make it stand up in that pompadour). The side hair is brought up straight, secured on top of the head by combs, and the back hair is curled softly and covered with a large, flat bow. A practical style because it takes to almost any of the new hats.

If your permanent wave is gone with the winter, you won't be able to achieve soft, loose curls like Ginger's and Barbara's or crisp round ones like Claudette's. You may achieve them for a few hours, true, but they'll

[*Continued on page* 70]

TO BLUE-EYED GIRLS LIKE *Vera Zorina*

STARRING IN THE BROADWAY SUCCESS
"I MARRIED AN ANGEL"

Marvelous Matched Makeup brings new allure!

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

MARY: What! Choose my *powder* by the color of my *eyes*, Claire?

CLAIRE: Yes, and your rouge and lipstick, too, Mary! Really, until you try Marvelous Matched Makeup, you don't know how flattering a harmonized makeup can be!

MARY: It's *wonderful* on *you*, Claire! But *your* eyes are *blue! Mine* are *brown!*

CLAIRE: Mary, whether your eyes are brown, blue, gray or hazel, the Marvelous people have just the shades for you! They tested girls and women of every age and coloring—

MARY: And they found *eye* color is the guide to proper cosmetic shades, Claire?

CLAIRE: Exactly! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes. *It's the color of your eyes!*

CLAIRE: And Mary, Marvelous Matched Makeup is everything you've ever dreamed of! You'll *adore* the powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

CLAIRE: And wait till you try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick, Mary! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, natural glow! And Marvelous Lipstick is so creamy and protective . . . yet its color lasts and lasts!

MARY: Marvelous gives a thrilling new beauty *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too)—but for *perfect color harmony*, get them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
(65¢ in Canada)

2
FACE POWDER
MARVELOUS

55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

FW-539

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send me my Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous trial sizes. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name____________________
Street____________________
City____________________State________

MEN turn and look...

There's nothing like a youthful fragrance to lend you charm and attractiveness. That's why so many popular women everywhere, use April Showers Talc. It's the most inexpensive way to assure themselves of a lasting and provocative fragrance. For this fine, imported talc is scented with Cheramy's famous "perfume of youth".

CHERAMY
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The Perfume of Youth
Talc
28c
April Showers Talc

Also, April Showers Dusting Powder — big box with de luxe fluffy puff 85c

Tyrone Power—A "Right" Guy in Wrong Roles

[Continued from page 22]

slapstick, outdraw Tyrone in spectacular epics? Even with the country skating-mad, why should Sonja Henie's two 1938 pictures sell more tickets than Tyrone's four? Tyrone and Alice made two pictures together in 1938. What was there about the less expensive pictures she made with other co-stars that put her ahead of him in box-office appeal?

The explanation isn't hard to find. Jane, Sonja and Alice don't have more natural personality than Tyrone. But they have had more chances on the screen to be natural, to be themselves.

Mickey, like Shirley, is in a class by himself. Clark and Bob are in another class, to which Tyrone also belongs—the romantic-hero division. Clark, 13 years older than Tyrone, was seen in only two new pictures in 1938. Bob, three years older than Tyrone and less well grounded in acting, started 1938 under an ominous cloud of adverse publicity. Yet both Clark and Bob ended 1938 ahead of their romantic rival. Why?

They had more chances on the screen to be natural, normal, everyday human beings, typical of their times. They didn't have to look older than they were. Nor did they have to look like distinguished museum pieces.

Unfortunately for Tyrone, his employers have taken the hard way to try to make him The People's Choice. They have tried to awe the public into preferring him.

Since *In Old Chicago*, they have given him nothing less than million-dollar pictures to do. In addition they have made his pictures "important" by having them portray only colorful segments of the past.

People can be driven to see million-dollar pictures simply because they are million-dollar pictures. But they can't be driven to prefer a romantic young actor simply because he is given biographical roles.

A handsome hero who can also act is almost as rare as the dodo bird. When a studio finds one, you can't blame it for plunging heavily on such an investment. You can't blame it for going overboard in glorifying the lad's ability, even at the expense of dimming his natural, normal personality.

But, sad to relate, popularity on the screen depends far more upon personality than upon ability. Most of the public's favorites will never win Academy Awards. And some of the ablest actors in Hollywood will never be popular—because they're short on personal magnetism.

Tyrone isn't. Decidedly not. But his brand of magnetism has been obscured by the brand of pictures he has had for more than a year.

Take *In Old Chicago*, the first of the lot.

According to legend, the great Chicago fire of 1870 started when Mrs. O'Leary's cow kicked over a lantern. *In Old Chicago* honored the legend and improved upon it. It led audiences to believe that Mrs. O'Leary had not only a bossy, but three sons, one of whom went wrong and became a political boss. Holding sway in the wooden slums, he blocked his crusading brother, the mayor, who said the slums were a fire hazard and wanted to tear them down. The picture hinted pretty strongly that there almost had to be a fire, starting in his own backyard, to regenerate the erring son, make him determined to carry out his father's dream of a great metropolis on the lake shore.

Tyrone was the erring son, *Dion O'Leary*. He didn't look the part of a political boss; he was too young. But he acted the part to the hilt. He was as suave as he was selfish. He was as ruthless as he was magnetic—with women as well as with men. Handsome, self-possessed, he was fascinating in an inverse sort of way; but for nine-tenths of the picture he wasn't someone to inspire either sympathy or outright admiration. Both Don Ameche and Alice Faye won more sympathy . . . and the fire won more admiration.

Whatever his employers may have intended, Tyrone wasn't the big attraction in *In Old Chicago*. The fire was.

NEXT came *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, with Tyrone glorified as the composer responsible for the evolution of jazz. This, with a few fictional improvements, was the life story of Irving Berlin. As such, it was something modern. It started only as far back as World War days and came all the way up to the present. Tyrone could look on the screen almost as he looks off it.

This was a step in the right direction—even though, at the end of the 20 years covered by the picture, neither he, Alice Faye nor Don Ameche looked 20 minutes older than they had at the beginning. The Hero didn't win The Girl, but the picture pointed out poignantly how romantic he was. That was a step in the right direction, too.

As a build-up for Tyrone, there was only one thing wrong with *Alexander's Ragtime Band*. It was another important picture that made something apart from Tyrone more memorable than he was. This time, it was music.

A star as valuable as Tyrone wouldn't be loaned to another studio unless that studio could offer something super-colossal in the way of a picture. M-G-M did just that with *Marie Antoinette*. Here was to be not only an historical picture but a three-million-dollar one. With alacrity, his employers loaned him, not stopping to wonder if the picture wasn't out of gear with the times and might be a super-colossal flop.

So once again, Tyrone was back in another century—this time as a dark-haired Scandinavian, so serious as to be almost grim. According to history, Count Axel Fersen was a close adviser of Marie Antoinette's for years. But the picture, whitewashing the lady's reputation, made out that they saw each other only about three times and then, realizing that they were in love, parted—not to see each other again until they both were middle-aged. He popped up then only to try to save her from death at the hands of her subjects, who didn't love her as he did.

The make-up men saw to it that he aged realistically. The only trouble was that, when he looked older, he looked even grimmer. But that wasn't the main trouble with the role as a build-up for Tyrone. *Marie Antoinette* was a long picture. And his part in the picture was short. Too short and too much in one tone to be memorable.

By the time he finished *Marie Antoinette*, his own studio had *Suez* lined up for him, another historical picture, laid in another century, glorifying Ferdinand de Lesseps, the great French canal-builder.

According to history, de Lesseps was more than 50 when he built the Suez Canal and was a devoted family man with a brood of 12. These facts weren't glamorous. So history was changed—to glamorize him (and, incidentally, Tyrone.)

In the picture version, de Lesseps was a young man who was so in love with Eugenie di Montijo, later Empress Eugenie, that when she jilted him he had nothing to live for except canal-building. He became a grim young man, intent on letting nothing keep him from canal-building . . . neither lack of finances nor sabotage nor sandstorms nor the charms of womankind.

Making Tyrone ignore womankind was putting heroism on a bit thick—as even Tyrone apparently felt, either consciously or unconsciously. Between scenes, he fell in love with Annabella.

Suez, by making Tyrone so grim and monastic-minded, did his romantic appeal a distinct disservice. There's something appalling and a bit silly about a continuously set jaw. With Tyrone's smile what it is—practically the best in the business—his employers should scout for scripts to exhibit it, not hide it. They would automatically enhance his popularity.

Suez did the Tyrone Power romantic appeal another disservice, also. It made a sand-storm more memorable.

His first picture for 1939 was *Jesse James*. Again Tyrone was in a costume role, though this time he was in Technicolor, too. That helped. So did a script that was crowded with action.

As a picture, it was smash-bang entertainment. But, in the final analysis, did it do half as much for Tyrone as it did for *Jesse*?

IT EULOGIZED Jesse at the finish, in these words, spoken by Henry Hull over Jesse's grave: "We ain't ashamed of him. I don't know why, but I don't think even America is ashamed of Jesse James. Maybe it's because we understand a little that he wasn't altogether to blame for what his time made him." But the critics paid their eulogies to Henry Fonda, rather than Tyrone. He was more believable as a grim, rugged citizen of the old West.

Until his employers got a load of those reviews, they were seriously thinking of casting Tyrone as a young Abraham Lincoln in *Lawyer of the West*—Lincoln the gaunt and towering, with a face not so handsome as inflexibly strong. They changed their minds and gave the role to Fonda, instead.

Tyrone is now doing *Rose of Washington Square*, which involves more costumes but is in a lighter vein and has music. There's a chance that he will look less miscast than in most of his recent pictures.

It's a high tribute to Tyrone's likability that he is as popular today as he is, considering some of the roles he has been asked to play—roles that haven't let him be a natural, normal, believable human being.

Tyrone hasn't kicked. You wouldn't kick, either, if a studio wanted to put you in the leads of million-dollar pictures—particularly if, not too long ago, you had had a struggle to get even "extra" roles. But sometimes even Tyrone must wonder why, for all the million-dollar roles, he doesn't stand higher in the box-office poll. He must wonder what might happen if he could be himself on the screen once in a while, as he was, more or less, in *Love Is News* and *Second Honeymoon* and *Thin Ice*, 'way back in 1937. Everybody seemed to like those.

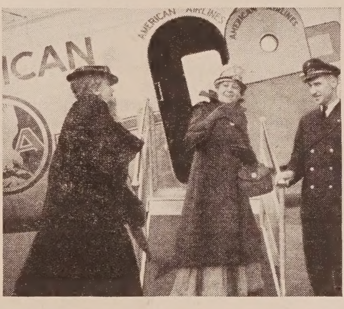
There are signs that his studio is beginning to see the light. He has been announced as Sonja Henie's co-star in her next.

May this not be only a ruse to revive those Power-Henie romance rumors and kill off his romance with Annabella, which the studio never has warmly endorsed. May it be the beginning of a new and modern series of pictures for Tyrone—a right guy who has been drawing the wrong roles.

I TOLD YOU THAT MARRIAGE WOULD HIT THE ROCKS . . .

SUSAN: Mercy me, this telegram says our newlyweds are in trouble again! Mollie wants to pack her bags and come here.

MATILDA: I told you that marriage would hit the rocks if she didn't get wise to herself. Come on—we haven't a minute to lose!



SUSAN: But I'm scared to death of these flying machines. Why can't we send Mollie a telegram instead?

MATILDA: Don't be a ninny! I've told her a million times Jack wouldn't nag so much if she'd only keep tattle-tale gray out of his shirts and things. Now I'm going to *show* her how to do it.

SUSAN: H-m-m-m! I'm not frightened a bit any more. We ought to do more flying, Matilda.

MATILDA: The next flying we'll do is on our feet—straight to Mollie's and then to her grocer's. Once she stops using those weak-kneed soaps that leave dirt behind—and changes to Fels-Naptha Soap—she'll be rid of tattle-tale gray in a jiffy!

FEW WEEKS LATER

MOLLIE: Hey, forget those dancers a minute and look at Jack's shirt. It's just marvelous how white my washes look since Fels-Naptha's richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* went to work for me. Not a trace of tattle-tale gray now!

JACK: That isn't *all* the good news, darling. Did you tell these two cupids we're taking another honeymoon cruise?

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"
COPR. 1939, FELS & CO. with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wed. night. See local paper for time and station.

Lovely
Cliff Dweller
advises...
get tough
with your teeth

A smile to climb mountains for. Strong white teeth, sparkling with health. And all because of tough, chewy foods that *exercised* her teeth. Soft modern foods have no exercise value. Yet you can get a mouth workout in one pleasant easy way.

HELPS KEEP
TEETH WHITE

DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5¢

...MOUTH HEALTHY

DENTYNE HELPS
KEEP TEETH IN TRIM

Many dentists advise Dentyne for daily mouth exercise. Its special firmness invites vigorous chewing. The gentle massaging action aids healthful circulation of blood in the gums. And through its use teeth are cleansed and brightened.

EXTRA FLAVOR—
SPICY, EXCITING

Sun cured cinnamon, deliciously warm, exotic, appetizing, gives Dentyne its extra flavor. Reminds you of Grandma's spiced cookies, but even more tempting. You'll *like* Dentyne. And its exclusive flat package, especially designed to slip easily into purse or pocket.

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

I Discovered Paul Muni

[*Continued from page* 24]

I will manage to get along somehow. But if you could only do something for Muni."

I asked her where her theatre was located. It was an hour and a half ride by "el" from the Empire theatre. I promised her that as soon as I had the opportunity I would come down and see her Muni.

It was several months before I could fulfill that promise. It was our busiest season and very difficult for me to get away. But with the coming of the hot weather, we closed down for several weeks and I made it my business to go over and see the Weisenfreund's white hope.

I don't remember the name of the play. I don't remember anything about it. But I do remember Muni Weisenfreund. Muni had taken the part of a *Litwak,* that is, a man who comes from a part of Europe called Lithuania. I was astounded at the accuracy of his portrayal. I went backstage to meet him and see his mother. He was a shy, modest, retiring boy who spoke little. But his mother's volubility made up for his reticence. Couldn't I do something for him? Wouldn't I find a place for him at the Empire. It need not be a big part.

Muni said nothing. I could see that he was quite uncomfortable. He kept getting redder and redder in the face and shifting his weight from one foot to the other. His pride must have rebelled against the fact that his mother was asking something for him. I told her that at present the cast of the Empire was filled and that there was no chance for a vacancy at the moment. Should one occur, I would get in touch with her immediately.

SEVERAL months after that, I resigned my post as assistant director of the Empire theatre and became the director of the Grand Opera House in Boston. The Grand Opera House was really not an opera house. It was a Yiddish theatre with a repertoire company that gave a different play every week. We needed a comedian and I thought of Muni Weisenfreund immediately. I sat down and wrote his mother and told her to send him at once. She wrote back thanking me profusely for the wonderful opportunity. But they had no money for the fare. Would I please send it to them and take it off his wages of $18.50 per week?

A few days later he arrived bubbling over with gratitude and enthusiasm. It was his great chance and he would give it all he had. Muni is that way to this very day—bubbling over with the joy of life when things go well and then deep in the slough of despondency when he feels that the stream is going against him. We rehearsed his part and the boy was excellent. But Nemesis in the form of the union officials stopped it and for a while it looked as if Muni's career was over before it began.

Muni was not a member of the union and the union men told me that he would not be allowed to act. He had no money and probably no desire to join. He suffered miserably from the disappointment and I felt terribly sorry for him. There must be some way, I thought, by which he might be allowed to remain in the cast. So I went to the union and said that I would engage a union comedian to take Muni's place. I asked that Muni be allowed to stay on as a sort of extra, since he was not taking anyone's place away. They agreed and Muni bubbled over once more. I remembered his excellent impersonation of the Litwak and immediately wrote in a part especially for that character.

But again trouble arose. I had gone to great lengths to build up a star system at the Grand Opera House. But the moment Muni came on, the stars were forgotten and he was the hit of the show. I had to write better and bigger parts for him because the public demanded it. As a result, the stars came to me and insisted that Muni be given smaller parts or fired. They were so jealous and there was so much bickering that they made the poor boy's life miserable.

I fought for him and was accused of showing favoritism. I knew the boy was an artist and I knew, too, that he was meant for bigger and better things. Maurice Schwartz, the famous actor, was organizing a troupe in Philadelphia. I wrote to him and told him about Muni. Schwartz came to Boston to see him and immediately engaged him. I was sorry to part with Muni. I had become genuinely fond of his fine, sensitive qualities but I felt he had far greater opportunities with Schwartz than he ever could have with me.

We still corresponded, however. I could tell from his letters that he wasn't happy. Later I learned that there had been arguments over billing and salary.

Finally Muni left Philadelphia and went to New York. There is a price we must pay for everything. Given a wonderful talent, Muni was also given the capacity to suffer. Fortunately for him, however, he recovered his courage quickly and in New York he found a place for himself at the Bowery theatre.

In New York came the second turning point on the road to stardom. He met the woman I feel had far more to do with his success than I. She was a soubrette in the company where he was a character actor. She was the niece of Boris Thomaschefsky, one of the most famous actors on the Yiddish stage. Her name was Bella Finkel and she is one of the finest, most cultured of people.

SO THEY met, these two, and I think it was a case of love at first sight. After their show was over, they would go across the street to a dairy restaurant and over the dairy dishes which they both love, Muni would confide his hopes, his fears and his enthusiasms, and Bella would listen, understand and advise. She saw, too, what everyone else was beginning to see, that here was a man who was more than just an actor. He was an artist whose work was his very life. So Bella did what few women will do. She decided she would give up her own career as an actress and devote all her time and effort to helping him. They married and theirs has been a partnership in every sense of the word.

Soon after his marriage, Muni decided he would give up the Yiddish theatre and try the English speaking stage. There were greater opportunities, the audience was more varied, he might become better known. So he took the lead in a play called *Four Walls* and his acting became the talk of Broadway. A Fox film scout happened to see the play and asked Muni if he would like to make a picture in Hollywood. Muni talked it over with Bella and finally accepted the offer. He made a picture called *Seven Faces* and was so disgusted that he vowed he would never make another picture. He blamed himself for the failure of the picture. He hadn't given it his best, he said. He really wasn't a good actor at all. And again he was terribly discouraged.

So back to Broadway he went. Several of the plays were flops. But Elmer Rice wrote a play called *Counsellor-at-Law* and Muni Weisenfreund, whose name had been changed to Paul Muni, created a part that is still discussed as one of the finest examples of acting. Again Hollywood beckoned. A little fearful still, Muni decided to give it a second try. You know the rest.

During the years since he left my company, I had been seeing a great deal of the Munis. Molly Picon, my wife, had become a famous star herself and often we would eat with them in their favorite dairy restaurant. When they left for Hollywood, we still corresponded with them and watched Muni's rise with the greatest pleasure. Then Molly and I had an engagement to fill in Los Angeles but the Munis had become so famous that we wondered whether it would be wise to disturb them. After all, they were Hollywood and we were still Bowery. So Molly and I talked it over and decided it would be best to let the Munis alone. We arrived in Los Angeles and did not call them up. But the local newspapers printed the news of our arrival.

The next morning the 'phone rang. It was the hotel clerk.

"There's a car and a chauffeur downstairs. It belongs to Mr. and Mrs. Paul Muni and they say you are to pack your clothes and drive over to their house and remain as their guests for as long as you are to be in Los Angeles." Molly and I looked at each other with tears in our eyes. The Munis still considered us their friends.

The Munis live in extreme simplicity. It is remarkable how the man's character has remained the same. He is the same shy, sensitive, retiring person he was when I first saw him. He is subject to the same discouragements and the same enthusiasms. He is still never satisfied with his work.

"The only part that comes up to my idea of perfection is Zola," he told me, "the rest are all terrible."

THE publicity stories that have appeared about the care he gives his roles are all true. It is true that he has recordings of his voice made to see how it sounds to others. It is true that he has masks made of his impersonations so that he can study them to get the spirit of the role. He told me an interesting story of those masks. He had hung them up in his garage to get them out of the way. Next door to him lives Nancy Carroll, and her garage is near his. Coming home late from a party one night she mistook his garage for her own, saw the masks and fainted.

Outside of his work, Muni's interests are all cultural. He plays the violin, reads a great deal and he likes to talk about current events. When they come to New York or when we go to Hollywood, the four of us sit down and talk for hours.

He is the one actor in Hollywood who is thoroughly respected. No one is jealous of him any more. Everyone feels he stands in a class by himself. Other actors speak of his work in hushed voices.

Yes, it's pleasant to know that I played a small part in shaping his career, but I feel that if I had not it would have been somebody else and he'd have made it just the same. What pleases me more than anything else is that his mother lived to see his great success. Just as soon as he knew he was secure, he bought a farm for her and she spent her last years there in peace and happiness.

"Confound it! If it's good enough for me...it's good enough for him!"

How a young couple learned the modern way to bring up their baby.

JANE: For mercy's sake, Sid..! Are you losing your head?

SID: Now, wait a minute. Don't fly off the handle!

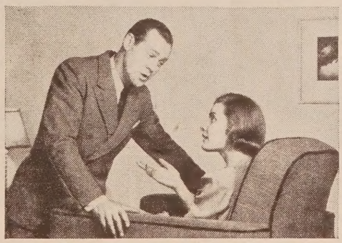
JANE: My goodness! . . . The idea of giving that child a dose of *your own laxative!*

SID: Look here, Jane. He needs a laxative. Mine works. So what's the harm in giving him a bit?

JANE: *Plenty,* my dear NIT-WIT. You see, I just came from the doctor's. I told him about the trouble we were having with Bobby. And I asked him what to do.

SID: What did he say?

JANE: He said that the modern method of *special* child care, calls for a *special* laxative, too. He said an adult's laxative can be too harsh for *ANY* tot's immature system . . . even when you give it in smaller doses. He recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



JANE: He said Fletcher's Castoria is a modern laxative . . . made *especially* to suit a child's needs. It has no strong, purging drugs and won't cause cramping pains. He said it's on the *safe* side, *yet very thorough.*

SID: Man alive—look at him go for it! . . . And with that finicky taste of his!

JANE: The doctor was right . . . Fletcher's Castoria has a wonderful taste . . . Thank heaven, we found a *SAFE* laxative he'll take *willingly!*

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

They Took This Woman . . .

[*Continued from page* 25]

and she's not bringing in a dime. Something is decidedly wrong. They can't come to a definite conclusion on how to present her to the best advantage. And Hedy is too valuable a commodity to risk in a gamble.

Naturally, the reaction on Hedy has been a state of complete bewilderment. Hollywood took this girl and cast her into a life stranger than anything she had ever imagined. Hollywood itself was strange. Hedy never had to work for beauty or sex appeal and in Hollywood she's found it manufactured diligently and deliberately. Never before did she have to remain aloof to add allure. In Hollywood they tried to keep her all alone. Hedy always talked as much as she wanted; now she was muzzled. She couldn't dress the way she wanted, she couldn't go out, she couldn't even eat what she wanted. She was completely under her studio's wing.

Her recent marriage to Gene Markey, writer and producer, may have been to some extent a reaction to this studio domination. On March 4, Hedy and Gene were married in Mexicali. The wedding climaxed the friendship of about a year, and came as a complete surprise to all but their closest friends. Whether or not it will hurt her popularity remains to be seen. At any rate, the marriage does not solve Hedy's professional problems.

She can't get over women's independence here, or the lack of chivalry in American men. Her problems seem completely different from anyone else's. She doesn't have to work to amplify her appeal. She has plenty of that. She has to acquire a head for business. She has to learn how to be a working girl and how to get along with her co-workers. She has to learn all the strange, new ways of a new country. She's trying to learn to give her American public just a little bit more than her breath-taking beauty.

The thing that surprises her most is her picture's flop. She tried hard. She even refused a double to do her dangerous suicide scenes. The entire cast and crew, from a ringside seat, applauded loudly each time Hedy hit the mattress after her eight foot leap. Hedy dieted, she studied with voice teachers, she tried to follow directions to the letter. She worked hard for 20 long weeks and then it all blew up.

There isn't a woman in Hollywood who can fail, in deepest envy, of course, to recognize her potent appeal. And yet stellar women keep saying, "Poor Hedy! We feel so sorry for her. She couldn't possibly keep her head with all the publicity and adulation that has been showered on her. She'll never live up to it. She couldn't, poor thing."

RIGHT now, she is overly nice to everyone, her make-up men and the people who dress her hair and create her clothes for the screen. In fact, the only friends she's entertained at her home have been her hairdresser and her wardrobe girl. Hedy hasn't given a party yet. Everyone is wondering what will happen when she finds out that foreign importations are supposed to seethe with temperament, particularly toward the hired help.

The studio has tried to give Hedy a glamor build-up. She has worn studio bought orchids and has been surrounded by studio trumped-up mystery. That's why, even now, no one knows all that she is up against. She herself doesn't know how desperately her studio is trying to put her over—their way. She is still kept from the press and her wholesome girlishness is hidden. She is supposed to sleep in satin sheets under ermine.

In reality it isn't like that at all. In reality she has been living in a small five room bungalow and wearing slacks, looking only as any woman does in pants. That's something she caught on to right away.

Hedy loves her little house which she has been buying on monthly payments out of her very meager salary (as movie salaries go.) She has one servant. She drives her own small car, has no butler or chauffeur. She brags of having taken nothing from her former husband. She knows she will soon have money of her own. She has taken to Hollywood's informality but still can't completely understand it. She loves Hollywood parties. She tries to ape Crawford and Shearer whom she's met and admires. She wants to be present at one of Joan's parties but hasn't been asked yet.

She loves to sit on the floor and talk in a scatterbrained manner. Her straightforward, naive prattle could cause her studio no end of worry. It could completely undermine her glamor. She does a mispronunciation routine that is amusing and charming. She drags everyone on the set in to see her

BUCK UP, BOSS! I'M STILL FOR YOU!
STOP MOONING AROUND, BILL--PATCH THINGS UP WITH SUE! YOU CAN--IF--WELL--WHY DON'T YOU SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH?
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
TOUGH LUCK, OLD BOY--BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO STAY WITH JEFF UNTIL SUE AND I GET BACK FROM OUR HONEYMOON!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth. It helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. Besides, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans enamel—makes teeth sparkle. Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

new portable dressing room done in "naughty" pine (instead of knotty). Myrna Loy is her closest friend and Hedy has a standing invitation to Sunday morning breakfasts with the Arthur Hornblows. She spent the last three Sundays with them. Myrna is responsible for introducing Hedy to Gene Markey and Myrna is responsible for a lot of good common-sense advice, too.

Hedy is such a contradiction that M-G-M doesn't know which way to turn. She's got so much sex appeal that it overshadows any of her other attributes, even on the screen. And it's an unpardonable sin not to be making money on it. Yet, if Hedy is to recoup the million that has already been spent and make many more besides, they can't be too careful. They can't present her in something that is obviously only a vehicle to flaunt her figure. Those lazy eyes have to show a little more promise of depth if she is to last. That's why they watch Hedy so carefully.

THE other night, when M-G-M previewed a new picture at Westwood Village, there was a wave of disappointment when the college crowd found it wasn't the long awaited Lamarr film. There were demonstrations in the foyer afterwards and all through the picture the college boys shouted, "We want Lamarr, we want Lamarr!" Of course, that was music to her studio's ears, but oh, how bitter it will be if they can't find the right story for Hedy.

Perhaps Hedy's next picture will be the right one. It's called *Lady of the Tropics* and she'll get a chance to be sultry.

Everyone is praying that it will work. You won't see her on the screen before June, although M-G-M has high pressured the entire studio personnel to get Hedy to us quickly. Robert Taylor was picked to play opposite her because he's the handsomest guy on the lot. They isolated John Lee Mahin in a lonely, snowbound cabin at Sun Valley to write the lush, tropical

Evidently M-G-M thinks enough of her devastating allure to sink another million dollars in a second try.

STAR SLOGAN CONTEST WINNERS

First Prize of $10.00 to:

Dorothy Cox,
7728 Woodrow Wilson,
Detroit, Michigan

Second Prize of $5.00 to:

Lotta E. Free,
334 W. Orange Street,
Lancaster, Pa.

Third Prize of $3.00 to:

Bessie Warren,
602 15th Avenue,
Tuscaloosa, Alabama

Fourth Prize of $2.00 to:

Jayne Ringler,
2818 Norwood Street,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio

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HE NEGLECTS her pride, and often embarrasses her by admiring other women; making comparisons unfavorable to her, sometimes in public.

HE NEGLECTS to kiss her good-bye, and never shows the little signs of affection which mean much to a wife.

HE NEGLECTS the companionship they used to have; shows no interest in her daily problems and plans.

HE NEGLECTS the sentiments that are dear to her; forgets anniversaries and special occasions to which she has looked forward.

BUT... her *own* neglect was really the cause of his indifference

*The one neglect no husband can forgive is carelessness (or ignorance) about FEMININE HYGIENE.

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BOB BURNS GAVE ME $5,000

By DALE ARMSTRONG

IT ALL began during a chat with Bob Burns backstage at Hollywood's Vine Street theatre. At this time Bob was appearing as a guest on a coast-to-coast radio program. Our conversation eventually cost him $5,000.

"How's your radio show comin' along?" Bob asked.

My show was an informal quarter-hour interview program on the NBC-Red Network station in Los Angeles. Jack Benny, Al Jolson, Amos 'n' Andy, Burns and Allen, Bob Hope, Joe Penner, Phil Baker and many others had already appeared.

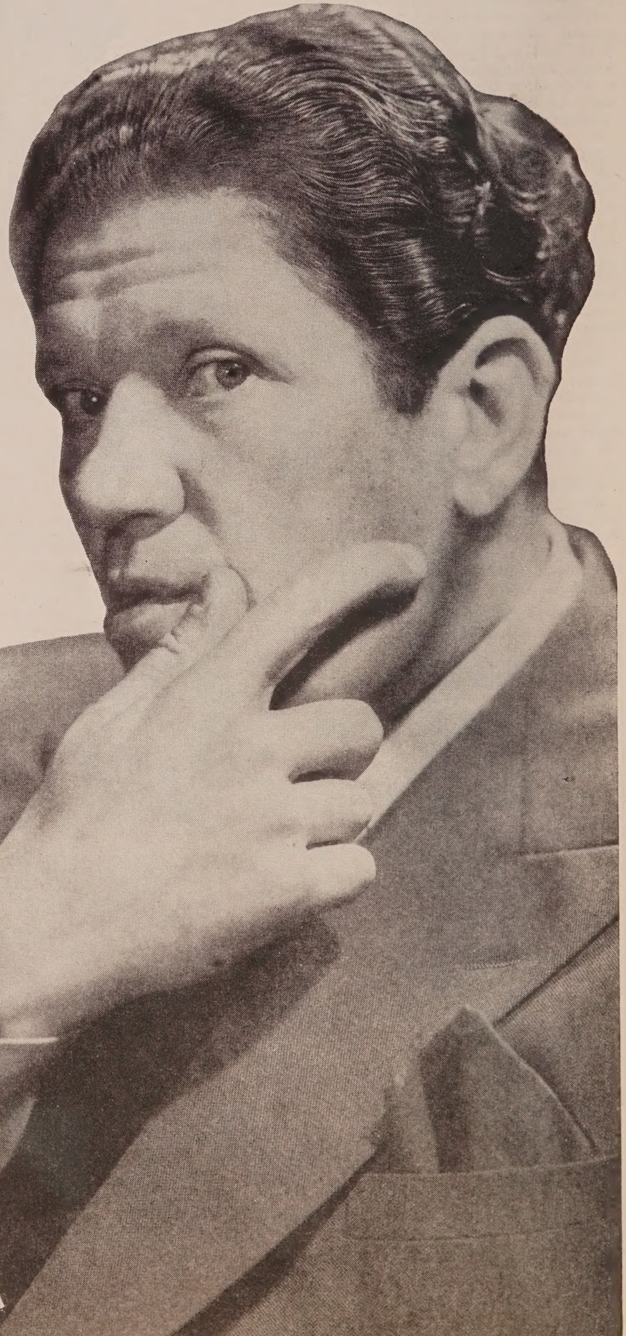
These entertainers weren't paid for their work on the show, but because the program had a large audience the interviews were considered worthwhile. Consequently I had no hesitation in asking Bob to appear the following Tuesday if he could make it.

"I'll be glad to," he told me, and we parted without any idea of the trouble that invitation had started.

Immediately I started the publicity ball rolling. About 30 newspapers carried the information that Van Buren's famous son would be heard on my program the next Tuesday evening. But on the day of the broadcast monkey-wrenches were tossed into the machinery.

First, the man in charge of talent at the advertising agency holding Bob's radio contract decided he did not want the comedian to do his stuff on my show. I suspect his objection was based primarily on a mistaken impression that I had deliberately gone over his head in contacting Burns. Whatever started it, the misunderstanding grew rapidly into a comedy of errors—with

Genial, humorously philosophical, Bob Burns is always willing to do a favor for a friend—although it may cost him $5,000. He is shown below in a scene from his new Paramount picture, *I'm From Missouri*



me holding the sack. With the agency man's refusal, I was in hot water. My program was due on the air that evening, and it was certainly too late to ask any other star to substitute. The publicity on Burns was already released. If I didn't produce the Bazooka King, as promised, the listeners would be disappointed—and rightfully so.

After a lot of telephoning, I dashed over to talk with Bob about it. He was in a spacious corner room at the Cedars of Lebanon hospital. Most of Hollywood's famous go there to ease their aches and pains, rest from nervous breakdowns, have their babies or, as was the case with Robin Burns, to be near a loved one on the sick-list.

Two days before, Bob's wife had presented him with his young daughter, Barbara. And now the comedian had nearly recovered. He was himself.

Those three words tell the whole story of Bob Burns, the actor, and Bob Burns, the man. He was himself. He has always been himself, professionally and in private life. He has never really become an "actor." The character he portrays on screen and radio is Robin himself: quizzical, tender, human, drawing, humorously philosophical. His great good fortune has not spoiled him a bit. Four years ago he was lucky to make $1000 a year; today his annual income runs into six figures.

"I finally reached the agency-man, Bob," I said. "It'll cost you $5,000 to do this broadcast for me and I don't feel I can let you do that. Besides, you are a new father. Maybe you can't stand it."

"Shucks," Burns replied drily. "I get over shocks mighty quick. Why, I've just had a brand new baby girl. This trouble over the broadcast ain't anything after what I've just been through. I'm going on your program, Dale, and nobody—not even you—can stop me."

We were interrupted by the entrance of a lad of 16 or 17.

"That's my son, young Bob," Van Buren's number one man called to me. "Git acquainted. I'll make a couple of phone calls and be with you in a minute. Maybe I can straighten out this matter."

The boy and I shook hands. He resembled his famous father slightly, I noted, but his features were more delicate; his personality shy and studious.

"I'm going to be a bacteriologist," he told me, peering intently through horn-rimmed glasses. "Father just gave me a new microscope."

This was no adolescent enthusiasm, no momentary juvenile dream. You felt, listening to him, that one day the boy would really accomplish what he had his heart set on. He'd be a bacteriologist—and a good one.

BOB hung up the phone. Before I could ask him what he'd learned, a nurse entered the room.

"You can see her now, Mr. Burns," she said.

Bob looked at me quizzically.

"Sure I'd like to see her," I told him, following the proud father down the corridor.

Behind a huge glass panel was a scene of large-scale infant activity. One of the nurses picked up a baby and moved towards us. To me the infant looked like all the others in the room. I glanced at Bob. To him this child was different; this one really was something.

"Ain't she the pertiest thing?" Bob said, more to himself than to me. "And smart, too."

"Looks smart," I agreed, playing straight. "Does she talk yet?"

"Nope. But she thinks a lot."

"Sure, Anybody can see that she's

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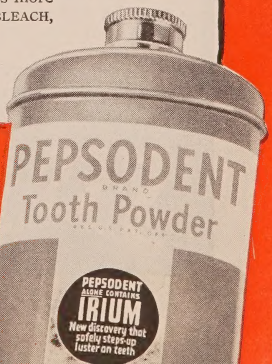
with PEPSODENT POWDER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Further, S.S.S. Tonic whets the appetite . . . foods taste better . . . natural digestive juices are stimulated, and finally, the food you eat is of more value . . . *a very important step back to health.*

Buy and use with complete confidence and we believe you, like others, will be enthusiastic in your praise of S.S.S. Tonic for its part in making *"you feel like yourself again."*

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. . In the Spring take

S.S.S. TONIC

brainy," I agreed. "And not a week old yet!"

"Skibble, gook, skuggle," cooed the comedian to his daughter, scratching the glass with his fingers to attract her attention.

The child ignored him.

"Does she know who you are yet?" I inquired.

"Not yet. My wife and I figger we'd better let her get a little stronger before we tell her who I am."

THAT evening, 20 minutes before air-time, Bob Burns showed up at the studio, ready to go through with the broadcast which was to cost him almost the equivalent of my yearly income.

The situation had boiled down to this: the agency-man, finding Bob determined to do the broadcast, handed him an ultimatum which he hoped would stop Burns. He pointed out that the comedian's contract allowed him to make four radio appearances besides his regular work with Bing Crosby. For each of these "guest-shots"—whether they lasted one minute or ten—Bob was to be paid $5000.

If Burns appeared on my show, the agency-man stated, it would be considered as one guest-shot and the comedian would have to forfeit $5,000. But if the fellow thought this would change Bob's mind, he didn't know his Burns.

Because of the mix-up, I hadn't had time to write a script. You don't go on the NBC air every day just trusting to luck you'll say the right things.

Finally, from the control-booth came the signal. We were on the air. I introduced the guest of the evening and then tossed the first question at him, hoping for the best.

Bob grinned at me and the mike, took the ever-present pipe out of his mouth and started talking. I could see at once that there would be no trouble.

"Yes, sir, I've had quite a time in radio since my first broadcast. Maybe you didn't know it, but I made a network broadcast when I was seven years old. My brother and I used to play the mandolin and guitar together. One day we went over to a friend's house, climbed up on a chair so we could reach the wall-phone, called our mother and played the 'Over the Waves Waltz' for her. It was a real network broadcast, too, because that was a small-town party-line."

"How did you do in school, Bob?" I asked.

"Just so-so. I left high school just before exams to save myself embarrassment. Then I got kicked out of college in six months. I was in class so seldom the teacher would make me stand up in front of the other pupils and introduce us, so's to sort of keep us acquainted with one another."

"You knocked around vaudeville for a while after that, Bob. When did you first come to Hollywood?"

"The early part of 1930. Fox hired me to make a blackface movie. I used to cork-up in vaudeville, you know. But they never did make that picture and when my contract was over I was out of a job for nearly a year.

"One day in 1932 I came down here to KFI for an audition . . . right in this very studio. They put me in front of the mike—it might have been this one here. I played the guitar, did some impersonations, sang some of the tunes I'd written—all without a script, just like now. Well, after about half-an-hour of that they decided I was all right so they put me on—sustaining.

"I worked a whole year for nothing!

"Finally KFI put on a show they called the Fun Factory. That's when I began making money in radio. The show only went on once a week and I got $7.50 for my part. I was finally getting paid."

I asked him if that was when he first started talking about his kin-folk.

"That's right, Dale. Of course, I didn't have names for 'em in those days. I christened 'em later when I went on Bing's show."

"Bob, are they really your relatives?"

"Some of 'em are and some of 'em I just made up. Of course, now and then I do tell some lies on the radio about my real kin-folk.

"After a while I joined the Gilmore Circus and stayed with that radio program for two-and-a-half years. I was a blackface comic called Soda-Pop. When the Circus went off the air, some of us fellows started a program of our own. One day the fellow who played the sheriff left the show and I had to fill in. I'd do my blackface—we had an audience, you see—then rush downstairs and wash-up. Then I'd come out with a nearly-clean face and do a monologue. The folks liked that so much better that after a while I cut out the blackface.

"Then in 1934 we went on the road for a spell but pretty soon I was back in Hollywood without a job again. When Rudy Vallee's program came to town I tried to get an audition but Rudy had to go East in a hurry. Nope, I don't think he'd got into a fight, but anyway I didn't get the job.

"A little later I went to work on another program locally. One day we were playing a benefit and Bing Crosby caught my act. He said he'd like to use me on his show but he wasn't on the Kraft Music Hall in those days and they didn't want to use anybody but big names. So I missed out on that but Bing said he'd remember me."

"BUT you finally did go on the Vallee show, didn't you, Bob?"

"Yep. I went back to New York when things got too tough here. I finally got up my courage and auditioned for Rudy on a Tuesday. That audition lasted 20 minutes. On the following Thursday I went on his program coast-to-coast. I did four guest-shots with Vallee and eight with Paul Whiteman. Then Bing made up the present Music Hall show—and he did remember me.

"Then you came along, Dale, and invited me down here on your show. So here I am, right back where I started."

"How does it feel, Bob?"

"Funny thing about this. It's a lot the same. You see, this is the studio where I started in radio. I got up here tonight without knowing what I was going to say, just like I did the first time I was here. Then I did my first broadcast for nothing, just like. . . ."

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "Don't tell me you're doing this one for nothing, just like in the old days. This broadcast, my friend, is *costing* you $5,000. Now you're paying for the privilege of being on the air. You're really giving me $5,000."

Robin Burns smiled. "It's worth every penny of it," he said. And he meant it.

It's no wonder that everyone says, "In all of Hollywood there is no finer gentleman, no one more honest, human and friendly than Bob Burns."

Do You Like Double Features?

BIG PRIZES FOR YOUR OPINION

Read the announcement of this contest in June SCREEN BOOK Magazine

Claudette Colbert Censors the Censors

[*Continued from page* 21]

imparted this information, Mitch had immediately arranged to meet her. A director seldom comes face to face with any of the people who, by scissoring important things out of pictures, can make him prematurely bald.

Mitch had wanted to ask, in a gentlemanly way, why censors were sometimes so indiscriminate in the use of the scissors.

So he had engaged the lady visitor in conversation. First he had explained the action about to be shot, why the scene was necessary to the picture, why it had to be shot in a certain way. He had tried to get across the idea that, in putting a story on celluloid, a director had problems that few censors appreciated. She had nodded sympathetically.

Encouraged, he had gone on to ask *why* the censors had cut out certain scenes, certain bits of dialogue from pictures he had made. That scene in *Hands Across the Table,* for example, in which Fred MacMurray had to be in shorts—for the story's sake. (One state cut out the entire sequence, left a gaping hole in the story.) He had cited other examples.

She had shaken her head and said, "I don't know why they take out some of the things they do. I'm fighting with them half the time about cuts they want to make. I keep telling them they're taking the guts right out of pictures."

"Guts," was the word the lady had used.

Telling Claudette about the visitor, Mitch had ended by tossing his hands upward as if imploring heaven for an answer. He had asked, "Why can't we have more censors like that?"

There had been comic woe in his voice. But he wasn't being whimsical, except on the surface. Hollywood doesn't joke about censorship. It's too big a worry and it's getting bigger.

Something of that was in his voice, too.

It was in Claudette's voice as she asked, after he had left, "It's ironic, isn't it, that America is the last hope of free speech and tolerance in the world today—yet Hollywood is under a dictatorship."

Claudette isn't the first star to see the irony of it all. She is just the first one with the courage to say so.

It's time some star spoke up. With all that has been said for censorship by outsiders who command respect, it's time something was said for Hollywood by at least one insider who commands respect. As an actress, Claudette is no also-ran. She is an Academy Award winner. And far from being a frivolous person, she is intelligent, thoughtful.

CLAUDETTE, taking a deep breath, made the plunge.

She said, "Censorship used to be something that only a few producers, directors and stars had to worry about. Only the ones who went in for sexy sensationalism. Now it's something that everybody in Hollywood has to worry about. The many are paying for the sins of the objectionable few. The heavy hand of the censor falls on every picture.

"Some pictures need to be weakened. But the way censorship operates now it doesn't discriminate. It weakens too many.

"If you don't believe this, consider that while censorship has been increasing movie attendance has been decreasing. There's a strange connection between the two.

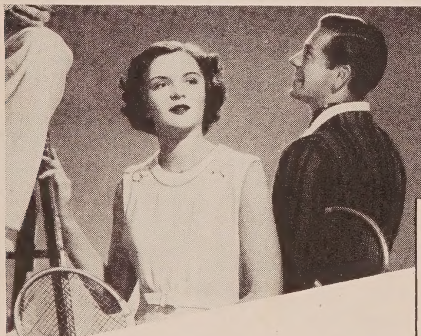
"The object of the present wave of censorship was to make all pictures safe for any growing child to see. Presumably, it has done that. But the result hasn't been filling theatres. It has been emptying them. Grown-ups have started looking elsewhere for adult entertainment—to the stage, to the radio, to other things. So much so that last year the movie industry staged a $250,000 contest to try to lure some of them back.

"Telling stories on celluloid, we try to appeal to adults mostly. We have to. They are the principal buyers of entertainment. Yet, with children also seeing everything we do and hearing everything we say, how can we ever tell our stories along completely adult lines?

"That's the question. What's the answer?

"When I was a child, I remember, certain pictures were 'for adults only.' I didn't think much of the idea then. I think more of it now. I think the idea could stand a revival . . . Hollywood may *have* to revive it in self-defense. Make some pictures 'for adults only.' And some 'for children particularly.' And some 'for everybody, young or old.'

"If movies were made once in a while 'for adults only,' they might achieve freedom of expression once in a while—like novels or plays.



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The Lady Patricia French

daughter of the Earl of Ypres, is keen about sports. Her home is in Surrey, where she spends much time playing tennis.

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"But as long as Hollywood tries to make all movies suitable for all kinds of people, of all ages, all over the world, it will have censorship. It will be held down by an endless chain of Don'ts.

"Not that all censorship is intolerable. It isn't. I thoroughly approve of a great deal of it. So does Hollywood.

"Censorship makes sense, for example, when it prohibits showing the exact method of any killing or any other crime. When it prevents profanity, nudity, five-minute kisses. When it prevents ridicule of any religion or sympathy for a gangster.

"It *doesn't* make sense when censors can't agree on what is censorable and what isn't. When morals become a matter of geography. When something allowed in Chicago isn't allowed in Boston, or vice versa. Or something permissible yesterday isn't permissible today.

"When censorship is petty, it's bad enough. When it's unpredictable, it's maddening."

Claudette stopped for breath.

"The worst thing about censorship is the way it's done. That's the intolerable part, the part that's hard to take.

"Hollywood wants to make entertaining pictures but it doesn't want to offend anyone while doing so. It leans over backward to try to avoid offending anyone. In a spirit of cooperation, Hollywood always goes more than halfway to see things from the censors' slant. But the censors don't always do likewise.

"Before any producer ever puts a picture in production, he submits the script to the censors. They go over it with a magnifying glass. They take out lines; they take this out and that out. Some of the changes may be trivial, easy to make. But others may alter the whole story at the sacrifice of dramatic values. Censors don't consider dramatic value when they cut. If a producer still has a story left, he spends the money to produce it, thankful that he knew in advance what the censors would cut out.

"We stick to the letter of the script, as approved by the censors. But when the story is on film, then the censors demand still more changes or deletions. More dramatic values sacrificed, more weakening of the story.

"Censors should get together on what they don't like and they should do Hollywood the favor of making all their changes on a manuscript, before a producer invests his money and while damage to a story can be repaired a little. It's the hacking that comes afterward that spoils pictures, makes censorship such a problem.

"Why don't censors play ball with Hollywood, as Hollywood plays ball with them?"

Claudette knows personally how much hacking can be done—after *Zaza*. *Zaza* is just one more proof that censorship is becoming an epidemic. Here was a story that had been a popular favorite for 30 or 40 years. It had played the stages of the world and had been done twice before as a movie. It had been seen by two or three generations in perfect safety. But it couldn't be seen by this generation until it had been censored and then censored some more.

Zaza was a can-can girl. What was more natural than for her to do the can-can? But in this version she couldn't do it, except for a brief flash. This modern jitterbug generation might be shocked!

"We religiously followed the script as okayed by the censors," Claudette said. "Then, after we'd get things on film, the censors made us change them completely or leave them out completely. Most of the love scenes were cut out altogether—unfortunately, for the story's sake. Somebody objected to them because the hero was a married man, even though *Zaza* didn't know that.

"They weren't wicked love scenes. I wouldn't play that kind. They were very average love scenes. I contend that the average love scene isn't going to hurt youth. It bores youngsters stiff. What they're interested in is horses, shooting, something with action. And if they're adolescents, they're still bored by movie love scenes—being five leaps ahead of them. I argued like mad but those scenes were cut."

IN THE okayed script, there was a scene in which *Zaza* found a young chorus girl crying. Her young man had gone away. *Zaza* told her not to take it so tragically, to laugh. "How can you say such a thing, *Zaza?*" asked the girl. "Haven't you ever been in love?" *Zaza* said, "Me? I am in love all the time—with someone." As written, the scene had some dramatic value. It emphasized *Zaza's* frivolous light-heartedness, heightened the tragedy of her great love later on. But some censor thought it made *Zaza* look like an amateur street woman. It had to be changed. In the finished picture the young girl is crying because her married sister who has a baby has no money. *Zaza* gives her some money. That proves *Zaza* is big-hearted but adds nothing of dramatic value to the picture as the original scene did.

In the original script, after *Zaza* returned from Paris, where she had seen the wife and child of the man she loved, she tried to get over the blow by telling herself, through her tears, "I was happy a few days ago. I can be happy again." The censors considered such a sentiment censorable. So now what *Zaza* tells herself is, "He doesn't love her. He loves me. He will divorce her, marry me." That's all right with the censors. Offhand, you might think a willingness to see another woman's home broken up much more censorable.

Those were just a few of the things that were done to *Zaza*.

Claudette said: "I burned up when New York critics wrote, 'It may have been hot stuff in Mother's day but it's tepid now.' As if we were responsible for that. But I burned up even more when some people thought I had been trying to pull some fast ones and had my ears pinned down. That's an impression that gets out every time word gets out that a picture has been censored. As if suggestive pictures were the only ones that ever got the axe!

"Every picture gets it, especially if it's a drama. When you do comedy, you burlesque life a little. When you do drama, you try to mirror life. And the censors find all kinds of things to object to. They aren't willing to let you mirror life as much as possible within the bounds of good taste. They impose other restrictions on you.

"Comedy is easier to do from the censorship angle. That isn't why I do it. I'm simply trying to have variety in my screen fare. I prefer drama. But I know that every time I do drama, I'll have censorship trouble. I had it in *Private Worlds*—with England forbidding depiction of insanity even with the treatment a serious study. I've had it in others. Once a censor objected that a certain story would offend the King of England. He didn't know that the story was based on a play that had been a tremendous hit in London and that the King had attended the opening. That was really one for the book.

"I don't know what the cure for the present problem of censorship is. Let's hope for more censors like Mitch's friend over there. How are we going to get them? Now that Hollywood is so reformed that it hurts, do you think we might suggest, in a faint whisper, that censors should reform, too—and cooperate a little more?"

Looking Behind the Star Dust

[*Continued from page 48*]

Fred Astaire — Ruby Keeler
Buddy Ebsen — Eleanor Powell

22. What well-known pair of stars share the same dressing-room on the studio lot?

Dick Powell-Joan Blondell
Gene Raymond-Jeanette MacDonald
Cary Grant-Randolph Scott
Patric Knowles-Errol Flynn

23. What middle-aged actress has the dubious distinction of having blue hair?

Spring Byington — Janet Beecher
Elisabeth Risdon — Fay Bainter

24. What stalwart star was once a lumber-jack in the great Northwest?

George O'Brien — Victor McLaglen
Charles Bickford — Clark Gable

25. What famous star went to Spain for a glimpse of the Civil War and nearly became a casualty of that war?

George Sanders — Errol Flynn
James Cagney — Charles Chaplin

26. What lovely leading lady recently married a wealthy Canadian and says she is happy to be able to retire from Hollywood?

June Travis — Margot Grahame
Marjorie Weaver — Helen Mack

27. What rising young star worked in a five-and-ten cent store not so long ago?

Andrea Leeds — Louise Platt
Robert Paige — Joy Hodges

28. The wife of what noted film actor has recently written a biography of their life together?

Clark Gable — John Barrymore
Errol Flynn — Charles Laughton

29. What child star writes song hits during lulls in screen work?

Edith Fellows — Mickey Rooney
Jackie Cooper — Bobby Jordan

30. What famous comic does considerable—and profitable—writing off screen?

Mischa Auer — Hugh Herbert
Allen Jenkins — Guy Kibbee

31. Which of the following stars is married to a non-professional?

Alice Faye — Anne Shirley
Fred Astaire — Fernand Gravet

32. What star is leaving the screen, presumably "for good?"

Joan Blondell — Charles Boyer
William Powell — Kay Francis

33. One of the following stars was born in Tokyo, Japan.

Merle Oberon — Olivia de Havilland
Robert Young — Basil Rathbone

34. What accomplished young leading man once earned a living from a concession on Coney Island?

Bruce Cabot — Ralph Bellamy
Cary Grant — Gene Raymond

35. What lovely menace of the films is married to a restaurant proprietor?

Gail Patrick — Claire Dodd
Louise Hovick — Dorothy Lamour

36. Which of the following stars selected a new name for professional purposes?

Florence Rice — Katharine Hepburn
Rosalind Russell — Paul Muni

37. What well-known comic started his career in a traveling medicine show?

Bert Lahr — W. C. Fields
Guy Kibbee — Joe E. Brown

38. What famous player has made out of his early career a book of adventure that has had a popular success?

Errol Flynn — George Brent
George Sanders — Peter Lorre

39. What well-known leading lady is the daughter of a famous sports writer?

Lucille Ball — Barbara Read
Rita Johnson — Florence Rice

40. What glamor gal, on coming to these shores, was obliged to change her name for moral reasons?

Simone Simon — Hedy Lamarr
Miliza Korjus — Franciska Gaal

41. What famous leading man once served his country as a spy in real life?

Charles Boyer — John Barrymore
George Brent — Akim Tamiroff

[*Answers will be found on page* 70]

Her Mirror Can't Tell Her Why She's "*Unlucky in Love*"

SHE THINKS
FIRST BOB, THEN TOM, NOW PAUL! I WONDER WHY I CAN'T HOLD ON TO MY ADMIRERS. IS IT MY APPEARANCE... MY PERSONALITY?

BABS, IS THERE ANYTHING WRONG WITH ME ... OR AM I JUST UNLUCKY IN LOVE?
WELL, SOME PEOPLE MAKE THEIR OWN BAD LUCK, YOU KNOW

ONE WEEK LATER
SHE THINKS
BABS ALWAYS WAS BRUTALLY FRANK. BUT BLESS HER FOR WARNING ME ABOUT "B.O."! PAUL'S ATTENTIVE AGAIN, NOW THAT I KEEP DAINTY WITH DAILY LIFEBUOY BATHS!

Stay on the safe side with Lifebuoy

SO OFTEN the first one to be guilty of "B. O." is the last one to know. Without realizing it, anyone may offend . . . and lose out in romance or business. How foolish to offend when it's so easy to play safe.

Careful people refuse to take chances. That is why so many men and women depend on Lifebuoy to keep them fresh. Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B. O." It contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. Women say Lifebuoy's grand for the complexion, too.

Use Lifebuoy Daily—*It stops "B.O."*

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

CEREALS AFTER BREAKFAST!

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

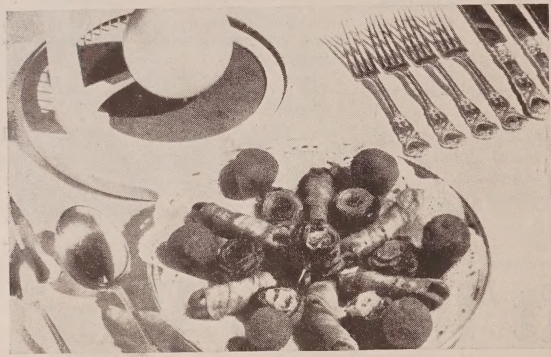
"CORN, Wheat, Oats and Barley Grow," says the old nursery rhyme; and we may add rice, and many other variations of this familiar foodstuff, whether they be flaked, shredded, crisped or puffed.

Every cereal is some form of starch or flour, and therefore well able to double in any usual bread or flour role. But the reason for the swift success and popularity of cereals in uses other than breakfast, is that they provide texture, crispness and flakiness in addition to mere binding quality.

Let's see just what we mean: In making a veal or other type of meat loaf, the housewife knows that she must include about a cup of fine crumbs in order to blend and hold her meat and seasonings together so that they will result in a smooth slice when the loaf is cooked. The crumbs act as "binding" on the mixture. But we may replace the breadcrumbs with cereal crumbs, either crushed cornflakes, crumbled rice flakes or other dry prepared cereal. We get in addition to the binding quality, a pleasing crunch or texture which makes it pleasant to eat the dish.

This point of texture of crispness in consistency is probably the most important reason why cereal crumbs are being much more widely used than breadcrumbs in the same cooking purposes. For example, here's one of the latest dishes now being featured at the World's Fair World of Tomorrow. It's our old friend, the Hamburger, but dressed up in cornflakes which provide texture or crunch: [*Continued on page* 82]

Cereals form the crust of this delicious fruit pie



Hamburgers, good ole standby, rolled in cereal crumbs

Rolls gain texture through use of crumbs

Shirley Temple, the darling of the screen, thrives on cereal breakfasts and suppers

Hollywood Holiday

[*Continued from page* 40]

was so intensely interested in so many things. Even cactus apples.

"Did you notice the cactus apples when you came in?" he demanded. I admitted seeing some kind of prickly red fruit. "They're fine to eat," he assured me. "We have a fine crop this year. You must taste some later!" I nodded with what I hope passed for enthusiasm.

The phone rang again. I drank my coffee. Don bounced out at me. "Studio wants me for a few minutes for a portrait or two." He was beaming about the idea of having his picture taken. As for me, I thought, "so it's going to be another of those days off."

A short time later we were in his car driving towards Hollywood. As he drove along, Don hummed a little song. He didn't look at all like a man on his way to his studio on his day off.

"Does anything really ever upset you?" I asked. "Don't you resent having to go to the studio on your holiday?"

He grinned. "Resent it? No, I don't resent it. I've worked all my life and I've come to look on days off as dangerous things. If you have too many of them, people may find out how well they can get along without you. Then where are you? No, I can't afford it. I'm getting along all right as I am."

We arrived at 20th Century-Fox and sailed through the sacred portals amidst the cheery salutes of some dozen policemen. Don telephoned from his dressing room and learned that no make-up was required. We trudged to the portrait gallery. Don sat down on a little bench. A serious-looking photographer peered at him through a camera. People turned lights on and off. Other people moved things forward and backward.

Someone suggested that Don change his shirt and tie. Don put on the new shirt and tie. He turned his profile, his front face to the lens. He smiled. He frowned. He relaxed and looked cheerful. Somebody said, "Okay, Don," and that seemed to be that.

He scooped me up. "I know you won't mind seeing a short rush. I've got to see that my voice synchronizes with my lip action." While we sat in the projection room with a number of important looking people, he tried to explain things. "You see," he whispered, "they shoot a silent shot of me singing the song. Then they make a record of my voice. Then they synchronize the record with the silent shot."

As we emerged from the projection room, Don turned to me.

"It was perfect," he said. "And now, why don't we drop in at the Vendome for lunch?"

Before I could answer, somebody dashed up and said, "Oh, Don, just a minute. Could you see Mr. Terwilliger before you leave the lot? And there are a couple of calls for you, too. One's from your wife. I left them in your dressing room. Oh, and there's a guy at the information desk who says it's important. He's been there since yesterday afternoon. He's got a box lunch with him."

Don attended to these matters while I trotted after him. The fellow at the information desk turned out to be somebody who knew somebody who sold antiques. He had heard that Don had just built a new home. Don was nice to him and I'm almost certain he slipped him something, making it clear, at the same time, that he was not in the market for antiques. Finally we found ourselves in the car rolling away to the Vendome for lunch.

"Now I've got the rest of the day to myself," Don gloated. "Isn't it swell?"

"I see nothing swell about it," I growled. "Looks very much like work to me!"

DON laughed. It's a cataclysmic laugh—the one you've heard on the radio. When he had regained his composure, he just said, "Well, when I'm working, that's swell, too."

The sidewalk in front of the Vendome was crowded with people who rushed Don for autographs. Fifteen minutes went by while he smiled at autograph book owners and grinned at amateur photographers. When we finally won our way to a small table, I sank wearily into my seat. But it wasn't over yet. There was a babel of voices, in which one couldn't possibly fail to recognize the liquid southern tones of Una Merkel. She was saying something reproachful about good-looking gents who went to expensive places for lunch and didn't take a lady along.

"I'll send you a gardenia, one day, Una," Don promised.

"What day?" countered Una.

We discovered a bond in a mutual fond-

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FAMOUS
ART MODEL
reveals radiant beauty in her hair this thrilling new way!

MISS HARRIET DE BUSMAN
famed in Europe and America for her exotic beauty—says:

"I've really been thrilled at photographers' compliments on my hair since I started using Drene Shampoo! They tell me my hair is simply sparkling with natural highlights now—so it's easy to get the glamorous effect wanted. And Drene leaves my hair soft and manageable so it can be set in any style desired right after washing!"

ILLUSTRATES OLD WAY . . . hair dulled by cloudy film

ILLUSTRATES NEW WAY . . . no dull film; hair shining

NO MATTER how dingy, dull and dry-looking your hair may be—the thrilling experience of this famous art model may be yours! For dull-looking hair is most often due to the greyish, sticky film (bathtub ring) all soap leaves on hair. But now, with this amazing new Drene Shampoo, see that ugly film swept away at a single washing! Your hair's true beauty, glamorous natural sparkle and brilliance revealed!

Drene works its beauty wonders because it contains an amazing, new, cleansing ingredient never before used in a shampoo! Not a soap—not an oil, Drene leaves no dulling film itself on hair. Nor greasy dust-catching film! Cleans away dirt, grease—even loose dandruff flakes! Leaves hair so sparkling clean, that lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses are unnecessary!

There are now 2 kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair (leaves even fine hair silken-soft and manageable for flattering new hair styles). Refuse substitutes! No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its safe, patented, cleansing ingredient. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at your favorite beauty shop—*insist* on Drene. Thrill to its glorifying results! See why it's America's largest selling shampoo today! *Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

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REGULAR DRENE—for Oily Hair

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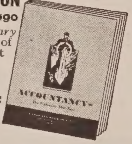

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The name of the soap is LACO Pure Olive Oil Castile. It's different from ordinary soaps, because Laco is made with 100% pure imported olive oil. No other oils, fats or greases of any kind are used in making Laco. Because Laco is made with 100% pure olive oil it is unusually mild and gentle . . . is recommended for use on infants and for dry, delicate complexions.

No matter what soap you've been using, we believe you'll like Laco better than any you ever tried. It does an exceptional cleansing job, yet does not leave your skin feeling dry or drawn the way some soaps do.

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Enclosed is 6c. Please send me a full-sized cake of LACO Castile Soap.

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FWG5
City.......... State..........

ness for *Wiener Schnitzel,* and that led to a discussion of cookery—men's cookery.

"When a man does like to cook, you know," Don said, "he takes it pretty seriously. Maybe, he can do only one or two things well. But he thinks he can do them better than any chef who ever wore a tall white cap and presided over the kitchen at the Ritz. Take Warner Baxter and his chili. He even makes it in his dressing room at the studio! Then there's Pat O'Brien and his barbecued steaks. And Chet Morris' salad." He paused, waiting, I suppose, for me to ask him what his specialty was.

"My own specialty," he admitted, doing his best to look modest, "is spaghetti. If I do say it, I can whip up a sauce for spaghetti which, well, which is . . ."

On the way out to his house at Encino, about which he talked at length, I reflected on his enthusiasm. I had watched him broadcasting the Sunday before and had been impressed then at how grim everyone but Don seemed to be. Everyone had a piece of paper from which he read carefully and solemnly. Don had a piece of paper, too, but he didn't seem to look at it. He strolled about and looked genial, and when Charlie McCarthy quipped or someone else fluffed a line, Don was overcome with uncontrollable giggles.

"Is the broadcast really that much fun for you?" I asked him, interrupting an oration about his plans for his garden.

"Eh? The broadcast? Oh, sure, great lark. Such swell people to work with. Something unexpected always turning up. It all means something, even when you think it's just pure ribbing. We haven't touched radio yet. I tell you, it's . . ."

And he was off again, with theories, plans, enthusiasms. Before I knew it, he had again come around to cactus apples!

We found Don's wife, Honore, and the two young hopefuls romping on the lawn in the sunshine. I hadn't met Mrs. Ameche before and was a trifle stunned at her vividness. She is a curious mixture of the quaint and the exotic; of the wholesome and the sophisticated. The braids about her head are quaint but her coloring is exotic. Her manner is gay and simple but her humor is sophisticated. You like her on sight.

The youngsters swarmed upon us but Don (as if he hadn't had enough activity for one day) insisted upon walloping me soundly at badminton. As we left the court, Donnie, the almost-five-year-old Ameche, remarked, "I found your pipe that you lost yesterday, Daddy." He waited to be appreciated.

"That's fine," Don told him. "Where did you find it?"

"In the pantry near the cookie jar," Donnie replied, looking very virtuous. "That's where you lost your keys the other day, too."

As we went into the house to shower, Don showed me around. It's not the fabulous movie star's mansion. There are seven or eight rooms. No, there's no swimming pool, believe it or not.

After we had dressed, I started to leave but Don would have none of it.

"Of course you must stay to dinner. I want you to meet Chet and Harriet Lauck, very dear friends of ours. Or have you met them? He is Lum, of Lum and Abner."

I protested, perhaps a little weakly.

"Oh, come on, you'll enjoy them."

I pointed out that I was not in the habit of taking around a spare shirt with me, and after a strenuous session at badminton, I was hardly . . ."

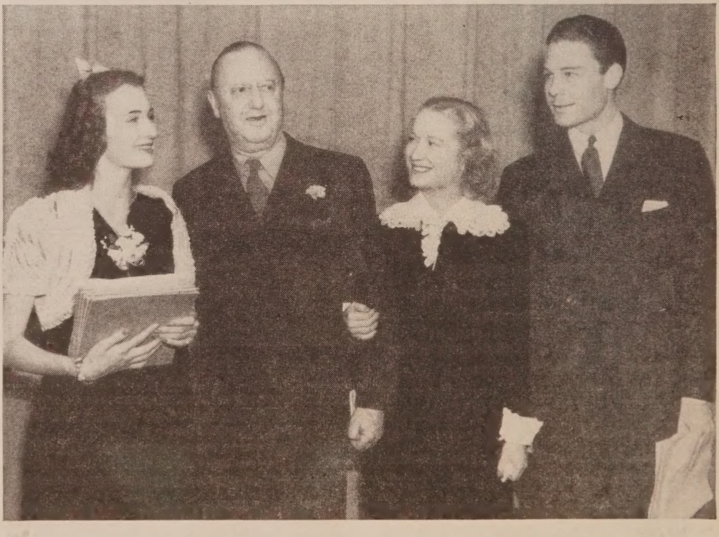
"Think nothing of it," said Don, "we'll consult Gabriel." Gabriel turned out to be Don's indispensable factotum and I went to dinner attired in one of Don's best shirts.

There was spaghetti and roast chicken. If laughter is good for the digestion, then I digested my dinner. Don and Chet Lauck did most of the talking, while Mrs. Ameche, Mrs. Lauck and I sat back and did most of the laughing.

Some time later, as Don and his wife waved me godspeed from their front door, Don cried, "Oh, you didn't taste the cactus apples!"

"I'll eat some when I return your shirt," I called back.

Well, Don's got his shirt back, and I've got a mess of cactus apples. What do you do with them?



Jesse L. Lasky has invaded the radio world with his new "Gateway to Hollywood" program. Left to right are Camille Patty, Jesse Lasky, Miriam Hopkins and Ralph Bowman, photographed on the opening night

Nightmares on Location

[*Continued from page 27*]

have been fine if the local citizenry hadn't been aroused to fever pitch. Bidwell is *their* Park, and it was not a national park. A short item from a Sacramento newspaper mentioned the Bidwell National Park and came to the eyes of the City Fathers. There were long conferences and delays, shooting was held up on the insistence of the citizenry until Warner Brothers rectified the outrageous slur. Henceforth all publicity read: "Bidwell Municipal Park."

Generally speaking, the local citizens are the cause of most location nightmares. When 20th Century-Fox sent Tyrone Power east to the Ozarks for *Jesse James* background shots town fans kept the unit from shooting for two days. Then when the director hired natives for atmosphere people, they tried to hold him up for higher pay. Fortunately there were a dozen men to every extra bit, so the natives failed to hook him.

But the inhabitants of a small Arizona town hooked Walter Wanger. Wanger sent his *Stagecoach* company more than 500 miles out of Hollywood to the mesa country of Arizona. A week before the unit left for location work the assistant director and a number of the location crew went to Arizona to make detailed preparations. A small hotel manager whose place was several miles from the center of location activities agreed to house John Ford and his *Stagecoach* company for $3 a day per man. Meals, it was agreed, were to be extra.

The company left for Arizona on the last day in October, a group of more than 100 men and women. They reached the hotel late that night and started work the next morning. The unit manager discovered the day after that the hotel price had been jacked up to $7 a day per man, and if the company didn't like it they could leave. There was nothing to do but accept the man's terms. Director Ford couldn't go to another location without costly delay and expensive reshipment costs. He stayed and paid for it.

Republic Studios planned to shoot *Lone Ranger Returns* in the same locale. The day before the company left for the same Arizona town the assistant director and location manager flew by plane to make arrangements to move in when Wanger's outfit moved out. Terms of $3 a day per man were mutually acceptable. The two Republic men started back for the local flying field. Luckily one of them knew a Wanger technician whom they met at the field. Notes were quickly compared and the men wired their news back. Instantly the studio planned on going to Kernville, California, a favorite location site. Of course, the Santa Fe special train waiting in Los Angeles, packed to the rafters with Republic equipment, had to be unpacked and material had to be transferred to trucks. But even that delay and the cost of paying for the unused Santa Fe train of eight cars more than made up for the money saved by not using the Arizona location.

Ordinarily, townspeople are helpful. The sour experiences of the *Stagecoach* and *Lone Ranger* units are the exception. Location towns actually live off location trips. Kernville, already mentioned, Victorville, Mojave, Tuscon and Leadville, the last two in Arizona, live on what location troupes bring in. It has been estimated that a unit on location brings about $2,000 a day into a small community. Ordinarily the units remain in town for not less than ten days. You may be sure the average location town looks forward to the business. Several years ago one location town, Truckee, Calif., on the California-Nevada border, housed a troupe for more than three weeks. Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez were in the unit and they were kept from either working or returning to the warmer clime of Hollywood by an unexpected snowstorm which cut Truckee off from the outside world. Truckee had the biggest time of its life during those snowbound days, with actors and gripmen putting on impromptu shows to keep themselves and the populace amused.

Director Mike Curtiz will never forget the assistance the citizens of Modesto, Calif., rendered. When his unit arrived in town for *Dodge City* one of the assistant managers posted a notice on the town bulletin board for 500 background extras. That notice started what looked like the second American Revolution. The news spread like wildfire throughout the community and county that "them movie fellers is gonna make actors of us all" at $5 a day. By morning Curtiz found himself with an army of some 10,000 job seekers who had come in from neighboring communities in lizzies, buckboards, freight cars, and by hitch-hiking. It took diplomacy and tact to ward off an uprising.

[*Continued on page* 68]

MERLE OBERON IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "WUTHERING HEIGHTS"

Hollywood's Sensational NEW *LIPSTICK*

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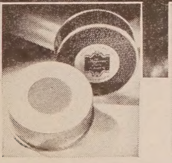

FACE POWDER... Created in color harmony shades to beautify screen star types, Max Factor's Face Powder will be unusually flattering to you. Satin-smooth, clinging, it stays on perfectly ...$1.00.

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Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*".......FREE.

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NAME________________

STREET________________

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ...☐	Blue.....☐	BLONDE Light.☐ Dark.☐
Fair........☐	Gray.....☐	BROWNETTE Light.☐ Dark.☐
Creamy.....☐	Green....☐	BRUNETTE Light.☐ Dark.☐
Medium.....☐	Hazel....☐	REDHEAD Light.☐ Dark.☐
Ruddy......☐	Brown ...☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow.....☐	Black ....☐	
Freckled ....☐	LASHES [*Color*]	
Olive.......☐	Light ....☐	
	Dark.....☐	
SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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TENDER TOES, FOOT IRRITATIONS

630% SOFTER!
NEW THIN, SCALLOPED EDGE!

Pain Goes Instantly. Stops Shoe Pressure!

It's here! A new kind of thrill in foot relief for you—New *Super-Soft* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads—latest and greatest discovery of this world-famous foot authority! 630% softer! More flexible! These soothing Kurotex cushioned pads of fleecy softness instantly relieve pain of corns, sore toes, tender spots, callouses and bunions. Stop shoe pressure; prevent corns, sore toes, blisters.

New thin SEAL-TIP Scalloped Edge molds pad to toe; prevents wear and tear of sheer hosiery. Made with water-proof adhesive—don't come off in bath.

Removes Corns and Callouses

New, quick-acting Separate Graduated *Medications* included for gently removing any size corns or callouses. 25% increase in quantity at NO EXTRA COST—15 Corn Pads and 12 Separate Medications, only 35¢ at Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Toilet Goods Counters. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Get a box today! FREE sample (*please mention size wanted*) write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. ZF-5, 213 W. Schiller St., Chicago, Ill.

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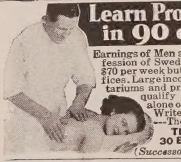

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after using this amazing
4 PURPOSE RINSE

In one, simple, quick operation, Lovalon the 4 purpose rinse, does all these 4 important things to your hair. **1.** Gives lustrous highlights. **2.** Rinses away shampoo film. **3.** Tints the hair as it rinses. **4.** Helps keep hair neatly in place. Lovalon does not dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try it. You will be amazed at the results.

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HAIR RINSE
Tints the hair as it Rinses

5 rinses 25¢ at drug and department stores.
2 rinse size at 10¢ stores.

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LOVALON
the 4 purpose vegetable Hair Rinse

Warner Brothers finally ruled that only inhabitants of Modesto were eligible. As it was, they had to employ 700 extra extras to keep the mob quiet.

Of course, it's all great fun for the townspeople. They not only fill their hotels and eatshops but they get a gander at the stars. One understanding young lady of Modesto sent this letter to Errol Flynn. It is touched with sympathy and a sense of civic shame. She writes:

> Dear Mr. Flynn:
>
> I just want to tell you I think it's silly the way people in Modesto stare at you like a monkey in a cage. I hope you don't think we are all like that.
>
> I would be just as tickled to see you, but I surely wouldn't be rude enough to interrupt your dinner. I am 12 years old and I was in that ballroom class at the [Hotel] Covell, but I didn't go and stare at you. Our teacher is a darling but she got real angry and what do you think she said, "Who do you think he is—the Prince of Wales?"
>
> Someone told me people annoyed you at Gould's too. I wrote especially to tell you to go to Taza's. It is *different*, and has real he-man food and crepes suzettes, too. I have never been there but I know people wouldn't annoy you. Please don't think me snooty. We went to location yesterday, but they didn't want us in. Of course, we are inquisitive about picture making as it is one of our biggest industries.
>
> I suppose if I saw you I'd be tongue-tied. I am too bashful *at first*. But I guess you think I am a long winded writer. I do hope your ankle is better.

It was in one of the coffee shops in Modesto that a near-accident occurred. While Errol Flynn and his leading lady, Olivia de Havilland were eating in a local coffee shop the press of the inquisitive public became so great against the large window pane that the glass shattered and sprayed glass over the food and tables of film actors and technicians. No one inside was hurt and studio assistants administered first aid from equipment in a sound truck parked across the street. The proprietor, covered by insurance, suffered no loss, except the replacing of a dozen or so glass-sprinkled dinners.

LOCATION trips are tame, if they run according to schedule. It's when they don't go according to schedule that things really happen. Just to indicate how completely prosaic a location trip can be, consider Merle Oberon's work in a place called Oxnard, for *Wuthering Heights*. The location simulated Yorkshire, England, and was part of a high plateau overlooking the sea. When the Goldwyn outfit arrived with Director William Wyler to start shooting they discovered that there was a high wind, high enough, as a matter of fact, to blow some of the equipment off the plateau. Merle had to climb rocks and crags daily for camera purposes, and nothing happened. The publicity man attached to the unit commented on the high wind and waited for it to do something dramatic. Nothing unusual happened in two weeks of shooting.

But Jackie Cooper's experiences while on location for *Scouts to the Rescue*, his latest picture, were a succession of hair-raising events. To begin with there were two sets of scouts, some from Los Angeles and an equal number from the location town of Sonora. There was bitter rivalry between the city slickers and the country kids—with both groups vieing to outdo each other. Director Taylor had his hands full keeping the kids in line, especially since the script called for all sorts of daring stunts.

ONE of the things it did *not* call for was an impromptu rescue of Vlondell Darr, Jack's leading lady. It came about in this way. One of the takes called for a scene showing Jackie, Vlondell and one other scout shooting the rapids of a particularly billowy stream. Jackie was told to paddle a few feet off shore and turn back into land again. The camera would cut at a certain point with Jackie in midstream. Then stunt men were to take up from there, shooting the surly-looking rapids.

Everything went according to schedule and Director Taylor called "cut!" But Jackie and his fellow scout in the front of the canoe couldn't steer the craft back into the cove again. The canoe kept on drifting down toward the rapids. In another moment the canoe shot across one of the rapids and seemed to leap in the air. The three travelers described a perfect parabola and landed in the drink. And Jackie Cooper actually effected a rescue on the spot. Unfortunately the 'still' man was not on the scene when the mishap started and got his camera in line only when the near-tragedy was just about over.

The interesting thing about the entire occurrence was that the stunt people, two men and a girl, saw the entire event and then refused to go through with it. They said it was too dangerous! After an offer of $100 apiece, they tried their chances. The take of the scene with the stunt men and woman was hardly as dramatic as Jackie's version.

Lodging is a location problem that keeps assistant directors up nights. The troupe in Modesto for *Dodge City* had an easy time of it. The assistant director got them rooms in the Covell Hotel and that was that. The Covell Hotel, by the way, is the only lodging place in town. Sometimes, however, when the unit is so large that hotel room is not available, the studios construct their own communities, with everything from mess hall to bunkrooms. That was the procedure for RKO's location unit working on *Gunga Din* as well as Cecil B. de Mille's outfit working on *Union Pacific* in Utah. When such sites are selected, the studios transport their own lumber and carpenters. One of the largest camps of this kind was built for the filming of *Charge of the Light Brigade*.

Every step of a location trip is planned days if not weeks ahead. The estimated $2,000 a day cited earlier in this article refers only to money spent in the town. The cost of maintaining a location troupe of 100 men, including director, players and technicians, is, of course, many times that. The slightest delay adds up the cost of production. The responsibility of keeping the wheels of the location unit going falls between the location manager and the assistant director. The first maintains the work of the crew technicians; the latter oversees the players and arranges for lodging and food. One of his lesser tasks, by the way, is waking the company up 4:30 in the morning. Here is a

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BIG PRIZES FOR YOUR OPINION
Read the announcement of this contest in June SCREEN BOOK Magazine

single memo on the *Stagecoach* unit from production office to technicians:

WALTER WANGER PRODUCTIONS, INC.

INTER-DEPARTMENT COMMUNICATIONS

To—*All Concerned* **Date**—*Nov. 8, 1938*
From—*Production Office* **Subject**—

The following is the schedule of departure for the troupe and equipment to Victorville, California:

WEDNESDAY, NOV. 9

1:00 A.M.—Alec Hume, Walter Taylor, Lauren Hume, Tom Annucci and Harry Latimer will take the tents to Victorville. The tents are to be set up on the location not later than 10 A.M. Walter Taylor and Lauren Hume will remain on the location to work with the company; Alec Hume, Tom Annucci and Harry Latimer will return to the studio.

7:00 A.M.—Fat Jones will send horses.

10:00 A.M.—All equipment, as already discussed, including the prop truck with Joe La Bella and Jack Caffee.

12:00 Noon—Camera car driven by John Wilson. Both stagecoaches—Cameron and Jones.

1:00 P.M.—The balance of the crew as follows:

John Ford
Wingate Smith
Otho Lovering
John Wayne
Bert Glennon
Bert Shipham
Ray Binger
Roy Noble
James King
James Murray
C. Lindbloom
1 Camera Operator
1 Camera Asst.
Ned Scott
Yakima Canutt
Jack Moore
Neil Wheeler
Sam Bricker
Norman Pringle
1 Make-Up Man
Arnold MacDonald
Harold Clendenning
Paul Fisher
Russ Woodin
Tom Thompson
Tex Hayes

Upon arrival at Victorville, the company will report to Dan Keefe at the Smith Hotel.

The detailed, prosaic items in the day's work look rather bald on paper, but they are the bases for the exciting and unexpected things that happen. For example neither the script nor directions to the crew called for Claire Trevor's dress to catch on fire during the shooting of *Stagecoach* or the 11 newspaper interviews Olivia de Havilland had to sit through while waiting for a call in *Dodge City*. The 11 interviews were from 11 reporters of the Modesto school paper, all out on the same assignment—an interview with the actress.

Budget sheets didn't take into account the fact that the dogs who were supposed to greet Merle Oberon on her return to her Yorkshire home in *Wuthering Heights* would get tired after the third take and refuse to jump into Miss Oberon's carriage. Director William Wyler had to wait hours before the dogs got into the mood for greeting the actress again. Nor did Columbia Studios figure that their *Lost Horizon* location, the inside of a Los Angeles meatpacking firm icebox, would defrost just when the travelers in the ill-fated plane were supposed to look frozen to death.

Locations themselves are as precious as pearls. Some sites have been visited by movie companies so often that screen fans have written in to tell the studio that they saw the same out-of-door shots in three other pictures. That accounts for the tenor of this important memo from Walter Wanger to staff:

WALTER WANGER PRODUCTIONS, INC.

INTER-DEPARTMENT COMMUNICATIONS

To—***All members of Wanger company going to Arizona.*** **Date—Oct. 26, 1938**
Subject—

THIS IS IMPORTANT

In order to work on the Navajo Reservation it was necessary for us to sign an agreement with the Department of the Interior that we would adhere to all the laws governing the reservation. The most important items were as follows:

(1) *Under no circumstances* must anybody bring into the reservation any liquor of any kind. This must be strictly adhered to.

(2) *Under no circumstances* must anything be purchased from the Indians or any trading be done with them. This law must also be strictly adhered to.

No one must violate these orders at the risk of fine and imprisonment. Beyond this, as we are being tendered great courtesy by the Department in charge, we are very anxious to leave them under conditions that will permit us to go back there again whenever pictures require it.

Your complete compliance with these laws will be greatly appreciated.

WALTER WANGER PRODUCTIONS, INC.

Aside from compliance with the law and a sense of good taste there is another reason why the Wanger order to observe the law of the Navajos was sent out. As indicated in the memo, Walter Wanger might need the same location or one nearby for future pictures. Locations, as has been indicated, are precious, and the goodwill of the natives must be maintained.

Location work sometimes means hardship and real labor. Sometimes all the comforts of home—including icebox refrigeration—are brought to 120 degree temperature terrain. But whether the location is in Greenland as it was for *S. O. S. Iceberg* or just off Hollywood Boulevard, that kind of camera duty is the most interesting phase of picture work.

Fresh
as the newest
Movie Star
Try the 1939 DOUBLE·MELLOW
OLD GOLD
Extra aged Tobaccos give extra flavor
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

Jean Parker is blossoming out as Hollywood's newest glamour girl. Watch for her in the Hal Roach production, "Zenobia".

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WALLY WESTMORE
Make-Up Director at
Paramount Studios
BUD WESTMORE
Beauty Expert at
Twentieth Century-Fox
MONT WESTMORE
Make-Up Director at
Selznick-International

You know the Westmore genius for make-up. You've marvelled at it on the million-dollar faces of the screen stars—*on the set and off!* Now the thrilling Westmore "secret" can be yours! Most startling make-up discovery in years—*color-filtered* cosmetics to give you the illusion of glowing young beauty *instantly*—even under unflattering lights! Because *color-filtered* cosmetics are free of gray "aging" skin tones! Start right *now* with Westmore color-filtered Foundation Cream (four shades; powder to match). See it transform your complexion beautifully, right before your eyes! At good drug, department and ten-cent stores

★

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"Dodge City"

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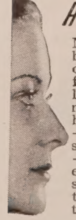

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Gently Loosen Blackheads
How Nadinola *aids complexion*

Now you can fade away freckles, loosen blackheads, clear up surface pimples and other externally caused blemishes, by using famous, quick-acting Nadinola Cream. Unlike most creams, Nadinola speeds up the natural process of exfoliation. Its gentle action helps to clear and whiten dark, dull, rough skin—quickly starts you toward a fresher, smoother, softer, more alluring complexion—the kind that men admire and women envy. Used and praised for 40 years by thousands of women. Only 50c at your drug or toilet counter. Satisfactory results guaranteed or your money back. Get Nadinola today!

Ups and Downs

[*Continued from page* 50]

disappear an hour after you've taken out the last curler. And there are lots more exciting ways of spending your time than putting your ends up on curlers every day! As I have told you many, many times you should buy a permanent wave as you would a car or a radio—by brand. When permanent wave equipment does not carry a reputable manufacturer's sign and seal, there's no guarantee that it will deliver the goods . . . But you can be sure, when a manufacturer plasters his name all over it, that he's gone to great pains to make it perfect. He knows that a few months hence you'll need another wave, and he wants to be sure you ask for his product.

THERE are other factors in permanent waving besides the branded equipment used. There is the health of the hair and the operator's skill. If you go to a good operator she will tell you honestly whether your hair is in condition to be waved, and if it is not, she'll give you treatments to bring it back to normal. Steam heat, hats and neglect of shampooing during the winter months often dry the hair so that it does not have the stretch necessary to stand the chemical action and tight winding. Under these circumstances your hair needs to be oiled, massaged, shampooed and brushed until it gets back its natural oil and springiness. All of these manipulations serve to wake up that lazy scalp, and once your scalp is wide awake, it will whip your hair back into shape.

When you oil your hair, heat the oil so that it penetrates and leave it on all night. After you've applied it, work it down into the scalp by massaging *firmly* with your fingertips. The light touch does no good here.

You should give yourself a weekly shampoo following your oil treatments, using a liquid designed especially for use on the hair and scalp and not a cake soap. "Laundering" hair is a far different problem from laundering skin or lingerie, and requires a special preparation for best results. A quick massage to loosen up dandruff is in order before the shampoo, and at least two latherings and four rinses are a good idea. Between shampoos don't just give your hair a lick and a promise twice a day with a comb. Brush it for ten minutes, five in the morning, five at night.

When you've done all this, and stuck to it faithfully for a month or so, your hair will undoubtedly be reconditioned and in shape for a permanent. And now may I make a suggestion? Before you have your wave, write to me for the name of a brand new machineless method that is the last word in scientific achievement. Your hair is wound on croquignole rods in the usual way, then the special pads are saturated with one of three solutions (depending on whether your hair is coarse, medium or fine in texture). The saturated pads are then placed over each curl and fastened on with a light metal clip. That's all, please. Solid comfort—with no wires or overhead apparatus, because the heat is generated in the pad by the chemical solution. And just the right amount, too, so that your curls can't come out too fuzzy or too limp. I'll be glad to tell you more.

It's not often you get a chance to try a miracle shampoo *free*, but you have that opportunity now! Just go to your drug store, buy a large size bottle of the new shampoo, and they'll give you a medium size bottle free. Try your free bottle, and if you can't honestly say that your hair sparkles like

ANSWERS TO "LOOKING BEHIND THE STAR DUST" QUIZ

1. Janet Gaynor
2. Lili Damita, the wife of Errol Flynn
3. Bing Crosby
4. Mae West
5. Maurice Chevalier is now appearing in French revues
6. Rochelle Hudson
7. Louis Hayward
8. Bette Davis
9. Jack Oakie
10. Henry Fonda played the lead role in both the stage production and the screenplay, *The Farmer Takes a Wife*
11. Allan Jones
12. Anne Shirley's name was legally changed from Dawn O'Day to Anne Shirley the name of the character she played in *Anne of Green Gables*. Her real name is Dawn Evelyeen Paris.
13. Helen Westley
14. Fernand Gravet
15. Gene Raymond-Ann Sothern
16. Hope Hampton
17. Lawrence Tibbett
18. Victor McLaglen
19. Don Ameche
20. George O'Brien
21. Eleanor Powell
22. Dick Powell-Joan Blondell
23. Janet Beecher
24. Clark Gable
25. Errol Flynn
26. Margot Grahame
27. Joy Hodges
28. Charles Laughton's talented wife, Elsa Lanchester, is the author of the book *Charles Laughton and I*
29. Mickey Rooney wrote "Have A Heart," "Love on the Range," "Ring Around Rosie" and "That Is What Love Will Do"
30. Hugh Herbert was co-author of the first all-talking picture ever made, *Lights of New York*. He also wrote many of the vaudeville sketches in which he has appeared
31. Fred Astaire is married to Phyllis Livingston Potter
32. Kay Francis
33. Olivia de Havilland
34. Cary Grant
35. Gail Patrick is married to Bob Cobb, owner of the California Brown Derby Restaurants
36. Paul Muni's real name is Muni Weisenfreund.
37. W. C. Fields
38. Errol Flynn is the author of *Beams End*
39. Florence Rice is the daughter of Grantland Rice
40. Hedy changed her name from Keisler to Lamarr
41. George Brent served Ireland as a spy during the Irish Rebellion

sunlight, just return the large bottle, and your druggist will refund your money. However, I doubt if you'll ever allow the shampoo to leave your bathroom shelf, for it lathers like lightning even in hard water and rinses out quickly, leaving each hair soft and gleaming. It's neither soap nor oil, but a strange and wonderful new combination of beneficial chemicals. It works equally well on dry, oily or normal hair—blonde or brunette, too—giving them all that extra-thorough cleansing that makes for glossiness and soft, manageable texture. There are three sizes, ten cents, fifty cents and a dollar. I'll be glad to tell you more.

IF YOU'VE been lax about brushing your hair it may be the fault of your hairbrush. For, truth to tell, it's no fun to use a brush that's too heavy to hold, that has bristles as squashy as rubber or as stiff as spikes. If your brush has any of these disappointing features, cast it away and get one that will make your hundred daily strokes an exhilarating pleasure for you and a real beauty treatment for your hair. Perched on my desk calender at the moment is a new brush that looks, at first glance, to be *all* bristle. It would never be much good for spanking purposes—because of its light, thin back—but it's ideal for hair brushing. There are rows and rows of firm, resilient bristles spaced widely in a sunburst arrangement. This fan-shaped spread makes for a rolling movement of the brush that penetrates to the scalp, stimulating it well, and polishes even the shortest, newest hair. You can't flatten out waves and curls when you use this brush. You actually give them a new buoyancy and sheen. The brush is very moderately priced and will last for years.

Before closing our beauty chat, I want to tell you about some cosmetics and some new shades of nail polish that we've been testing with great success. The make-up is from Hollywood, and not from an obscure corner of that Glamour Town, but straight out of the biggest movie studios. It was perfected by four brothers, all make-up masters, who have beautified hundreds of movie stars and players in their time. These men have developed powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up that give you that youthful, glowing look, whether you're in sunlight, shadow or harsh electric light. There are no muddy, aging undertones, but a translucent tone that is always flattering. According to these experts, make-up is only as good as its foundation—and I agree with them heartily. I also think that their foundation cream lives up to their ideal completely. It's a thin, workable cream that spreads easily and leaves a smooth film of delicate color as a base for powder and rouge. Even girls who've never used a foundation find it as easy to apply as a cleansing cream. An hour later, two, four hours later, it is still in flawless shape. No beading, oozing or disappearing to mar your make-up. It comes in four shades, from a light, pearly shade to a tawny, coppery one (for summer), and costs only 25 cents. Here's your dish if you've been having trouble finding a foundation that makes your skin look young and keeps your powder and rouge where you put it.

Do you have "problem hands?" The kind that seem to rebel against the smart new shades of nail polish? A famous polish firm has studied your problem as well as the new spring colors in fabrics and accessories, and produced a perfect solution. It's a lively rose tone of lacquer that goes well with blue (always a springtime favorite and lovelier than ever this year), purply shades, browns and the new-as-new yellows. It's softer than Japonica, the accessory color that's ringing the bell, and tones in lusciously with it. There's another shade, too, a sentimental cameo-pink tone that makes the hands look fragile, and minimizes yellow skin tones. You can wear it with costumes of violet, cyclamen, fuchsia and lime-green—and you'll find more admiring eyes focused on your hands! The stay-on quality of this polish is as good as its true-to-fashion coloring, and it's inexpensive. Thirty-five cents a bottle.

Write me before May 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply. Send your letter to me, Janet Lynn, in care of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

IS YOUR HAIR YOUR CROWNING GLORY—
OR JUST THE CROWNING BLOW?

Janet Lynn will be glad to help you make it a halo. Write to her today, telling her about your other beauty problems, too. The only charge for her advice is a three-cent stamp (U. S. postage, on a self-addressed envelope. Send your letter to Janet Lynn, c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

CAN YOU SWIM 2¼ MILES ?

Swimming is great fun, great exercise. But it is a strenuous drain on body energy. Baby Ruth candy, so popular among candy lovers for its purity and goodness, is a source of real food energy—which all active people need. Baby Ruth is rich in pure Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. So for enjoyment and food energy, make Baby Ruth your candy. Millions do.

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By actual calorimetric tests, a good swimmer, weighing 120 lbs., can swim for 2¼ miles (average speed 3 miles per hour) on the food energy contained in one delicious 5c bar of Baby Ruth.

WHEN FATIGUE SETS IN—*Remember* BABY RUTH IS RICH IN **DEXTROSE** THE SUGAR YOUR BODY USES DIRECTLY FOR **ENERGY!**

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Baby Ruth
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CURTISS CANDIES
Baby Ruth
Baby Ruth
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...women are changing to WINX

Thousands of women are changing to WINX—and no wonder! WINX Mascara is amazingly *fine in texture* . . . goes on evenly . . . looks more natural . . . makes lashes appear long and silky. WINX accents your eyes with *exotic beauty.* Try WINX Mascara today!

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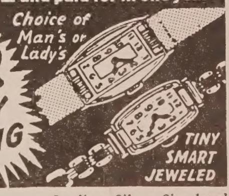

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Rush offer. ☐ Lady's ☐ Man's
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FAN·CLUB EXCHANGE

Louise Thompson

Since Jane Bryan's recent personal appearance at a New York theatre we, five young ladies, have decided to join a fan club in her honor. Do you know of one, please?—Ellen, Ruth, Louise, Rose and Gloria.

Yes, I do, girls, and I don't blame you one bit. Little Miss Bryan certainly is a charmer. And, speaking of charmers, take a look at the president of the club. Isn't she a honey? Louise Thompson is her name and her address is: 404 El Encanto Drive, Pasadena, California. Club dues are 50c per year; each member receives a personally autographed photo of Miss Bryan direct from the star, and four issues of the club paper *The Bryan Boosters.* Contests are often conducted in which interesting prizes are given.

If you know of a Frankie Thomas Fan Club, will you please give me a few details?—Rita M.

Don Magill is President of the Frankie Thomas Fan Club. He informs me that dues are 25c per month for a limited time only. Dues will be raised to 50c in the near future, so hurry and join now. Frankie is justly proud of his club and cooperates in every way. Write to Don at 2103 Highland Avenue, New Castle, Pennsylvania, for further information.

My cousin and I have heard of a club called *Rudy Vallee Rooters* and would like to know if you can give us any information regarding this club?—Shirley and Esther.

I give you in part a letter received from Nina F. Comer, president of the *Rudy Vallee Rooters.* "Our club is ten years old and we have been 'rooting for Rudy' all this time, with no abating. We publish a monthly paper about Rudy, called *RudyMents,* which features all the latest news about him and has novelty-size photos of him. Our members extend over the United States, and many of them have become fast friends through mutual interest in Rudy, and through the mail system. Our dues are reasonable and those interested may write me for details." Write to Miss Comer at 916 East Henry Street, Savannah, Georgia.

Please tell me if there is a fan club honoring my favorite, John Carroll?—Ralph.

Miss Lillian Musgrave heads the John Carroll Fan Club. Her address is: 2700 North Vincent Avenue, Minneapolis, Minnesota. Club dues are 50c per year, and each member receives the club news which is published quarterly by and for the members. Membership in this fine club also entitles you to a photo of John and membership card.

Please tell me how to go about joining an Errol Flynn Fan Club?—Dick.

Miss Martha Ferguson is prez of the *Errol Flynn Sirocco Club.* This is an official and recognized club, and has a large following in the states, Canada, England, Cuba, Ireland, and Greece. Dues are 75c in United States and Canada, and $1.00 to all foreign fans. Membership includes an 8x10 photo personally inscribed by Mr. Flynn, membership passport card, four issues of the club journal *Sirocco,* and the usual fan club privileges. The letters Mr. Flynn writes to Miss Ferguson and her club members are a rare treat. Every sincere Flynn fan is cordially invited to join Miss Ferguson's crew of loyal Sirocco-ans. Her address is: 81 N. Eureka Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

I would like to join a Jane Withers Fan Club. Have you any record of such a club?—Donald.

Yes, sir, I do. Writing to *Jane Withers' Pals,* 1950 West 34th Street, Chicago, Illinois, will bring a cheerful and speedy response.

Are you interested in joining a Fan Club in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the numerous fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Juarez—The Story of Mexico's Tragic Trio

[*Continued from page* 29]

Juarez. These three are the chief protagonists of the epic story. They head a star-studded cast that includes Claude Rains, Gale Sondergaard, John Garfield, Donald Crisp, Gilbert Roland, Joseph Calleia, Henry O'Neill, Montagu Love, Harry Davenport and many others selected for their eminent ability to reenact this thrilling passage of history.

The picture will speak eloquently for itself when it flashes on the screens of the nation around Easter. The story of its birth and growth is an almost equally thrilling one, and to give you this story the representative of SCREEN BOOK Magazine has gone behind the scenes and talked with the men whose vision and enthusiasm are bringing the story of *Juarez* to vivid life.

"We started out on our story search one day early in 1937 when *The Life of Emile Zola* was completed," explains Henry Blanke, the 38-year-old producer of *Juarez*. "We wanted to give Paul Muni another biographical drama as interesting and as powerful as *Zola* and as *The Story of Louis Pasteur,* which Mr. Muni had played the year before. Such stories are difficult to find. Actually, the lives of few men have built them into immortals and it is with such towering figures that we must concern ourselves when we are thinking of a vehicle that will employ the full talents of Muni."

It was Hal Wallis, executive production aide of Warner Brothers, who first suggested the story of Juarez, Maximilian and Carlotta as such a vehicle. The studio had considered the story before but never as more than an inspired and tragic love story, with the accent on the Emperor and his lovely wife.

"Of course this thought was not ours to claim alone," Blanke goes on. "Other studios and other dramatists had from time to time considered the story of Carlotta and Maximilian, because it was a great love story from the pages of comparatively recent history, there for everyone to read. Franz Werfel, in Germany, had already written a play about them, which was produced in this country by Claire Ames and Alfred Lunt.

"IT MIGHT well have been this play which made us think in terms of Muni, for Werfel called his drama 'Juarez and Maximilian,' although the character of Juarez never once appeared on the stage. He was referred to in dialogue only as a symbol of those principles of democracy for which he stood. I wondered many times when we were struggling with our script whether Werfel didn't deliberately leave Juarez there offstage, a dramatic, unseen force, when he was composing his play. For the screen playwright, that man Juarez has been a very, very difficult character to handle."

And Blanke's face lights with a contagious smile as he thinks of the obstacles now well behind the creators of the film *Juarez*.

"But we finally got that man Juarez right down on paper, and Muni is making him live on the screen—a living, breathing monument in bronze."

That final screen play was in preparation from Sept. 30, 1937, until Nov. 17, 1938, when Director William Dieterle started his cameras turning. Fourteen months of research, discussion, argument, revision, rejection, changing, polishing—hours and hours and days and nights of intensive work went into that script before a single actor stepped before a camera.

It was the Warner brothers, of course, who accepted the initial idea, approved the final script and produced the money with which to film it. When completed, *Juarez* will have cost some million and three-quarters dollars. A dozen less important pictures could be made for less.

It was the fiery enthusiasm of Henry Blanke that "sold" Jack L. Warner and Hal Wallis on the tremendous possibilities of the story of Juarez, and Paul Muni on the idea of bringing him to life on the screen. This was an important preliminary, for Paul Muni plays only those parts which arouse his own enthusiasm. He can and does turn down scripts that do not appeal to him. But Muni has great faith in Blanke, who produced not only *The Life of Emile Zola* but *The Story of Louis Pasteur* as well. Each of them won the highest possible acclaim, and in the swarthy Juarez Muni saw a part of equally heroic proportions.

The slight and studious Aeneas MacKenzie, Scotch research expert and scenarist, drew the first writing assignment. When he began his task of research in November, 1937, he found very few books on the subject available in Los Angeles and Hollywood.

The fact alarmed Blanke and his studio

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superiors. Did this mean that another film studio was already at work on the story of Juarez, Maximilian and Carlotta and had bought up the available supply of historical and biographical data?

THEIR fears were soon put to rest, but the scare served to speed Blanke and his writers to even more feverish activity. By this time Wolfgang Reinhardt, able son of the great producer Max Reinhardt, and John Huston, writing son of the actor John Huston, had been called in to help with the preparation of the script.

To protect its rights to the story, Warner Brothers purchased Bertita Harding's great historical work, "Phantom Crown," and other pertinent materials. The books, papers and research reports from which the factual material for the final screen play was obtained came from more than 200 sources and were more than 350 in number.

Aben Finkel, brilliant master of dialogue and drama, who was the last man to be called in on the story, gives a graphic picture of the building of the scenario.

"Henry Blanke's tremendous enthusiasm was the thing that actually carried us through," says Finkel. "Time after time we thought we were almost licked by a difficult character transition, a shift in theme and emphasis from Juarez to some other important character in the story. Maximilian and Juarez never met in real life, you know. Therefore they never meet in our story. Our problem amounted to writing and filming two separate screen plays and merging them into a single, straight-line theme."

When they came to an impasse, Blanke's zeal would fire them all to renewed effort.

"He'd get us into his office the first thing in the morning at such a time," Finkel goes on, "and never let us out until after the studio closed for the night. We had lunch brought in and ate it right there at the desk, talking and arguing as we gulped our milk, bolted our sandwiches and pie."

One such problem, which Blanke considers the toughest one encountered, came near the end of *Juarez*, and can be understood through a brief synopsis of the dramatic story.

It is July, 1863. Benito Pablo Juarez, the Indian from Oaxaca, has been President of the Mexican Republic since 1858. For five years the brilliant, apparently emotionless idealist has been bringing freedom and equality to his people. He has redistributed the land among them by legally taking it from the few powerful, wealthy families and organizations who had monopolized it and sold it at public auction. Under his regime, the country is emerging from a bankruptcy into which it had been plunged by 30 years of spendthrift mismanagement under Santa Ana. To recoup the squandered finances of the nation and benefit his impoverished people, Juarez has declared a moratorium on all foreign debts.

Miramon, one of the once-wealthy landowners whom Juarez has dispossessed, plots among his kind to overthrow the president. As a result, a proposition is taken to the court of Napoleon III and his Empress Eugenie by the emissary Montares, played in the film by Montagu Love. If France will send sufficient troops to Mexico to take the land from the peons and restore it to the small group of former owners, France will be granted unlimited concessions to exploit Mexico's mineral wealth, and thus quickly get back the money that Mexico owes her, plus untold millions more.

The shrewd, Spanish-born Eugenie adds a suggestion. Force the ignorant Mexicans to hold a plebiscite and elect an Emperor—force them with arms, if necessary. And that Emperor shall be the Austrian nobleman, Maximilian von Hapsburg.

The plan is put into motion. Bazaine and his French troops invade Mexico and drive Juarez and his small, scattered forces into the northern part of the country. Then Maximilian and Carlotta arrive at Vera Cruz in May, 1864, move into the palace at Chapultepec and set up a royal court.

Finally Maximilian discovers that he has been cruelly deceived by Napoleon and his advisors. Though he has been forced on the country as Emperor, Mexico still has its President, Benito Juarez, and the United States continues to recognize the government of Juarez and refuses to send an ambassador to Maximilian's court. Studying the writings and doctrines of Juarez, Maximilian becomes convinced that the self-educated Indian is truly an inspired leader and that his policies are not only sound but are the only principles under which the Mexican people can live.

Through an intermediary, Maximilian makes overtures to Juarez, offering him a position in his own court of combined Secretary of State and Secretary of Commerce. Juarez refuses it with a stinging message. He can accept no post under a monarchy, can accept no form of government for his country other than a democracy. Mexico must be ruled by its people, not by a foreign dictator.

When Mexico's northern neighbor terminates its Civil War, Abraham Lincoln is free to devote his attention to the situation south of the Rio Grande. He sends Bigelow to Napoleon, to tell France that the United States now stands ready to enforce the Monroe Doctrine, guaranteeing non-interference to Mexico. French troops, warns Bigelow, must be withdrawn from Mexico at once.

Napoleon is forced to order Marechal Bazaine to withdraw his armies. Once this has been done Juarez assembles his scattered forces, captures Mexico City and regains leadership of the country of which he has been the duly elected president all the time.

When Maximilian is taken prisoner, Carlotta flees to Europe to plead, in vain, for continued support of her husband and his doomed monarchial rule. The film does not deviate from the true story of Carlotta's tragedy. Turned down by the European powers and tortured by the knowledge of her failure, she loses her mind. In these final scenes, Bette Davie finds an opportunity for an unusual portrayal—that of a woman going insane. Even the most hardened critics will be shaken by her characterization of the mad Carlotta.

Maximilian is court-martialled and found guilty of having usurped the sovereignty of the Mexican nation and of having waged a war of conquest against the Republic. He is sentenced to be shot by a military firing squad.

Such are the bare outlines of the story up to the point where Producer Blanke and his writers came to a complete stop, as they knew they inevitably would at this climax, where a complete shift in dramatic emphasis occurs. For the history they were re-enacting records that all the European nations now sent their ambassadors to Juarez to plead with him to spare Maximilian's life and permit him to leave the country.

"Up to now," Blanke explains, "Maximilian actually has been the hero of our story, Carlotta its heroine, and Juarez—purely from a dramaturgic standpoint—its menacing force. Juarez refuses to accede to the demands of these ambassadors, representing the collective voice of Europe. By his standards and ideals and under the laws of his democratic country, Maximilian must pay the penalty that an unbiased and fairly conducted court has decreed. Maximilian must die.

"You see," Blanke continues, "now poor Don Benito can easily appear more of a menace than ever. But instead of letting that happen, it is at this point that we wish the audience sympathy to shift, as it honestly should, from the doomed Maximilian to Juarez, the indomitable patriot who will not give the would-be dictator his life.

"How did we do it? By working for a solid, unbroken month on that one scene. We have given Paul Muni, as Juarez, some of the most dramatic, powerful and convincing speeches an actor has ever uttered on stage or screen. And we know that when the audience hears Paul Muni read those speeches, that audience will find itself applauding and even actually cheering that 'little stone god of a Don Benito' whom they disliked just a little while before."

FOR Juarez at this point, Blanke explains, becomes a symbol of everything we treasure in our democratic form of government—a symbol that will thrill everyone who appreciates the full meaning of democracy. It is not because of his ringing speeches alone that Juarez flames to heroic proportions at this moment. Muni now emerges as the great character Juarez actually was. At this point he draws together and makes clear all those aspects of his dynamic personality which the audience has not fully understood until now.

"In building such biographical dramas as *Pasteur, Zola,* and *Juarez,*" Blanke elucidates, "we stick to the fine, straight line of inner truth; try to show what a man thinks and feels just as much as what he actually does. Reactions are far more difficult to project on the screen than action, but often action is far less important and serves to distract attention from the character we are building.

Hedy Lamarr, latest Hollywood sensation, is one of the few stars who does not have to worry about calories

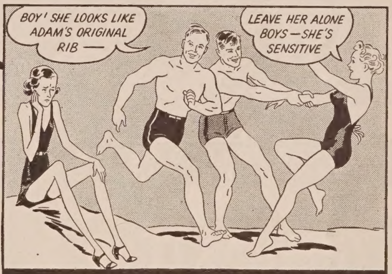
"Here's an example. Benito Juarez was a normal man in all but his unusual mental power, his indomitable will, his unswerving loyalty to an ideal. He had a wife and many children. Yet in the film we never see his home life. When we made a stab at picturing it, we found that we were digressing abruptly from our main theme. But at one point we show the usually grim-visaged Indian smiling longingly and lovingly at a little baby on the back of its peon mother. In a flash, that single smile, the only one we see on Juarez' face during the entire picture, conveys his humaneness far more effectively than a whole reel showing him at the family dinner-table at home."

Now that the script has finally reached completion, after those months of grappling with plot difficulties, and the film is in production, Paul Muni is so utterly absorbed in his role that he scarcely speaks to anyone on the set except William Dieterle, the director. On the set Muni, the actor, seems actually to have become Benito Pablo Juarez, the great man of Mexico—a man considered by historians to have been as great in his own country as Lincoln.

Secretary of State, William H. Seward, who knew both Lincoln and Juarez as intimately as any man could know them, said, on the occasion of Juarez' death in 1872, "He was the greatest man I ever knew."

"Have you forgotten Abraham Lincoln?" asked a reporter.

"Benito Juarez," Seward repeated, "was the greatest man and the greatest leader of his time."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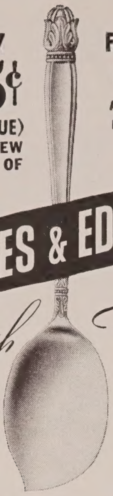

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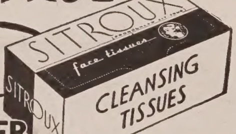

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Heart of Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 31]

heard the news and quick tears of sympathy came into her eyes. *"Brodie's little girl!"* The words were whispered. "Everyone knows what she means to Brodie!"

She left the set and sent flowers, too, with a note to Brodie and Catherine. She could have tucked in a card but she wanted them to know how she felt.

All of this took place within a few hours of the time Barbara was stricken. Days and nights wore on. Finally there came the dread announcement, "Concealed mastoid; 'strep' number three, very grave." She was rushed to the hospital.

Hal Roach called to see Brodie. "Whatever you want . . . anything . . . let me do it for you, Brodie."

It was during those first days, early in February, that Barbara so often whispered, "Don't jiggle the bed, please. You won't jiggle the bed, will you?"

She'd say it the minute anyone appeared in the door, and you couldn't blame her. The pain in her head was like the thrust of a knife and the slightest vibration was almost unbearable.

Came the eve of St. Valentine's Day. Wracked with pain, she still wanted to get her valentines off. Her mother and Anita Louise helped address them. Anita attended to their delivery. Glenda Farrell brought in a big screen to be placed in front of her bed, so that her own valentines could be pinned up for her to see. They arrived by the scores, beautiful, lacy ones from Jeanette and Gene, funny ones from Pat and Eloise O'Brien, Don Terry, Marjorie Gateson, Wendy Barrie, Alma and Frank Lloyd and Fay Wray, a special comic from Feg Murray (drawn by Feg and calculated to make her smile) featuring Barbara in bed, announcing imperiously: "DON'T jiggle the bed."

At dawn on Valentine's Day, Barbara was operated upon.

"We must," one of the doctors told her.

"Will Daddy stop worrying, then?" she demanded.

And when the surgeon, not trusting his voice, nodded, she told him, "All right. Let's go!"

Three hours later two of the specialists faced Brodie and Catherine. They could make no promises. They had telephoned to New York from the operating room for serum to be sent by plane. They could only wait . . .

THE news spread quickly and there was no sleep for a good many friends of the Brodines that night. The Frank Lloyds kept watch with them at the hospital. Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond telephoned at regular intervals. Anita Louise phoned at dawn the next day, her voice shaking with grief and worry.

The Pat O'Briens, the Richard Arlens, the Chester Morrises, the Jack Gardners and innumerable unsung workers in the film colony kept calling until the hospital operator could scarcely handle the messages. Someone had to be stationed at the Brodine home just to answer the phone.

As the hours wore on, a blood transfusion was ordered. Don Terry heard about it and called the Brodines at the hospital. "What type do you need?" he asked quietly. "I'm number two. I'll be down."

He was there as quickly as early morning traffic, congesting the streets of Hollywood and Los Angeles, would allow. But they couldn't wait. They used a professional donor.

Barbara came through that delicate operation, but she was to have three more before her road back to health was at last clear.

Bette Davis and Spencer Tracy, winners of the Motion Picture Academy awards for the best performances during 1938, are pictured above. Bette's *Jezebel* and Tracy's *Boys Town* turned the trick

And all through those months, her friends never forgot her. Even after Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond left for their eastern vacation, they wired for news at every stop and telephoned from New York.

While she was still seriously ill, her troubled mind kept reverting to happier things—often to *Snow White* and her seven loyal friends.

"I wish I could see Dopey," she whispered, one night to those who kept vigil at her bedside. "Funny Dopey . . ."

Two days later came a special delivery parcel, thin and flat. In it was an original portrait of *Dopey*, bearing this legend:

"im Bringin' ya a flower, Barbara, so hurry up and get well—Love from dopey."

Someone had told Walt Disney about the sick youngster who wanted to see *Dopey*. He didn't know her, but he sent Dopey to her just the same. She has the portrait now. I think she loves it better than anything she owns.

WEEKS passed and there was a tedious period of recovery when all she could do was lie there and wait for strength to return. Those were trying days. She could see only a few visitors. Everything tired her, yet the active little mind was insatiable in its yearning for diversion.

It was during that time that Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy visited her. Now if anyone in Hollywood is busy, it is Edgar Bergen. But once he had come across Barbara on a studio set and he hadn't forgotten what she had to say about him and Charlie McCarthy.

"I laugh at Charlie, but I give you credit for his funniness . . ."

Not many children react like that to the Bergen-McCarthy act and Edgar was amazed and delighted. So when he heard that Barbara was in the hospital and what had happened to her, he sent a message.

"Could a Mr. Bergen and a Mr. McCarthy call on you?"

They could and did. They took time out from their demanding daily routine to pay their respects, Charlie at his debonair best, Edgar, as always, the slightly harassed stooge, embarrassed at Charlie's brashness, trying to keep him in hand. And that night, Barbara, relaxed from laughing, had her best sleep in ages.

Edgar and Charlie sent flowers, too. There was a small, precise corsage from Edgar and a huge sheaf of flaming gladioli from Charlie, with a note from the latter.

"Bergen is kinda stingy, but please notice the size of *my* bouquet!"

Speaking of flowers . . . Barbara has a shoebox full of cards that came with flowers. She hasn't counted them, but there must be three or four hundred. There were that many bouquets.

Jeanette and Gene always sent a bouquet each, accompanied by a special note from each. Once there were two lovely little bottles of perfume, and once two exquisite Dresden figurines. Flowers from the Frank Lloyds came every other day. Anita Louise, knowing how Barbara loves the brilliant orange mariposa lilies that grow on the desert after a rainy season, drove almost to Bakersfield to bring back a flaming armful for her.

There were dozens of other gifts, too, that a little sick girl could enjoy. There was a funny china dachshund filled with cactus, also from Jeanette and Gene. Games from "Auntie Alma" Lloyd; a postcard album from Lanny and Olive Ross, who also wrote their friends, far and wide, to send cards to fill it; dolls from Billie Burke, "Jimmy" Lloyd, Don Terry, Anna MacDonald (Jeanette's mother), the Harold Lloyd youngsters and many others; a special set of "Marjorie" books, out of print now, ordered from the publisher by Louise Dresser; the first big Little Book of "Wells Fargo" from Frank Lloyd, and "get-well" cards. They came from everyone in Hollywood, it seemed. At least, the box that held them was bigger than the one the flower cards were in.

And they kept on coming, these tokens of Hollywood's thoughtfulness. Not a day passed without a new gift for "Brodie's kid." At last there came the red letter day when Barbara was to be taken home from the hospital. That morning, she looked up at her mother.

"Did you know, Mommy, that Mr. Raymond went to a hospital, once, and carried a girl downstairs after she had been sick because she had been a fan of his and thought he carried girls so beautifully in his pictures?" she said.

"He did?" her mother said, waiting.

"Well . . ." Barbara looked hopeful, "I thought . . . I've been sick and I think he carries girls beautifully."

And so it was that Gene Raymond not only was on hand to carry her to the car, and from it to her own room but he remained to "keep her company" for a couple of hours.

Barbara is well and happy now. She has a new bicycle and you ought to see her tear around the neighborhood. You'd think she had never spent those terrible months in the Valley of the Shadow, or certainly that she has forgotten them. But I know she hasn't. I don't think she can forget.

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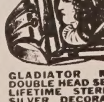

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She Made It the Hard Way

[*Continued from page 46*]

to play the piano. Today Jeanette is a great singing star, Blossom is an actress known as Marie Blake, and Elsie owns and runs a prosperous dramatic school in the City of Brotherly Love.

But until these three girls of the MacDonald clan came along to make their marks in the acting profession there had been no stage folk on either side of the family. Father MacDonald was a building contractor who later became active in politics. Mother MacDonald was happy in her own special career—that of wife and mother. Sister Blossom used to teach baby Jeanette the dance steps she learned at school and Sister Elsie, eager to take a hand in the teaching of the little redhead, set aside an hour each day during which she played the piano while Jeanette practiced her songs.

"I thrived on the accomplishments of Blossom and Elsie," Jeanette says. "The whole family was so proud of them. I remember once I went to dancing school with mother to call for Blossom. Blossom insisted that I sing for the teacher. She wanted to 'show off' her baby sister. Well, I sang and was I surprised when the teacher invited me to sing at the annual school recital!"

That was a year after her "Old Mother Hubbard" recitation. She began at four to study music and dancing at the school Blossom attended. When she was eight she went 'on tour' with the instructor who had established a custom of taking a small group of his pupils to a number of eastern resort towns. The troupe was billed as a Kiddie Revue and used to knock the appreciative resorters for the well-known loop. Jeanette started out on her initial tour as a mere chorine but before the summer was over she was the prima donna of the outfit.

ELSIE gave up her ambitions to become a concert pianist to marry and settle down to a life of domesticity. Blossom went to New York as a prize graduate of Al White's Dancing School, to dance in a Broadway revue. At last only the little redhead was left at home.

When Jeanette was 14, her father took her to New York with him on a business trip. Sometime before Daniel MacDonald had given up his prosperous business to venture into city politics. But the political regime changed and he found himself listed among the "outs" in the political scheme of things. This trip to the Big Town, with daughter Jeanette at his side, was to make new connections.

While in New York he found time to take his daughter to the Capitol Theatre where Blossom was performing. The moment the redhead passed through the stage door she stepped into a new life and a career. She didn't realize it at the time but that's the way it turned out.

Jeanette's career didn't begin in the Lola Lovely fashion. The redhead knew what she wanted and realized she would have to work for it. After Ned Wayburn had ordered the chorus girls to rest, Blossom introduced Jeanette. Even before the famous dance director could say, "glad to meetcha," Jeanette struck him for a job! To calm down Blossom, who had been shocked almost to death by the request, Wayburn asked the redhead if she could sing. And she did, much to Wayburn's vast delight.

"How about dancing?" he asked next.

Although Jeanette didn't know a time step from a lock step, she did know a little about ballet dancing. In the short time she'd been watching the girls rehearse she'd got an idea of routines. Mustering her courage, she crossed her fingers and began to jig like nobody's business. It's in the book that she jigged herself right into a job! The family went into a huddle in the home on Arch street the next day and again the redhead emerged triumphant. She was to be given two weeks trial. Make good in that time or go back to school.

At the end of the probationary period she was still dancing in the chorus. Daniel MacDonald and his wife moved their furniture from the red brick house in Philly to an apartment in New York and became dyed-in-the-wool Manhattanites.

"I was in the chorus only one season," Jeanette says. "When the show closed I landed a small part in *Irene.* Not in the Broadway cast by any means but in one of the road companies. In addition to playing this 'bit' I understudied the feminine players in the cast. It was hard work because I had to learn and rehearse four different parts but it was excellent training. None of the principals ever failed to 'go on' and all my singing was in front of empty seats."

Back in New York after the season closed Jeanette spent months pounding pavements, going in and out of booking agents' offices begging for work.

During her peregrinations up and down Broadway she learned that Charles Dillingham was casting for some new show. She didn't know the name of it, but she knew about Dillingham. She hurried to the Dillingham suite of offices. As she went in she bumped into another girl who was coming out.

"Looking for a job?" this girl asked. And when Jeanette nodded the girl went on, "No use. He won't even see you. Won't see anyone. There's nothing doing so you might as well leave."

Jeanette refused to quit. She stepped into the office. The secretary did not even look up. Maybe she was tired of saying, "You can't see Mr. Dillingham," to girls with hope written all over their faces.

At one side was a door marked STORE ROOM. Jeanette thought this so strange for a big office suite that she decided to take a peek. Opening the door, she found herself face to face with a man sitting behind a huge desk.

"Now what?" the man asked gruffly.

"I want to see Mr. Dillingham," Jeanette said, putting on her prettiest smile.

"Well," he barked back at her, "you've got your wish. How did you get into my private office?"

"I walked in," she told him. "Just like that."

Well, believe it or not, the result of Jeanette's store room mistake was that he hired her on the spot and sent her to Buffalo that night to join the Night Boat company which was just then preparing to start a try-out engagement. Her part wasn't big but one of the feminine principals was ill. If she worked hard and learned rapidly she might go on for this principal. All this had been okay by Jeanette, but when she got there the principal was sound in wind and limb and the best Jeanette could get was a spot in the chorus.

When the show moved into New York another of the feminine leads had the misfortune to fall down-stairs. She was so badly injured that she had to leave the cast.

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Jeanette stepped into her place with only a few hours notice.

"Here, I told myself," said Jeanette to us, "was my big chance to show Broadway that I was good. But what happened? Nothing very unusual. I didn't register an overnight triumph, nor did the critics hail me as another great 'find.' My name didn't crash the show news headlines. The critics just said I played and sang my role fairly well, and let it go at that."

When the show closed she went into *Tangerine*, playing a small role while understudying the feminine leads. And she went through this engagement without once getting away from her small part.

"But I was still on Broadway," she says, "and that helped."

When *Tangerine* closed she spent 12 months trying in vain to land something better than a chorus job.

"There just didn't seem to be any place on Broadway for redheads. After a year of visiting booking agents I took the first job that presented itself. It wasn't a job on the stage but it was one in which I would be seen by the public. Did you ever try posing in fur coats in mid July and during a spell of typical Manhattan heat? And under those hot photographers' lights? Well, that's what I did for a while. Fur coat modeling in the good old summer time was the hardest work I ever did. So hard, in fact, that when an agent came around and timidly suggested I might go into a little show called *Fantastic Fricassee* then being staged in Greenwich Village I jumped at the chance."

AND it was well that she did. Louis Wiswell, then general manager for Henry W. Savage, heard her sing and was so enchanted by her lovely voice that he gave her a featured role in *The Magic Ring*.

A better singing role in *Tiptoes* followed and when this show closed Savage announced her as the prima donna in *Sunny Days* which was the same as saying that she was a musical star on Broadway.

After more starring roles Paramount executives asked her to make a screen test. The test proved successful and she was slated to play opposite Richard Dix in *Nothing But the Truth*. But when her theatrical managers heard about it they said 'nothing doing' and said it so emphatically that she shelved her idea of a career in pictures.

In 1929 a dynamic little man was looking for a girl to play the queen opposite Maurice Chevalier in *The Love Parade*. This was to be a great, costly, important picture and something new in the way of screen musicals. The little, dynamic man was Director Lubitsch and when he saw the test of Jeanette he cried out, "That's the girl! That's her—if only she could sing!"

When they told him she could sing, that she was a Broadway singing star, Lubitsch boarded a plane and headed for Chicago where Jeanette was starring in *Boom Boom*. Five days later she was journeying to Hollywood.

The rest of Jeanette's career is movie history. Having worked for years, having learned to sing, act and dance by the hard method, she was discovered by Hollywood.

Lola Lovely, the fictitious star of the beginning of this story, made it overnight. Lola will hit the skids the moment the public grows tired of her voluptuous charms.

Jeanette MacDonald made it the hard way. Her experience has helped her over the the rough spots. She has a following of fans who admire her talent as much as they do her beauty. When Lola is forgotten, Jeanette will be thrilling audiences by her ability as an actress and singer.

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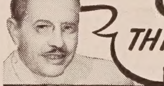

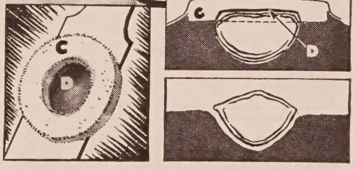

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SEE YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY
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At Your Theatre Soon

[*Continued from page* 33]

For the first time in screen history four sisters appear in a film cast as sisters. Supporting sister Loretta are Polly Ann Young, Sally Blane and 14-year-old Georgianna Young . . . Shortly before starting work on *Alexander Graham Bell,* Don Ameche was selected by deaf people all over the country as having the finest speech of any actor . . . Bell, whom Ameche portrays, began his career by teaching speech to the deaf . . . For use in the film the American Telephone and Telegraph Company made exact copies of early model telephones, the originals of which are in Washington's Smithsonian Institute.

Probable critics' rating of *The Story of Alexander Graham Bell*: Excellent.

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN

(Universal)

Directed by David Butler. Starring Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell, with Mischa Auer, Irene Hervey, C. Aubrey Smith, Robert Kent, Sandy Henville and Jerome Cowan. National release date—April 7, 1939.

NUMEROUS complications besetting the path of young love, personified in this instance by Bing Crosby and Joan Blondell, serve as a diverting foil for the mellifluous music-making of America's Number One Crooner.

In *East Side of Heaven* Bing's efforts to win his hotel switchboard girl, Joan, carry him from a job as a telegraph company's singing messenger through the post of taxicab troubador to that pinnacle of every Hollywood warbler's ambition, a spot on the radio. Through it all Bing manages to take care of baby Sandy Henville, with hilarious help from Mischa Auer; reform a drunkard, and sing the film's engaging songs with all the happy-go-lucky finesse for which he is famous.

Another "A" picture which is almost certain to ring the bell at the box-office, *East Side of Heaven* offers a medley of music, merry-making and melodrama whose net effect is first class entertainment.

Probable critics' rating of *East Side of Heaven*: Very Good.

WOMEN IN THE WIND

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by John Farrow. Starring Kay Francis, with William Gargan, Victor Jory, Maxie Rosenbloom, Sheila Bromley and Eve Arden. National release date—April 15, 1939.

INTRIGUED by the dramatic possibilities of girl fliers' exploits in aviation, Howard Hughes' record-breaking dash around the world and Douglas (Wrong Way) Corrigan's historic "mistake" flight to Ireland, Warners has mixed ingredients of all three, added a fillip of romance and turned out an exciting action-drama called *Women in the Wind.*

The scenario, adapted from Francis Walton's sensational novel, concentrates interest on the famed Women's Air Derby from Burbank, Calif., to Cleveland. The story is one of the best Kay Francis has had since *My Bill,* also directed by John Farrow.

Exciting flying sequences plus a surprise ending help make *Women in the Wind* a picture with first-class entertainment value. Playing opposite Miss Francis in the role of the egotistical aviator-hero is William Gargan, who handles a difficult part with skill and conviction. Victor Jory, Harvey Stephens and Maxie Rosenbloom are well cast in supporting roles.

Probable critics' rating of *Women in the Wind*: Good.

THE SPIRIT OF CULVER

(Universal)

Directed by Joseph Santley. Starring Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, with Andy Devine, Henry Hull, Gene Reynolds and Tim Holt. National release date—April 1, 1939.

AGAINST the background of America's most famous military school, Universal has produced a fast-moving drama of modern youth starring Jackie Cooper and Freddie Bartholomew, youngsters who not long ago were rival child stars.

Sparing no effort or time to guarantee accuracy of detail, Universal invited Brigadier General L. R. Gignilliat, superintendent of Culver Military Academy for 40 years, to act as technical advisor. The Academy's official tailor made the uniforms for the 100 young actors appearing as cadets in the film and carloads of authentic "props" were shipped to Hollywood from the Indiana school.

During the six weeks of shooting Cooper and Bartholomew had daily classes with private tutors on the set. For the sixth time in his acting career Jackie was required to take part in, and win, a boxing match.

Probable critics' rating of *The Spirit of Culver*: Very Good.

ON TRIAL

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by Terry Morse. Starring John Litel and Margaret Lindsay, with Janet Chapman, Nedda Harrigan, James Stephenson and Edward Norris. National release date—April 15, 1939.

ELMER RICE's stage play of the same name emerges from the Hollywood cutting rooms as a thrilling, powerful drama which should satisfy the most exacting mystery story fan.

The ubiquitous magic of the movie lens has added suspense to the nerve-tingling courtroom drama which gripped Broadway play-goers. In the complex role of Robert Strickland, young business man who pleads guilty to a murder of which he is proven innocent in the film's smashing climax, John Litel gains stature as an actor of distinct ability. Margaret Lindsay plays the part of Strickland's wife with sympathy and conviction.

Like all courtroom movies, *On Trial* was good news to Hollywood's bit and extra players. . . . The trial scenes gave work to 155 men and women for two weeks' impersonations of court attaches, newspaper reporters, policemen and lawyers' assistants.

Among members of the jury are old-timers Kenneth Harlan and Stuart Holmes.

Probable critics' rating of *On Trial*: Good.

MAIDEN VOYAGE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by William Thiele. Starring Annabella and Robert Young, with Walter Connolly, Billie Burke and Reginald Owen. National release date—April 21, 1939.

ANNABELLA, the French-born star who scored a hit in *Suez,* teams with Robert Young to chalk up another personal triumph in this screwball comedy.

In the gay-young-black-sheep role which he plays so well, Young is at his amusing best. With Walter Connolly, Billie Burke and Reginald Owen adding their veteran comedy services to the madcap goings-on, *Maiden Voyage* seems destined to go on record as one of 1939's gayest offerings.

The action travels at a dizzy pace through the Swiss Alps as Young pursues the elusive Annabella and his mother, Billie Burke, flutters in pursuit of psychiatrist Walter Connolly to obtain a psychoanalysis of her irresponsible son. The chase carries the principals through hilarious comedy sequences which should leave audiences with aching ribs.

Probable critics' rating of *Maiden Voyage*: Very Good.

THE LITTLE PRINCESS

(20th Century-Fox)

Shirley Temple, Richard Greene, Anita Louise.

Shirley in Technicolor, with plenty of tears.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

NAUGHTY BUT NICE

(Warner Brothers)

Dick Powell, Ann Sheridan, Gale Page.

Light comedy.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Good.*

OKLAHOMA KID

(Warner Brothers)

Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, Rosemary Lane.

Rip-snortin' western adventure.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

BROADWAY SERENADE

(M-G-M)

Jeanette MacDonald, Lew Ayres.

Good music, light story.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

DARK VICTORY

(Warner Brothers)

Bette Davis, George Brent.

Dramatic interpretation of a woman's reaction to the knowledge that she has only a few months to live.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP

(Universal)

Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Helen Parrish.

Sequel to Universal's *Three Smart Girls,* hit of several years ago. More heart trouble for the three girls and acceptable comedy, plus Deanna's lovely voice.

National release date—March 10, 1939. *Critics' rating: Good.*

BLACKWELL'S ISLAND

(Warner Brothers)

John Garfield, Rosemary Lane.

New York prison expose.

Previewed in March SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

WUTHERING HEIGHTS

(United Artists)

Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, David Niven.

Emily Bronte's classic English love story.

Previewed in March SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

THE FLYING IRISHMAN

(RKO Radio)

Douglas Corrigan, Paul Kelly.

Life story of Corrigan.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Good.*

MAN OF CONQUEST

(Republic)

Richard Dix, Gail Patrick, Joan Fontaine.

Texas' fight for independence.

Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

DR. KILDARE'S MISTAKE

(M-G-M)

Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore.

Second of the Kildare series.

National release date—April 7. *Critics' rating: Good.*

STREETS OF NEW YORK

(Monogram)

Jackie Cooper.

National release date—March 29. *Critics' rating: Fair.*

I'M FROM MISSOURI

(Paramount)

Bob Burns, Gladys George.

Comedy in the Bob Burns style.

National release date—April 7. *Critics' rating: Fair.*

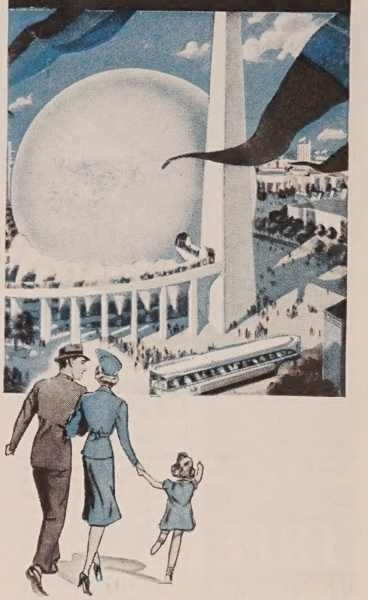
FOUR FEATHERS

(United Artists)

John Clements, June Duprez.

National release date—April 7. *Critics' rating: Good.*

NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR



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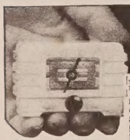

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Cereals After Breakfast!

[*Continued from page* 64]

WORLD'S FAIR HAMBURGER GRILL

Hamburger patties
Bacon slices
Broiled Bermuda onion rings
Pickled onions
Egg-and-crushed-cornflakes

1. Shape hamburger into 2-inch patties. Wrap slice of bacon around each, and broil. Top each with slice of broiled onion.

2. Shape other hamburgers around pickled onions. Dip into beaten egg, then into crushed corn flakes. Fry in deep fat (about 5 minutes) until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper.

Serve both kinds very hot, as mixed grill, for luncheon or buffet. Frankfurters, split and stuffed with cheese or pickle dressing, and broiled in bacon strip, may also be included on platter.

EVERY homemaker is also familiar with the many variations of croquettes, patties or other foods for which the directions demand, "egg-and-crumb, and fry in deep fat." In all these instances, it is necessary to make an outer coating so that the hot fat will not enter and make it soggy. Here again, cereals score. Instead of flour, one may far better use rolled or crumbled corn flakes, rice flakes or other preferred cereal, after the food has been moistened with egg. This makes a perfect crumb crust for every kind of fritter, and will be found most simple to apply.

The idea of crumbs used as pastry is not new, but still many more women should try this cookless, bakeless type of crumb crust. It is especially suitable to warm weather delicate pies, either of the fruit or chiffon gelatin type. All that is necessary to blend together is softened butter, sugar, and the crumbs of a light cereal. Here are exact directions for a refreshing hot weather pastry:

RASPBERRY CHIFFON PIE

Filling:

1½	**tablespoons gelatin**
¼	**cup cold water**
¾	**cup sugar**
½	**cup water**
1½	**cups crushed raspberries**
¼	**teaspoon salt**
½	**cup whipping cream, whipped**

Soak gelatin in cold water. Combine sugar and water and heat until sugar is dissolved. Add softened gelatin and mix well. Stir in raspberries and salt. Chill until mixture begins to thicken. Fold in whipped cream. Pour into prepared cereal crumb pie shell. Chill in refrigerator until filling is firm. (Makes 9-inch pie)

Crumb Pie Shell:

⅓	**cup butter**
¼	**cup sugar**
1	**cup fine corn or rice flake cereal crumbs**

Melt butter in pie pan. Add sugar and crumbs, and mix thoroughly. Press mixture evenly and firmly around sides and bottom of pan. Chill before adding filling.

Turning to another cooking specialty, that of making stuffing or filling, we find that it is usual to employ breadcrumbs with plenty of seasonings. This is quite satisfactory in making stuffing for a heavy meat or fowl; but filling for lighter foods is far more delicious if it follows the cereal route. For example, many vegetables lend themselves to being stuffed, among them the popular stuffed peppers, stuffed tomatoes, squash and eggplant, and, as in the next recipe, stuffed baked onions. Where bread makes a somewhat soggy or firm filling, cereal crumbs will provide a light and more spongy dressing. Use it with these vegetables and watch them gain interest and texture.

STUFFED ONIONS

6	**Bermuda onions**
3	**cooked pork sausages, chopped**
½	**cup cereal "nuts"**
1	**hard-cooked egg, chopped**
½	**teaspoon salt**
¼	**teaspoon pepper**
1	**tablespoon melted butter**
1	**tablespoon ketchup**
¼	**cup cracker crumbs**
6	**slices bacon**

Cook onions in boiling salted water (1 teaspoon salt to each quart water) until tender. Remove centers, and chop. Combine with all other ingredients except crumbs and bacon. Fill onion shells with mixture. Sprinkle with crumbs and place slice of bacon over each onion. Place in greased baking dish and bake 30 minutes, hot oven (400°F). (Serves 6)

A THIRD important use for cooking with cereals is to use them in place of toast or crackers. This can easily be done with the several varieties of shredded cracker or biscuit in popular packaged form. The biscuit itself may, like bread, be toasted and buttered, and on it poured the hot creamed mixture, such as creamed dried beef, creamed fried tomatoes or creamed chicken, peas, etc. The shredded cereal thus absorbs any excess moisture and its pleasing fibres also give the crunch or bite which is so important as contrast to these two soft and creamy dishes. In the following recipe, a shredded cereal is arranged as a crumb crust on a chicken pie. Try it one of these fine days, and see not only how delectable it is, but how much *time you have saved* over making a usual rolled pastry crust:

CHICKEN PIE, SHREDDED CEREAL CRUST

2¾	**pound chicken**
1½	**quarts boiling water**
4	**teaspoons salt**
¼	**teaspoon pepper**
1	**medium-size onion, peeled and sliced**
1	**small bay leaf**
¼	**cup flour**
6	**tablespoons cold water**
3	**cups finely crumbled shredded cereal biscuit crumbs**
1	**cup cooked or canned peas**
1	**cup cooked or canned limas**
½	**cup melted butter**

Have chickens cut up as for fricasseeing. Add water, salt, pepper, onion and bay leaf, and cook until tender, adding more water if necessary. (There should be 3 cups stock when done.) Strain stock and thicken 1 cup of it with flour mixed to paste with cold water. Remove meat from bony pieces. Arrange thin layer of shredded cereal crumbs in greased 2-quart baking dish. Arrange chicken in alternate layers with vegetables, over crumbs. Pour thickened stock on top and fill up dish to within ½-inch of top with chicken stock. Mix remaining crumbs with melted butter and spread in thin layer on top of chicken and vegetable layers. Bake 30 minutes, hot oven (400°F) or until bubblingly hot and delicately brown. (Makes excellent meal served with large green salad and fruit or frozen dessert.) (Serves 8)

This point of time saved, by the way,

applies to all cereal crumbs as against bread crumbs or rolled pastry. The cereal crumbs can be crumbled by hand in a moment, whereas breadcrumbs must be tediously dried, toasted in the oven, and rolled with a pin. Another point: breadcrumbs rapidly tend to become stale, whereas the convenient packaged box of cereal always offers a fresh crisp product.

DESSERTS often present a problem in hot weather to the homemaker who quite rightly rebels at staying too long in the kitchen, when beach and vacation pleasures beckon so strongly. Here again crumbs come to the rescue, because many of the most light and satisfying summer desserts are made with one of the cereal family. A cup or so of rice flakes, corn flakes, bran or what have you, added to a little sugared fruit and whipped cream, served plain or quickly browned in the oven, provide a light top-off for the hot weather meal.

A final point is also a final touch to puddings, other desserts, cake or even cookies—what the cook books term "topping." Generally, this is browned crumbs sprinkled over dish or cake, for the purpose of increasing the pleasing texture, and is familiar to all in crumbed coffee cake, crumb cookies, etc. Here too, the light flaky crisp cereal is indispensable. Sprinkle a handful over the uncooked light batter of a cake, over an apple or other fruit pudding, and instantly a confectionery touch is added. Mention of confectionery recalls that crumbs are equally important in candy making, and that some of the children's favorite sweets are best made with wholesome cereal flakes, such as in rice or cornflake macaroons, and many uncooked candies. For ice cream topping, grape nuts and other puffed flakes are as wholesome as they are delicious.

Save time and trouble and gain interest in texture by the use of cereal crumbs in your summer meal plans. Just paste the coupon on a penny postcard to receive the free booklet, *Try Dry Cereals.*

FREE

Mrs. Christine Frederick
c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York
Dear Mrs. Frederick:

Please send me the free booklet, *Try Dry Cereals*, which includes recipes for *Creamed Ham a la King, Pan Fried Creamed Tomatoes* and *Cereal Macaroons.*

(This offer expires June 15, 1939)

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City.......... State..........

SB-5

Baffling are the mysteries of fatherhood to Mischa Auer and Bing Crosby. The above is a scene from the new Universal production, *East Side of Heaven*

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"*and be sure it's a* ROOS *Sweetheart* CEDAR CHEST"

Misguided, eager soul that he is, he'll *want* to know what kind you prefer. *You'll* want a chest that is a credit to your room, with the right amount of cedar for protection against the destroying moth, PLUS handy patented features that make a Roos cedar chest a joy to own. Some have wardrobe compartments, others self-rising trays, others divide ingeniously into two chests. All of them have a delightful way of keeping contents in order—unrumpled, unmussed, sorted neatly until you want them. All bring extra utility; extra CONVENIENCE.

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Featuring the DeLuxe TRAY-N-LID that rises to convenient height when lid is raised and has three sliding drawers to keep things sorted. Matched American-Striped Walnut Veneer Exteriors. $39.75

Right: Roos cedar chest with UTIL-TRAY (as pictured below) that rises when lid is lifted. Matched American Butt Walnut Veneer Exteriors. $29.75

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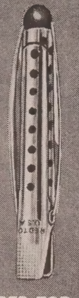

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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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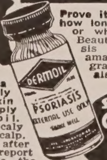

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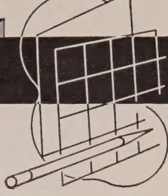
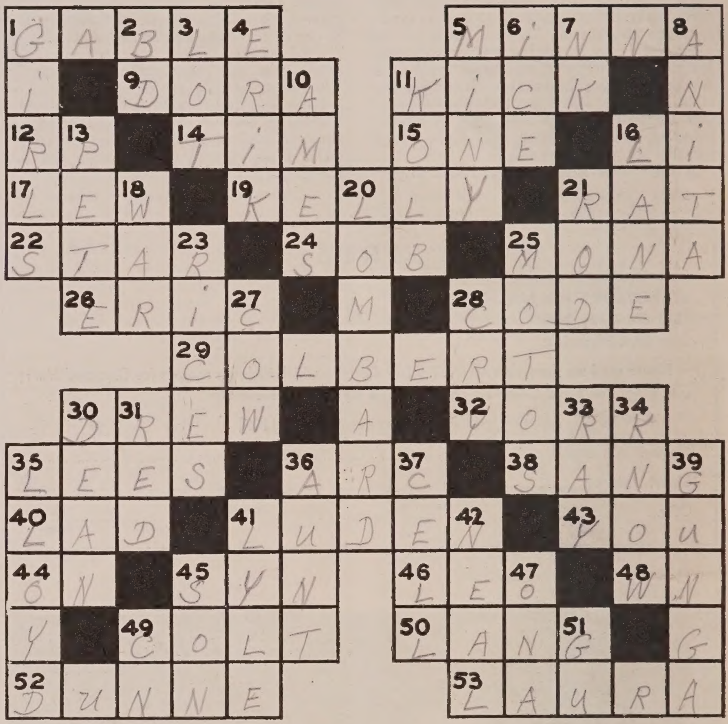


CROSSWORD PUZZLE


1 G A 2 B 3 L 4 E 5 M 6 I 7 N N 8 A
I 9 D O R 10 A 11 K I C K N
12 R 13 P 14 T I M 15 O N E 16 L I
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26 E R I 27 C M 28 C O D E
29 C O L B E R T
30 D 31 R E W A 32 Y O 33 R 34 R
35 L E E S 36 A R 37 C 38 S A N 39 G
40 L A D 41 L U D E 42 N 43 Y O U
44 O N 45 S Y N 46 L E 47 O 48 W N
Y 49 C O L T 50 L A N 51 G G
52 D U N N E 53 L A U R A

ACROSS

1. A star of *Idiot's Delight.*
5. *Tim Adams* in *Comet Over Broadway.*
9. *Miss Weatherby* in *Hold That Co-ed.*
11. *Mr. Doodle ——s Off.*
12. Initials of Robert Preston.
14. Jack Holt's son.
15. —— *Wild Night.*
16. Mr. Ingraham's initials.
17. He had title role in *Young Dr. Kildare.*
19. The girl in *Jesse James.*
21. *Brother* ——.
22. James Cagney is one.
24. To register grief in sound films.
25. *Lady Westover* in *Say It in French.*
26. His last name is Blore.
28. *Convict's* ——.
29. Star of *Zaza.*
30. *Nancy* ——, *Detective.*
32. *While New* —— *Sleeps.*
35. He played opposite Sally in *Tarnished Angel* (poss.).
36. Kind of light used on movie sets.
38. What Crosby did in *Paris Honeymoon.*
40. Billy Lee is one.
41. A star of westerns.
43. —— *Can't Take It with* ——.
44. *Come* ——, *Rangers.*
45. George Arliss was *Dr.* ——.
46. The bandit in *Flirting with Fate.*
48. Director Nigh's initials.
49. Buck Jones' Silver was one before growing up.
50. June's surname.
52. A star of *Love Affair.*
53. *Mme. Zuleika* in *Idiot's Delight.*

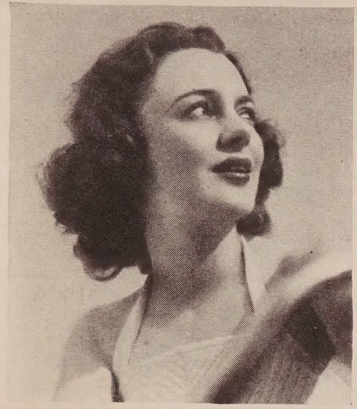
DOWN

1. —— *School.*
2. Mr. Donlevy's initials.
3. Motion picture studio and its adjoining territory.
4. *Irving* in *Say It in French.*
5. He appears in shorts with Meany and Moe.
6. You'll see Joan Crawford in —— *Follies.*
7. Initials of 19 Across.
8. Dick Powell's girl friend in *Going Places.*
10. The murderer in *Strange Faces.*
11. *Capt. Tallant* in *Give Me a Sailor.*
13. —— Smith is famous for his shorts.
16. *Bilson* in *Pacific Liner.*
18. Theme of *Grand Illusion.*
20. Star of *Made for Each Other.*
21. Mr. La Rocque's first name.
23. The girl in *Stand Up and Fight* (poss.).
25. *Mr.* —— *Last Warning.*
27. Ferdinand's girl friend.
28. To portray sadness in films.
30. *Kelly* in *Thanks for the Memory.*
31. Color of Nancy Carroll's hair.
33. *Scott Barnes* in *Men with Wings.*
34. *Dangerous To* ——.
35. *Dogface* in *Devil's Island.*
36. Freddie Bartholomew lives with this relative.
37. Room in prison scenes.
39. —— *Din.*
41. *Eastman* in *I Stand Accused.*
42. *Aldrich Brown* in *Out West with the Hardys.*
45. —— *of Frankenstein.*
47. The girl in *His Exciting Night.*
49. Initials of Mr. Nagel.
51. Guy Usher's initials.

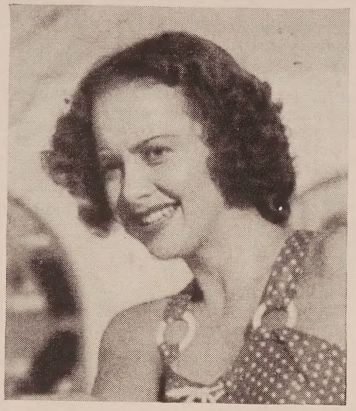
(Solution on page 86)

STAR LOOK-ALIKES

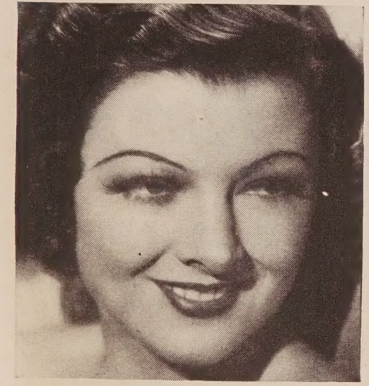
Can You Tell Them Apart?



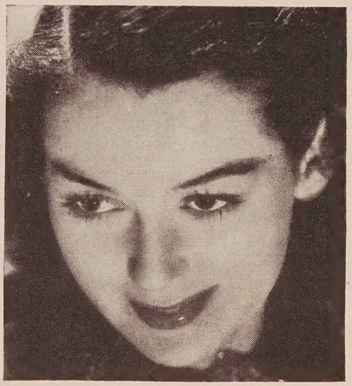
This star bears striking resemblance to the lady opposite



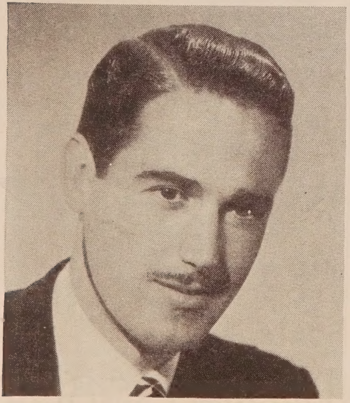
Warner Brothers' beautiful star was born in Tokio, Japan



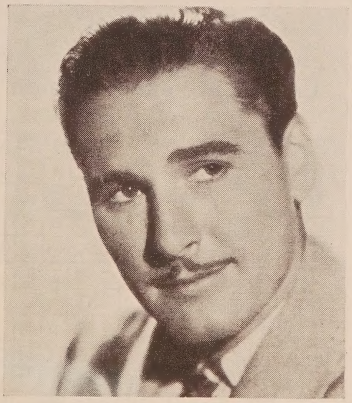
These two lovelies bear resemblance in photographs only



This star's ambition is to become a writer and theologian



This young man is an avid admirer of his prototype

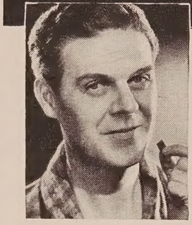


Warners' Adonis has a suppressed desire to be a bartender

(Please turn to page 88 for identification of the stars)

Bothered by Constipation?

Get relief this simple, pleasant way!



1. TAKE ONE or two tablets of Ex-Lax before retiring. It tastes like delicious chocolate. No spoons—no bottles! No fuss, no bother! Ex-Lax is easy to use and pleasant to take.

2. YOU SLEEP through the night . . . *undisturbed!* No stomach upsets. No nausea or cramps. No occasion to get up! Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. It acts overnight — *without* over-action.

3. THE NEXT morning you have a *thorough* bowel movement. Ex-Lax works easily, without strain or discomfort. You feel fine after taking it, ready and fit for a full day's work!

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To introduce our new 1/30, 14K GOLD decorated, Solid Sterling Silver rings, set with brilliant, simulated diamond, we will send you a ½ CARAT UNMOUNTED SIMULATED DIAMOND ABSOLUTELY WITHOUT CHARGE. You and your friends will thrill to its rich beauty.

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Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 15]

to be photographed with his new daughter. Everyone including John thinks it's pretty silly. But John has proven himself a money-maker for his studio and they're going to guard him with their lives. Fortunately for John great wealth does not interest him. So he has steadfastly refused all offers to buy up that sixty day clause in his contract that gives him the right to return to the stage once a year and do a play. He did agree, however, to wait until next year to do *Heavenly Express.* He has several pictures lined up that must be made, before he can do the hobo play that means so much to him.

* * *

W. C. FIELDS may not be a sentimentalist, but he was sincerely touched at the banquet given him by the Masquers Club. It celebrated Bill's forty years in show business. Ten of those years were spent under the successful guidance of the late Flo Ziegfeld. A wire reading "Memorable Congratulations," bore particular significance. It was signed Billie Burke.

* * *

THIS year should prove interesting for Jimmy Cagney fans. In September, Jimmy's 18 months are up. That was the length of time he still owed Warner Brothers, *Angels with Dirty Faces* put Jimmy right back up there in a special little spot all his own. They say *Each Dawn I Die*, the picture he is making with George Raft, is terrific, too. Jimmy's new home is almost completed now. In time there will be on display some wood carved figures by Will Crawford, famous artist friend whom Jimmy worships respectfully. The figures are of special importance to Jimmy because they represent certain incidents in his life.

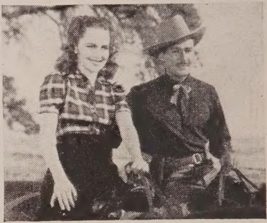
* * *

THE "No visitors" sign on the *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* set was no Hollywood hooey. Three plainclothes men guarded the entrance every second of the day. One evening Miriam Hopkins was stopped at the door. She sweetly explained who she was,

Crossword Puzzle Solution

G	A	B	L	E				M	I	N	N	A
I	■	D	O	R	A		K	I	C	K	■	N
R	P	■	T	I	M		O	N	E	■	L	I
L	E	W	■	K	E	L	L	Y	■	R	A	T
S	T	A	R	■	S	O	B	■	M	O	N	A
	E	R	I	C	■	M	■	C	O	D	E	
			C	O	L	B	E	R	T			
	D	R	E	W	■	A	■	Y	O	R	K	
L	E	E	S	■	A	R	C	■	S	A	N	G
L	A	D	■	L	U	D	E	N	■	Y	O	U
O	N	■	S	Y	N		L	E	O	■	W	N
Y	■	C	O	L	T		L	A	N	G	■	G
D	U	N	N	E				L	A	U	R	A

Read the story of *Lucky Night*, starring Myrna Loy and Bob Taylor, in this month's MOVIE STORY


Dodge City, starring Olivia de Havilland and Errol Flynn, is fictionized in the same big issue

Bing Crosby's new picture, *East Side of Heaven*, is also presented in story form this month

Mickey Rooney stars in the story version of *The Hardys Ride High*, another big MOVIE STORY feature

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MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

that she was calling for her husband, Anatol Litvak, who happened to be directing the picture. But if you think this turned the trick you don't know your Hollywood plainclothes men. They took in a message but Miriam waited—outside.

★ ★ ★

JOSEF VON STERNBERG, that directorial exhibitionist is telling all the M-G-M officials that he has a new star in Alan Curtis. Alan and Wallie Beery are working in a picture together. It hasn't been easy for Alan. Von Sternberg is a relentless task-master but of course Wallie Beery can yell right back. Alan is still new enough and respectful enough to do what he is told. Sometimes Alan did a scene so many times he was tempted to call the whole thing off. But if the results are as good as Von Sternberg insists they are, Alan owes him a debt of thanks.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S one reason why George Brent has never gone in for being a publicity hound. When George was last in New York, a newspaper man hit on the brilliant idea of George writing a few gushy letters. The letters were to be attached to pigeons and George was to be photographed releasing the pigeons from his hotel window. The sweet young things who caught the pigeons and produced the notes would rate an introduction to George. Now you know why George built a house in the heart of the desert.

★ ★ ★

JUST before she went to the hospital, Margaret Sullavan instructed her maid to call the studio and tell them the minute her baby was born. So when formed them that Miss Sullavan's baby was born. "But what hospital is she in? Maggie's second daughter arrived, the maid did as she was told. She got the publicity department on the line and in-How much did it weigh? Is it a boy or girl?" asked the studio excitedly. "You'll have to excuse me," said the maid without answering the questions. "Someone's ringing the doorbell." And then she hung up.

★ ★ ★

WILLIAM POWELL has already ordered his next year's Christmas cards and they really are going to be a gift worth having. They will be ten by 13 inches in size. The original etching was made by Lionel Barrymore and each card will be suitable for framing. Lionel made Bill pay a good price for the etching, because the money goes to Lionel's pet charity.

★ ★ ★

HERE'S a health note from Gene Raymond. If you suffer from Monday morning back or three o'clock fag, Gene suggests reversing things and walking on your hands. He's an expert at it and claims that it's good for what ails you. Wonder how it would effect Hollywood producers?

★ ★ ★

RAY MILLAND tells this one on himself. As a movie star, Ray has never given himself any particular importance. But when he arrived at the dock to sail for England recently, he was thrilled to see all the boys lined up with cameras. Just as he was about to turn on the personality, the boys started running down the pier in the opposite direction. Anthony Eden was arriving. He was sailing on the same boat, too, and the boys were there to snap him for the last time. Ray ran right along after them—not to get his picture taken but to get a good look at Eden.

Warren William is pictured here with a lively armful. Note the affectionate pup in his left arm

★ ★ ★

THERE'S a little girl in pictures who hasn't done very much. But she's already developing a charming way of looking through people who have helped her along the way. She doesn't know it, but a former publicity man who is now an assistant producer kept her out of an important role just because she cut him dead on the lot one day. Recently she married an Englishman, who seems to be a nice guy and good virile actor. Maybe he will lend his bride a helping hand. After all, she is *very* young.

★ ★ ★

MAYBE this isn't a compliment to S. S. Van Dine, the famous mystery author, but it's still a funny story. One day he wandered on to the *Wizard of Oz* set, where all visitors are forbidden. The cop on the door took one look at him and let him in without a word. An assistant director seeing Van Dine on the set and not knowing who he was, questioned the cop. "Why I saw that beard of his and naturally supposed he was one of those extras you were using," the cop explained.

[*Continued on page* 88]

FOLLOW THE ADVICE OF HOLLYWOOD'S MILLION DOLLAR DOG COLONY

VICTOR McLAGLEN starring in RKO's "Gunga Din."

HERE IN HOLLYWOOD IT'S *INEXPENSIVE* STRONGHEART 2 TO 1 FAVORITE EVERYWHERE IT IS SOLD

Because freight is one of the large items in dog food costs, Strongheart is packed in not *one*, but *four* modern plants strategically spotted throughout America. It is a home product wherever you live. This is why it costs dog owners 20% less for this body-building food unsurpassed in quality, made from real meat, wholesome cereals, fresh vegetable.

Strongheart is produced by America's largest packers of dog food, enjoyed by millons of healthier, happier dogs, recommended by Hollywood's Millon Dollar Dog Colony, where it is a 2 to 1 favorite everywhere it's sold. Your grocer is featuring Strongheart dog food at an amazingly low price. Ask him for it today.

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WOMEN IN YOUR 40'S

Need Not Lose Charm!

Here's good advice for women from 38 to 52 who worry about those annoying symptoms which often attend this stage of life. Life can perhaps be even richer for you now than 20 ever dreamed—

Just get more fresh air, 8 hrs. sleep and if you need a reliable "woman's" tonic—take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made *especially for women*. It helps Nature build up more physical resistance, thus helps calm jittery nerves, lessen distress from female functional disorders and gives more energy to enjoy life.

For free trial bottle tear this out and send with name and address to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., 112 Cleveland St., Lynn, Mass.

Pinkham's is WELL WORTH trying!

Lydia E. Pinkham's
VEGETABLE COMPOUND

GIVE YOUR LAZY LIVER THIS GENTLE "NUDGE"

FOLLOW NOTED DOCTOR'S ADVICE. FEEL "TIP-TOP" IN MORNING!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—headaches, constipation and that "half-alive" feeling often result.

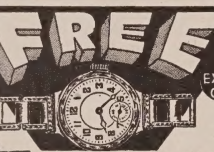
So step up that liver bile and see how much better you should feel. Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients troubled with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Made from *purely vegetable* ingredients—Olive Tablets are harmless. They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods, but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All drugstores.

Dr. Edwards' OLIVE TABLETS

FREE OF EXTRA COST

Send NO MONEY WITH ORDER



Our Gift to you. A beautiful man's or lady's Wrist Watch with imported jeweled movement given free of extra cost with every full 1/30 14-K yellow gold plated simulated diamond ring, ordered now and paid for **promptly** on our new easy monthly payment plan. **We trust you.** Pay $1.87 on first installment when you have package and $2.00 a month later (total only $3.87.) Pay nothing extra for watch. **Wear ten days on approval.** Send ring size or piece of string wrapped around finger. Send no money with order. **We pay postage.** Mail postcard and **package will come at once postage prepaid.** State whether you want Man's or Lady's Model Watch.

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SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks*. Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at dept. and drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER

"Dark-Eyes," 2110 W. Madison St., Dept. 30-E, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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Address..............................*State*.................

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 87]

JOE PENNER says that Hollywood is a place where the horses at Santa Anita call the stars by their first names!

* * *

ALWAYS first with the latest, Joan Crawford introduced a dinner dress that features a black taffeta corset. The blouse of the dress is made of white organdie. The black corset with it's black lacings shows through with startling effect. On Joan it's becoming.

* * *

ONCE upon a time George Murphy was the kind of healthy individual who slept so soundly he couldn't be awakened by a cannon. But that was before Dennis Michael Murphy appeared on the scene. Now George leaps out of bed a dozen times a night, thinking he has heard the baby stir. The nurse who watches over young Dennis and Mrs. Murphy can't do a thing with George. He insists on being a father!

* * *

IT'S a case of love me, love my dog with Anita Louise and Buddy Adler. Anita's pet pup has wandered away from home 13 times. Every time the Tailwaggers Association have been responsible for his return. But when Buddy Adler comes a-calling for Anita, invariably they have to go driving off to some remote part of the city to collect the hound again.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is amazed at the change in Kent Taylor. What's more, you can expect to see Kent doing some important things before long. Starting as an extra boy on the Paramount lot, Kent was considered a has-been by the time he had really learned to act. No one would give him a decent part, so he left. Unfortunately he signed with Universal just as they were going through their worst period of reorganization. So Kent developed into a pretty discouraged young man. Then Jessie Matthews sent for him to come to England and make a picture. That picture was never made. But the trip made a new man of Kent. When you see him in M-G-M's *Four Girls in White* you will see him as the poised, self-assured actor he is today. And M-G-M thought enough of his work to sign him up to a long term.

* * *

ANN SOTHERN was making a personal appearance in New York on her birthday. It was one of the coldest days of the year and Ann had to come out

Star Look-Alikes Answers

Andrea Leeds	Olivia de Havilland
Myrna Loy	Rosalind Russell
Patric Knowles	Errol Flynn

MY HEART BETRAYED ME

A searing and honest confession of a marriage that began in glorious defiance and soon became a dangerous mixture of love and hate. Anything is grounds for a quarrel, when a husband thinks his wife has tricked him into marrying her.

But the most bitter resentment of all, deep in the hearts of these two, was against the unwilling, rebellious love which, over and over again, brought them flying back to each other's arms.

Don't miss their thrilling true story!

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Romantic Story
I WAS A HOLLYWOOD VICTIM
MY HEART BETRAYED ME

RomanticStory

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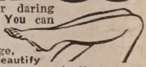

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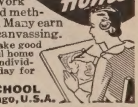

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on the stage in a long evening dress with no back or sleeves. Hubby Roger Pryor was conducting his band. When they broke into *Happy Birthday To You*, the entire audience stood up and applauded while ushers brought baskets of roses up to the stage. Ann said she felt just like Helen Hayes on an opening night. And having a grand sense of humor Ann had to tell this on herself. There she stood looking glamorous, etc. But she was so cold that under her lovely satin gown, she was wearing heavy wool stockings that came way up above her knees!

* * *

POOR Warren William is having his troubles. Some old meanie keeps sneaking into Warren's yard at night and emptying his lily pond. All his goldfish are dead by morning of course and some of them are so rare they cannot be replaced. So now Warren is inventing a patent gold fish alarm, which will set off a bell if anyone touches the pond. Why not teach the goldfish to cry for help, Warren?

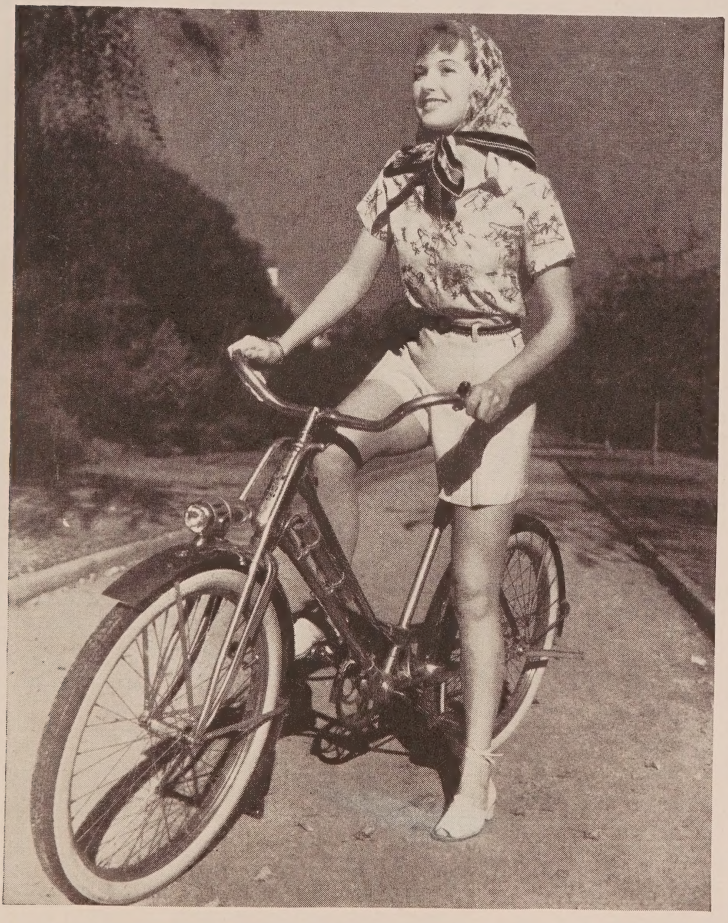
NO ONE will admit it, but those who worked on the set at Columbia report that Fay Bainter and Ida Lupino weren't too sorry the day their picture was finished.

* * *

MICKEY ROONEY took in everything on his first trip back to New York. But reporters and cameramen missed one important event. Mickey's mother took him to see the old brownstone front building he was born in. And maybe you think the present tenants weren't thrilled, when they discovered their modest apartment has a history. Now they're afraid if the landlord finds out he'll want to raise their rent.

* * *

WHEN Claudette Colbert went over to M-G-M to make arrangements for her first assignment on that lot she really startled the old timers. They naturally polished up the royal suite for Claudette to have for her dressing room headquarters. The star took one look at all the luxury and decided in favor of a two-room, unpretentious suite.



June Lang is pictured above wearing the Hollywood scarf shown on pages 38 and 39

"I love DUNDEERS for active sports wear"
says
DIXIE DUNBAR
Charming Screen Actress
$3.60 to $3.95
DUNDEERS
"THE SPORT SHOES OF STARS"
"FEATHER-LIGHT"
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Mercolized Wax Cream flakes off the surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Reveals the clear, soft, smooth, young looking underskin. This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening and beautifying cream has been a favorite for over a quarter century with lovely women the world over. Bring out the hidden beauty of your skin with Mercolized Wax Cream.

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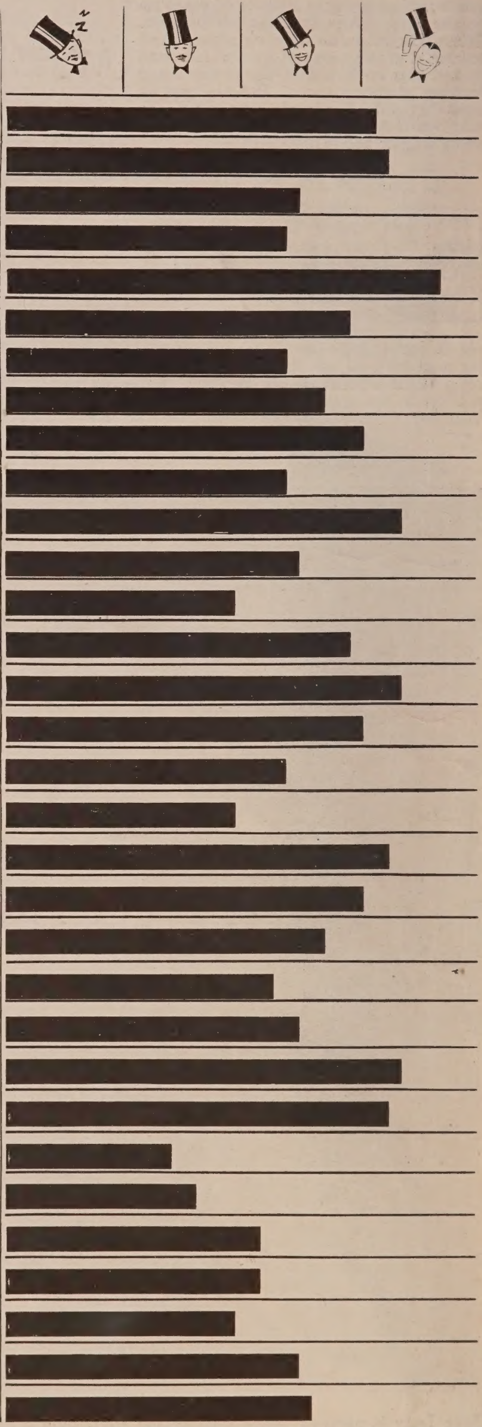
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)

Picture Title	Who's In It
STAGECOACH	C. Trevor-J. Wayne
MADE FOR EACH OTHER	C. Lombard-J. Stewart
PERSONS IN HIDING	L. Overman-J. C. Naish
DISBARRED	Gail Patrick-O. Kruger
PYGMALION	L. Howard-W. Hiller
HUCKLEBERRY FINN	M. Rooney-W. Connolly
SON OF FRANKENSTEIN	Karloff-Lugosi-Rathbone
THE THREE MUSKETEERS	Ameche-Ritz Bros.-Barnes
GUNGA DIN	C. Grant-Fairbanks, Jr.
YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN	W. C. Fields-Ed. Bergen
IDIOT'S DELIGHT	C. Gable-Norma Shearer
HONOLULU	E. Powell-Robert Young
BEAUTY FOR THE ASKING	Lucille Ball-Allan Lane
KENTUCKY	L. Young-Dick Greene
LADY VANISHES	M. Lockwood-M. Redgrave
LET FREEDOM RING	N. Eddy-Virginia Bruce
OFF THE RECORD	Pat O'Brien-Joan Blondell
ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS	C. Bickford-J. Parker
YES, MY DARLING DAUGHTER	Priscilla Lane-Jeffrey Lynn
LET US LIVE	H. Fonda-M. O'Sullivan
ICE FOLLIES OF 1939	Joan Crawford-J. Stewart
ST. LOUIS BLUES	Lloyd Nolan-D. Lamour
CAFE SOCIETY	Carroll-MacMurray-Ross
THEY MADE ME A CRIMINAL	John Garfield-C. Rains
WIFE, HUSBAND AND FRIEND	Loretta Young-W. Baxter
MYSTERY OF MR. WONG	B. Karloff-D. Tree
ADVENTURES OF JANE ARDEN	R. Towne-William Gargan
RISKY BUSINESS	Geo. Murphy-D. Kent
KING OF THE TURF	A. Menjou-D. Costello
NANCY DREW, REPORTER	B. Granville-J. Litel
FAST AND LOOSE	R. Montgomery-R. Russell
ONE THIRD OF A NATION	Sylvia Sidney-L. Erickson



3
SIMPLE STEPS TO
Beauty
1
2
3
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NO EYE MAKE-UP
Maybelline EYE SHADOW
Maybelline EYEBROW PENCIL BLACK
Maybelline

1 Maybelline Eye Shadow comes in six flattering, lovely shades — Blue, Gray, Blue-gray, Brown, Green, Violet.

2 Maybelline famous smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Shades—Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).

3 Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored metal vanity, 75c. Refills, including new brush, 35c. Shades—Black, Brown, Blue.

Sparkling Eyes - Graceful Brows - Long Lovely Lashes *for You*

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First, blend Maybelline Eye Shadow lightly over your eyelids. Notice how it makes your eyes look much larger—wider set and more luminous.

Then with your Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil make short strokes that follow the natural line of the eyebrow. This smooth-marking pencil tapers your brows gracefully, and accents them to definite beauty.

Next, darken your lashes to long, sweeping loveliness with Maybelline Mascara. Either Solid-form, or popular Cream-form (easily applied without water)—it's a joy to use—harmless, tear-proof, non smarting.

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Have you tried a Lucky lately?

TOBACCO crops in the last few years have been outstanding in quality. New methods, developed by the United States Government and the States, have helped the farmer grow finer tobacco. As *independent* experts like F. E. McLaughlin point out, Luckies have always bought the cream of the crop. Thoroughly aged, these fine tobaccos are now ready for your enjoyment. And so Luckies are better than ever. Have you tried a Lucky lately? Try them for a week. Then you'll know why...

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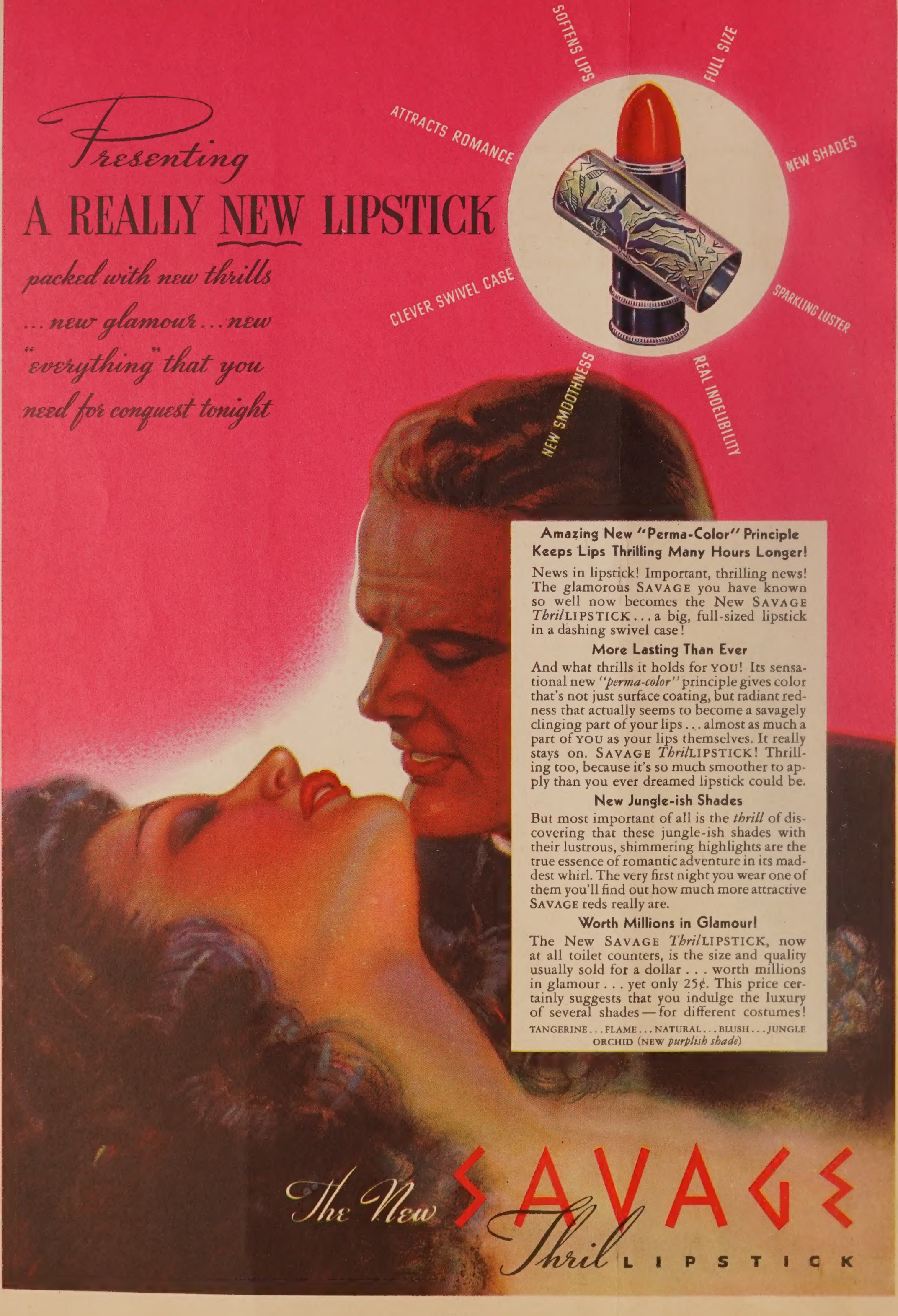

Amazing New "Perma-Color" Principle Keeps Lips Thrilling Many Hours Longer!

News in lipstick! Important, thrilling news! The glamorous SAVAGE you have known so well now becomes the New SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK . . . a big, full-sized lipstick in a dashing swivel case!

More Lasting Than Ever

And what thrills it holds for YOU! Its sensational new *"perma-color"* principle gives color that's not just surface coating, but radiant redness that actually seems to become a savagely clinging part of your lips . . . almost as much a part of YOU as your lips themselves. It really stays on. SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK! Thrilling too, because it's so much smoother to apply than you ever dreamed lipstick could be.

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But most important of all is the *thrill* of discovering that these jungle-ish shades with their lustrous, shimmering highlights are the true essence of romantic adventure in its maddest whirl. The very first night you wear one of them you'll find out how much more attractive SAVAGE reds really are.

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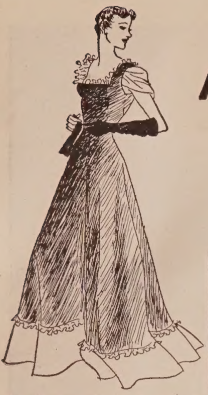
TANGERINE . . . FLAME . . . NATURAL . . . BLUSH . . . JUNGLE ORCHID (NEW *purplish shade*)

The New **SAVAGE** *Thril* **LIPSTICK**



Lovely dress of crisp organdy, deep Victorian hem, fitted bodice, tiny puffed sleeves.

A stunning gown first caught his eye but what held him was a lovely smile

Your smile is YOU! It's precious—guard it with Ipana and Massage!

Take no chances with "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A STUNNING gown is a sure-fire attraction to make a girl a standout, but after that it's up to her smile!

For nothing is more pitiful than the girl with the breath-taking gown—and the dull and dingy smile. She's the one, of all people, who shouldn't ignore "pink tooth brush."

Take a leaf from her book, yourself, and *do something* about it. For no gown—not even a French import from the last boat in—can do much for the girl with the sad little smile. Let other things go if you must, but don't neglect your teeth and gums.

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist*. It may mean nothing serious. Very likely, he'll tell you that your gums have simply grown weak from lack of exercise—and you can charge *that* up to our modern, soft foods. Then, like so many dentists, he may suggest "more work—the stimulating help of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Whenever you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation increases within the gums—they tend to become firmer, healthier.

Don't court trouble by waiting for that telltale tinge of "pink." Instead, get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you, as it has thousands of attractive men and women, to brighter teeth . . . healthier gums . . . and the smile you'd like to have.

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TOOTH PASTE
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IPANA TOOTH PASTE

SCREEN BOOK
Incorporating **SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE**

VOLUME XXI No. 11 JUNE, 1939

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Cecilia Parker
Lewis Stone
Fay Holden
Sara Haden

"Pop, why should I get married—and blast all the dreams of so many women!"

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Marion meets a new boy friend—but she can't forget Dennis back in Carvel.

"Tell me the truth about what happened on your trip!" says Ann Rutherford.

It's a scream when Mickey gets tricked into a night-club cabaret—and a gorgeous chorus girl tries to frame him.

The Hardys become millionaires overnight
And what fun!

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

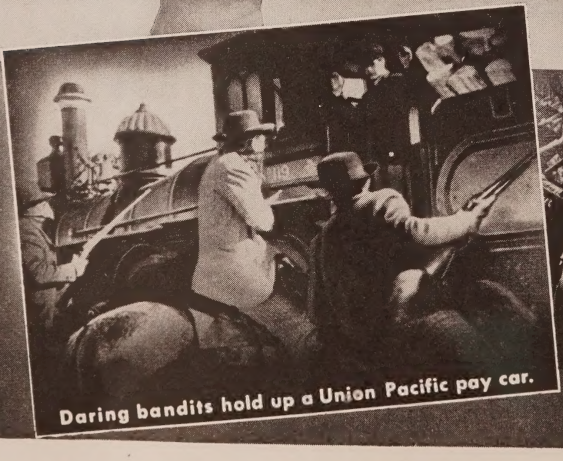
with

LEWIS STONE
MICKEY ROONEY
CECILIA PARKER
FAY HOLDEN

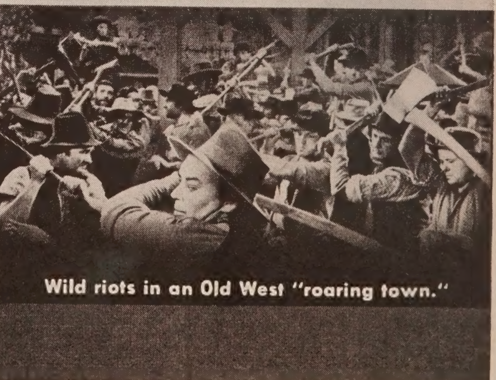
Screen Play by Agnes Christine Johnston, Kay Van Riper & William Ludwig • Directed by George B. Seitz • An M-G-M Picture

Enter the Old West of America's greatest adventure with a man and a woman who share its perils and its triumphs, who steal from the very jaws of danger a love which is as mighty in its flaming glory as the West itself. Thrill to the mightiest romance ever to flame across the screen... the thundering drama of America's empire builders, the men and women who worked, fought, suffered to make the American dream come true.

Cecil B. DeMille's "UNION



Daring bandits hold up a Union Pacific pay car.



Wild riots in an Old West "roaring town."

Warring Sioux attack and burn a train.

Paramount Presents

CECIL B. De MILLE'S

"UNION PACIFIC"

Starring BARBARA STANWYCK · JOEL McCREA

WITH

AKIM TAMIROFF · ROBERT PRESTON

LYNNE OVERMAN · BRIAN DONLEVY

Produced and Directed by CECIL B. DeMILLE

Screen play by Walter DeLeon, C. Gardner Sullivan and Jesse Lasky, Jr. · Based on an Adaptation by Jack Cunningham of a story by Ernest Haycox

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

IN THE April issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, we published an article called, *Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler*. We realized that it was a provocative article but we were unprepared for the tremendous response which came from every section of the United States and Canada.

We know you would enjoy reading all the letters received, but there is room in this column for only a few. The following letters have been selected at random. First, a few comments from the stars themselves.

• • •

Publisher W. H. Fawcett, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, and its editors are to be congratulated for their adroitness in putting Hollywood's feelings toward dictatorship into such a story as *Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler*.— Bette Davis (Hollywood, Calif.)

• • •

The feeling and thought put into *Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler* is as important as it is timely. Publisher W. H. Fawcett is to be congratulated for putting the truth in the hands of SCREEN BOOK Magazine readers. —George Brent (Hollywood, Calif.)

• • •

The Hollywood Committee of Fifty-Six wishes to extend its warm thanks for the excellent taste with which your April issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine treated the subject, *Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler*.

Please extend our commendation to Mr. Michael McDonald for his clear understanding of the situation he described in the article.

With appreciation and best wishes we are,

Very sincerely yours,
Hollywood Committee of 56,
Sandy Kibbee,
Acting Secretary.

• • •

And now for some comments from our other readers.

• • •

I have read the article, *Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler*, and I feel obliged to write this letter congratulating your magazine. I only hope we see more progressive articles like it!—L. G. M. (Ingersoll, Ontario, Can.)

• • •

I read the article . . . and agree that it is the most vigorous, significant article ever published in a fan magazine. Please print more like it. It's the kind of thing I want to know.—P. G. (Toronto, Can.)

• • •

Three cheers for Hollywood, The Committee of 56 and SCREEN BOOK Magazine. We Montanans are with you 100% and will back you to the limit. Hitler and Nazi Germany are a stench in the nostrils of civilized nations.—R. W. (Malta, Montana)

• • •

Your article is about the best of its kind I have ever read! We ought to have more of that sort of thing, and I think SCREEN BOOK Magazine was right in publishing it. Here's hoping for more of them.—M. P. (Syracuse, N. Y.)

DOUBLE FEATURES

MOVIE attendance and box office receipts have shown a steady tendency to decline in the past several years. This in spite of big advertising budgets, elaborate and expensive productions, bank nights, free dishes, bingo and the late Movie Quiz Contest. Many producers and writers believe the double feature is hurting business in movie theatres. These individuals say that the strain of producing enough pictures to fill the demands of those theatres playing double bills is resulting in poor pictures, and hence poor attendance.

Perhaps these individuals are right. The editors of this magazine don't know, but they do know that people can't be kept from seeing a good picture—and that the box office ills of Hollywood would be cured if enough good pictures came out of the magic city.

On the other side of the fence are theatre owners who say they would have to go out of business if it weren't for the double feature, that the public won't come to see just one feature, newsreel and short subjects.

How do you feel about double features? We are giving $500 in prizes for the best letters on the subject. Turn to page 28 for details and write your letter today. Tell your friends about the contest and get them to add their vote for or against the double feature. All Hollywood is waiting for the result of SCREEN BOOK Magazine's national poll.

It shows that the entire screen colony has the interests of America and Americans at heart. In my estimation, no truer statements were ever made than those made in your article.—M. M. (Monticello, Ind.)

• • •

We appreciate these letters and the hundreds of others we are unable to publish. Furthermore, we solemnly pledge to give you, our readers, more articles as worthwhile as *Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler*.

All of this brings us to Mr. Damon Runyon, a gentleman whose prose style we have always admired. Mr. Runyon writes delightful short stories. He also writes a syndicated column called *The Brighter Side*. We enjoy this column and read it regularly.

Mr. Runyon, however, doesn't care much for fan magazines. In a recent column he let go with both barrels and splattered us with what he doubtless felt was excellent satire.

"We learn from the fan magazines," says Mr. Runyon, "that Hollywood is a place where all the ladies are home-loving bodies devoted to their firesides and their husbands, if any, and that all the gentlemen are regular fellows and on top of that he-men who are fond of masculine pursuits."

Mr. Runyon continues in this whimsical vein throughout the entire column. His argument, neatly tucked away beneath the satire, is that fan magazines lack vigor; that we view Hollywood and its denizens through rose-colored glasses; that to us Hollywood is "heaven on earth," and that we are blind to the faults of the film colony.

Maybe so, Mr. Runyon, maybe so. But we doubt it.

We don't think you know *this* fan magazine very well, Mr. Runyon. Have you been reading SCREEN BOOK Magazine recently?

We won't bother to point out the letters in this column, or the article which inspired them. We would, however, suggest that you consider several other articles SCREEN BOOK Magazine has published during recent months.

Did you read *Claudette Colbert Censors the Censors*, Mr. Runyon? You'll find it in the May issue. You'll also find *Tyrone Power—A "Right" Guy in Wrong Roles*. How about *Bad Boy Bogart* in the April issue? You must have thumbed over that one.

Strange that you missed Warden Lawes' article in the February issue! It was called, *Audience Behind Bars*. While you look through that issue, glance at, *Fans Aren't Fools*.

If you can't find a copy of the January issue, we'll send you one. We know you'll be interested in, *How Red Is Hollywood?* and, *Are Nelson Eddy's Fans Hurting Him?*

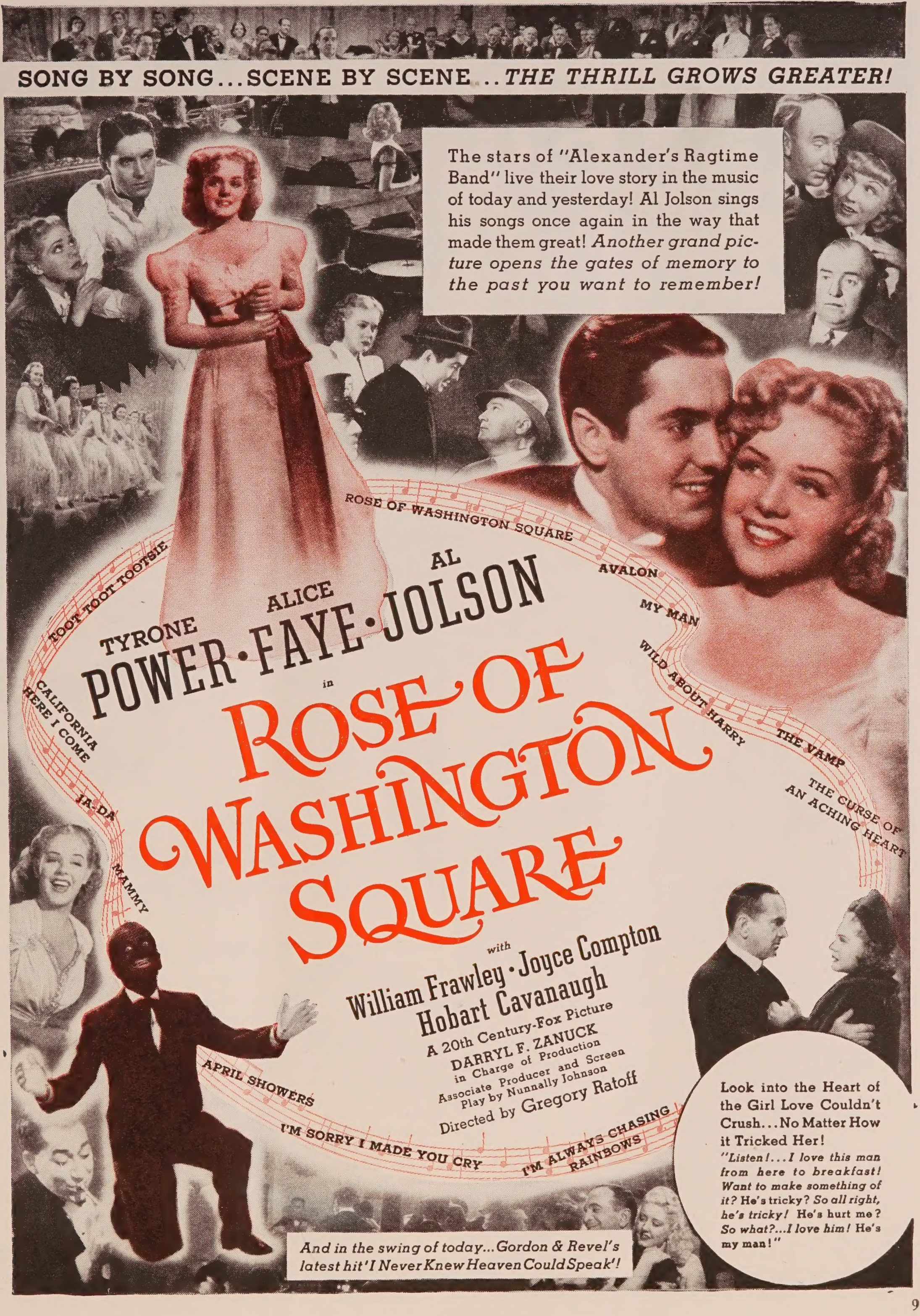
You yourself imply, in your column, that Hollywood has its heels and heroes, its good and its bad. Sure thing. We don't deny it. But when we publish stories about film personalities, it's our aim to give as honest and accurate a picture as possible.

In this issue you'll find a story about Myrna Loy. What story, other than a complimentary one, could we publish about Miss Loy? You'll also find a story about Hank Fonda. Do you think it's a fair character sketch? We do.

We're not going to say anything more about it, Mr. Runyon. But when you feel the urge coming over you to blast the fan magazines, give it a little more thought. And Mr. Runyon—turn to page 28 of this issue. There you'll find the announcement of a contest based on the double versus single feature question. That contest is but one phase of a nation wide poll which will be conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine. Seems to us that such a poll is a worthwhile public service, eh, Mr. Runyon?

—THE EDITOR.

SONG BY SONG . . . SCENE BY SCENE . . . *THE THRILL GROWS GREATER!*


ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE
AVALON
MY MAN
WILD ABOUT HARRY
THE VAMP
THE CURSE OF AN ACHING HEART
TOOT TOOT TOOTSIE
CALIFORNIA HERE I COME
JA-DA
MAMMY
APRIL SHOWERS
I'M SORRY I MADE YOU CRY
I'M ALWAYS CHASING RAINBOWS

The stars of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" live their love story in the music of today and yesterday! Al Jolson sings his songs once again in the way that made them great! *Another grand picture opens the gates of memory to the past you want to remember!*

TYRONE **POWER** · ALICE **FAYE** · AL **JOLSON**

in

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

with

William Frawley · Joyce Compton
Hobart Cavanaugh

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
in Charge of Production
Associate Producer and Screen
Play by Nunnally Johnson
Directed by Gregory Ratoff

Look into the Heart of the Girl Love Couldn't Crush. . . No Matter How it Tricked Her!

"Listen! . . . I love this man from here to breakfast! Want to make something of it? He's tricky? So all right, he's tricky! He's hurt me? So what? . . . I love him! He's my man!"

And in the swing of today . . . Gordon & Revel's latest hit 'I Never Knew Heaven Could Speak'!

That Screwball, DAVIS!

By MABEL HUNT

I DON'T like to write about picture people as if they never suffered from such down-to-earth maladies as a cold in the head. So I'll just pass on to you what I know about Joan Davis without trying to make you believe she is the living reincarnation of Sarah Bernhardt . . . in slacks.

I found Joan enjoying the sun at Palm Springs in one of those new bathing suits that look as if they had been donned with the aid of a paint brush. Satin paint was what it looked like . . . and highly decorative, too. It brought to mind the fact that Joan, while never given the glamor girl chance, owns a figure that would give any of them a run for their money.

I took a beach chair in the sun beside Joan. She was stretched out on a white terry cloth beach robe. Her eyes were closed. I cleared my throat a little. No response. (I really couldn't blame her. She was getting a pip of a tan.) So I sat a while longer and wondered if I should scout around for someone to introduce us. Maybe she was touchy about things like that.

About five minutes later I said, "Hello, Miss Davis." After all, I reasoned, she's probably not in the habit of biting stray reporters.

"Hello," she answered, without opening her eyes.

"I'm the one . . . that is, I'm. . . ."

"That's nice," she broke in.

"Yes, I know," I said, "but didn't the studio tell you? I'm supposed to interview you."

"Oh, you're that one," Joan said, at last opening her eyes. "You don't mind if I just sort of lie here an 'tend to my tanning while you do the work? I feel lazy as the dickens today."

I grasped my pencil firmly and assured her that that was entirely all right with me.

"Tell you what," said Joan. "Let's pretend you're a magazine reporter and I'm a movie star. We can probably have some fun, huh?"

"Well, that's a thought," I admitted, "at least it's something different."

"Sure it is . . . and I can tell you all about glamor!"

I glanced at her sharply. Was I being given the well known business, I wondered? But she was squinting up at me with an amused expression. It was easy to see she was kidding herself more than she was me. Well, if Joan wanted to proceed in this daffy manner, who was I to protest? I had heard that she had a sense of humor which rivaled that of the Ritz brothers and it seemed that I was about to witness it first hand.

"Okay," I said, "but don't you think it would be best to start with your life on a Mississippi house boat? Then we can sneak up on the glamor angle."

"Yes, I think you're right," she agreed, as seriously as if she had been asked for her opinion on the Japanese question. "But you must remember that those were perilous times. I can scarcely think of it to this day without quailing and blanching. What desperate men . . . what lawless fiends infested our beloved Father of Waters in those days of the early '70's!" At this point Joan heaved a mighty sigh and sat up abruptly. "And let me tell you another thing, Kathleen Norris. Whether you believe it or not, I'm one of the original Rover Boys, too!"

"Now, wait a minute," I protested. "Don't tell me they stole the true story of your life and published it in the form of the Rover Boy series? Why, that's plagiarism or something!"

"I don't care what it is," she snapped back, "They took the story of my life and Walter Wanger made it into a quickie called, *The Good Earth*. Well, that's Hollywood for you."

Joan Davis won her way to stardom by taking bumps and bruises

"Very interesting and educational," I assured her. "Just which one of the Rover Boys were you?"

"I was Ned, the fun loving Rover," answered Joan. "And what sport we used to have with our boyish pranks!

"Then there was my brother, Tom, the serious-minded Rover," she went on. "He was more of the studious type . . . forever curled up in a corner with a good book."

"A little on the pedantic side?" I questioned innocently. By this time all signs of formality had vanished.

"No, his hair was naturally curly," Joan answered without a moment's hesitation. "But I was the one who was the life of every party and church social, for my quick wit and ready smile won me a host of friends."

Well, now, I ask you . . . what can you do with a young red-headed gal who insists on conducting an interview in such a manner? From the Rover Boys we [*Continued on page* 12]

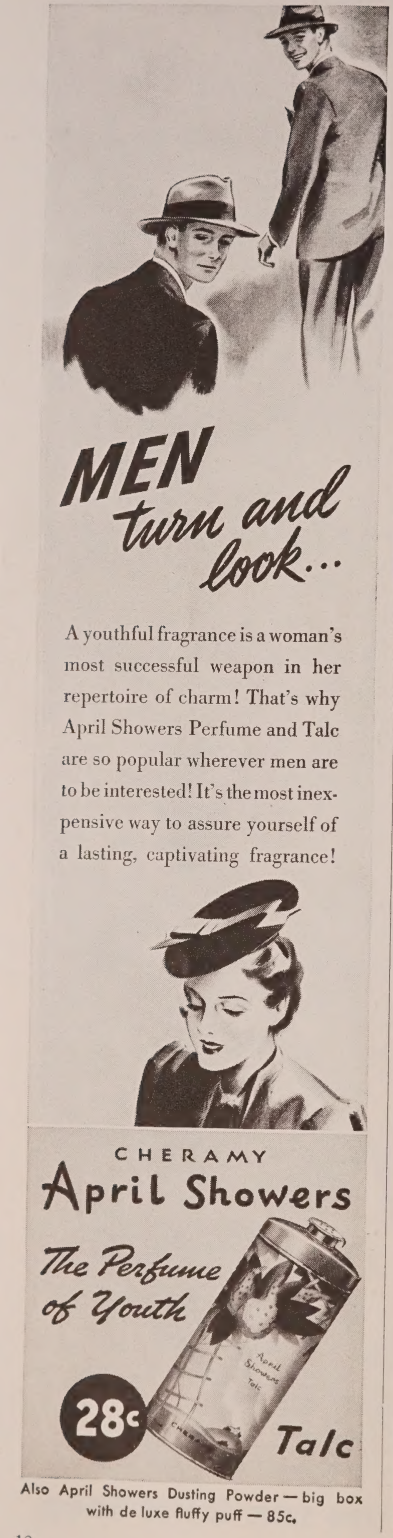
ANY GIRL
WHO REALLY WANTS TO
CAN WIN ROMANCE
MADELEINE CARROLL
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S
"AIR RAID"

"Lovely skin wins hearts, so be careful about Cosmetic Skin —use Lux Toilet Soap as I do"

CLEVER girls take Madeleine Carroll's advice. Foolish to risk Cosmetic Skin: dullness, tiny blemishes, enlarged pores. Use cosmetics all you wish, but use Lux Toilet Soap's ACTIVE lather to remove them *thoroughly*. That's what lovely screen stars do! This gentle white soap helps keep skin *smooth,* appealing.

Is your skin the kind that wins Romance?
LUX
TOILET SOAP

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap



A youthful fragrance is a woman's most successful weapon in her repertoire of charm! That's why April Showers Perfume and Talc are so popular wherever men are to be interested! It's the most inexpensive way to assure yourself of a lasting, captivating fragrance!

Also April Showers Dusting Powder — big box with de luxe fluffy puff — 85c.

That Screwball, Davis!

[*Continued from page* 10]

skipped lightly to the time when she was a spy for the French army during the war and from there to that blood-curdling episode of her life when she was a parachute jumper in Manila. One must admit she's crowded a lot of experience into her 26 years. But after a solid hour of these conversational nip-ups she relented a bit to my pleading and was serious long enough for me to gather the authentic story of Joan Davis.

"Well," began Joan, not at all relishing the idea of talking about herself, "the whole thing started when Mom began letting me sing and speak pieces in church when I was three. By the time I was seven I was sure (and Dad was willing to be convinced) that I was ready for my 'debut.' I made it on an 'amateur night' at a movie house. I'll never forget it. I sang something amazingly sentimental.

"No one stopped me during the song, thank goodness, and I felt sure I had won. But when we all lined up across the stage and the manager of the theatre held his hand over my head, the only applause I got was from one person—Dad. Mom had stayed home. She had stage fright.

"'It's not for you, daughter,' Dad said kindly as we left the theatre.

"But the next day I started thinking it over. If I couldn't be a good singer or actress, maybe I could make folks laugh. A few nights later there was another amateur night show and I did a comedy song. I won first prize and I was careful not to be serious again.

"From then on I appeared on every talent program that came along. When I appeared on St. Paul amateur night shows I was billed as 'St. Paul's Own.' When I appeared in Minneapolis it was 'Minneapolis' Own.'

"That same year Dad took me to Seattle where I started doing a 14-minute comedy single on the Pantages circuit. And from that time until Beverly, my little girl, came, a lot of things happened. You know the usual line of vaudeville tours. On March 17, 1931, my manager teamed me with Serenus Wills and we toured as Wills & Davis until March of last year. We were married August 13, 1931, and two years later Beverly came.

"Beverly was born here in Hollywood. It was because of her that we decided to give up the stage and try motion pictures so that she might have a real home. Taking a youngster on tour isn't all that it's cracked up to be.

"In the spring of last year Si and I decided to make Hollywood our permanent mailing address. With the exception of a short that I had appeared in for Mack Sennett in 1934 I had played in no pictures. Not long after we were settled in our home, Ray McCarey, the director dropped in for dinner and said he wished he could have me do a bit in a picture he was making called *Millions in the Air.*

"I WAS nobody as far as pictures were concerned but at the same time I felt it would be bad business to do the bit at the price the studio felt adequate for the job. So I did it for nothing. The point is that a scout from RKO saw the picture and for some reason liked me. A contract resulted. But you know how those things are. Months and months went by and although I was drawing a steady salary I was getting no place. During all this time I never even got a chance to see what the camera looked like. But a little while later 20th Century-Fox offered me a contract and I've had few idle moments since the ink dried.

"My first picture for Fox was *The Holy Terror,* which starred Jane Withers. I was the waitress and dishwasher, and El Brendel was my lover.

"After that came *Nancy Steele is Missing, Time Out for Romance,* and *The Great Hospital Murder Mystery.* Then I was given a bit in *Wake Up and Live,* which co-starred Walter Winchell and Ben Bernie in their first picture together.

"For some reason which I still have failed to figure out, they liked that fandango dance in *Wake Up and Live,* and the first thing I knew, after the black and blue spots began to disappear I was cast in a bigger part in *Thin Ice.* I did two songs and took plenty more bumps.

"And then, as if that wasn't enough, they cast me with the Ritz Brothers in *Life Begins in College.* At first, I thought, 'I'm glad they didn't write in any scenes in which I actually appear with those crazy people,' but I didn't know what I was in for. For instance, I had a scene with Nat Pendelton who played the part of an American Indian and my big lover. We clinched, he squeezed, I fainted. Of course, he's one of the best wrestlers in the world, but I'm not. After I came to, he apologized and after that he didn't go about things so realistically.

"Then I went right on making faces and taking bumps through *Love and Hisses, Sally, Irene and Mary, Josette, Hold That Co-ed* and *Tailspin.* And that just about takes care of Joansie Davis as I remember her up to this date."

As for the private side of Darryl Zanuck's pet, Joan has the kind of looks that make you wish, for her sake, that she'd be cast in a natural color picture. She's five feet five inches, has reddish brown hair, green eyes and joggles the bathroom scales at 120. She's crazy about aquaplaning, likes to dance to Benny Goodman's music and isn't at all impressed by palatial beach homes and private swimming pools. She'd rather stay home, putter around and go to the neighborhood theatre twice a week than be a regular patron of the Troc. She has a natural sense of humor, hates loud radios and is often content to read for hours at a time . . . that is, unless someone should drop in and engage her in her favorite pastime, a completely nonsensical conversation.

As I rose to take my leave, Joan inquired in all seriousness, "Did I ever tell you about the time I was a bull fighter in Mexico City? Well, it's a fact. You can ask anybody down there. Boy, was I a holy terror to those bulls!"

Enter SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Double Feature Contest. $500.00 in prizes. Turn to page 28 for explanation and rules.

Announcing

THE PICTURE MAGNIFICENT!

The story of Juarez, Mexican flame of freedom . . . moulding a fiery-hearted people into a nation that toppled a throne! . . . The story of Carlota, empress to Maximilian . . . burning her fateful romance into the pages of history! . . . All in a glorious human drama sweeping through scenes never matched in action, splendor and power! See "Juarez" at your theatre soon! The picture that shows how great the screen can be!

WARNER BROS. PRESENT

PAUL MUNI • BETTE DAVIS

in

"JUAREZ"

with

BRIAN AHERNE

CLAUDE RAINS • JOHN GARFIELD • DONALD CRISP

JOSEPH CALLEIA • GALE SONDERGAARD • GILBERT ROLAND • HENRY O'NEILL

Directed by William Dieterle

Screen Play by John Huston, Aeneas MacKenzie and Wolfgang Reinhardt • Based on a Play by Franz Werfel and the Novel, "The Phantom Crown," by Bertita Harding • Music by Erich Wolfgang Korngold

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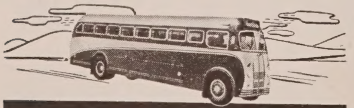

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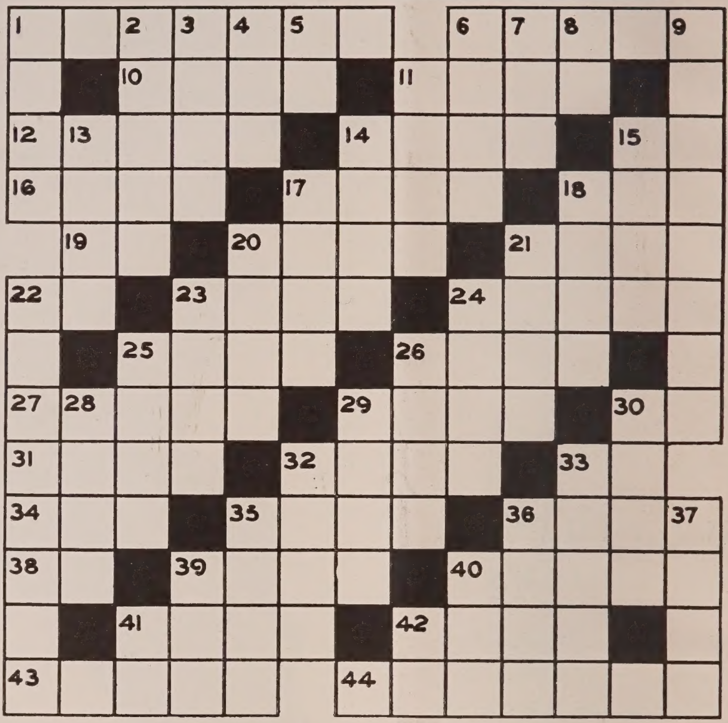
CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. He plays opposite Joan Crawford in *Ice Follies of 1939.*
6. *Lucy Mallory* in *Stagecoach.*
10. First name of Miss Lee.
11. Flanged spool on which a photographic film is wound.
12. *Mrs. Chanler* in *Young Dr. Kildare.*
14. Male lead in *The Girl Downstairs.*
15. Mr. Abel's initials.
16. Feminine lead in *Disbarred.*
17. *Charlie ——— In Honolulu.*
18. ——— *Exciting Night.*
19. Initials of Mr. Starrett.
20. The girl in *Off the Record.*
21. What *Alexander* conducted.
22. Exclamation to silence those who talk while movies are being shown.
23. Measure of film.
24. Hero of *Let Us Live.*
25. ——— *Victory.*
26. Middle name of David Griffith, director of silent screen spectacles.
27. The priest in *Boys Town.*
29. *Oscar Engel* in *Sweethearts.*
30. *They Made ——— A Criminal.*
31. *Colonel Webb* in *Stand Up And Fight.*
32. Whose role is that of *D'Artagnan* in *The Three Musketeers?*
33. Margaret Irving's initials.
34. Ben Turpin looks east with one, west with the other.
35. *The ——— Shot.*
36. How does Lee Tracy talk in films?
38. Robert Elliott's initials.
39. The young doctor in *Fighting Thoroughbreds.*
40. *Paroled From the Big ———.*
41. *Ygor* in *Son of Frankenstein.*
42. It makes Winchell and Bernie friendly enemies.
43. *Judge Hardy* in person.
44. *Bud* in *Tailspin.*

DOWN

1. What Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald do in sound films.
2. You saw him in *A Man To Remember.*
3. What late Mr. Rogers was called.
4. Dixie Dunbar's native state (abbr.).
5. Mr. Arlen's initials.
6. Actor married to Gladys George.
7. *Joe* in *Boy Trouble.*
8. One of Ritz Brothers.
9. Actress wed to Adolphe Menjou.
11. Color of some equine performers.
13. *Made For ——— Other.*
14. ——— *Certain Age.*
15. Machines furnished this for *Hurricane.*
17. He had title role in *Tom Sawyer, Detective.*
18. Nickname of 24 Across.
20. *Lt. Parsons* in *Wings Of the Navy.*
21. Veda Ann's surname.
22. Whose role is that of *Jean* in *Trade Winds?*
23. *Strange* ——— (sing.).
24. Enthusiastic devotees of the cinema (slang).
25. *Francine* in *Idiot's Delight.*
26. *Men With* ——— (sing.).
28. She sings and clowns in Paramount pictures.
29. *Kid Ramsey* in *Pardon Our Nerve.*
30. *Little ——— Broadway.*
32. *Miss Weatherby* in *Hold That Co-ed.*
33. First name of a character actress in *Convict's Code.*
35. *Jack Scott* in *Forged Passport.*
36. ——— *Girls In White.*
37. Her first name is Olive.
39. A comedian in *Paris Honeymoon.*
40. *Torchy Gets ——— Man.*
41. Place to buy theatre tickets (abbr.).
42. Initials of one with whom Ginger Rogers is often teamed.

(Solution on page 73)

HAZEL-EYED GIRLS, LIKE JEAN PARKER

Find thrilling new Beauty in

MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP!

Featured in
THE HAL ROACH
PRODUCTION
"ZENOBIA"

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

ELSA: Seriously, Joan, do you mean you chose that powder by the color of your *eyes?*

JOAN: Yes, and my rouge and lipstick, too, Elsa! It's an amazing *new* way, and the only *true* guide I've ever found! Try Marvelous Matched Makeup, Elsa! You'll *love* it!

ELSA: *You're* proof that it's perfect for *hazel* eyes, Joan! But *my* eyes are *blue!*

JOAN: Whether your eyes are blue, hazel, brown or gray, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

ELSA: And they discovered that *eye* color determines proper cosmetic shades, Joan?

JOAN: Yes! And so they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your true personality color—the color that never changes! *It's the color of your eyes!*

JOAN: Marvelous Matched Makeup has already been adopted by stars of stage and screen, debutantes, models! And no wonder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, the powder never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives a smooth, suede-like finish!

JOAN: And Elsa, for real flattery, just try Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!

JOAN: With Marvelous, you look lovelier *instantly!* You can get the Powder, Rouge, Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony*, use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
(65¢ in Canada)

2
FACE POWDER
MARVELOUS

55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

FW-639

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City

My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐

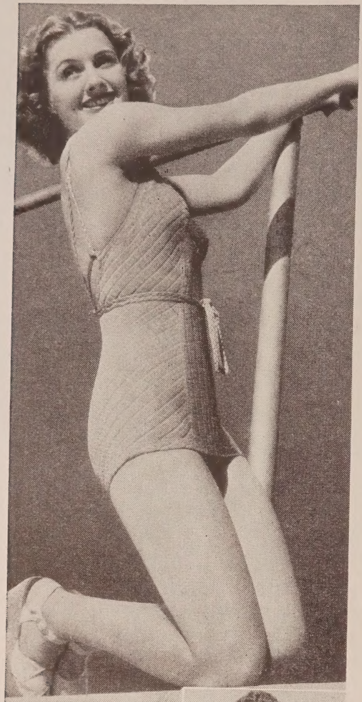
Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________ State__________

GANTNER
Floating Bra
for uplift glamour!



Ellen Drew starring in Paramount's "The Lady's From Kentucky."

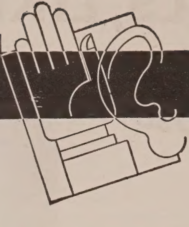
Don't be a
Suzy-Droopy

FLOATING BRA robs your waist of wrinkles . . . slims inches off your hips, to give beautiful high accent to your bust! A real inner uplift . . . a perfected control!

Top, glamorizing velvet Lastex knit, $5.95. *Small illus.,* Strapless Terrymoss with cords to tie in front, $6.95

Gantner Floating Bra suits, $3.95 and up . . . at smarter shops everywhere! Write for style book!

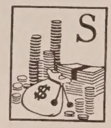
GANTNER & MATTERN CO., Dept. F
S. F. Mdse. Mart, Chicago 1410 Bdwy., N. Y.
Monarch Knitting Co., Ltd., Dunnville, Ont., Canada



FILMLAND WHISPERS

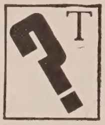
LOYALTY is the name for Franchot Tone. When he left Hollywood, Franchot decided he wouldn't need David, his houseboy, who had been with him for several years. So David was given fine letters of recommendation and Franchot went on his way. When Franchot heard that David didn't land a job right away, he continued to send him his salary.

* * *



SUCH is fame in Hollywood! When they flashed the preview of *The Flying Irishman* on the Pantages Theatre screen, not one single hand clap greeted the appearance of Douglas Corrigan. But the wrong-way flyer received fifty thousand silver men for his performance—which isn't hay! Even if he won't be our next Paul Muni, Corrigan can struggle along without breaking his heart because Hollywood didn't like him.

* * *



THIS isn't a very delicate story. But it goes to prove that the life of a movie star isn't a bed of gardenias. David Niven was dining one night at the Cock and Bull English restaurant. A young lady came over to his table and begged him to meet her mother. David, who is just a big bundle of British charm, beamed and said he would be delighted. The young lady made the introduction. As David started to extend his hand, the young lady's mother took one look at him and became sick to her stomach. We'll have to leave the rest to your imagination. Poor David still doesn't know whether to be pleased or insulted!

* * *

DON'T mention the song, *Deep in a Dream,* to Ann Sothern. She figures she sang it 355 times while out on a personal appearance tour. Ann says she'll kick up her heels and make an awful scene if anyone ever asks her to sing it again. Roger Pryor returned to Hollywood with Ann. He is now going to divide his time between his band and acting in pictures. Roger is praying that this time the producers won't try to make him romantic.

* * *

HIS honor, the Mayor of Universal City, or just plain Mischa Auer to you, has appointed Joy Hodges honorary chief of police. To make it all official, Mischa presented Joy with a tiny gold badge. She's wearing it on her hat and starting a new fad. Incidentally, Joy's first duty in office was to present Mischa with a tag for parking in front of a studio fire plug!

[*Continued on page* 18]

Mrs. Bing Crosby watches with amusement as Bing attacks the celery. Photo was taken at Hollywood's Trocadero Cafe

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME

CARY **GRANT** JEAN **ARTHUR**

1939's GREATEST SCREEN ADVENTURE

★

EACH DAY A RENDEZVOUS WITH PERIL! EACH NIGHT A MEETING WITH ROMANCE! Set against the mighty tapestry of the fog-shrouded Andes . . . !

"ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS"

THOMAS MITCHELL ★ RITA HAYWORTH
RICHARD BARTHELMESS

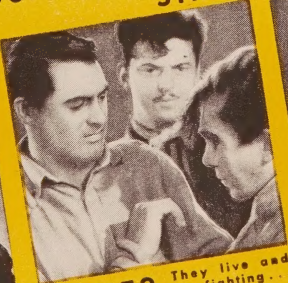
Screen play by Jules Furthman

A HOWARD HAWKS PRODUCTION

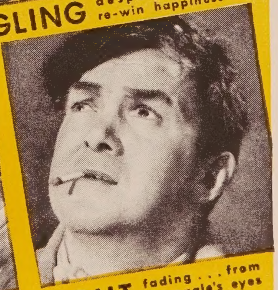
STRUGGLING desperately to re-win happiness

"STAY UP there 'til it clears, kid!"

MISTAKES all wiped out ...in the end



FIGHT? They live and die fighting...



LIGHT fading . . . from the eagle's eyes

A Columbia Picture

ASK YOUR THEATRE WHEN!

The Talk Turns to Tampons

WONDER WHAT TAMPON I SHOULD USE?
FIBS*—IT'S THE KOTEX* TAMPON —SO IT MUST BE GOOD!

The Invisible Way! Fibs, the Kotex Tampon with *new exclusive features,* really solves the problem of days when less protection is needed. More comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

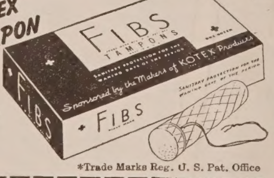
BUT HOW ARE FIBS BETTER?
YOU SEE—ONLY FIBS ARE "QUILTED" AND...

Quilting—so Important! Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—keeps the soft cotton sides in place—thus increasing comfort and lessening the possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert.

OH, THEN THEY MUST BE EXPENSIVE
NOT AT ALL — FIBS ACTUALLY COST LESS

Yes, Fibs Cost Less!... Only 25c for a full dozen. Try them next time. Mail coupon now for trial supply FREE.

THE KOTEX* TAMPON


FIBS
TAMPONS
Sponsored by the Makers of KOTEX Products

Accepted for Advertising by The Journal of the American Medical Association

*Trade Marks Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

FIBS—Room 1422,
919 N. Michigan Ave.—Chicago, Ill.

FREE!

Please send me FREE trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name____

Address______________________________________

City____________________ State__________________

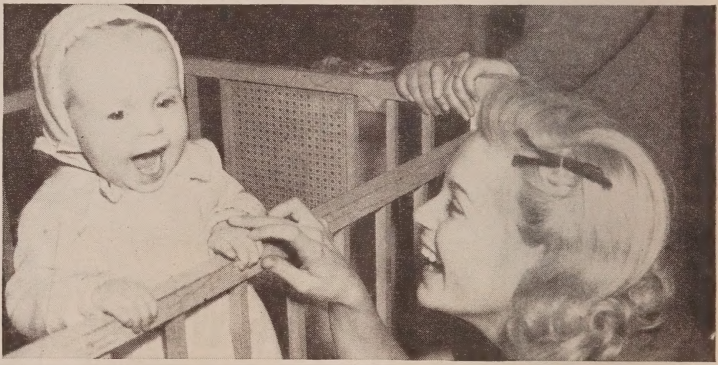
FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 16]

SOMEONE in the Paramount publicity department has too good an imagination. To get Shirley Ross' name in the paper, a story was printed that Shirley was planting a tulip bed. A few weeks later 100 pounds of tulip bulbs arrived at her house. If you don't think that is a lot of bulbs, try getting up early every morning and planting them. But Shirley is grateful to the fan who sent 'em.

THE minute a new actor arrives in Hollywood, "Muzzie" May Robson makes it a point to meet him. Of course, Muzzie is a cordial soul and always interested in the newcomers. But she and her life-long friend, Lillian Harmer, are in the real estate business. Muzzie says there's no harm in giving the boys a bit of sales talk before someone else beats her to it. Who said actresses don't make good business women?

Sandy Runs the Show



Universal's *East Side of Heaven* is little Sandy Henville's first picture. He is shown here enjoying a visit from Nan Grey

It may not be on the baby's diet, but Mischa Auer is trying to win Sandy's affection with a dill pickle. We don't think he'll succeed

MARIE WILSON'S luncheon conversation in the Green-room at Warners ran something like this, "I just finished a plate of spaghetti and a pint of milk that was half cream. I'm trying to get fat. I take pills to make me fat. But the food you eat when you're hungry doesn't make you fat. It's the food you eat *after* you're hungry that makes you fat. Do you think I'll ever be fat?" Personally, Marie, we like 'em skinny, with blonde hair and long eye lashes that curl way up to there.

* * *

WHEN Leslie Howard was making *Pygmalion*, he told Wendie Hiller that Hollywood actresses would be thrilled to meet her. Wendie listened seriously, then asked how people would know who she was! This comes from a girl whose performance has been seen again and again by Hollywood stars who wish they could give one like it.

[*Continued on page* 20]

Here's the reason Baby Sandy's the favorite of Hollywood. Look at that smile

Below, Actor Henville in action. He seems to be sharing Mischa's emotion

Nice Girls guard against body odor with this lovely perfumed soap!

Cashmere Bouquet

FRAGRANT SKIN HAS SUCH ALLURE! THAT'S WHY I ALWAYS BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

GIRLS WHO BATHE WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET ALWAYS SEEM MORE GLAMOROUS! THE DEEP-CLEANSING LATHER OF THIS LOVELY PERFUMED SOAP REMOVES EVERY TRACE OF BODY ODOR. AND THEN ITS LINGERING PERFUME CLINGS... LEAVES YOUR SKIN ALLURINGLY FRAGRANT!

YOU'RE ALWAYS SO EXQUISITE, DARLING... JUST LIKE A LOVELY, FRAGRANT FLOWER!

MEN ADORE THE DELICATE, FLOWER-LIKE FRAGRANCE THAT SURROUNDS A GIRL AFTER A BATH WITH CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP!

I USE THIS PURE, CREAMY-WHITE SOAP FOR MY COMPLEXION, TOO! ITS GENTLE, CARESSING LATHER REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY, LEAVES SKIN SMOOTH AND RADIANT!

Cashmere Bouquet

10¢—3 for 25¢
at drug, department and ten-cent stores

THE LOVELIER SOAP WITH THE COSTLIER PERFUME

Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Noble Ladies Bathed in Peach Blooms

During the reign of De Medici, women in search of charm bathed with peach blossoms which they gathered at dawn.

Modern Girls Use DJER-KISS

Today, girls stir the pulses of those around them...with the romantic, exotic fragrance of Djer-Kiss Talc.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin... you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

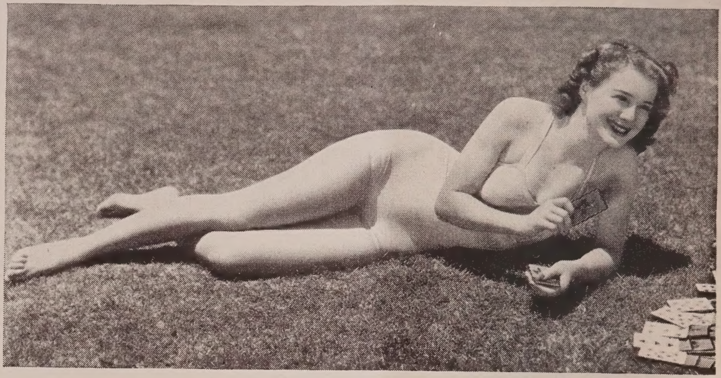
The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Velvety talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page 19*]



Ellen Drew, eye-filling Paramount feature player, suns herself while playing solitaire on her lawn. Ellen's latest picture is *The Lady's from Kentucky*

ANNA MAY WONG and Una Merkel have been good friends since they did personal appearances on the same bill years ago. Ever since they've had a standing date one night a week in Hollywood. When Anna May comes to Una's house, Una always has Anna's favorite southern fried chicken. When it's reversed, Anna May serves Una pressed duck. One week the girls decided they'd have dinner out. So they went to a kosher restaurant!

NEXT time you see a movie star, get close to her and see if the print on her dress says anything. It's the newest rage in Hollywood. You have to look close to see that it's more than a design. Joan Blondell was one who had the first. Joan wore a blue crepe sports dress that had pink swirling lines running through it. But if you took a good look at Joan those pink lines read, "I love you," written continuously and joined together.

Paulette Goddard is pictured greeting Norma Shearer at the recent Sam Goldwyn party at the Cafe Marcel

THE Vogue theatre on Hollywood Boulevard revives those early talkies—much to the embarrassment of stars. Recently, they ran *Queen High.* Stanley Smith, the star of the film, was supported by a strange looking young woman. Believe it or not, she was our own stream-lined Ginger Rogers. In a cafe sequence an even odder looking young woman leaped around on a table. If you can believe your own eyes, it's actually Eleanor Powell.

* * *

IT SEEMS there was quite a bit of excitement over Paramount way when Dorothy Lamour refused to pose in a snood designed by Lily Daché. That very attractive newcomer, Patricia Morison, was happy to have her picture taken wearing the popular headpiece. Then Pat got permission to wear the snood to the ballet. She attracted a lot of attention and Dorothy Lamour, who was sitting close by, saw the whole thing. The next day Dorothy decided she wanted to pose in the snood. But Patricia liked it so well she bought it. Dorothy is a big star. Pat is an on-coming rival. Dorothy got her way.

* * *

SEEN in the reception room of the Cedars of Lebanon hospital: lovely Joan Bennett stopping to talk to a man who needed a shave, whose clothes were rumpled and sagging, whose hair was standing on end, who looked as though he hadn't slept in a week. People stop to stare at the curious pair,

[*Continued on page 22*]

Martha Raye, Andy Devine and Director Elliott Nugent are shown in a conference on the Paramount set

SHE OPENED AN UNSIGNED LETTER!

People would like you if you'd only use Mum
A Well Wisher

AN UNSIGNED LETTER! A cowardly thing, perhaps—but for Nancy—what a blessing! For in no other way would Nancy have realized that underarm odor was spoiling all her other charms—that she could easily be popular, with Mum!

How easy it is to offend this way and never know it—to think a daily bath is enough for charm, when underarms always need *special* care!

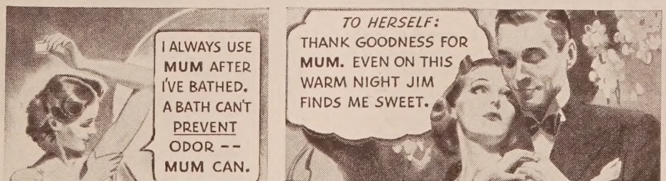
For a bath removes only *past* perspiration—it can't *prevent* odor. Mum can! Remember, more women use Mum than any other deodorant...more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like *you!* It's so pleasant, so easy to use, so dependable.

EASY! You can apply Mum in 30 seconds, before or *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving, Mum actually soothes your skin!

SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering is proof that Mum is harmless to any kind of fabric.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. It's foolish to take chances with your charm. Get Mum at any druggist's today—and use it daily. Then you'll always be sweet!

WITH MUM YOUR BATH LASTS ALL DAY LONG


I ALWAYS USE MUM AFTER I'VE BATHED. A BATH CAN'T PREVENT ODOR -- MUM CAN.
TO HERSELF: THANK GOODNESS FOR MUM. EVEN ON THIS WARM NIGHT JIM FINDS ME SWEET.

For Sanitary Napkins
First choice with thousands of women everywhere for Sanitary Napkins, Mum wins because it's so gentle and safe.

MUM
TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

HOW TO GET
the best
NAIL POLISH
you ever had

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
DURA-GLOSS by Lorr
TROPICAL
10c

Here's the **only** way to get **perfect** nail polish —
1. the bottle-cap is coated with the actual nail-polish, so **you see how it will look** when dry and glossy.
2. this bottle cap is shaped like a fingernail so you can **hold it beside your fingernail** (and beside your **dress or accessories**) and tell exactly what colors will suit you.
Dura-Gloss is the polish that gives you this **new way** of selecting **colors.** Try Dura-Gloss today. You'll never be satisfied with any other! It's the **best polish** money can buy (goes on better, lasts longer). 10c.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 21*]

expecting to see Joan open her purse and hand the man some money. They say goodbye and Joan shakes hands warmly. "That was William Wellman," she explains to a friend who is waiting. "He's so happy. His wife just gave birth to a baby!"

* * *

HOLLYWOOD'S most artistic director, Mitchel Leisen, has designed a new sport coat. All the male stars have fallen for the fad. The body of the coat is plaid or tweed. The sleeves are a contrasting solid color. There are no lapels and no collar. Instead of a shirt, the coat is worn with a scarf. Richard Greene, John Howard, Dick Cromwell, Preston Foster and Michael Whalen are a few who have them in assorted colors.

* * *

ANYONE seeing a shiny black limousine gliding along toward the Santa Anita track would have recognized Martha Raye in the back seat. But Martha's car didn't turn in at the race track. Instead, it kept on going until it arrived at a little foothill town called Monrovia. There in a sanatorium lies Martha's sister, Melody Raye. Everything in the world is being done to restore the girl's lost health. Next time you hear Martha give out with her famous "Oh Boy," listen for that tear in her voice.

* * *

SPENCER TRACY blushed like a juvenile when he was greeted by Hedy Lamarr in the 20th Century commissary. Hedy was lunching with her brand new hubby, Gene Markey. Spencer, as you know, is on loan for *Stanley and Livingstone.* It was the first time the two stars had met since M-G-M decided to skip their co-starring picture. When Hedy saw Spencer, she ran over to his table and gave him a nice friendly kiss. The entire commissary gaped with curiosity.

* * *

BY THE time the South gives Olivia de Havilland back to Warner Brothers, she will have a liberal education. This is the first time Olivia has worked off her own lot since she came to them four years ago as a blushing youngster. On her own lot Olivia has been sheltered and protected from the nasty world! But over at Selz-

Johnny Weissmuller and Maureen O'Sullivan again play Tarzan and his Mate in the new M-G-M feature based on Edgar Rice Burrough's famous jungle character, *Tarzan in Exile.* A new and important addition to the cast is Tarzan, Jr., played by Johnny Sheffield nick's it's different. Clark Gable isn't used to being around actresses of the sweet girl graduate type. So every time Clark blows a line, he lets off steam, using a few choice expressions that Olivia never heard at finishing school! But Olivia is so happy in her role of "Melanie," nothing could bother her.

★ ★ ★

IT'S all been going on very quietly, so maybe there is something to that old one about still waters running deep. Jimmy Stewart and Mary Brian have discovered each other. Those who saw them together at Jeanette MacDonald's house say they sat in the corner all evening and behaved like two love birds.

★ ★ ★

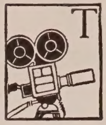
WONDER what Bette Davis' pet Scottie thinks of her daily lunches with George Brent? The little fellow sits up on a third chair. He blinks and keeps staring, first at George, then at Bette. If Scotties could only talk!

★ ★ ★

POOR Cesar Romero hasn't had a happy moment since he let his hair and beard grow for his role in *Cisco Kid's Return*. When he was searching for his car after a preview, someone called a policeman and said he looked like an auto thief. Cesar is wondering if Don Ameche had anything to do with it! The day Cesar started the picture, George Murphy sent him one of those old-fashioned razors and a shaving mug labeled "Man Mountain Romero." Norman Foster and Sally Blane sent him a box of hair nets. And an unknown clown sent a wire reading, "How dare you copy my hair dress!" It was signed, Hedy Lamarr.

Akim Tamiroff, one of Hollywood's best-liked personalities, as he appears in Paramount's *Union Pacific*

★ ★ ★



THOSE who know will tell you that there's another complete *Ice Follies* on the cutting room floor at M-G-M. In the remains are all of Joan Crawford's skating scenes and all her songs. Joan was in tears during most of the shooting. Judging from the smallness of her part in the released film, Joan had plenty to cry about. Everyone seems to blame everyone else for this one. But one thing is sure. They'll never try to put Crawford on ice again. Joan has worked too hard and too long to take it without putting up a battle.

★ ★ ★

DON'T be too surprised if Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck are married on Barbara's ranch in the valley. This is one place the curious public and the relentless camera men can't reach. The view from Barbara's living room takes in all the country. It really is an ideal spot and the only excitement will be when they go down to apply for a license. Once

[*Continued on page* 24]

Beauty is a flower—**make it blossom in Your Skin!**

THIS LOVELY NEW YORK BRIDE SAYS:

I wouldn't know where to turn for a complexion soap if I didn't have Camay! For no other soap I've ever tried has quite the same fragrance. And its creamy lather always seems to freshen up my skin!

New York, N. Y.
April 20, 1939

(*Signed*) VIRGINIA FRYE
(*Mrs. John H. Frye, Jr.*)

EVERY GIRL has possibilities for charm . . . a chance to win romance! Don't miss *yours!* Listen to Mrs. Frye's advice. "*Your* skin has a natural loveliness," she says, "so help bring it out with Camay!" She knows that Camay's searching cleansing is so caressingly *mild*—so wonderfully *thorough*, that it helps make any girl attractive!

You'll like Camay—for your complexion, and to make your *bath* a daily beauty treatment, too! Wouldn't you like to help keep back and shoulders as soft and smooth as your face? Then get three cakes of inexpensive Camay today! Soon you'll see why gentle Camay is such a wonderful aid to daintiness, to all-over loveliness, to truly exquisite skin!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

TIP FROM CUPID

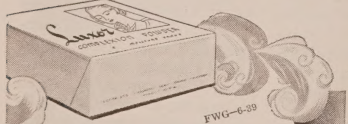
A Light Touch

is the *right* touch
in face powder

LUXOR
"Feather-Cling"

The face powder that sits
lightly—stays on smoothly

There's no invitation to romance in a heavily over-powdered face. So choose Luxor "Feather-Cling," the face powder with *a light touch.* Luxor is a delicately balanced, medium weight powder that sits lightly, stays on smoothly. In five smart shades, 55c. For generous size FREE trial package, send this coupon.



FWG—6-39

Luxor Ltd.
Chicago, Ill.

I want to try Luxor "feather-cling" Face Powder. My favorite shade is Natural . . . Rachel . . . Rachel No. 2 . . . Brunette . . . Rose Rachel (very popular) . . .
Send my *free* trial package to

Name.--------------------
Address.--------------------
City.---------------- State.----------
(*This offer not good in Canada*)

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 23]

they have it, they can send for a minister on a moment's notice. Then we can all go back to our knitting.

★ ★ ★

THEY made her a glamor girl and poor Ann Sheridan can't escape. In real life, Ann is a regular gal who loves to go ice skating and eat hamburgers at a drive-in. But for the sake of her good old art, Ann poses in slinky gowns. They call 'em glamor poses. Ann has a new make-up and they call it a glamor make-up. She also has a glamor nail polish and a glamor bob. The pay-off came when a large eastern firm wanted to get a picture of Ann in a streamlined all-mirror bath tub. Yep, you guessed it. It's to be called the glamor tub!

★ ★ ★

THEY had some fun with Bing Crosby on the *Star Maker* set, when little Gary Evan was taken sick with the chicken pox. The lad had it for several days before they found out. Bing had been on the set every day. The morning after Bing told them all about it, he arrived to find all the cast and crew with red spots on their faces. Of course they had framed Bing with the aid of the make-up man. One day before he was sick, Gary Evan visited the studio. Bing took him on the next stage to see his name-sake, Gary Cooper. When big Gary asked little Gary what his name was, little Gary looked up and said, "My daddy calls me 'Bucket Britches.'"

★ ★ ★

A DAY Fred Astaire will remember is the one he spent on the set with his two favorites, Jimmy Cagney and George Raft. George and Jimmy tried to get Fred to talk about himself. The nearest he would come to it was to tell them that his golf score was driving him into a straight jacket. One of Jimmy's favorite stories on Fred is the one about calling on Fred and being told he was up in his son's room. Jimmy walks so lightly that Fred didn't hear him coming. When Jimmy walked in, he

Filmdom's handsome king, Tyrone Power, and Fanny Brice are being entertained (?) by Paramount's bazooka expert, Bob Burns. Tyrone will be seen shortly in the Twentieth Century-Fox production, *Rose of Washington Square* found Fred on the floor with his son. Fred's face was beet red and he was puffing away like mad, trying to do the trick of passing an egg into a milk bottle—without breaking the egg.

* * *

LIKE the poor, a star's relations are always with us. But Walter Pidgeon is one actor who was willing to lend his brother $2,000 on an oil venture. They drilled a few hundred feet down and boom! there it was. Walter will get about $35,000 before the well stops gushing. Brother, it seems, knew best.

* * *

THE day before she said farewell to Hollywood, Merle Oberon received a phone call from Sam Goldwyn. The famous producer wanted to know if there was any last minute thing he could do for his famous star. Merle said there most certainly was. For years she had always wanted to meet Bette Davis. So that's what she wanted for a good-bye present. Word was sent to Bette who was, of course, greatly flattered. Merle had lunch with Bette, went on *The Old Maid* set and stayed all afternoon.

* * *

SONJA HENIE hired a new cook. Evidently the Queen of the kitchen was pretty proud to be working for the Empress of the ice. When those sight-seeing buses that point out movie star homes, failed to stop in front of Sonja's house, the cook was very hurt. The first day she had off, she went personally to the bus company and asked if "their" house couldn't be included too. Maybe the cook is just a frustrated press agent.

* * *

HOLLYWOOD is finding out that John Garfield is one actor who believes in doing things the hard way. In *American Family*, John plays the accordion. If you don't think he actually plays it, just ask the neighbors who live near John on Beechwood drive. They hope John is never cast to play the bass drum!

* * *

VISITORS on the Paramount lot were startled to see Gracie Allen go flying by on the back of a motorcycle. 'Round and 'round the commissary she went, hat feathers blowing in the breeze. The dizzier she got, the more she loved it. Finally, when she came to a stop, Gracie explained that she and Ed Deering ride the machine in the *Gracie Allen Murder Mystery*. Someone asked her why she was riding the machine then. "Because I don't like horseback riding," explained Gracie. And she was off in a cloud of dust.

* * *

WHEN Robert Taylor wired and asked if he could visit John Garfield on the set John thought it was a gag.

Seven-year-old Juanita Quigley, the Universal starlet, and "Spooks" make an instant hit with each other

Get rid of that telltale DANDRUFF with LISTERINE Antiseptic

Sensational tests prove Listerine Antiseptic relieves and masters dandruff. 76% of patients of New Jersey clinic got relief.

THINK of it, dandruff whose origin defied science so long now yields to a new delightful treatment.

Its cause has been discovered—a queer bottle-shaped germ called Pityrosporum ovale, which is found in the scalp, the hair follicles and the hair itself.

Quickly killed

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for more than 25 years as a germicidal mouth wash and gargle, kills these germs.

Freed of the parasite that saps their vitality, scalp and hair improve in appearance in a surprisingly short time. Itching is alleviated, and the scalp and hair soon take on new vigor and lustre.

The Listerine Antiseptic treatment takes the place of those smelly salves and dressings that treat dandruff symptoms but not its cause.

Easy... delightful... quick

If you have any evidence of dandruff, all you do is douse full-strength Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp once or twice a day. Follow it with vigorous and persistent massage. It's the most delightful, stimulating treatment you ever heard of and gets results that simply amaze you.

Every day we receive enthusiastic letters telling how Listerine Antiseptic checked dandruff in a much shorter time than that shown in exhaustive clinical and laboratory tests.*

Don't wait until dandruff becomes an advanced infection; if you have the slightest symptom, start the Listerine Antiseptic treatment now. Even after dandruff disappears, it is wise to use Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals to guard against reinfection.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DO OTHERS OFFER SUCH PROOF?

***Clinic and laboratory prove this:**

1 That dandruff infected rabbits treated regularly with Listerine Antiseptic showed a complete disappearance of dandruff symptoms at the end of 14 days on the average.

2 A substantial number of men and women dandruff patients of a great midwestern skin clinic, who were instructed to massage the scalp once a day with Listerine Antiseptic, obtained marked relief in the first 2 weeks, on the average.

3 Seventy-six per cent of the dandruff patients of a New Jersey clinic, using Listerine twice daily, showed either complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms at the end of 4 weeks.

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS, Associate Editor

I am very anxious to have a "still" of Luise Rainer as *Joan of Arc* in *Dramatic School.* If one is obtainable can you tell me where I can get it?—Elaine B.

Try writing to M-G-M Studios, Culver City, California, Elaine.

Where may I obtain pictures of Bob Taylor, Ray Milland and Tyrone Power? What will be the cost of each?—Terry R.

M-G-M, address listed above, is Bob's address; Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon St., Hollywood, California, is Ray's, and Twentieth Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California, is King Power's address. The cost per photo is 25c.

To settle an argument will you please tell me whether Gale Page is one of the Lane sisters, and if Lane is their real name.—Marjorie D.

Miss Page is not a member of the Mullican family. Name was changed to Lane.

When and where were Myrna Loy, Jeanette MacDonald, Bette Davis, Janet Gaynor, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Crawford, Sonja Henie and Hedy Lamarr born?—Helen E.

"Perfect Wife" Loy was born in Helena, Montana, on August 2, 1905; "Queen" MacDonald in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 18, 1907; "Academy Award" Davis in Lowell, Massachusetts, on April 5, 1908; "Adrian's" Gaynor in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania on October 6, 1907; "Bob's" Stanwyck in Brooklyn, New York, on July 16, 1907; La Crawford in San Antonio, Texas, on March 23, 1908; "Ice Queen" Henie in Oslo, Norway, on April 8, 1912 and Mrs. Gene Markey was born in Vienna, on November 9, 1915.

Who was the man who played the part of Captain Carruthers in *Drums*, and where may I obtain a picture of him?—Shirley O.

Upon remittance of 25c, Roger Livesey's photograph may be obtained from United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Can you please tell us whether the picture released by RKO was titled *The Saint in New York* or *The Saint of New York?*—Virginia R.

The correct title for that picture, Virginia, is *The Saint in New York.*

Please tell me who played the part of Frankie Thomas' sister in *Nancy Drew—Reporter?*—Betty K.

The little lady's name is Mary Lee.

Have you a hankering to see your favorite star's photograph published in SCREEN BOOK Magazine? Each month a "Request Page" will be devoted to and determined by the number of requests received from our readers. Send in your request today! Just drop a postcard to SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Request Page, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Robert Cummings is SCREEN BOOK Magazine's "man-of-the-month." His performance in *Three Smart Girls Grow Up* earned him a new contract at Universal

Please give us a biography of Robert Cummings, the young musician, in the Durbin picture, *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.*—3 Smart Girls.

Bob's from Missouri, girls, and he showed Universal what he could do in his latest picture. As a result, Bob's been awarded a nice fat contract. His first dramatic work was the juvenile lead in "The Roof," a Galsworthy play, followed by "Strange Orchestra" and shortly after by Shaw's "Candida." He also appeared in the "Vanities" and in the 1934 and 1935 editions of the "Ziegfeld Follies." His film work to date is as follows: *So Red the Rose, The Virginia Judge, Three Cheers for Love, Hollywood Boulevard, Arizona Mahoney, Souls at Sea,* and his latest and most important attempt, as the young and talented musician in Universal's *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.* Bob is 6 feet, 1 inch tall, weighs 178 pounds, and has blue eyes and brown hair. He is married to Vivian Janis.

Will you please settle an argument for us? We would like to know if the boy who played the role of "Mistol" in *Brother Rat* was the same boy who played Pat O'Brien as a young boy in *Angels with Dirty Faces.* Where can we obtain pictures of Shirley Ross?—Jane T.

A very likely question, Jane, for a number of requests have been made for this information. The roles of "Mistol" and "Jerry" were portrayed by the same boy, William Tracy. Shirley's studio is Paramount, address listed elsewhere in column.

Please give me the cast of the picture *Gone With the Wind.*—Susie B.

Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland, Thomas Mitchell, Barbara O'Neil, Ann Rutherford, Evelyn Keyes, Laura Hope Crewes, Fred Crane, George Bissolo, Rand Brooks, Harry Davenport, Virginia Howell, Victor Jory, Jane Darwell, Marcella Martin, Georgiana Young, Mary Young, Ben Carter and Hattie McDaniel. (P.S. Subject to change.)

Please give me the names under which the "Dead End Kids" played, in *Crime School,* and *Angels with Dirty Faces.*—Doris M.

The *Crime School* cast is as follows: Billy Halop as Frankie Warren; Bobby Jordan as Squirt; Leo Gorcey as Spike; Gabriel Dell as Bugs; Huntz Hall as Goofy; Bernard Punsley as Fats. *Angels with Dirty Faces*: Huntz Hall as Crab; Gabriel Dell as Pasty; Bernard Punsley as Hunky; Billy Halop as Soapy; Bobby Jordan as Swing and Leo Gorcey as Bim.

Could you please give me the address of Deanna Durbin?—A. H.

Yes, A. H., it's Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month Joan Votsis will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Barbara STANWYCK

Barbara Stanwyck as Molly Monahan in the super Paramount production, "Union Pacific"

Do You Like Double Features? $500.00 For Your Opinion

DO YOU like double features?

Checks totaling $500 will be sent readers of this magazine for answering that question.

In towns and cities from coast to coast movie fans are discussing double bills versus single features. Your editor's mail is flooded with letters from readers on this very important subject. From reading this mail the editor has decided there is no middle ground. Either you HATE double features or you LOVE them.

How do you feel about the question?

We want to know the answer to that question, and Hollywood wants to know the answer. The men who make motion pictures want to give the public what it wants. If it is single feature programs you want, filled out with newsreels and short subjects, you shall have them. If it's double features you want, you shall have them—BUT TELL US AND HOLLYWOOD WHICH YOU PREFER, BY ENTERING SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S POLL TODAY.

Darryl Zanuck, chief of production at 20th Century-Fox, Walter Wanger, whose pictures are released through United Artists, David O. Selznick, president of Selznick International, Jack Warner, of the Warner Bros., are only a few of the Hollywood executives who have expressed their interest in the outcome of SCREEN BOOK Magazine's poll.

So, it's important that you add your voice, no matter which side of the question you are on. To give an incentive to your voting SCREEN BOOK Magazine is donating

$500.00 in cash prizes—thirty-nine awards ranging from $250.00 first prize to $1.00.

It's easy to enter this contest and we hope YOU win. Simply fill out the ballot on this page, placing a cross mark on the proper square to vote for double features or single as you wish, and attach the ballot to a short letter of not more than fifty words telling *why* you prefer single or double features.

Prizes will be awarded to those letters giving the best statement of reasons for or against the double feature in fifty words or less.

The awarding of prizes is completely independent of the way you vote. Perhaps a letter in favor of double features will win; or a letter in favor of single features may win. Both will receive equal consideration.

Read the rules below and send your vote today. Watch local newspapers for news about and results of SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Double Feature Poll.

SCREEN BOOK Magazine's poll is the first national poll ever conducted to determine whether the public prefers single-feature or double-feature programs. The results of your vote will be forwarded to the responsible heads of the motion picture industry.

First Prize........$250.00

Second Prize...$100.00

Third Prize........$50.00

Fourth Prize......$25.00

Ten Prizes of $5.00

Twenty-five Prizes of $1.00

RULES

1. Each contestant may submit only one entry. Each letter of fifty words or less must be accompanied by a signed ballot indicating your preference for or against double features.

2. The prizes will be awarded to the writers of those letters giving the best statement of reasons for or against the double feature. The writer of the best letter will get $250.00, the writer of the second best letter, $100.00, etc.

3. In cases of ties, where the judges rate winning letters of equal worth, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

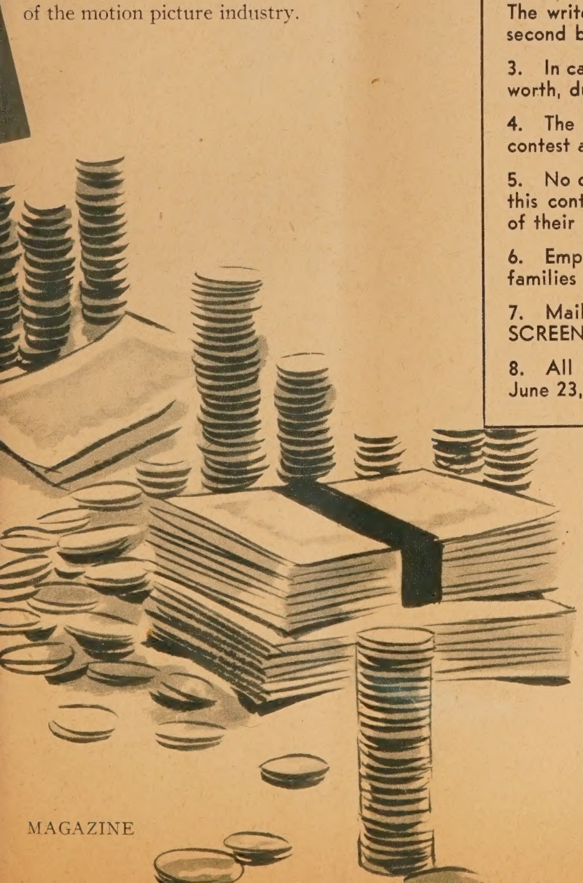
4. The editors of SCREEN BOOK Magazine are judges of this contest and their decisions shall be final.

5. No correspondence will be entered into concerning entries to this contest. Winners will be notified by mail and publication of their names in this magazine.

6. Employees of Fawcett Publications or members of their families are not eligible to compete in this contest.

7. Mail your entry to DOUBLE FEATURE CONTEST EDITORS, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

8. All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight of June 23, 1939.



MAIL THIS BALLOT TODAY
DO YOU LIKE DOUBLE FEATURES?

☐ YES

☐ NO

(Mark an X in one of the above squares)

Your name..

Address ....

This ballot must accompany your letter of 50 words or less. Your entry can not be considered unless this ballot is sent with it. Address all entries to DOUBLE FEATURE CONTEST EDITORS, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SB1

CONFESSIONS of a HOLLYWOOD

Here is a story you'll never forget . . . the poignant confession of a girl swept up in the mad whirlpool of Hollywood!

I PUT down the newspaper slowly and stared at it, my mind slipping from the many duties of my daily work. It didn't seem real! Was it possible that I, Vicki Davis, who only three months ago had tramped the streets of Hollywood, broke and lonely, trying to crash the gates of the studios, was private secretary to the great Fred Lord? Was it possible that I had actually been taken out on dates by Bob Linden? Me? Vicki Davis? Figuring as a personality in a famous gossip column? I read the item again, slowly:

"The ace director who is seen frequently with his pulchritudinous secretary is causing speculation among the town's lovelies. Here's one that may be news to the dynamic Lothario of Beverly Hills: The popular secretary was seen at the

By S. GORDON GURWIT

SECRETARY...

Many times, with Fred Lord beside me, I watched Sonia Petrova slink catlike across a set

Seven Seas with a certain charming leading man, of the same company, and both seemed oblivious of their surroundings. Where do some guys manage to find secretaries who look like something by Ziegfeld? And we do mean Ziegfeld!"

My small, pleasant office opens on the luxurious reception room of Fred Lord, ace director and miracle maker of Allied-Apex Pictures. His private office is just beyond that walnut door.

The gossip item distracted me. I was comparatively new to Hollywood and its goldfish-bowl existence; new to the crowds of people with famous faces, famous names, four and five-figure salaries; celebrities and near celebrities—so many of them passed through this reception room to Fred Lord's holy of holies. They came here, their gazes sliding over me with indifference or with challenge. Fred Lord's private secretary! An employe—furniture—an unimportant female cog in the vast machinery of Imperial Pictures.

My desk buzzer whirred and I picked it up guiltily.

"Mr. Lord?" asked a brisk, feminine voice.

"Mr. Lord," I answered, "is in conference and cannot be disturbed. I'll call you back if you'll leave your name. . . ."

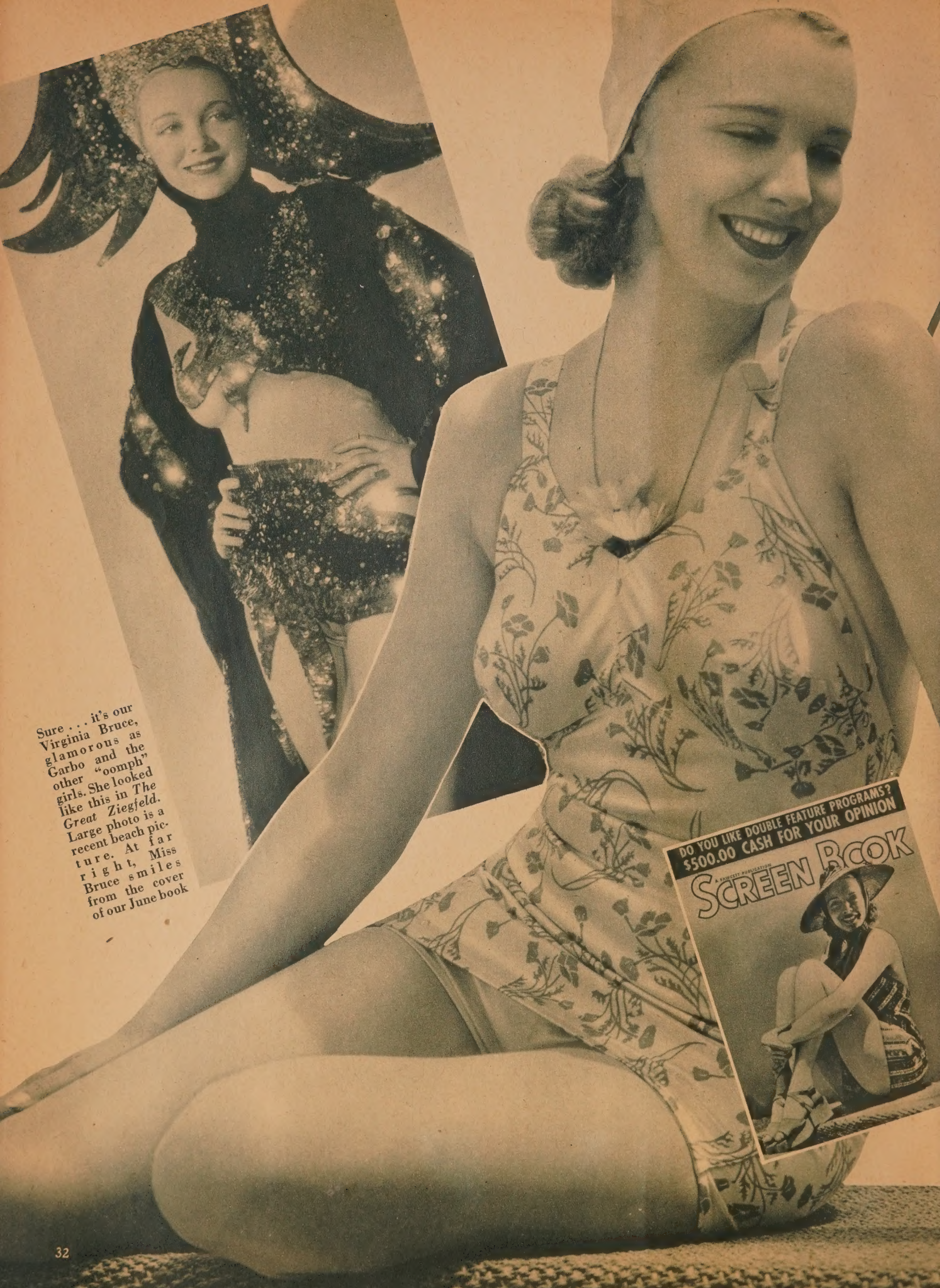
"Ask him to call Meyer, executive office, when he's free."

"Yes," I said, and hung up. My attention was drawn to my memo pad. I had to get busy and stop dreaming! I had to do my work.

"Hello!" I said into the phone, "get me Scenario. Hello? Bill? The boss wants to know why he hasn't seen a breakdown of that new novel? What? You sent it up four months ago? I'll tell him. Hello, Projection? The boss wants to see those shots of the Ensenada location. . . . Good! . . . Get me Scenario . . . Ted Bruce, please . . . Ted? . . . The boss wants dialog, he says. He can't shoot a poetic description. . . Well, I'm just telling you what he said! . . . Thanks, Ted. . . . What is lunch? . . . I'm too busy to eat . . . Flash your operator . . . Get me Research and Wardrobe . . . Busy? . . . Well, get me Art and Casting."

I hung up. There were a million things to do, but my mind was on that item in Tim Taylor's gossip column. It was true that I went along with Fred Lord on many occasions, but that was the only way I could keep up with his endless work, his dictation, his orders, and he took all the overtime I put in for granted. I knew he liked my way of handling his work, but as for anything personal, that was ridiculous. No one ever brought a flicker to Fred Lord's masked, ironic eyes. Women, he said, were mere impersonal tools of his trade.

And then my blood flamed when I thought of what had happened just six days ago. At Lord's request I had gone with him to visit a location crew working [*Continued on page 76*]


DO YOU LIKE DOUBLE FEATURE PROGRAMS?
$500.00 CASH FOR YOUR OPINION
A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
SCREEN BOOK

Sure . . . it's our Virginia Bruce, glamorous as Garbo and the other "oomph" girls. She looked like this in *The Great Ziegfeld.* Large photo is a recent beach picture. At far right, Miss Bruce smiles from the cover of our June book

Hollywood's "HIDDEN GLAMOR" Girl

By HARRY WALTERS

SCREEN BOOK Magazine's correspondent asks a question . . . and Hollywood roars back, "Virginia Bruce!"

ONE of the great mysteries in Hollywood centers around Virginia Bruce.

Here is a girl who enjoys an unofficial title as the town's reigning beauty, yet she is not listed among the widely exploited species de femme known as "Glamor Girls." Miss Bruce may bowl over the gentry with her fragile beauty, she may reduce men here and abroad to a gelatinous state, but so far Hollywood has failed to capitalize on the Bruce allure.

The film magnates tsk-tsk when they remember how they allowed Hedy Lamarr to languish for a full year without taking advantage of her TNT qualities. But no one, so far, has uttered a sigh over the fate of Miss Bruce, who goes her capable way in light comedy roles instead of taking her place with the Lamarrs, the Sheridans, the Dietrichs and the Crawfords.

The people who have worked with Virginia and seen her under the most trying circumstances consider her the most naturally beautiful woman who has ever faced a camera. Hers is the picture that the grips hang up in their bedrooms, and the studio designers go into private little raves over the glamorous Bruce figure.

And yet she is eclipsed in "oomph" appeal by Goddard and Lombard and a dozen others who can boast no more physical perfections than she. Why?

There is a definite reason for it but in order to appreciate the inconsistency in the case of Hollywood's "Hidden Glamor" Girl, let's first get the testimony of the hard-boiled gentlemen who have been thoroughly exposed to glamor in its native and polished stages.

Other girls may resort to that purplish make-up which has a way of making slipping chins, wide noses and bulging eyes get into place. Not—say the make-up men—for Bruce.

Virginia is probably the only actress who doesn't require heavy panchromatic make-up to give her face the fine texture needed before the X-ray eye of a camera at close-up range.

"Her skin is so clear," raved make-up man Bill Knight, "and it has such depth that it almost appears

[*Continued on page* 72]

Virginia Bruce is shown at immediate right in a glamorous pose. At far right, Virginia and Walter Pidgeon in a scene from M-G-M's *Society Lawyer*, her next picture

Rub-a-dub-dub,
Three men in a tub;
And who do you think they be?
The butcher, the baker, the candlestick maker. . . .

"YOU'RE NEXT, MRS. HORNBLOW..."

By KAY PROCTOR

THE last line of the old nursery rhyme is, "Turn 'em out, knaves all three!" Again and again Hollywood merchants have heard variations on that line. They have been insulted, unjustly criticised, sworn at and maligned by some of the biggest stars in Hollywood. Probably they know the lowdown on screen personalities better than any other group in the world.

As one man, they stand behind Myrna Loy. She's their favorite customer. I know, because I talked to them—laying it straight on the line.

And don't think those business men and women are just playing it smart! They have plenty to say about some of the stars of Hollywood and it's not what you'd write on a Valentine either. There's one $3,000 a week babe they dread to see walk in the front door of their shops. She queens it all over the place, imperiously dictating her whims and notions in an ill-mannered, offensive way. There's another who loves to indulge in "scenes" over trivialities, making clerks and other customers acutely uncomfortable and disgusted. There's a third who won't buy unless she can "chisel" a 30 per cent discount off the standard price. She haggles like an old crone until she accomplishes it. Her cheap tactics are so well known by now that merchants automatically buck the price of every article 30 per cent when she walks in the door so they can make

Circle shows Mrs. Lola Oddie. She has been doing the Loy hair, face and nails for seven years

—photo by Charles Rhodes

—photo by Charles Rhodes

Left, the Byrnes, who think Myrna is tops. Note circled prices of goods. It would cost you $15.25 to buy one of each of these items. Above, Jack D'Ortegnac of Hahn's Florist Shop

a sale and a fair profit at the same time. Hollywood merchants, as a result, have coined an unwritten phrase for this type of customer. They spread the word that so-and-so is "B. N."—which means Bad News.

They have another phrase for the welcome customer. They say "She's a Loy!"

Take Dick Byrne, for instance. He and his dark-eyed wife, Margaret, run a super-fine delicatessen known as Scarletts in Beverly Hills. In this store you can purchase anything from Strawberries in Champagne to Bordeaux Pigeon, Pate en Croute and Bottled Hickory Smoke. (The latter, in case you are mystified, is the condensation that gathers on the walls of smokehouses where fine meats are cured; rub a bit of the liquid on a roast or steak and you have a hickory flavor as slick as you please!) Myrna is one of their oldest and most valued patrons. Dick, in fact, grows almost lyrical in his praise of her.

"She is not considered a glamor girl, yet she is the most glamorous of them all," he said. "She has the charm of a DuBarry, the enigmatic smile of a Mona Lisa, and something big and fine and essentially American that you would expect to find in a girl from Montana."

Margaret nodded her head in enthusiastic agreement.

The Byrnes first met Myrna five years ago when she was on location making *Broadway Bill* with Warner Baxter

[*Continued on page* 68]

At right, Myrna Loy, the favorite of all Hollywood merchants. She is shown below in a scene from her new M-G-M picture, *Lucky Night,* in which she appears with Robert Taylor

LITTLE CAESAR Joins the G-MEN

The figure cowering beneath the Nazi emblem is Francis Lederer. He has no love for Hitler and is happy to play in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.* At left is Edward G. Robinson, once Little Caesar and now a G-man in the Warner film. He is discussing the story with Leon G. Turrou who recently cracked the spy ring and wrote a book about his investigations

By GEORGE S. KULLEN

"Hollywood believes that Americans have the right to be shown the anti-American activities of Nazis within our own borders. And despite violent German protests, Hollywood is going to show them.

"Warners are beginning with 'Confessions of a Nazi Spy,' starring Edward G. Robinson. It isn't a story dreamed up by a fiction writer. It is based on the records of a recent trial in New York.—Hollywood Strikes Back at Hitler *in April* SCREEN BOOK *Magazine.*

The following article deals with "Confessions of a Nazi Spy," Hollywood's first blow at Nazis in America.

—THE EDITOR.

WHEN Warner Brothers announced they were going to film *Confessions of a Nazi Spy,* Edward G. Robinson told this writer he would gladly work as first assistant to the prop boy if it would help him get in a crack at Adolf Hitler.

It wasn't necessary for Edward G. to turn understudy to the prop boy. When *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* makes its world's premiere sometime this spring, the swarthy master of suppressed menace will be playing the leading role as the nemesis of Nazi agents. Little Caesar has joined the G-Men. And judging by the fire flashing in his eyes when he expressed himself recently, his interpretation of the part is not intended to warm the cockles of Der Fuhrer's heart.

Confessions of a Nazi Spy is based on the famous spy trials in New York last winter in the course of which the whole net-work of Nazi espionage in America was laid bare. Four spies were convicted and a score of others, including a dozen big names, were sent scurrying for The Fatherland. Behind it all lay the work of one G-man, Leon Turrou of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. It is Turrou's part that will be duplicated on the screen by Mr. Robinson, and Mr. Robinson and Mr. Turrou have one thing in common: They just don't like Adolf. Neither do they like Adolf's activities in America.

THAT these activities have been extensive is undeniable. G-man Turrou's investigations and the subsequent spy trials proved conclusively that Hitler's agents have been plying their trade in the United States and Canada. There is every reason to believe that they are still at it. Turrou himself says in his book, *Nazi Spies in America,* "There is evidence that for every spy we exposed, dozens more lurk here." Spies even attended the trial of their fellows, with a boldness irritating to every American officer present. Of these foreign agents, Mr. Turrou says: "There were a couple of them at the press table, in the guise of foreign correspondents, as well as a half dozen among the spectators. . . . The spies would arrive two hours before the opening of court daily and stand waiting patiently at the head of the line."

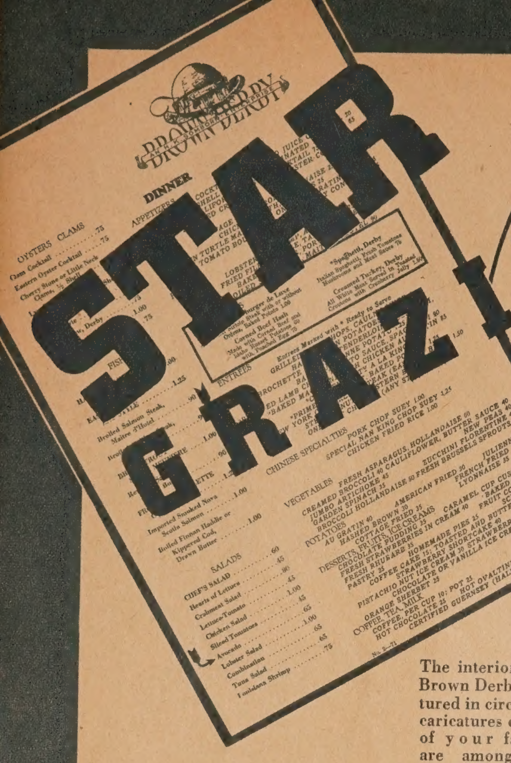
The real story [*Continued on page 97*]

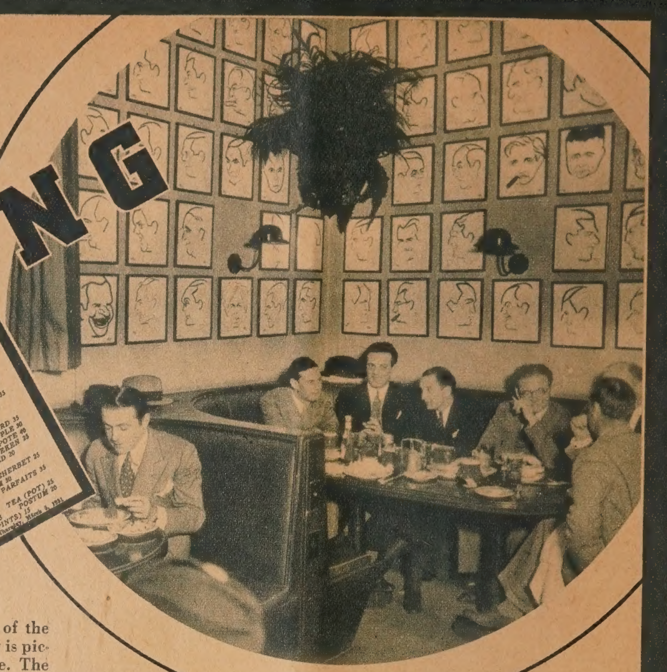
SITIVELY
NO
ISITORS
CONFESSIONS OF A NA
LITVA
COMPAN

Mister, you can't go in there! You might have a bomb in your pocket. All visitors are banned while this Warner Bros. film is in production.

Below, Lya Lys, sensational newcomer, cowers as a symbolic Nazi arm seizes her. *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is her first film

STAR GRAZING





The interior of the Brown Derby is pictured in circle. The caricatures of many of your favorites are among those on the walls

By JESSIE HENDERSON

"I RUN a boarding-house for the stars, a theatrical boarding-house where practically everyone is a star boarder." The speaker was Bob Cobb, manager of The Brown Derby restaurant in Hollywood.

"Clark Gable has to have his coffee just right and Alice Faye's boiled eggs can't be left on too long. Gary Cooper's fried chicken must be dry rather than greasy. And that's the way they get 'em. They get 'em that way even though we have to tear the kitchen apart.

"Stars are particular about their food because they know what good food is. Stars are used to having things the way they want them and that's how we plan to have them. But if we didn't the stars wouldn't fuss. Most of them are the nicest folks on earth from a restaurant man's point of view. No, they'd simply leave the food, exit smiling and not come back. Who'd blame them? Not me!"

Bob Cobb of Montana (whose wife is Gail Patrick) has an eating-place which, because of its clientele, isn't duplicated anywhere. While scads of lesser individuals drop in at meal hours, including thirty thousand tourists a year, the place was founded primarily for the stars. It still caters to the stars. Several million dollars' worth of them eat there every day.

They are picture stars and radio stars (now that the new headquarters of NBC and CBS stand just around the corner.) The brightest stars of sport, science and literature hot-foot it to those white stucco portals the minute they hit Hollywood. Probably that barrel-ceilinged eatery on Vine street, with the metal brown derbies over the wall lights, has fed more Big Names than any other restaurant.

Stop by there at noon or at dinner time and you'll see Tyrone Power, for example, eating his favorite boiled brisket of beef with horseradish sauce and a glass of milk. Janet Gaynor will be ordering turkey Derby, a creamed specialty. You'll see Eddie Cantor demolishing broiled hamburger steak, dry, no onions; Al Jolson bolting chicken chow mein and American tea; Claudette Colbert going in a big way for chicken hash Somborn. Claudette never has to diet.

Or perhaps you'll find Jack Benny and Mary Livingston enjoying a snack between radio rehearsals. Both will probably be ordering ham, but his must be Westphalia and hers must be Virginia. Numbered among the Derby's best customers, they collect a lot of "gags" in the place. They even write radio scripts there!

One result of the famous clientele is that a remarkable number of famous contracts, romances and big business deals have bloomed around the tables. Melvyn Douglas says the Derby tablecloths are a barometer of business conditions in the movie industry. A year ago producers, figuring in pencil on the linen, scrawled niggling sums like $250,000 but today they boldly write stuff like $1,000,000.

ACTORS, watching the producers figure on spaces cleared amid the ketchup bottles, realize that it's a smart thing to be seen at a nearby table. Sam Goldwyn first saw Jon Hall at the Derby and signed him for *Hurricane*. Marie Wilson haunted the Derby, turning on her most naive smile when she began to try for a chance in the movies. It worked; a director saw in her a type he wanted.

George Raft, unknown in town, was lunching at the Derby when a producer spotted him and signed him up right then. Next day a trade journal spelled Raft's name wrong. George rushed into the restaurant, looking upon it at the instant as his only Hollywood friend, and had the telephone girl call the journal and correct the error.

He's at the cafe three nights a week now and doesn't need to give an order. The waiters know exactly what he wants; one of the special steaks which are sent to him from New York, kept in the

[*Continued on page* 91]

Alan Hale muscles in on his daughter Karen's lemonade at the Vine street Derby.

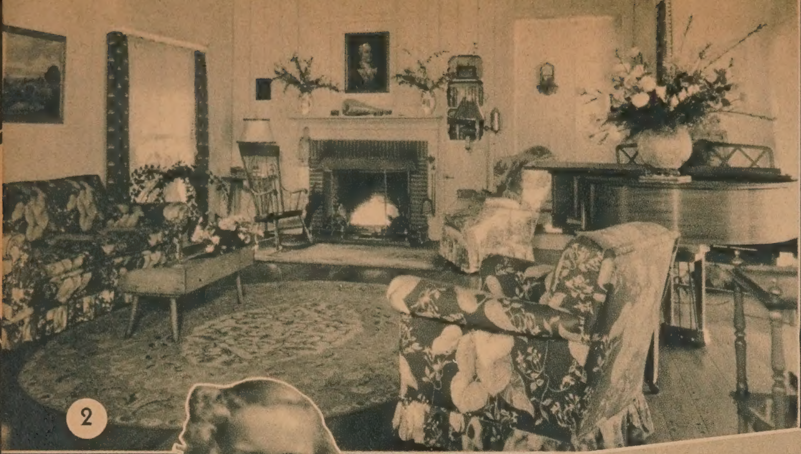
Fans gather at the door whenever Barbara Stanwyck and Robert Taylor dine together

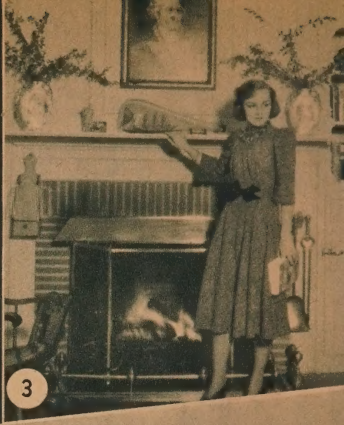
Eddie Cantor, shown here with Ruby Keeler Jolson and her sister, Gertrude Keeler, patronizes the famous restaurant

Eat, drink and be married! Bob Cobb, far right, met Gail Patrick at the Derby. Herbie Kay is at left beside Dorothy Lamour

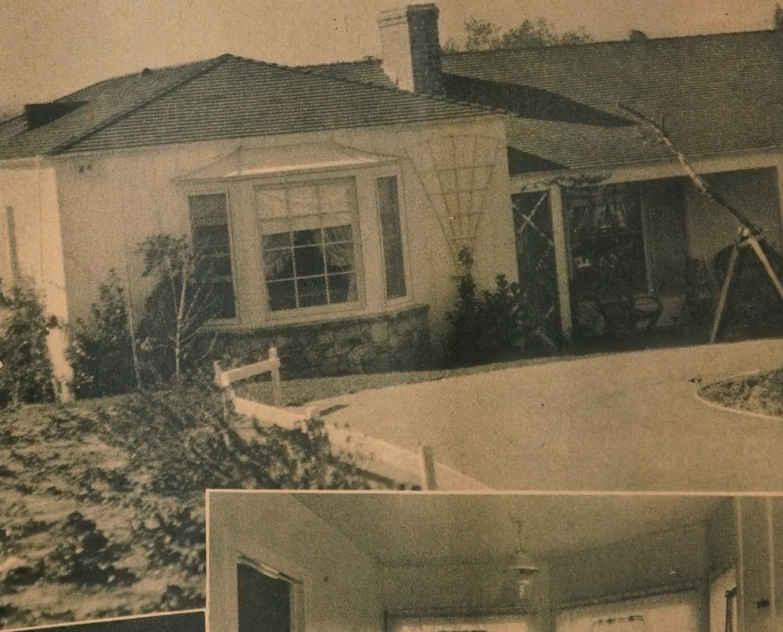
Ken Dolan and Shirley Ross found the Brown Derby an excellent place for carrying on their romance

Yes, it's Hedy Lamarr, most sensational glamor girl of a decade. Reginald Gardiner is sharing a bite with her

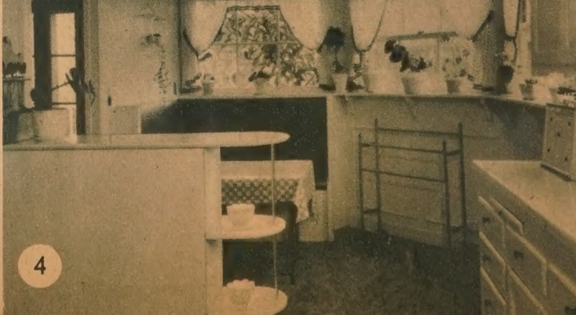




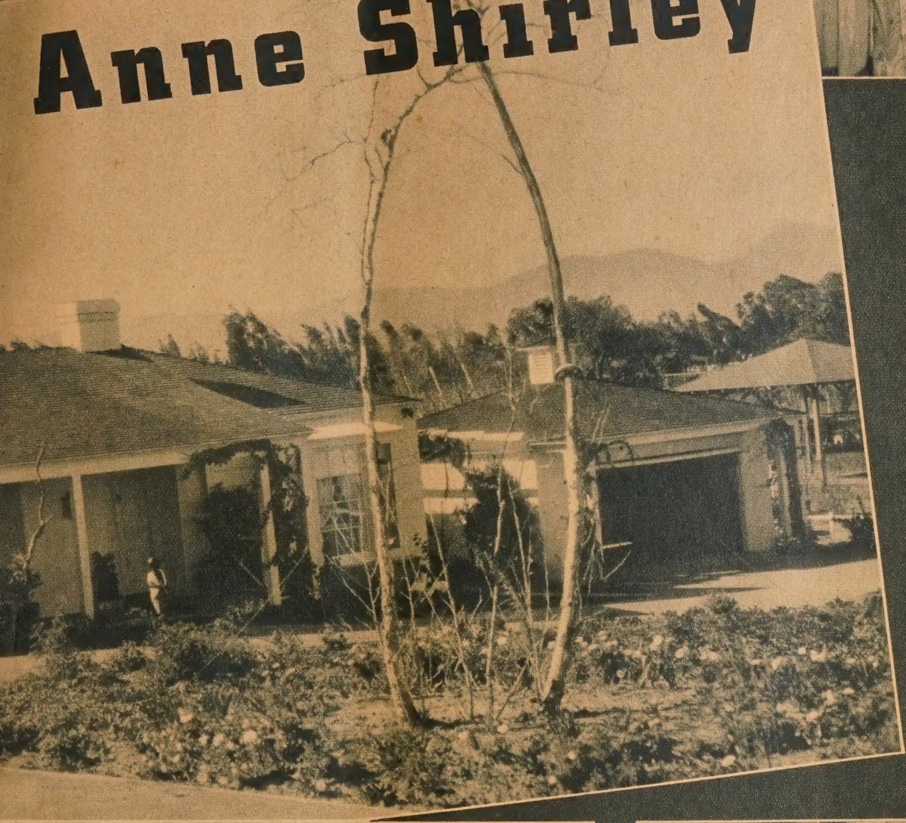
At Home With



Lovely Anne Shirley, left, RKO Radio star in *Sorority House*, and her husband, John Payne, have a home distinguished by its simplicity. 1. Front view, showing flat California design. 2. The living room. 3. Anne, standing before the fireplace. 4. The kitchen is done in red and white



Anne Shirley

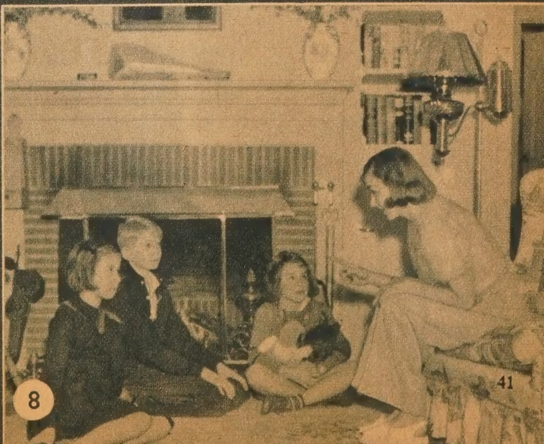


5. Anne, shown with "Rusty," her Cocker Spaniel. The dog's coat is the same color as Anne's hair

6. A corner of Anne's bedroom. Decorations are old rose and gold

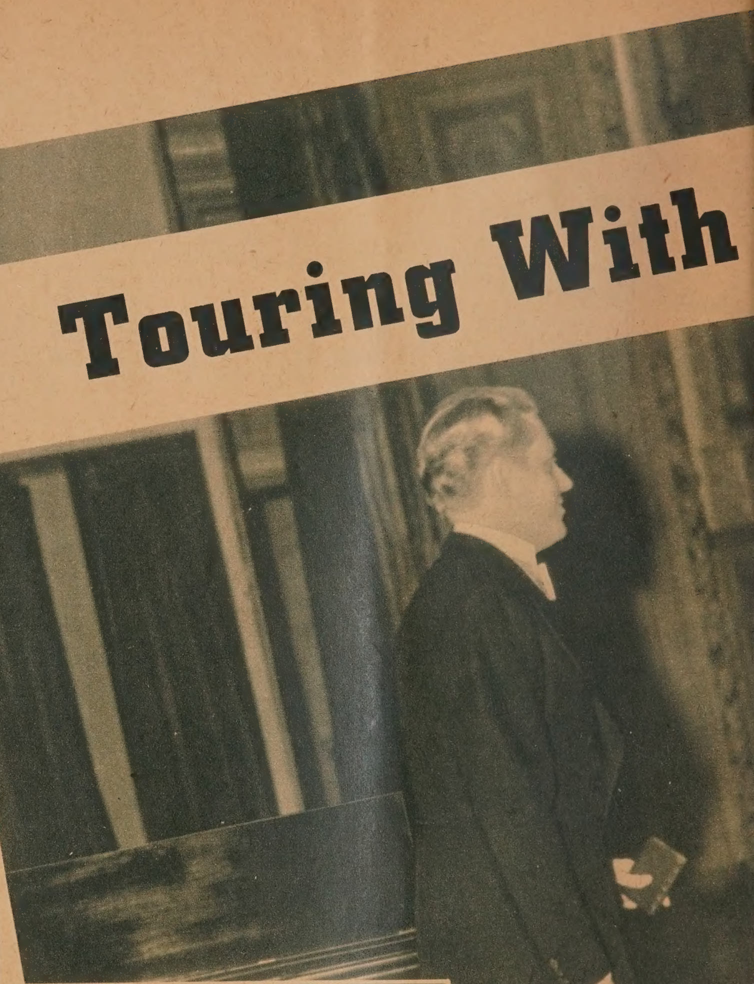
7. The dining room carries out the early American motif of the entire house. Furnishings in this room are maple

8. Anne's special visitors are some of the neighborhood children. Yes, she's telling them a story



1. Here's a Nelson Eddy concert from beginning to end. The place: Pasadena, Cal. Photo shows Nelson arriving at Municipal Auditorium

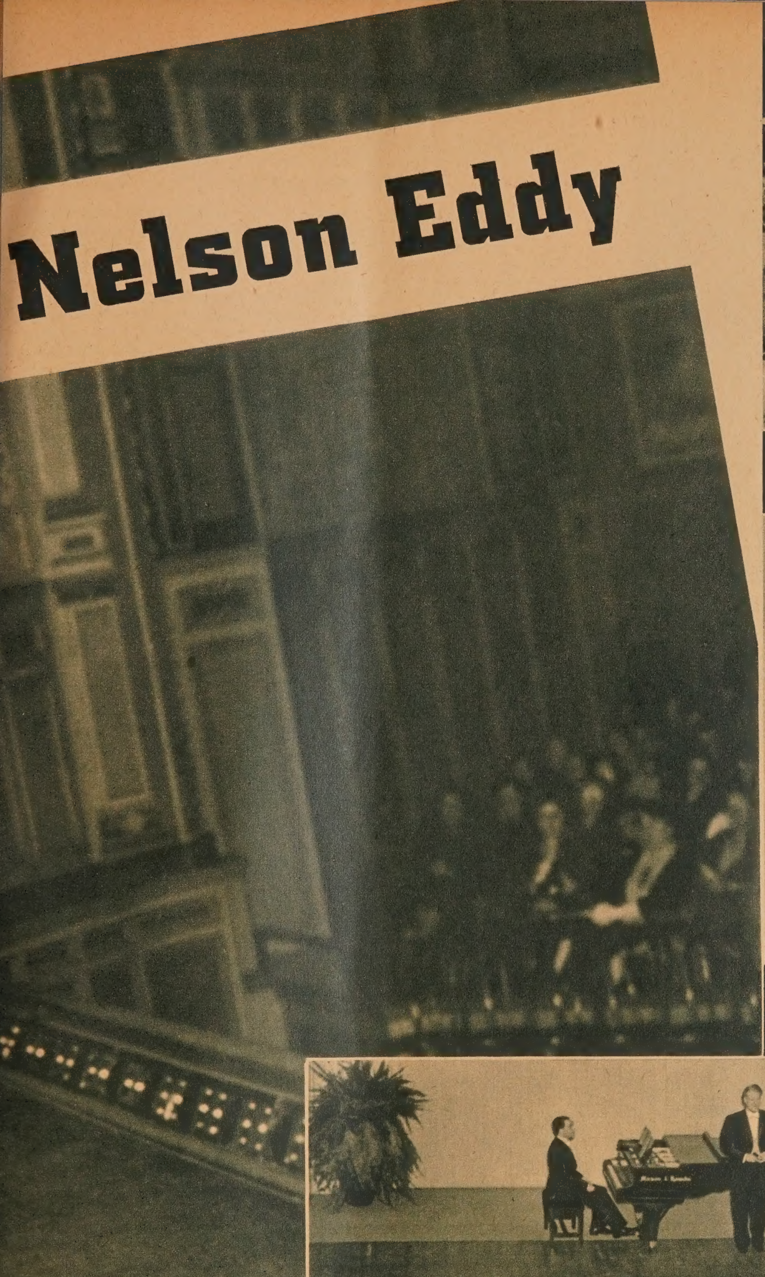
Touring With



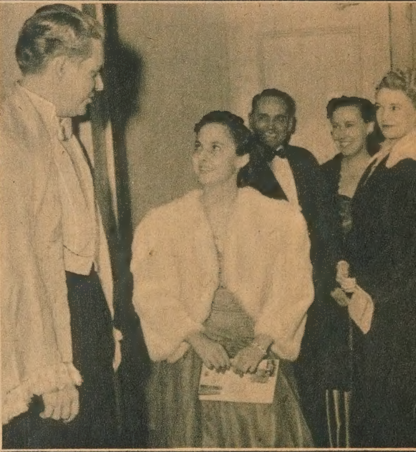
2. Eddy's concert business agent, Calvin Franklin, gives the singer a knife to help him insert his studs. Serious job, this

3. Left, the star's accompanist, Theodore Paxson, checks over the program with him. 4. Right, valet Hans Bohnstedt helps Eddy into his dress coat

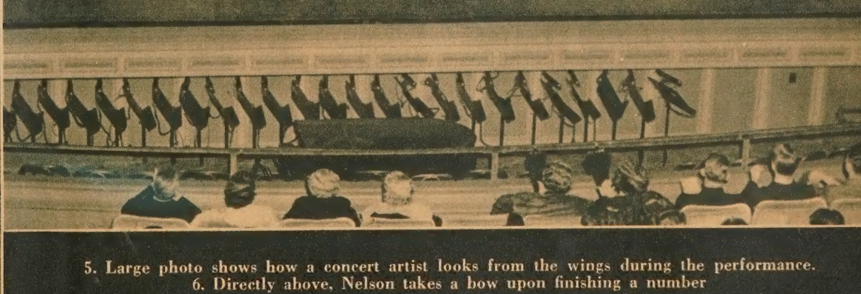
Nelson Eddy



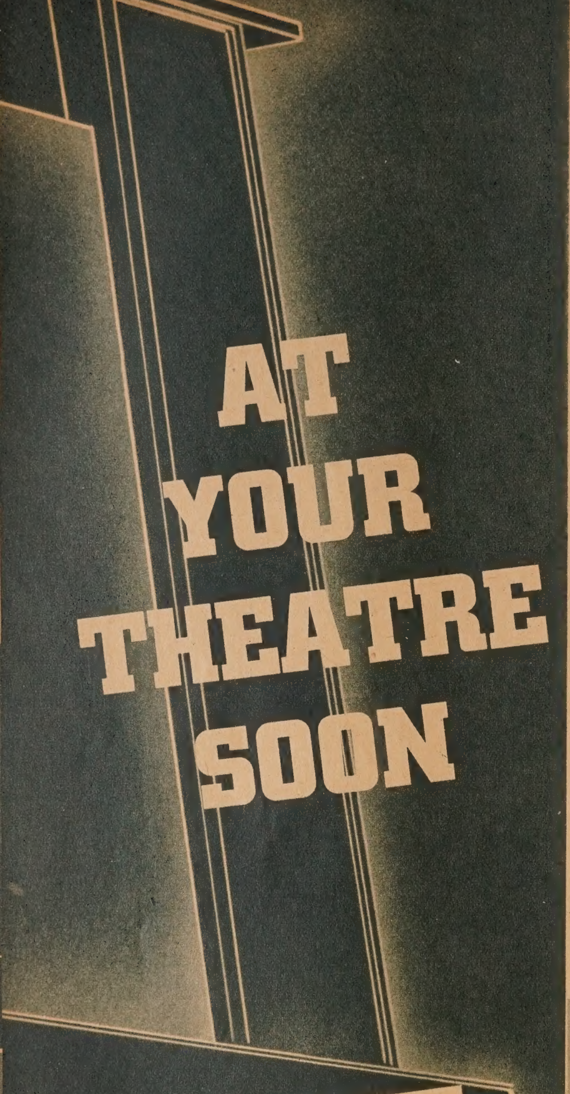
8. "Good night!" A wild dash through the autograph mob and Nelson Eddy has finished another concert



7. The show is over. Pasadena socialites are seen waiting to congratulate Eddy



5. Large photo shows how a concert artist looks from the wings during the performance. 6. Directly above, Nelson takes a bow upon finishing a number



AT YOUR THEATRE SOON

NOTE: Here you will find the first reviews of all important pictures BEFORE THEY ARE PUBLISHED BY ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE. These reviews are prepared by the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, usually before the picture itself is previewed in completed form. In order to get these reviews in advance of all other movie publications the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine spends much time observing production and filming on individual sets, reads the entire script and observes the day's rushes in the projection room at the studio. Thus an intelligent appraisal of the picture can be given you in these columns before or at the same time the picture is first shown in your community. Release dates given are NATIONAL RELEASE DATES. If the date given is May 15, that does not mean the picture MUST play in your city on May 15. It will play some engagements on that date, however, and will be in your city on that date or as soon after as your local exhibitor can arrange the showing. For reviews of pictures now playing local theatres consult Topper's Review Chart.

A HUNDRED TO ONE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Leslie Fenton. Starring Melvyn Douglas, with Louise Platt, Douglas Dumbrille, Gene Lockhart, Tom Collins and Hobart Cavanaugh. National release date—May 12, 1939.

THE odds favoring *A Hundred to One* as a box-office success are just about that. Starring the popular Melvyn Douglas, assisted by one of the largest speaking casts ever assembled for a picture of its type, this newspaper story moves at a fast pace through the intricacies of an absorbingly complex plot.

A Hundred to One boasts no less than 74 speaking roles, within its main plot tells five stories in a manner reminiscent of the now semi-classical *If I Had a Million* technique. It is the first feature picture directed by actor Leslie Fenton who won the megaphone rights from his bosses in a personally engineered deal wherein he returned from acting retirement to play the unforgettable role of the condemned man in *Boys Town*. Recently he has been directing *Crime Does Not Pay* short subjects.

Melvyn Douglas, who plays the part of a newspaper managing editor, was a reporter for two months 20 years ago, got fired for sleeping through the biggest story of his reportorial career. . . Louise Platt, the feminine lead, is the daughter of a Navy surgeon, spent her childhood in the West Indies, the Philippines and China. She planned to become a lawyer until a schoolteacher accused her of "always acting." Louise took the hint and has done very well ever since. She has recently been seen in *Spawn of the North*, *I Found My Love Again* and *Stagecoach*.

Probable critics' rating of *A Hundred to One*: Very Good.

ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE

(20th Century-Fox)

Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Starring Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Al Jolson, with Marie Wilson, William Frawley, Hobart Cavanaugh, Maroni Olsen and E. E. Clive. National release date.—May 15, 1939.

WITH Tyrone Power, Alice Faye, Al Jolson and a generous sprinkling of nostalgic songs which had America weeping in the bootleg beer right after the World War, *Rose of Washington Square* offers enough excellence and diversity of entertainment to assure its success.

This time Tyrone plays the part of a confidence man with a definite aversion for hard, or honest, labor. Alice Faye once again is the aspiring blues singer. And Jolson, happily, is none other than Al Jolson, the black-face mammy-singer with the tear-jerking voice. All are excellent as is Marie Wilson in another of the scatter-brained roles which have made her famous.

Melvyn Douglas and Director Leslie Fenton discuss details of the script over a cup of tea on the set of M-G-M's *A Hundred to One*

Under the expert direction of Roy Del Ruth, *Rose of Washington Square* sets a high entertainment standard and maintains it throughout. Like *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* much of its appeal comes from the musical score of unforgetable but seldom heard songs of years ago. The story, though thin, is sufficiently diverting to sustain interest.

Probable critics' rating of *Rose of Washington Square*: Very Good.

DODGE CITY

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Starring Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland, with William Lundigan, Alan Hale, Bruce Cabot, Victor Jory, Ann Sheridan and Frank McHugh. National release date—April 15, 1939.

AT A cost of $1,500,000 Warner Brothers has turned out one of the most pretentious pictures in its history. But for entertainment value received, *Dodge City* more than justifies the tremendous expense.

Back in 1872 people used to say that "west of Chicago there is no law; west of Dodge City, no God." It was this provocative period of the Kansas cattle city's roaring career that Warner Brothers chose to dramatize. The result is an action-packed thriller full of bar-room brawls, deadly gun-fights, stampeding cattle and all the other essentials of an Old West hair-raiser.

As the Irish soldier-of-fortune who comes to America to seek his fortune, Errol Flynn plays a role closely resembling his own life story. . . Now the respectable largest city of western Kansas, Dodge City in the 1870's boasted 49 saloons, 18 dance halls, three hotels and a dozen-odd residences occupied by the "decent element." . . . Nine principals die with their boots on in the production. . . Ann Sheridan, who sings the classic "Little Brown Jug" in one sequence, claims she knows 462 verses to the song. . . The film reunites for the fifth time one of Hollywood's most successful director-star combinations. Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland took Michael Curtiz' able direction in *Captain Blood, Charge of the Light Brigade, The Adventures of Robin Hood* and *Four's A Crowd.*

Probable critics' rating of *Dodge City*: Excellent.

IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by W. S. Van Dyke II. Starring Claudette Colbert and James Stewart, with Ernest Truex, Frances Drake, Nat Pendleton, Guy Kibbee, Edgar Kennedy, Sidney Blackmer and Andy Clyde. National release date—May 19, 1939.

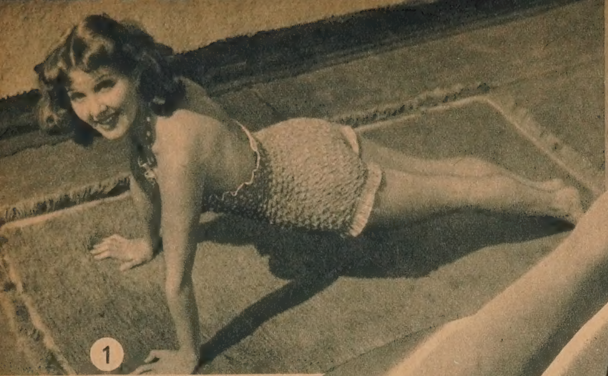
[Continued on page 94]

Tyrone Power, Alice Faye and Maroni Olsen are shown above in a scene from *Rose of Washington Square*

Between scenes on the set of RKO's *Sorority House,* the players enjoy a hand of bridge. Left to right, Phyllis Fraser, Mary Ellen Huggins, Anne Shirley and Barbara Read

Errol Flynn, Olivia de Havilland and William Lundigan enact a dramatic scene for Warner Bros. *Dodge City*

It's a gift! Claudette Colbert is shown on the set of M-G-M's *It's a Wonderful World* as she receives a lion cub from Director W. S. Van Dyke II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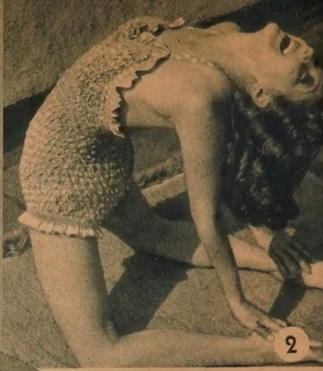
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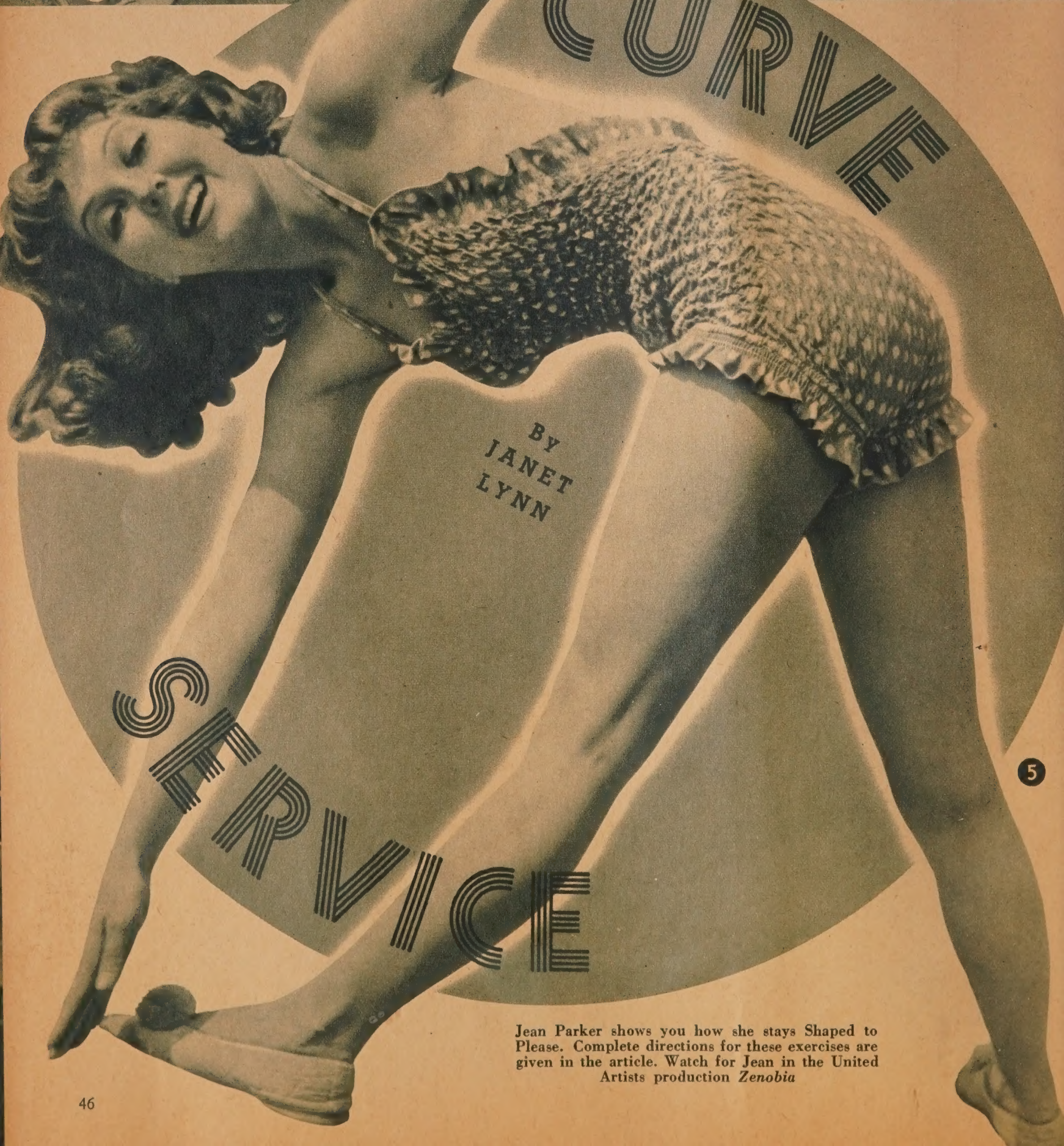
CURVE SERVICE

By
JANET
LYNN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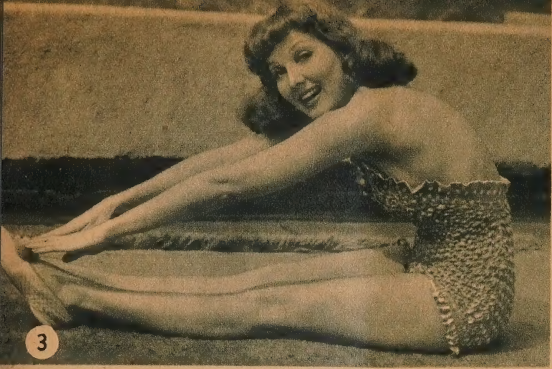
Jean Parker shows you how she stays Shaped to Please. Complete directions for these exercises are given in the article. Watch for Jean in the United Artists production *Zenobia*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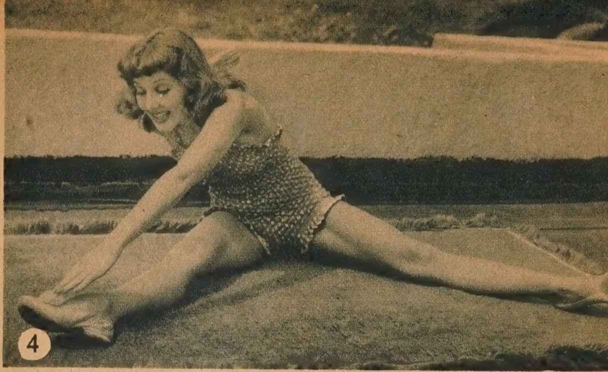
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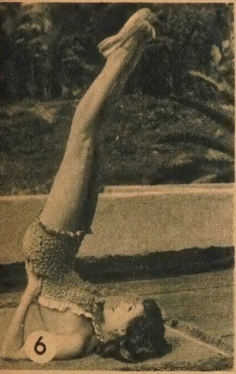
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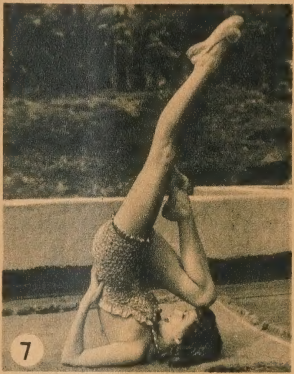
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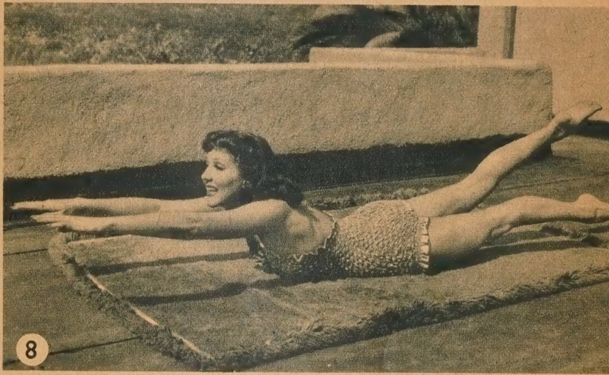
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—photos by Charles Rhodes

DANCING may be good exercise, but exercise makes you a better dancer. That's what I discovered when I went to a famous beauty salon the other day to learn the hot new dances from Mexico—and to put myself in dancing trim.

It's not only that exercise takes off the protruding derriere and slims down the bulging waistline. Exercise helps limber up muscles, makes your body more supple and pliant. That means you'll "follow the leader" better, that you'll fall more easily into the swing of the music. And if you have the form divine you'll drift more quickly into the arms of that exciting new man in the stag line.

Summer time is dancing time to me. And to most of you, I'm sure. There are those Saturday night formals at the club. The two weeks of glorious vacation, with dancing every night at some lakeside hotel. Or the cruise you're saving your pennies for—with dancing on deck in the moonlight. You'll be wearing an organdy gown with billowing skirt and nipped-in waistline. . . A chiffon dress of gypsy inspiration, with contrasting top and gay striped sash emphasizing your twenty-four inch waist. . . A shirtwaist 1890 number with pink lingerie top, Gibson Girl sweeping skirt.

All of which means you'll want to start now, as I am, to get yourself in dancing trim. Let's look you up and down to see what exercises you'll need—and why. Starting at the top:

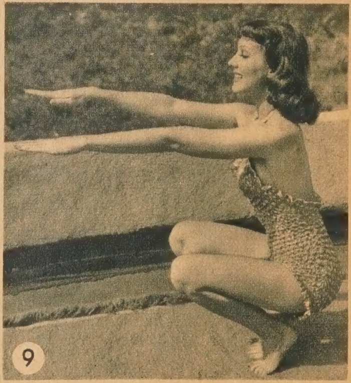
Your Bust and Shoulders. Chances are one of your gowns will be strapless, or have very thin shoulder straps. It will be cut to emphasize the sculptured line of your bust, and to show off a well-developed pair of shoulders. If you're not proud of yours—on with your bathing suit, and down on the floor like Jean Parker. . .

Lie flat on your tummy, with palms pressed to the floor beneath your chest. Elbows crooked at sides. Straighten your arms, pushing your body up and away from the floor. Your back should be a straight line from the top of your head to the tips of your toes. Lower yourself to the floor, back still straight, and repeat. Arch your neck so you can feel the pull through your shoulder muscles. Ten times daily is a good average for this exercise. (1)

Kneel with knees spread, toes pointed in, arms outstretched at sides. Drop your head back, arching your back, and swing your arms down and around till you can touch the soles of your feet. Straighten your shoulders, and return to the first position. The pull through your chest and shoulders tells you what this exercise does for you! (2)

Your Waistline. Wasp-waisted dancing dresses look best on wasp-waisted girls! A good girdle, with the new higher, tighter waistline will help here—but you've got to help it out by seeing there's no tummy roll, no flabby abdomen to be pushed up above the girdle, to give you that spare-tire look.

Sit on the floor, legs straight out in front, toes [*Continued on page* 64]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ANY BEAUTY PROBLEMS TODAY?

Janet Lynn will be glad to help you solve them. Write her, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with U. S. postage, please) for her reply. Send your snapshot if you would like a new summer hairstyle. Address your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York.

GABLE
Debunks Stardom

By JAMES REID

Gable's unique capacity for debunking himself is one reason for his universal popularity—read SCREEN BOOK Magazine's interview on Clark

READERS of *Gone With the Wind* had two years to make up their minds, but they couldn't decide what actress should play *Scarlett O'Hara* in the movie. That was one reason why an English girl named Vivien Leigh, virtually unknown in America, was finally handed the role. But from the beginning they knew what actor should play *Rhett Butler*. Almost unanimously they said: "No one but Clark Gable."

In the pages of the book they kept seeing *Rhett* as Clark. And, in the movie, they wanted to see Clark as *Rhett*.

They were asked, by Author Margaret Mitchell, to think of *Rhett* as "at least thirty-five . . . a tall man, powerfully built." He had wide shoulders, heavy with muscles, "almost too heavy for gentility." He was "dark of face, swarthy as a pirate." Yet, undeniably, he had "good blood." It showed in his full red lips, his high forehead, his wide-set eyes. Eyes that were bold, impertinent. There was a cool recklessness in his face and a cynical humor in his mouth as he smiled. And above his smile was "a close-clipped black mustache."

How could they help thinking of him as Clark, dressed in the clothes of the 1860's? Especially as he also did things that made them think of Clark.

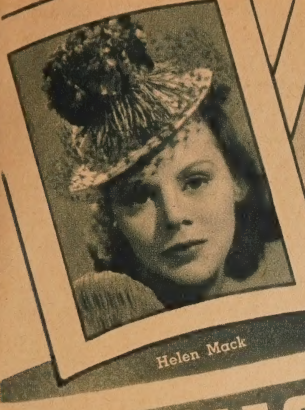
He could make an attractive woman look at him twice because of the embarrassing candor with which he looked at her. Yet he was completely a man's man, who could take care of himself in any masculine company. He was impregnable to embarrassments, himself. He intended to live his own life, no matter what happened or what the herd thought. His own thoughts were humorously blunt. He was a realist about life—a man of action, not a dreamer. He wasn't given to fancy illusions.

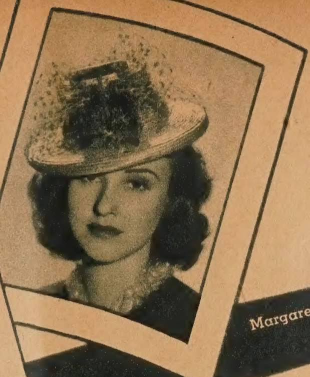
He was more ruthless, less a [*Continued on page* 88]

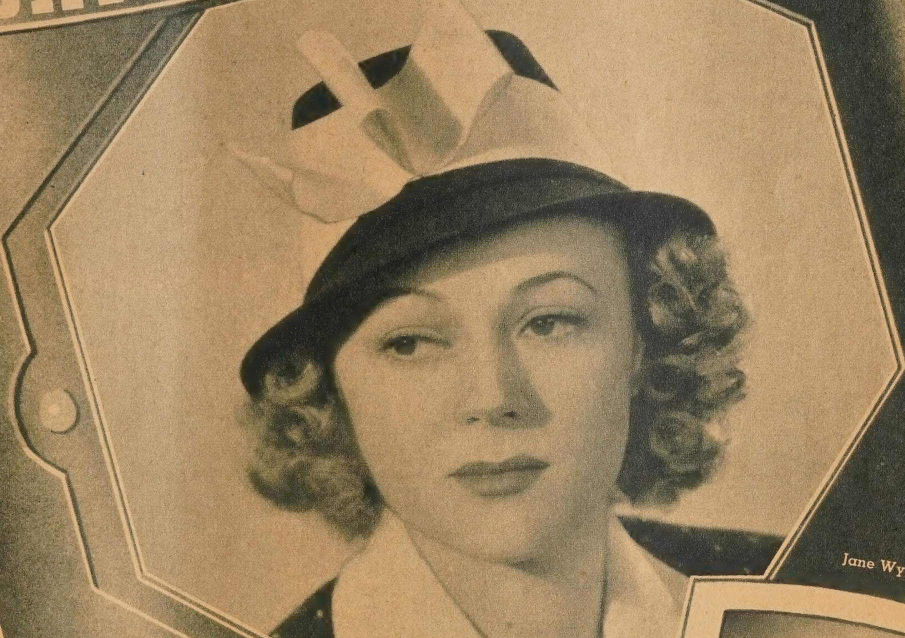
Above: Clark Gable in a scene from—you guessed it—G. W. T. W. Could author Mitchell's "Rhett" have been quite so handsome?

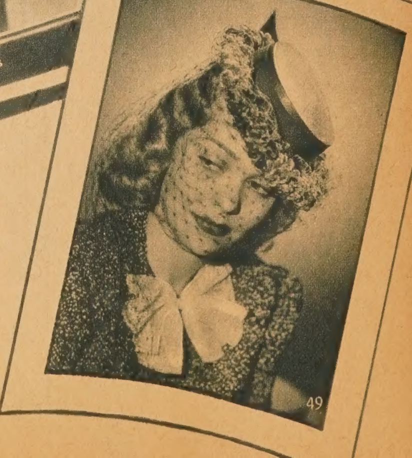
FASHIONABLY YOURS

What could be more "tonicky" than a new spring bonnet? We proudly present five of movieland's fine selections. A bouquet of violets sits pertly atop Helen Mack's tiny sailor of white angora felt. She is appearing in Universal's "Mystery of the White Room." Margaret Lindsay wears a kettle-brimmed sailor of stitched braid trimmed with veiling and large buckle. Sally Eilers' trim black hat boasts only of bold grosgrain trim

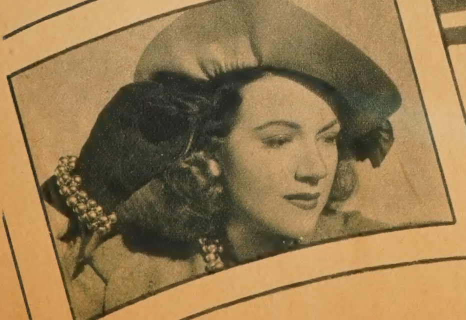

Helen Mack


Margaret Lindsay


Sally Eilers


Jane Wyman

Jane Wyman's miniature sailor of bougainvilea shantung features a brim massed with pansies and veiling of matching hue


Helen Wood

Helen Wood, brunette RKO actress, appearing in "Almost a Gentleman," models a silhouette hat of rich gold in soft felt

1. Jane Wyman, appearing in Warner's "The Kid From Kokomo," selects this grey sheer wool dress with full circular skirt. Jane's smart off-the-face chapeau and stunning bag of luggage calf complete the ensemble

2

5

2. For warm summer days, Irene Dunne selects this flowered sheer afternoon frock with interesting pearl button detail. Miss Dunne is currently appearing in RKO's "Love Affair"

3. Ida Lupino's matching summer frock and huge pouch purse boast of hand-embroidered strawberries. Miss Lupino is featured in the Columbia film, "The Lady and the Mob"

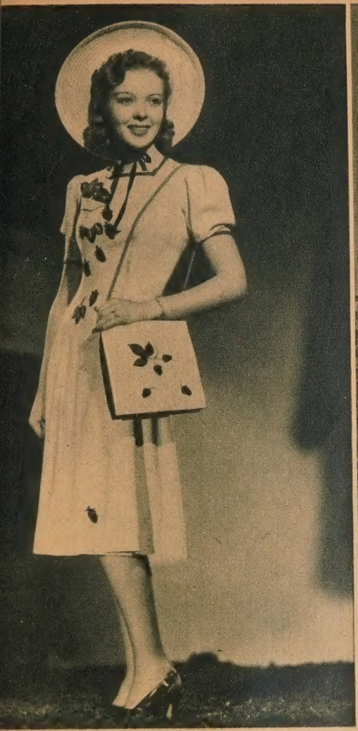
4. For early spring, Deanna Durbin, appearing in "Three Smart Girls Grow Up," chooses a delightful combination of summer ermine and angora wool

5. Irene Dunne's three-piece summer ensemble with skunk trim is complemented by a red and white checkered blouse and the matching lining

6. Margaret Lindsay's spring coat features a gored skirt and plastronne front stitched to resemble a feather. Her next film will be "Hell's Kitchen"

7. Ann Sheridan, appearing in Warner's "Naughty But Nice," wears a two-piece pencil slim dress of striped grey wool, designed by Orry-Kelly

8. Crocus blue in sheer wool was used to create this flared coat made complete by a huge blue fox muff. Sally Eilers wears it in her new film, "They Made Her a Spy"



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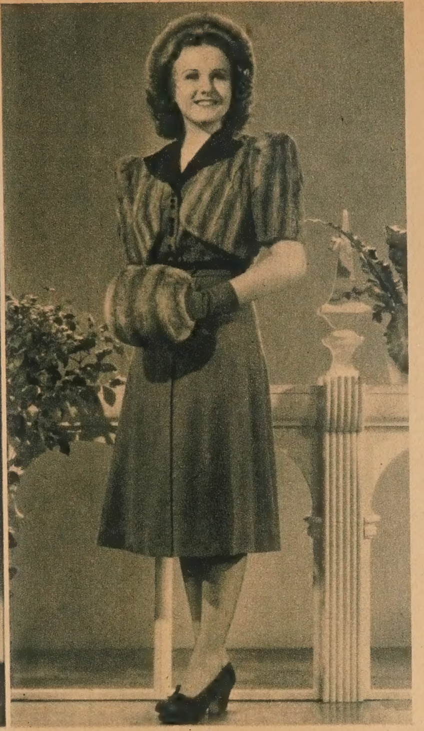

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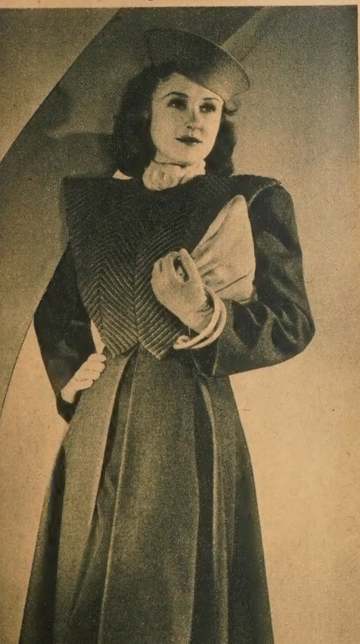

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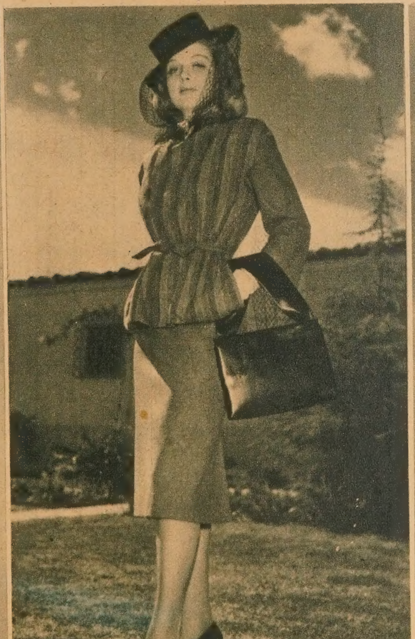

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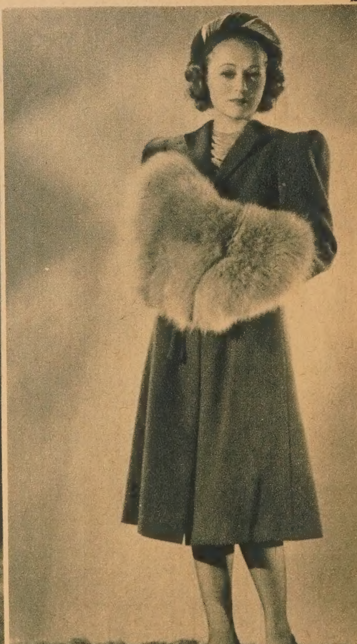

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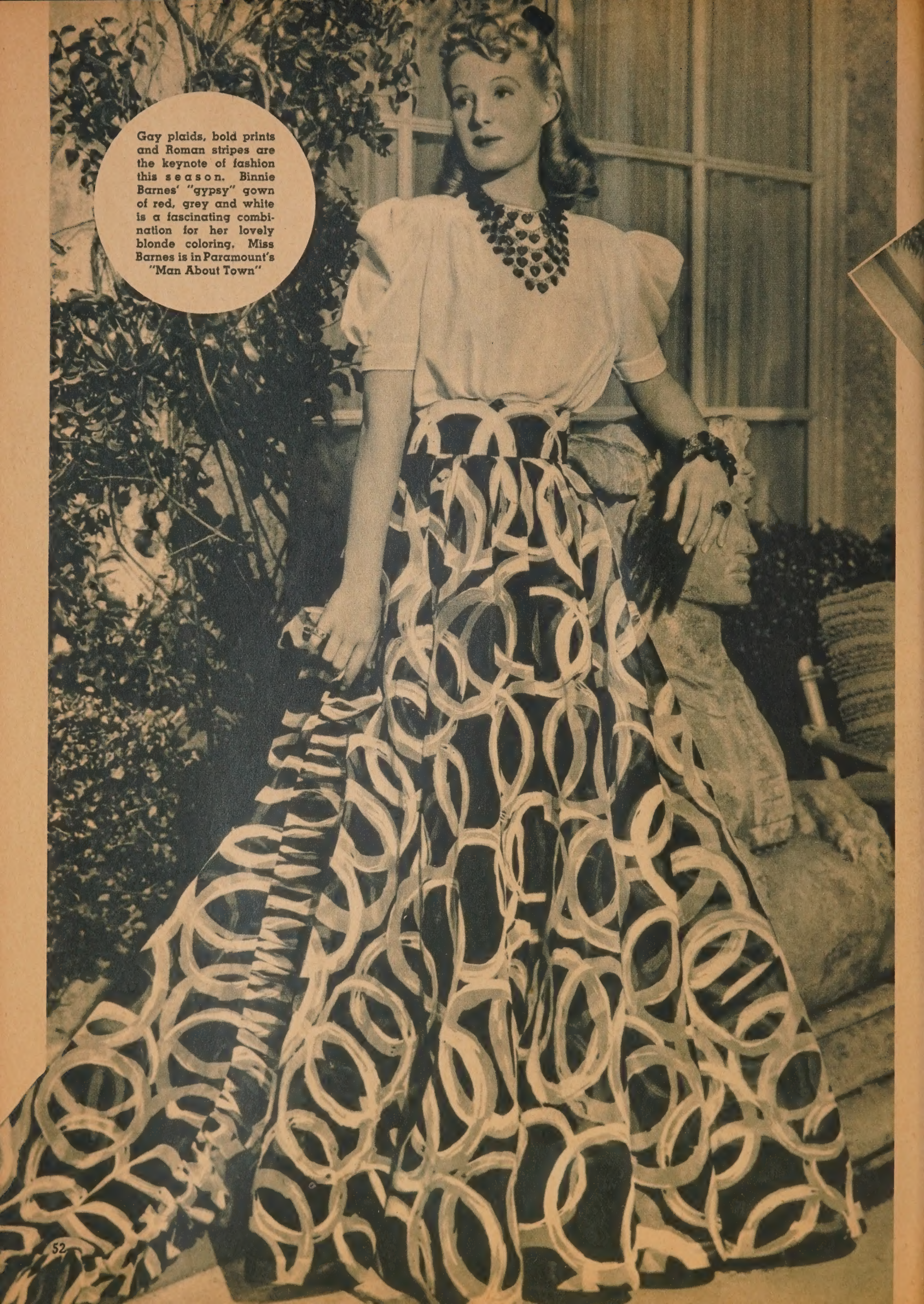
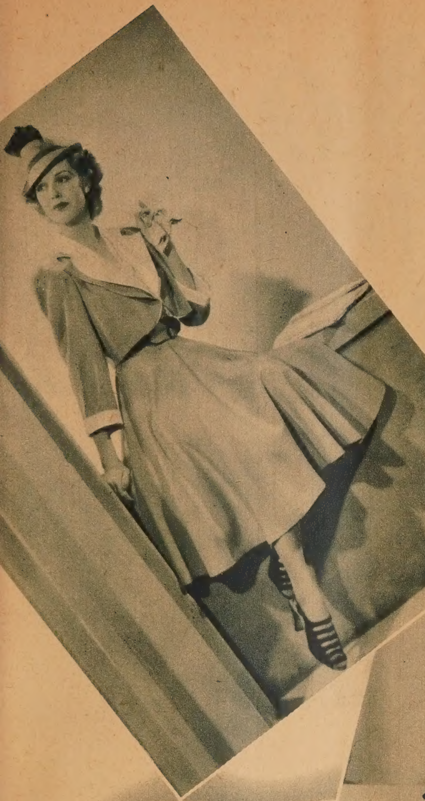
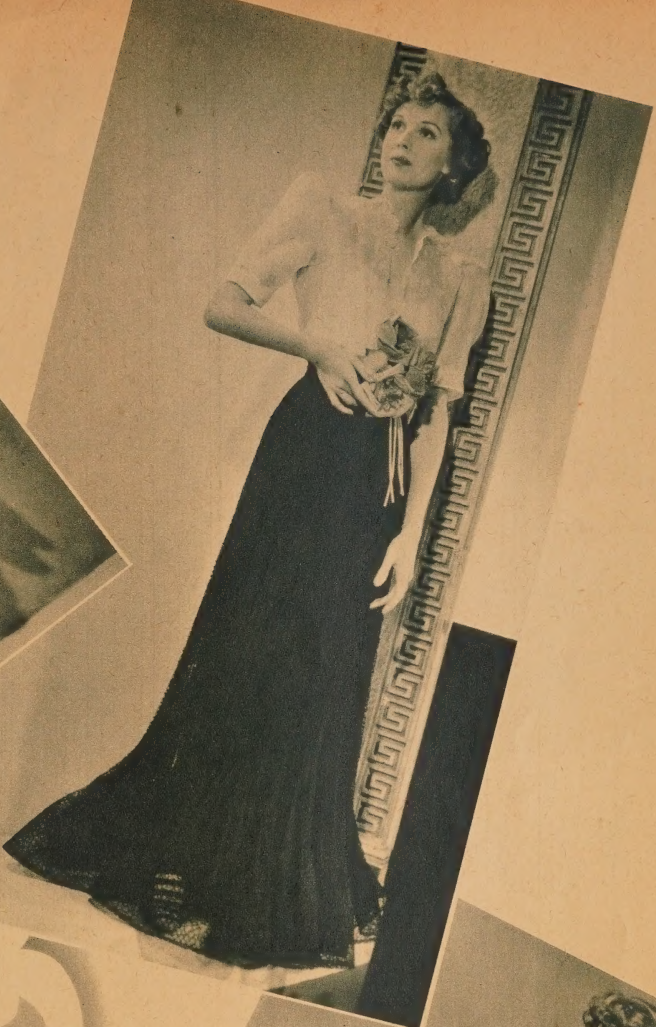


Gay plaids, bold prints and Roman stripes are the keynote of fashion this season. Binnie Barnes' "gypsy" gown of red, grey and white is a fascinating combination for her lovely blonde coloring. Miss Barnes is in Paramount's "Man About Town"

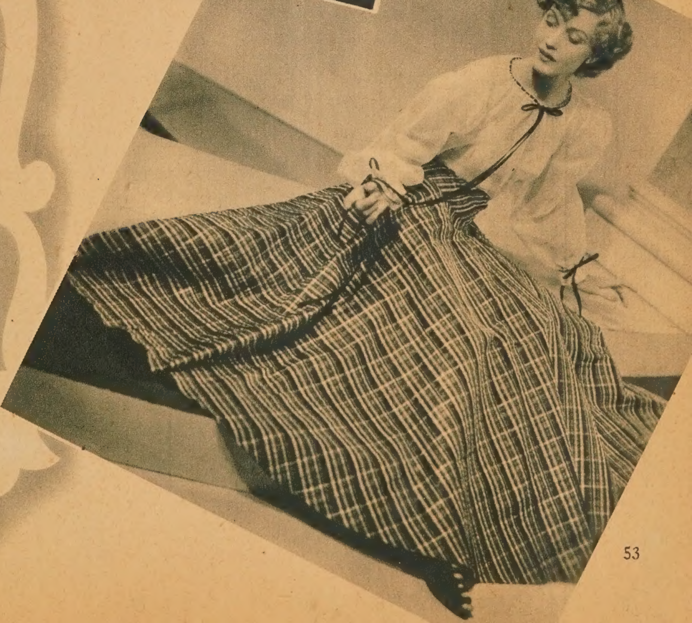




Top: Crisp and spring-like is Anita Louise's suit of rough grey silk with draped white jersey blouse and trim bolero jacket. Miss Louise will soon be seen in the Twentieth Century-Fox film, "The Gorilla"

Anita's "shirtwaist" dinner dress (center) is formalized by a finely pleated skirt of black lace, a dainty blouse of white embroidered organdie and three large scarlet roses

It's the gypsy in our souls . . . Anita's "gypsy" dress is plaid surah in bold colors of scarlet, green, blue and white. The blouse is white organdie and is threaded with velvet ribbon



SNOBS BEWARE!

FONDA AT WORK

By

MARY

JACOBS

THE director of the University Players, an impoverished group of young actors, didn't mince words. "Half of Cape Cod society will be at the dinner tonight," he cautioned the young troupe. "All the people who can help us financially will be there. Be on your best behavior. Wear your finest clothes. Remember, you are our good-will ambassadors. And unless we raise money, we may have to drop the whole business."

That night Maggie Sullavan, Jimmie Stewart, Joshua Logan, John Swope, and Myron McCormick appeared, the men resplendent in dinner jackets; the girls in lovely, colorful evening dresses.

Six-thirty. Seven o'clock. Only Hank Fonda, of all the players, was missing. "Poor boy," they thought, "he must be having quite a job borrowing proper clothes. He's got so little."

Suddenly they heard a terrific noise in the street. Hank, who was wearing old overalls, drove up in front of the house in a truck. Hank and the uninvited stage hands, all wearing dungarees, clambered out and began their triumphant march to the door.

It was too late to intercept them. Hank walked in, as unconcerned and poised as you please.

The moment the hostess saw him she froze. The company got no backing.

But that was Hank's way of thumbing his nose at stuffed shirts and their social affectations.

I spoke to about a dozen people who know Hank intimately; to his cousin, Dow Fonda and to Charlie Arnt, both of whom are appearing in the New York stage play, *Knickerbocker Holiday;* to John Swope, Myron McCormick, Kent Smith, Frieda Altman, Julie Dorr, Dorothy Schueller—people who have known him since the crazy, joyful days of the University Players of West Falmouth, where Hank really got started on his cockeyed career.

They all agree that while he's loyal to the core, will do anything for a laugh and will take a chance on almost anything, his most pronounced characteristic is his unwillingness to kow-tow to anyone.

Always he has delighted in showing up the foibles of snobs, even back in the days when he was a 16-year-old student at the Central High School of Omaha. After saving laboriously, he amassed $10 with which he bought the most battered old model T Ford extant in Omaha, a jalopy so dilapidated it was considered remarkable that it ran. Already a favorite with the ladies, Hank didn't lack for company in his car. He and his companions often startled the staid citizens late at night with their noise and antics. At school, Hank noticed the daughter of the town's wealthiest business man. Raised in luxury, this girl felt

[*Continued on page* 83]

This exclusive photo shows Fonda with Myron McCormick in summer stock. Fonda's latest film was *Alexander Graham Bell*

Peeresses of the British Realm

FOLLOW TODAY'S EXTRA SKIN CARE

Titled U. S. Visitor—The Lady Ursula Stewart, sister of the Earl of Shrewsbury, has seen much of the United States. "I always use Pond's to cleanse and soften my skin."

Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Mayo. Deeply interested in acting, **The Lady Betty Bourke** has studied 4 terms at the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. She believes in the new skin care with "skin-vitamin" in Pond's.

Britain's Titled Ladies

CREAM

EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN"

INTO THEIR SKIN*

Often Sings at charity affairs—**The Lady Alexandra Haig,** daughter of the late Earl Haig, Britain's famous military figure. "Now that 'skin-vitamin' is in Pond's Cold Cream, I'm even more enthusiastic about using it."

Royalty Attended Her Wedding—The Lady Grenfell, snapped at Ascot. When skin lacks Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. "I use Pond's to help supply this 'skin-vitamin.'"

In Smart Society Journals, photographs of the charming **Lady Morris** often appear. "Pond's is famous for smoothing skin—adds **sparkle** and **glamour** to my make-up!"

SOCIETY BEAUTIES USE POND'S
POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR

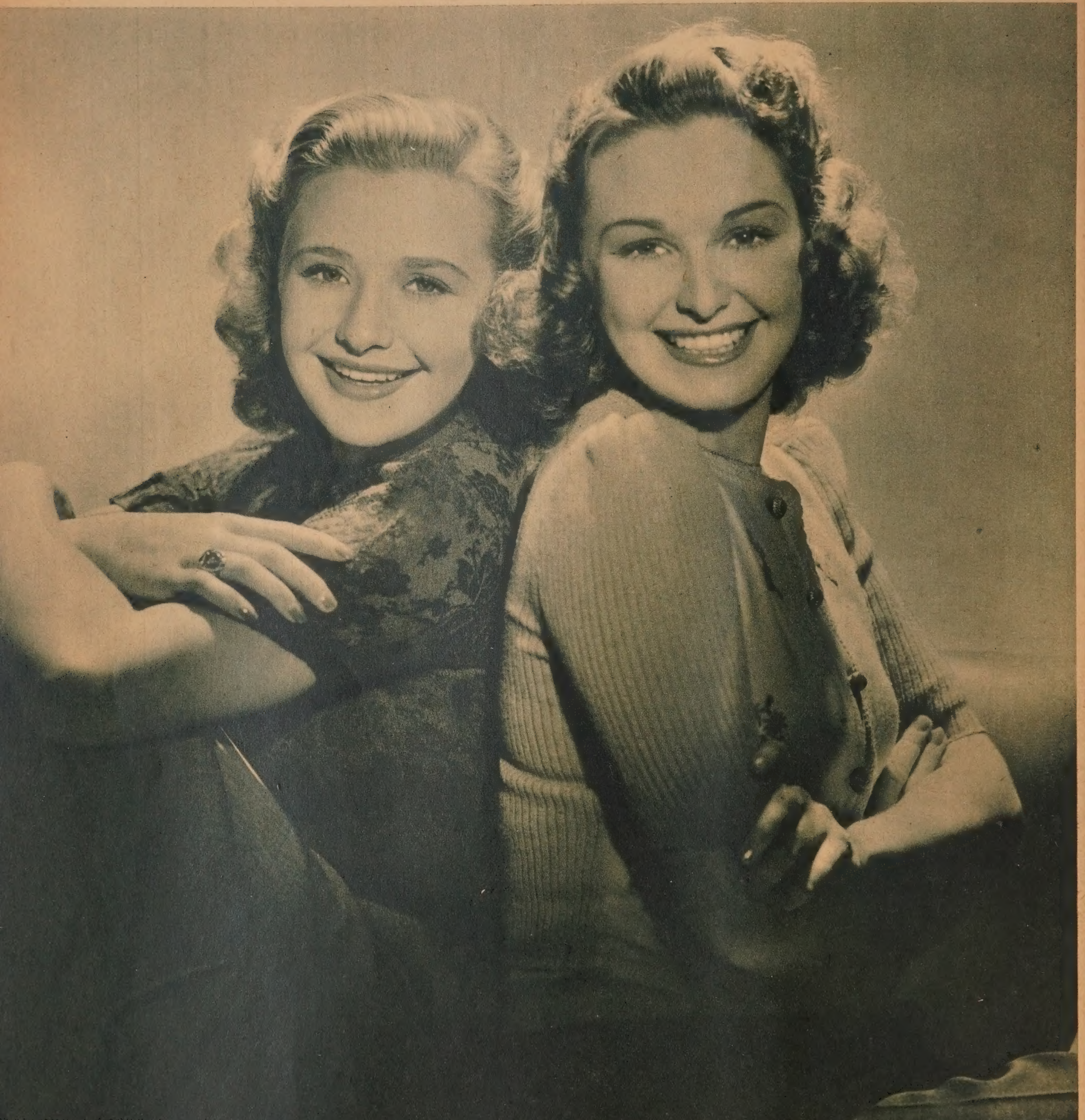
In Britain, as in America, smart society women are quick to grasp the meaning of the new skin care. **Vitamin A,** the "skin-vitamin" so necessary to skin health, is now in every jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Skin that lacks this vitamin becomes rough and dry. But when "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's night and morning and before make-up. Same jars, same labels, same prices.

* Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method.

Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

Rosemary and *Priscilla* LANE

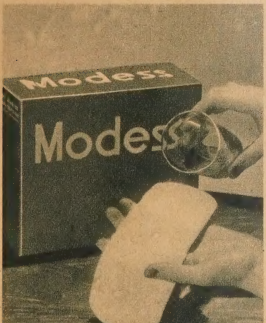


Priscilla, left, and Rosemary will next be seen in Warner Bros. film, "American Family"

Kitty had a "go home" complex

Kitty can be balky as a mule sometimes! Just as we were coming out of the movies, Steve drove up in his new roadster with Freddy and Joe and Mary Devine. They had some swell new dance records and were going over to Joe's house to play them. Naturally, I wanted to go along. But not Kitty! She was in one of her "go home" moods . . . and she was hardly even polite.

Well—I was pretty peeved! "Kitty," I said, as we walked on, "sometimes you're a regular stick-in-the-mud! What makes you act so queer?" "I can't help it," she mumbled. "I worry at certain times of the month. Think how embarrassing . . . how horrible, if . . ." "Listen," I interrupted: "I can cure that go-home complex in one lesson!"



So—when we got to my house, I made her come in. First I explained she could have peace of mind with Modess. Then I showed her *why!* I got some water and dropped it on the moisture-resistant backing from a Modess pad—and she saw, with her own eyes, how safe Modess is!

"It's wonderful! I'll feel so safe now," she beamed. "Yes—and you'll be more comfortable, too," I added, "because Modess is a 'fluff-type' napkin." Then I showed her the soft, fluffy Modess filler—so different from napkins made of close-packed layers! "Yet Modess costs no more," I told her.

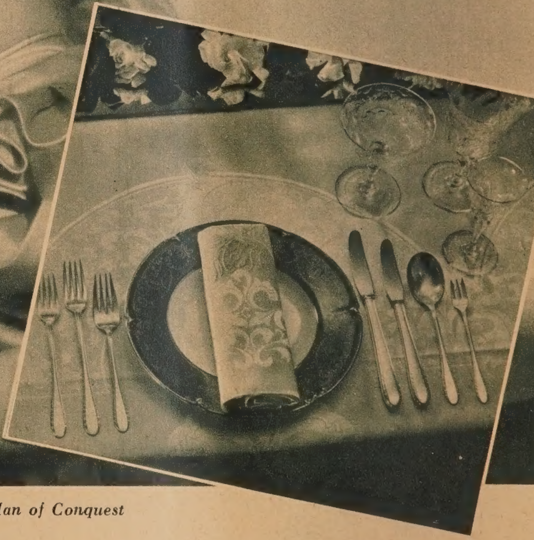
Well—it was Kitty herself who insisted on going back to Joe's! The crowd was still there when we arrived . . . and did we have a marvelous time! Kitty was her old "life-of-the-party" self again . . . and believe me, when Joe's mother invited us to stay on for a pick-up supper, I didn't hear a peep out of Kitty about having to go home! Modess certainly cured *that* complex, all right . . . just as I knew it would!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR "MODESS JUNIOR")

Selecting the Bride's Silver

Every woman is proud of her silver and the perfection of detail in serving meals



Lovely Joan Fontaine as she appears in the Republic production, *Man of Conquest*

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"HERE Comes the Bride!"

Down the aisle comes the shimmering vision in white, while the deep chords of the wedding march play the couple down the steps to a laughing group of friends who express their many good wishes for the newlyweds by showering them with confetti, rice and old shoes.

First the Bride—and next the Hostess!

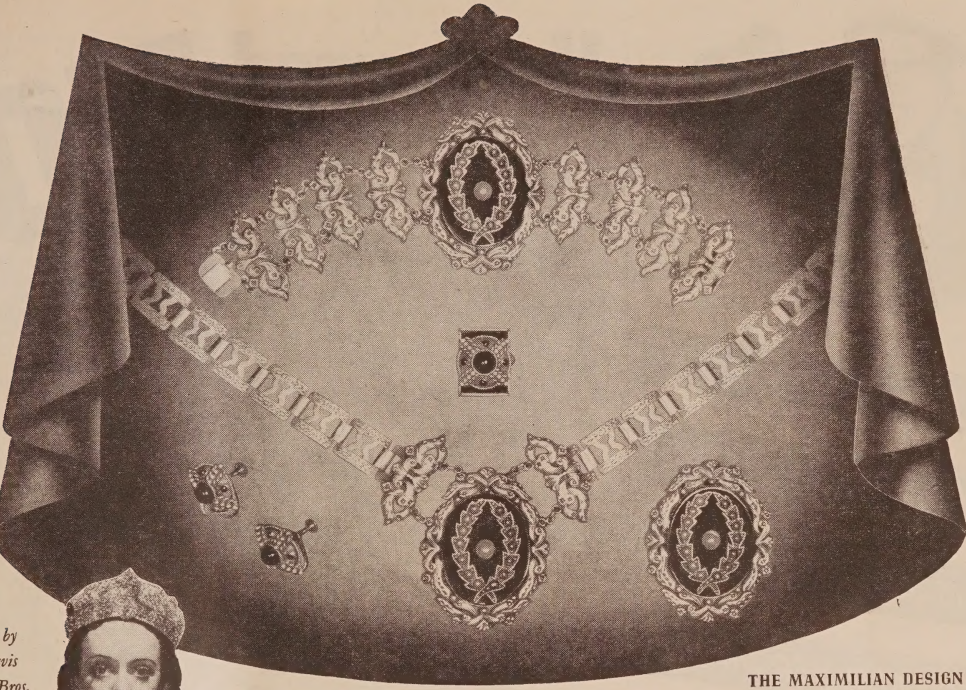
For among the first interests of the bride on the return from her honeymoon are plans for entertaining her friends. She feels that she must repay the many social obligations made during her engagement, and in addition she is anticipating with pride showing off her new home and its many beautiful furnishings and gifts.

Selecting the bride's set of silver may be one of the most pleasurable tasks of the bride and groom themselves. Choosing a pattern, and selecting each lovely gleaming piece of flatware is fun! Each young woman has her individual ideas of taste, design, and preference, and generally recognizes a particular pattern as "her very own." Talking it all over with the groom is a good idea, because he knows that smart entertaining of business associates on the part of his pretty, young wife is more than half the battle along the road to his business success. It helps establish him on the 'right footin',' and increases his pride and pleasure, too, in his new home. The young husband is also interested in a practical, thrifty, pay-out-of-income plan for buying fine silver which will prove a genuine longtime investment.

Selecting a set of silver "flatware" (knives, forks, and spoons, etc.,) or choosing separate pieces of "hollow ware" (tea-set, candlesticks, bowl or tray, etc.,) is also pleasurable to the one considering a gift of silver to the bride, or for any other social occasion or anniversary. In either case, it is well for the prospective bride or buyer to be familiar with the following secrets of silverware.

Larger Sets Give Complete Service

EVERY woman likes to be proud of her lovely table and the perfection of the details in serving her meals. But *she cannot have such satisfaction if she doesn't have enough silver!* Everyone has seen the embarrassment of the young hostess who was forced to excuse [*Continued on page* 86]



THE MAXIMILIAN DESIGN

Crossed palms of simulated garnets and pearls, on black plastic panel. Antique gold finish.

As worn by
Bette Davis
in Warner Bros.
epochal drama,
"Juarez"

This Glamour CAN BE YOURS

With heirloom jewelry definitely *in,* what more thrilling costume accessories imaginable than these divine adaptations from the Empress' priceless court jewels in Warner Bros.' $2,000,000 production, "Juarez."

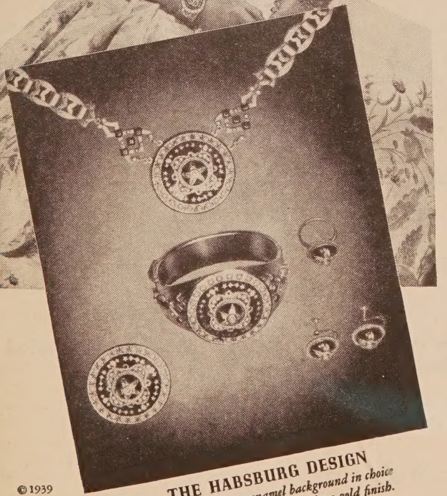
BRIMMING WITH ROMANCE

Each ring, each clip, each earring, each stunning bracelet and lovely necklace enshrines in stone and metal the tender devotion of the Empress for her beloved, tragically-fated Maximilian. How easily these fascinating accessories lead from the romantic past to the romantic present! See them

NOW AT YOUR FAVORITE SHOP

Each piece bears the celebrated imprint of Ricarde of Hollywood, who designed these authorized, authentic adaptations.

There are five complete "Juarez" ensembles (two as shown). Choose not one but several – one for each costume, each occasion. Or select individual pieces . . . priced unexpectedly low, from 1.95 to 7.50.



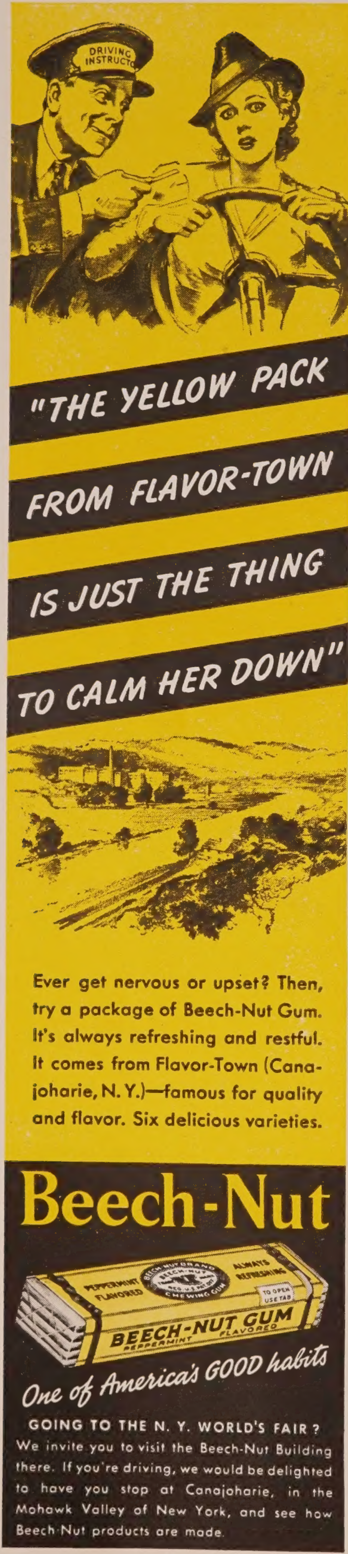
THE HABSBURG DESIGN

Simulated pearls on enamel background in choice of blue, red, ivory or green. Antique gold finish.

©1939

"CREATIONS BY *Ricarde* OF HOLLYWOOD"

For name of your nearest dealer write to: HOLLYWOOD JEWELRY PRODUCTS, INC.
6636 HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD ★ HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA



DRIVING INSTRUCTOR
"THE YELLOW PACK FROM FLAVOR-TOWN IS JUST THE THING TO CALM HER DOWN"

Ever get nervous or upset? Then, try a package of Beech-Nut Gum. It's always refreshing and restful. It comes from Flavor-Town (Canajoharie, N.Y.)—famous for quality and flavor. Six delicious varieties.

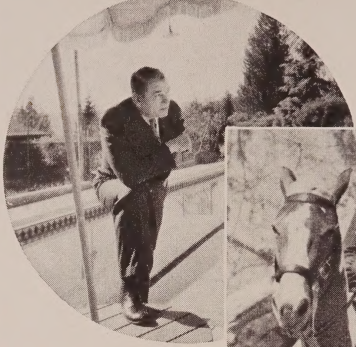
Beech-Nut

BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING

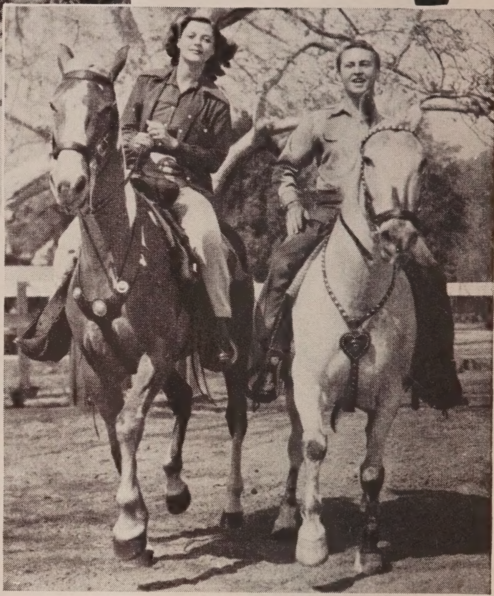
One of America's GOOD habits

GOING TO THE N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR? We invite you to visit the Beech-Nut Building there. If you're driving, we would be delighted to have you stop at Canajoharie, in the Mohawk Valley of New York, and see how Beech-Nut products are made.

Hollywood HO!



Victor McLaglen, host for Fawcett's Movieland Tour No. 2, is pictured at his estate, LaCanada, one of California's show places



Lovely Irene Hervey and hubby Allan Jones, hosts for Tour No. 1, invite you to attend a cocktail party at their Bel-Air Stables where many famed personalities will be present

NOW is the time to make plans for the gayest, happiest holiday you ever spent. TODAY is the day to make the few simple arrangements which will bring you a glorious, two weeks' vacation trip to the town you've always wanted to visit—HOLLYWOOD!

There's still room for you aboard the Movieland Special on either of its two transcontinental journeys to sunny California this summer. But you'd better hurry. Because this year's Movieland Tours are going to be more thrilling, and therefore even more popular than any we have ever sponsored.

"I don't know of words to express our thanks for the grand time we both had," wrote Mrs. G.H.B., who took her daughter on the first Tour last summer. "I have traveled quite a bit but I have never been with a nicer, better behaved crowd of people."

"A tour like yours is the ideal way to travel—no fuss, no responsibility," H.K. wrote us. "It was a grand trip, a wonderful and unforgetable experience."

Those letters and many others like them which poured into our offices from enthusiastic members of last year's Tours were unsolicited. They tell you better than any professional ad writer could tell you what a gloriously exciting holiday awaits you in Fawcett Publications' Movieland Tours.

This year's Tourists will not only be

USE THIS COUPON

MOVIELAND TOURS
360 North Michigan Boulevard
Chicago, Ill.
Dear Sirs:

Without obligation on my part, send me your complete, illustrated booklet describing the Movieland Tours.

Name ....
Address ....
City ....
State SB-2

entertained by celebrated movie stars in their own homes, visit the great sound stages and watch the hits of tomorrow being filmed, go behind the scenes in the movieland capital of the world—*but*, as an added fillip to a trip filled with thrills, the members of the 1939 Movieland Tours will visit San Francisco's magnificent $50,000,000 Golden Gate International Exposition.

WAITING to greet members of the first Tour, arriving in Hollywood on July 21, will be Allan Jones and his beautiful wife Irene Hervey, one of the most popular couples in Hollywood. For you they have arranged a cocktail party at the swank Bel-Air Stables, which Jones owns and operates with film star Robert Young. Allan and Irene have invited many of their friends, picture personalities known the world over, to help them entertain you at this gay and informal party.

Guests of the second Tour, arriving in the movie capital on August 11, will attend a private party specially arranged for them by the ever popular Victor McLaglen, whose magnificent estate at LaCanada is one of California's show places.

With the exception of these private parties in Hollywood, both Movieland Tours are identical in itinerary.

Special trains consisting of air-conditioned observation-lounge and dining cars and specially constructed luxury sleepers will leave Chicago on Saturday, July 15, and on Saturday, August 5. From the moment the Movieland Special pulls out the Windy City's Union Station until it returns, reluctantly, exactly two weeks later, the only thing you will have to do is enjoy yourself.

The westbound train trip has been carefully planned to enable you to see the most thrilling and glorious highlights of the American panorama. Pausing frequently to let its passengers enjoy the marvelous scenery or visit spots of historical importance, the Movieland Special will travel across country through Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington.

After a never-to-be-forgotten six-day journey the Movieland Tourists will arrive in Hollywood. And there, personally escorted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's West Coast staff, you will see everything there is to see in the Land of Make Believe. You will lunch at studio commissaries crowded with actors and actresses still wearing their costumes and grease paint, will see the stars at work and play, meet and talk with them. For three breathlessly exciting days you will do all the things you have always dreamed of doing in glamorous Hollywood.

Reluctance at leaving the movie capital will vanish when the Tourists arrive in San Francisco for a two-day visit to the great Golden Gate Exposition on Treasure Island. Evening of the second day you will board a luxurious river steamer for an overnight trip to Sacramento, where you will rejoin your special train for the homeward journey. Homeward-bound the Movieland Special follows a southerly route, stopping at Reno, Salt Lake City and Denver.

We couldn't begin to tell you in one short article all the thrills that have been arranged for you. Naturally you'll want more information about this fascinating vacation plan. To get it, at absolutely no cost or obligation, simply clip the coupon accompanying this article and send it off right away. In return you'll get a handsome, free, illustrated booklet describing the 1939 Movieland Tours.

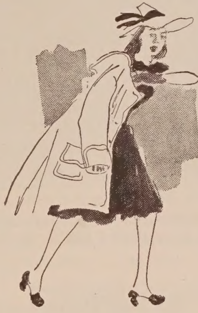
Think of it—a two-weeks' vacation tour to Hollywood at a cost no greater than the price of a round-trip railroad ticket! It's the chance of a lifetime. So don't delay. Mail the coupon today!

MARY GOT 3 MYSTERIOUS LETTERS
—WITH NO SIGNATURES!

"The first made me furious!"

The neigborhood busybodies are saying plenty behind your back. I won't tell you my name, but take it from a friend, you'd better do something to get tattle-tale gray out of your clothes!

"The second made me fly into action!"



I've warned you—but the gossips still raging. Don't you know its left-over dirt that makes your clothes look so dingy? Stop using lazy soaps! Change to Fels-Naptha like I did and see how its richer golden soap and lots of naptha put tattle-tale gray to flight!

"The third made me happy as a lark!"

Smart girl! I've seen you trotting out of the grocer's with Fels-Naptha Soap and you've certainly turned the tables by taking my advice. Your washes now look so gorgeously white, all the little busybodies on the block are cheering instead of jeering.

P.S. Nobody may take the trouble to warn you, but there's bound to be plenty of neighborhood gossip if *your* clothes are full of tattle-tale gray.

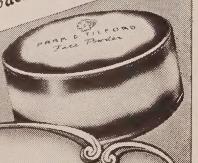
Why take a chance? Ask your grocer for Fels-Naptha Soap today and pin up the whitest, brightest washes that ever flapped in a breeze! COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

I've found the ONE face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. This exquisite powder looks and feels velvety ... naturally lovely, even at night, and stays on unbelievably long! ... Park & Tilford Face Powder is delightfully scented. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Go today and see what the glamorous, youthful Skin-Tone shades of Park & Tilford Face Powder will do for you!



$1 and 50¢ sizes. Trial size at ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD Face Powder

New FOOT RELIEF

Instantly Stops Pain Caused by Shoe Pressure, Friction

Easily cut to any size or shape

Apply Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX on corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions or tender spots on feet or toes caused by new or tight shoes—pain stops! Removes the cause—shoe friction and pressure. Cut this velvety-soft, cushioning foot plaster to any desired size or shape and apply it. Flesh color. At Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores. For FREE Sample and Foot Booklet, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Dept. K, Chicago

Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX FOOT PLASTER

THE POSTMAN RINGS

Robert Young reads a letter from a mutual friend to Annabella between scenes of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's *Bridal Suite*, in which the two stars are teamed for the first time

William Macauley

$15.00 Prize Letter

Lessons in Americanism

DEAR EDITOR:

With all kinds of 'isms' hovering over us at a critical time like this it is very pleasing to see Americanism pervading the screen.

With stories like *Stagecoach*, the forthcoming *Union Pacific* and many other patriotic pictures being filmed or in the various stages of preparation the American screen is rendering a service that no other medium can.

It is teaching us, the present generation, the principles which the early people of America fought for and which have been preserved at the highest cost.

Liberty, democracy and American advancement have been too dearly bought to be torn asunder by unpatriotic fanatics, and it is the light and the daring of the screen that is keeping Americans informed against the evil 'isms' of traitors.—*William Macauley, 28 Daviston Street, Springfield, Mass.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Pipe-Dream Impressions

DEAR EDITOR:

FRED ASTAIRE: Pan in top hat. Champagne bubbles. Joy teasing gloom. Small boy waiting to snowball high hats.

MERLE OBERON: Oriental princess in middy blouse. Lotus blooming in English garden.

NED SPARKS: Ex-husband writing alimony check. Atheist at revival meeting. Dyspeptic literati listening to Little Bessie recite "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck."

JOAN BLONDELL: The farmer's daughter sipping cocktails. Bouncing baby grows up. Milk-fed chorus girl.

JACK LA RUE: Monk in a pool parlor. Satan longing for forgiveness.

LUISE RAINER: Champagne in a child's drinking cup. Innocence winking at temptation.

GRETA GARBO: Pale sunlight on a lonely seashore. An exiled queen. An iceland poppy transplanted to the tropics.—*Dee Chapman, 826 South Carondelet Street, Los Angeles, Calif.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

$5.00 Prize Letter

Mangled Stories

DEAR EDITOR:
Why should Hollywood producers continue to disgust the reading public by putting out the screen version of best sellers with only the title left of the original story? Before the release of the best-seller picture, we are deluged with advertising matter telling how brilliantly the book has been transferred to the screen. We, who have thrilled to the book, flock to the theatre and see the same old story we have seen many times before.

Sometimes the picture is not too bad, but it is never a duplicate of the book. The literature lovers deserve some consideration. It is getting so bad that we have to go to the comedies and Class 'B' pictures to keep from seeing fine books murdered on the silver screen.—*J. R. Hollis, 516 Rapp Street, Littleton, Colorado.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Protege

DEAR EDITOR:
O, golly, gee? Why can't I be
A famous actress of the flicks,
And be acclaimed by young and old
Each time the camera rolls and clicks?

Carole Lombard is a lucky girl
To rate that burly Gable boy
Perhaps it would be fun to be
Too-Hot-To-Handle Myrna Loy.

When Garbo blinks or Shearer smiles,
Wirephotos quickly send the flash.
If I should make the news one day,
Would people call it bunk and trash?

Miss Gaynor is a winsome lass
And I am just her size and age.
Why can't I play her fragile type
And be the cinematic rage?

I exercise and starve myself
And imitate a siren's grace;
But when I take a picture test,
A movie contract leaves no trace.

Vivian Nail, 603 N.W. 24th St. Oklahoma City, Okla.

$1.00 Prize Letter

Young in Heart

DEAR EDITOR:
Reminiscing through the family album, my granddaughter said, "Grandmother, you looked older then than you do now!" Born in a bi-petticoated age, when young ladies were not allowed to dance, when any attempt to develop grace of body or beauty of feature was branded as a mark of Satan, I was old at 30. Yet, at 70, I am living my life over again in the movies!

With the advent of the films a latent talent was awakened in women. They clamored for the beauty secrets of the glamor girls and their cry was answered by the make-up experts who generously revealed their magic tricks through the beauty columns, fashion shorts and star interviews.

Modern women, in the parlance of a recent picture, are *Going Places* because they have developed this talent through the genius of make-up experts, who have truly given us "life more abundantly."—*Mrs. M. J. Lavelle, 5520 Fourth Street., N. W., Washington, D. C.*

"Suffering cats, Judy, did you hear the door slam? Daddy is fit to be tied. How long's that baby next door been crying, anyway? Something's got to be done or we'll *all* be in the doghouse!"

"Now, Joan, keep your shirt on. Listen—I'll tell you something . . ."

". . . that's a prickly heat cry if I ever heard one. And I told Mother to run over with our Johnson's Baby Powder and put some Where it Will Do the Most Good. A silky, cooling Johnson's rubdown—that's the way to make him pipe down, I said. So she's over there now . . ."

"Look at Daddy—isn't he a scream? He can't make out why the noise has stopped." . . ."Minute ago he wanted to smack that baby—now he's scared somebody really has". . ."Don't look so worried, Daddy! It was just Johnson's Baby Powder!"

Johnson's Baby Powder

"Feel a pinch of our Johnson's—isn't it slick? Such nice soft, soft talc—and no orris-root either. Won't you get some? It's such an inexpensive way to make a baby happy!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Curve Service

[Continued from page 47]

together, arms stretched in front. Bend forward till you can almost touch the tips of your toes—and then make a final effort and really touch them. If at first you don't succeed, try, try again. When you've become proficient at doing this from a sitting position, try lying flat on your back, and lifting yourself up (no touching or pushing the floor with your hands!), over and forward. This is grand for limbering up the thighs as well as slimming down the tummy! (3)

In a sitting position again. Spread your legs at a 45 or 60 degree angle, arms out at sides. Lean forward and touch the right hand to the left foot, then back to position. Now touch the *left* hand to the *right* foot. And back. Repeat and repeat. (4)

Try this same exercise in a standing position. Feet apart, body erect, arms shoulder high at sides. Bend over, touching the right hand to the left foot, stand erect, then reverse, with the left hand going down. Stretch both arms to let your shoulder and bust muscles in on this exercise. (5)

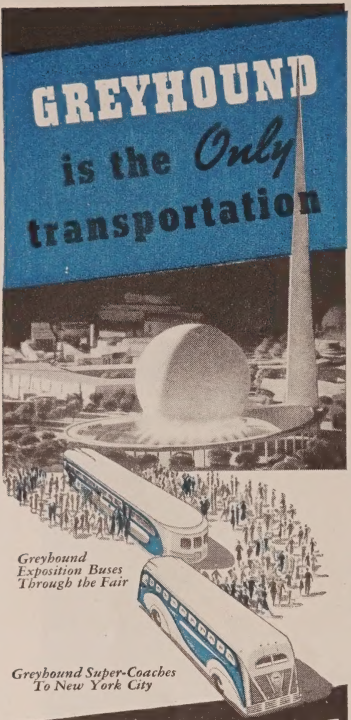
Your Under Pinnings. This takes in your hips, your thighs and your ankles. All of which are very important in dancing, no matter how full and concealing your skirt may be. And, of course, very visible on the beach.

Lie on your back, feet together. Slowly lift your legs off the floor and stretch them up high above your head. Support yourself on your shoulders and elbows, with hands holding your waist. Then bicycle. Or bring one knee down to your forehead, toe pointed to the other; alternate ten times, then return legs *slowly* to floor. (6)-(7)

Roll over on your tummy to relax a minute before starting this exercise. Now stretch arms in front. *Lift* your arms and legs off the floor, letting the stomach do the supporting this time. Spread your legs about six inches apart, and kick them alternately. Like a feather or flutter kick in the crawl swimstroke. Point your toes and stretch your ankles. Feel that pull all down your legs? (8)

Your Carriage. All these hop-hop-hop dances mean you've got to have good balance.

Five male members of M-G-M's "Our Gang Comedy" are conspiring to play a mean trick on Darla Hood. But Darla is aware of the "Gang's" antics and is fully protected against a surprise shower


GREYHOUND is the Only transportation
Greyhound Exposition Buses Through the Fair
Greyhound Super-Coaches To New York City

TO and THROUGH
the NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

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Remember those deep-knee bending exercises you used to do in high school gym? They're just as good today. If you're a bit unsteady at first, spread your feet five or six inches apart. But remember to keep your back straight as an arrow, and to bend all the way down till you almost sit on your heels. Up again, rising on your toes, then down on your heels and drop hands at side. Repeat ten times. (9)

Are you a jerker, a bouncer, or do you glide into a room? Tall girls (and I mean anyone over five feet three) should glide along in stately manner, swinging their legs from the hips, and stepping first on the toes, then dropping the weight to the ball of the foot. Never walk on your heels. Shorter women can adopt a quicker, bouncier walk—but still with a swing from the hip. Walking with book on head, to music, in front of a mirror, is good.

Does your derriere look like a bustle? Don't let it. Pretend you're crossing a busy street, a taxi comes tearing along—and pull in behind! Keep that posture as you walk.

Or do you lead with your shoulders, and let your chest cave in? Try lifting your shoulders up, (can you touch them to your ears?) then swing them back until you almost pinch the shoulder blades together. Now drop them to a normal position. And hold your head erect, chinline parallel to floor. Try to lift your earlobes and your 'chunky' gold earrings as far above your shoulders as possible. Then keep that head as high as Queen Mary's when you walk.

Five minutes of exercising morning and night should be enough. And it will prove a lot more effective than half an hour—once

[*Continued on page* 66]

Claire Trevor selects a three-piece yellow print cotton playsuit for vacation days, and wears a novel necklace of sea-shells

"Oh mother...won't you EVER stop running my life!"

Ignoring her mother's well-meant advice she chose to be modern instead!

MOTHER: Why...Alice!!!...I'm only trying to help you!

ALICE: I know you are, mother. But isn't it only fair to let me bring up the baby in my own way?

MOTHER: Oh well...if *that's* the way you feel about it...But you might remember that I know *something* about babies. I raised you, didn't I?

ALICE: Yes, but that was 25 years ago...

ALICE: You see, mother, times have changed. There are BETTER methods of raising babies today. The doctor said that everything I give him should be made *especially* for him.

ALICE: He prescribed a *special* food formula ...told me to use *special* baby powder...He even recommended a *special* baby laxative!

MOTHER: Gracious! A *special laxative, too?*

ALICE: Why certainly! Wouldn't it be risky to give him anything but a special child's laxative? That's why the doctor suggested Fletcher's Castoria. It's made especially for a baby's needs. It's so gentle...yet as thorough as can be.

MOTHER: But will he take it? You know how persnikity he is about new things.

ALICE: The doctor said *even the taste* of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. Surely, it's good to know we're giving him a nice-tasting laxative that's safe, too!

Chas. H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially and ONLY for children

a week. Be sure that you're dressed (or undressed) for your exercises, so that skirts and girdles don't get in the way. And exercise before an open window if not outdoors.

Even when you've limbered up and slimmed down for dancing you won't be quite ready to step out on the dance floor. Why not? Because both dancing and exercising are warm work. They set those perspiration glands to working overtime. They make you "glow," as our mothers used to say.

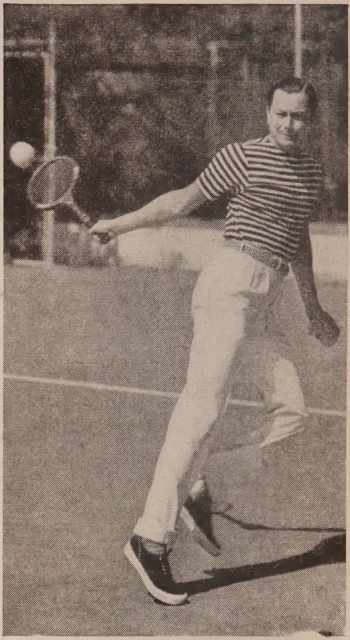
I've nothing against perspiration as such. It's a perfectly normal body function. If we didn't perspire we'd get a lot warmer than we do. But I have a lot of prejudice against the practice of letting perspiration accumulate on the skin. Because when it does, it begins to decompose or decay. That's what causes perspiration odor.

There are tiny perspiration glands all over your body, and all of them work constantly to give off about *two pints* of perspiration daily. That's why you should be careful to bathe twice a day and remove all the accumulated perspiration. But that's not enough. The sweat glands are more thickly clustered in certain parts of the body, and because they are thickly clustered, they seem to work overtime there. In the armpits, on the back between the shoulders, around the waist. You'll notice the moistness on warm, humid days, and when you're wearing heavy, tight clothing. Bathing won't stop it—or not for long. A perspiration corrective is necessary for complete daintiness.

If you're the type of girl who likes to get a thing over and done with, you'll like the perspiration "stop" I'm going to tell you about. Apply the liquid anti-perspirant directly from the bottle to your armpits at bedtime—the glands are less active then, you know. Drift off to sleep, and then rinse the armpits in the morning. When you apply the liquid in this way, you give yourself three days protection from perspiration nuisance. The liquid acts in much the same way an astringent does to tighten the pores. It checks the perspiration locally, reroutes it to other less thickly clustered sweat glands so there's no harm done—and lots of good! Two applications a week should be enough. If you're in a hurry, you might like to try leaving the liquid on fifteen minutes, for two days' protection, before rinsing, or three minutes for a day's protection. This anti-perspirant is definitely not irritating to tender skin, and I know you'll like the way it keeps the underarm dry and immaculate. It comes in convenient applicator-topped bottles, priced at 35 and 60 cents. With a trial size at dime stores. Want the name?

FOR your cleansing and beautifying bath I'd love to have you try one of my favorite soaps. It's particularly mild, and kind to the most sensitive (and the most sunburned) skins. It removes all traces of excess oil, perspiration and accumulated dirt with a minimum of effort. Use the fragrant soap for your face, too—it helps keep your skin soft, smooth and lovely. It makes you feel—and look—refreshed on the warmest of summer days. Three cakes cost so little! Would you like me to send you the name?

Does a pesky corn in just the wrong spot spoil your dancing pleasure? I know what will help you! A stainless salve (smells like wintergreen candy) that you apply nightly. It dissolves the most stubborn corns—I know, because it did for me! Of course, you can't expect an over-night miracle. But if



Bob Young, an ardent tennis enthusiast, practices up on his technique on his private tennis court

You'll never know

HOW *your* HAIR CAN SPARKLE

until you use this thrilling new Halo Shampoo that removes dull film—and thus reveals the natural brilliance of your hair!

I'M THROUGH WITH OLD-STYLE SHAMPOOS THAT SO OFTEN LEAVE DULL FILM TO MAKE MY HAIR DRAB AND MESSY LIKE THIS!
NOW I USE HALO SHAMPOO BECAUSE IT REMOVES DULL FILM, SO MY HAIR GLISTENS AND SETS BEAUTIFULLY TOO!

Thousands hail amazing new HALO Shampoo! Not oil, not soap! Leaves your hair sparkling with natural lustre, manageable and soft as silk!

NO WONDER women cheer the thrilling new HALO SHAMPOO! For here is one liquid shampoo that beautifies *all* types of hair!

Yes! After a Halo shampoo, normal, oily or dry-looking hair of any color reveals breath-taking, natural highlights! Most astonishing—even "wild" hair is amazingly *manageable* after washing!

You will rejoice, too, once you see Halo's startling results! No matter what kind of hair *you* have—Halo will free it of dulling film, to uncover a glamorous, natural sparkle you never knew it possessed! So don't suffer any longer with shampoos that irritate the scalp. Don't suffer with unrinsable film so often left by many kinds of "old-style" shampoos . . . gummy film that holds the dirt and covers up the natural brilliance of your hair.

Try this remarkable new Halo Shampoo, today. And discover how radiant your hair really *can* be! Actual retouched photos show what a marvelous improvement this new shampoo may make. See the enchanting way your hair can gleam after a Halo shampoo! Results are exciting because Halo is utterly different in three ways.

FIRST: *Halo contains NO soap!* Thus it cannot leave sticky film on hair to hide natural lustre, as many "old-fashioned" shampoos often do. Yet Halo makes more lather than soap, in hardest water. One sudsing washes away dirt, loose dandruff and cloudy film often left by other shampoos. Lemon or vinegar rinses are not needed. You save time and trouble. Yet your hair is free of film . . . alluringly fragrant, cleaner, more brilliant than you probably ever dreamed possible.

SECOND: *Halo is NOT an oil!* Leaves hair soft, ready to set beautifully. But never greasy.

THIRD: *Halo contains NO harmful chemicals!* Does not irritate scalp. Colgate-Palmolive-Peet guarantees it is safe for normal, oily or dry hair. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

Thousands have thrilled to the natural beauty Halo reveals in the hair. And a single Halo shampoo will prove a revelation to you! Get this amazing HALO SHAMPOO at toilet goods counters. 10c, 50c and $1.00 bottles. Economical large sizes save money. Try Halo today. You, too, can have soft, lustrous hair this easy, new way!

AT ALL DRUG, DEPARTMENT AND 10c STORES

HALO SHAMPOO

FOR NORMAL, OILY AND DRY HAIR

you'll apply it faithfully I'm sure you'll notice your foot worries disappearing. Priced at 30 and 50 cents. Interested?

If you want to look frail and fragile this summer (and a lot of smart girls seem to be taking these "little girl" and 1900 fashions seriously) you'll want to wear a pinker shade of powder, a lipstick with a blue under-tone. I discovered the grandest trio of pink-toned cosmetics the other day. The powder is luscious—I've been wearing it with all my pinks and blues and violet shades, and I've had *more* people tell me how pretty I was looking! It's called orchid—but that doesn't half describe the shade. It's more a delicate rosy pink, with just the faintest blue under-tone. To go with it you should have the harmonizing orchid lipstick. It's just the right blue-red to make your teeth look whiter than ever before. Stays on by the hour, too. The third in the trio is nail polish, exactly matching the lipstick tone. I've found the polish very long lasting—it stays unchipped seven days when applied in two coats over a protective base. Each of these costs only a dime, and you can get larger sizes of the lipstick and face powder.

My last bit of news is about something else you'll want for your summer dancing evenings. Perfume. This one is priced at a quarter—astoundingly low for a quality perfume! I just couldn't make up my mind which of the four odors—Gardenia, Bouquet, Chypre and Orient—I liked best, so I took them all! They can serve as refills for my gold-finished "perfume bar," or can be used singly and the three dram bottles look very expensive and smart.

Write me before June 15 if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope when you write me, Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Exotic Steffi Duna, regarded as one of Hollywood's finest dancing actresses, dances again in Paramount's *The Magnificent Fraud*

...and Your "COME-CLOSER" SMILE won me!
..and IRIUM won me that "Come-closer" smile!
FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE USE
PEPSODENT POWDER
PEPSODENT BRAND Tooth Powder
PEPSODENT ALONE CONTAINS IRIUM New discovery that safely steps-up luster on teeth

IRIUM PUTS A PLUS IN PEPSODENT POWDER

Start today the IRIUM way to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth . . . reveal their full pearly luster!

● Help yourself . . . to a captivating "Come-Closer" Smile . . . start today the IRIUM WAY with Pepsodent Tooth Powder! Over 35 million sales prove that it *has what it takes!*

Because of IRIUM Pepsodent Tooth Powder is *extra effective.* For IRIUM, remarkable, different cleansing discovery, helps gently brush away unsightly surface-stains. See how quickly Pepsodent Powder can polish your teeth to a dazzling natural brilliance you never dreamed possible! . . . What's more, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is economical . . . thorough . . . SAFE. Contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Try it . . . today!

25¢ *and Larger Economy Size*

"You're Next, Mrs. Hornblow"

[*Continued from page* 35]

under Frank Capra's direction for Columbia. The three wandered into his little shop in San Mateo one evening, and wandered out with their arms filled with delicacies to tempt the most exotic appetite. They have remained his best customers ever since and were responsible to a large degree for the Byrnes' decision to locate permanently in Beverly Hills. Apparently it was a wise move, for at almost any hour you drop in the shop you'll find a Hollywood personality browsing among the displays of such cheeses as Stilton in White Port, Roquefort in Cognac and Cheddar in Sherry, or selecting a bottle of some such delectable fancy as English peaches in Benedictine.

"It isn't what she says and it isn't what she does, but somehow everyone in the shop is happy for days after one of Myrna's visits," Dick said.

"Of course, the whole world knows of Miss Loy's screen charm, but we know of her great charm from her personal visits to Scarletts," he explained. "Even at the risk of antagonizing all the other stars, I must say that for kindness and simplicity, none can remotely approach her. Never is she the great star. She expects no more attention than Mrs. John Jones or Mrs. Bill Brown."

Dick remembers all too well the Christmas eve when one bit of self-bestowed importance flounced into the shop which was one step from a madhouse during the Christmas rush. Everyone was tired, with nerves on edge. The "star" slammed a $.65 bottle of chutney on the counter, telling the Byrnes what they could do with it. The cork, it seems, had proved stubborn to remove and the little darling was in a rage about it.

By contrast, he remembers Myrna during that same Christmas rush. Her orders ran into big money, yet cognizant of how shorthanded the shop was at the moment, she sat quietly at a desk, wrote out her orders herself and addressed the delivery tags.

"And I have no doubt she would have packed the baskets too if we had asked her," Dick said.

He remembers another occasion on which she proved the kindness of her heart. An extra in one of her pictures at M-G-M was married. Myrna arranged for a big basket of delicacies for a wedding celebration to await the couple on their wedding night at their little apartment. Not only did she insist on the finest quality of every item but saw to it that the basket was beautifully decorated.

"That's why I say Mrs. Hornblow can cut cheese at our counter any time she wants to. Don't think she can't do it because she can and has many times," Dick concluded his eulogy.

John, the headwaiter at the Wilshire Brown Derby, is another who has served Myrna and is a tremendous fan as a result.

"Her outstanding quality is graciousness," he said. "In this town of make-believe she is a real lady. Never by a word or movement does she try to draw attention to herself. She enters the restaurant quietly (which is a great relief from the fanfare with which many of her sister stars announce themselves!), seeks an unobtrusive table if possible and pleasantly and courteously orders her food. Like all real ladies, she is appreciative of other's efforts to please her. My only criticism is that she does not give us the pleasure of her company half as often as we would like to have it!"

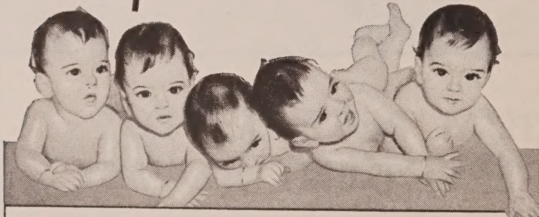
John remembers one has-been star who swept into the Derby the other night. After complaining about every dish that was set before her, she ordered *crepe suzettes.* It requires considerable skill, time and effort to concoct the little pancakes and sauce at the table the way the Derby serves them. John took special pains with them that night and finally placed before her a dish fit for a queen. The queen took one taste.

"Dreadful!" she said, pushing them away. "Really, one would think one could get a simple little thing like *crepe suzettes* in any *civilized* place!"

That from a girl who was making her own pancakes a few years back when she had the batter to flap! That's why John recalls another night and, as he said again, a real lady.

Myrna was dining with her husband, Arthur Hornblow, Jr. As the waitress leaned forward to place a glass of chilled tomato juice before Myrna, the stiffly starched short skirt of her uniform caught on the handle of the hot-table which was being wheeled by. The catch threw her off balance and the tomato juice drenched the front of Myrna's expensive dinner dress. It was an accident, of course, but lesser

Do you Remember when we were Born..?



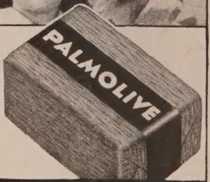
1934—The Dionne Quins, born May 28th, a miracle of modern medical science. Because of their premature birth, their skin was so sensitive that for months they were bathed only with *Olive Oil* . . . When the time came for soap and water baths, Dr. Dafoe decided that only Palmolive, the soap made with Olive Oil, was gentle enough for these precious babies!

© NEA Service Inc. 1936

1936—*"Only Palmolive!"* That's what Dr. Dafoe still says. This gentle soap made with Olive Oil is still the Quins' only bath and beauty soap. And these adorable baby girls, with their clear, healthy skin, so soft and smooth . . . what a wonderful tribute to Palmolive's purity and mildness.

1937—*Growing lovelier* day by day! These five little beauties with their lovely "Schoolgirl Complexions" are a beauty lesson to women the world over! For *Palmolive,* made with soothing Olive Oil, is still the only soap Dr. Dafoe permits these famous little girls to use!

1939—*Five years old* on May 28th! And during all these years they've never, *never* used any soap except Palmolive! What better proof could you have, dear Lady, that this gentle soap made from Olive and Palm Oils really is ideal for your own complexion, and for your children, too?



MADE WITH OLIVE OIL . . . That's why Dr. Dafoe says "Only Palmolive for the Dionne Quins!"

accidents have caused the dismissal of an employe. The girl's face flamed with embarrassment and panic as she saw John approaching the scene of the mishap. Myrna, too, noticed him.

"I had seen the entire thing and knew what had happened," John said. "Nevertheless I was not surprised when I reached the table to hear Miss Loy saying to the rattled waitress, 'I'm sorry. I'm afraid it was my fault. Don't worry about it at all.

[*Continued on page* 70]

Hollywood's newly elected "oomph" gal, Ann Sheridan, visits Lake Arrowhead and indulges in a game of badminton

You'll like my Brand and I "*dude*" mean You!

Here's a straight steer
On that O.G. branding iron
Betty Petty is toting.
It's reserved for
Double-Mellow
Old Gold . . . the cigarette
That wins its spurs
With finer, smoother
Tobaccos, aged extra long
For added flavor.
Double wrapped to keep
Extra fresh their extra
Goodness. Corral the
Extra delights of a
Truly fresh cigarette.
Say "O.G.". . . the brand
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Friends for life!

Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
Old Gold

Copr., 1939, by P. Lorillard Co.

TUNE IN on Old Gold's "Melody and Madness" with ROBERT BENCHLEY and ARTIE SHAW'S Orchestra, Sunday nights, Columbia Network, Coast-to-Coast.

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RIO GRANDE
ROYAL GORGE
MOFFAT TUNNEL
SCENIC LINE OF THE WORLD
and the grandest trip of all
TO OR FROM CALIFORNIA
THRU THE ROCKIES … NOT AROUND THEM

To either World's Fair . . . go via MOFFAT TUNNEL Scenic Shortcut

Follow the silvery Colorado river for 235 miles . . . past majestic sky-piercing peaks . . . thru brilliant canyons. Only the Rio Grande reaches the most spectacular wonder spots of

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GRAND trains too . . . air-conditioned coaches, tourist or standard Pullmans between Chicago and California; between St. Louis, Kansas City and Ogden, via Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, Salt Lake City. Free pillows. Delicious meals—in coaches as low as: breakfast 25c, luncheon 30c, dinner 35c.

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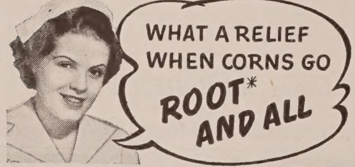
"UNCORK" YOUR CORN THIS EASY WAY


WHAT A RELIEF WHEN CORNS GO ROOT* AND ALL

CORNS are caused by pressure and friction. They go deep into your toe—press against sensitive nerves, often cause intense pain.

Don't suffer needlessly when it's so easy to remove corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain quickly by removing pressure. The special Blue-Jay medicated formula on the pad acts on the corn—gently loosens it so it can be lifted right out. You have glorious relief. Then simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back!

If you suffer from corns follow the example of millions and get quick relief this easy way. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25¢ for 6.

BAUER & BLACK BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

* A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

The dress cleans easily and we were going home from here anyway.' I was not surprised because that's just the sort of thing she would do and say."

Myrna once told me she stops in at the florist on her way home from the studio whenever possible to pick up the boutonniere Arthur is to wear that night. There's a certain shade of dark red carnation he prefers and she likes to be sure he gets it. So I talked to her florist, Paul C. Hahn, who has been selling her flowers for ten years.

"Miss Loy, the star, is the same Miss Loy who was struggling to get a foothold in the picture business," Mr. Hahn promptly answered. "I know, because I'm one of her fans who 'knew her when.' Another quality I admire in her is her democratic attitude towards everyone she comes in contact with. I mean, she is as friendly and pleasant to my delivery boys as to me, the owner of the store. But most of all, I admire and respect her patience."

HE SAID that when other customers are in the store, she quietly awaits her turn without any foot tapping or other nervous little gestures that make it obvious she is waiting her turn. She wanders around enjoying the masses of brilliant and fragrant blooms on display. If anyone approaches her in conversation, she smiles and gives a ready response. She sometimes chats with clerks who are putting up orders, showing genuine interest in their families and personal problems.

"A great many stars of her importance would sweep in and expect clerks to drop whatever they were doing and serve her at once," Hahn went on. "Not Mrs. Hornblow. Even when she is in a hurry she still believes in waiting her turn. I remember one night she was going to some social function and had stopped in for Mr. Hornblow's boutonniere as usual. The shop was crowded and I apologized for keeping her waiting.

"'It's all right,' she smiled. 'My party won't close up if I'm a little late but your shop might if you took customers out of turn.' One of the customers at the moment happened to be another movie celebrity and he was creating quite a scene about some blue flowers that weren't the *exact* shade of blue he had in mind. Miss Loy was vastly amused for a while and then lost patience with him. She stepped to his side and with the sweetest smile in the world, rebuked him for his bad manners. 'It's too bad, so-and-so,' she said, 'but I'm afraid flowers will keep on growing to nature's specifications, not yours. Why not give up?' The harassed clerk has led the Hahn Myrna Loy Fan Club ever since."

Charlotte Taylor, a clerk at Bullock's-Wilshire, has waited on Myrna ever since she was Myrna Williams and used to come into Magnin's with her mother, Mrs. Della Williams. She, too, is a Loy In Person fan because of her genuine friendliness, considerate manners and good taste. Fame and plenty of money has made no change in her from those early days, she said, and now as then, she spends wisely and within her means. She buys what she needs and thinks is right, no more, no less; ostentatious spending of money in an arrogant way, of which more than one top star is guilty, will never be a Loy trait. Of that Miss Taylor is firmly convinced. Nor is she above deferring to the judgment of clerks trained in knowing right from wrong in fashion.

"She has been so busy lately she doesn't come to the store as often as she once did,"

The beauteous Hedy Lamarr and her devoted husband, Gene Markey, are pictured attending a recent preview immediately after their surprise elopement

Miss Taylor said. "But every once in awhile she'll telephone and say 'Hello, Miss Taylor? This is Myrna. I want to come down and look at a few things. Will you have time to serve me this afternoon?' Her attitude always is that you are doing her a favor, not that she is honoring you by asking for your help."

Miss Taylor still remembers the afternoon a few months ago when Myrna asked for particular help in selecting a new costume. She was planning a surprise visit to the Culver City Women's Club, of which her mother is president, and she wanted Mrs. Williams to feel proud of her daughter and her appearance. Afterwards she remembered to call Miss Taylor to tell her the costume they had selected had been a huge success and to thank her for her part in it.

Serena Dagsland is Myrna's *modiste*. If women ever reveal themselves, it is either to their dressmakers or operators in a beauty shop. For some reason all bars are down when you are standing in your scanties being fitted for a new gown, or sitting with a lathered head during a shampoo. That's why it was particularly interesting to hear what Serena and Lola Oddie had to say about Myrna. "Oddie" has been doing the Loy hair, face and nails for seven years.

Serena, who is Norwegian, spoke of Myrna as restful and "a good person." She first met her two years ago when Myrna learned her identity after admiring an evening gown she had made for Mrs. Dick Barthelmess.

"I had always been a Myrna Loy fan on the screen," Serena confided, "so I was thrilled to death when she sent for me. I remember how calm and lovely and graceful she was as she walked across the room to greet me the first time. I was surprised, too, at her simplicity and freedom from affectation. I create gowns for quite a number of the movie colony and at times I've had a taste of the bad temper that is called temperament. I've never met the slightest sign of it in Miss Loy. She is reasonable, too, and doesn't expect the impossible in getting gowns finished within a certain time. And she is so appreciative and generous in her praise of anything you do for her."

SERENA was the most surprised young lady in Hollywood last Christmas. A beautiful bottle of perfume arrived from Myrna. More than the gift itself, she appreciated the fact Myrna had taken the trouble to learn the little modiste's favorite scent.

Next to Dick Byrne, I would say that "Oddie" is the most enthusiastic Loy fan among the merchants and tradespeople of Hollywood. And, as "Oddie" says, with good cause. She never asks or expects special privileges in the Oddie Beauty Shop. If "Oddie" herself is busy, Myrna is perfectly content to have some other operator serve her. She is full of fun, shares the girls' personal interests and never has been known to make a catty remark about another star. She is friendly and at ease with other customers and takes her place among them in the line of dryers as a matter of course. She is as real as the Montana mountains where she was born and her sincerity is beyond question. More than this, "Oddie" says, she is a thoughtful person in the truest sense of the word.

"Myrna and I share a love of puttering around in a garden," she told me. "One day while I was doing her hair we were talking about gardens and plants and trees and I mentioned my new little home in the valley where I was just getting the landscaping under way. The next day she called up. 'Do you like lemon trees?' she asked. When I got home, there was a beautiful tree planted and growing in my garden! Not only had she sent the tree as a gift but sent a gardener along to plant it since she knew I had little time to do it myself."

Thus they sing the virtues of Myrna, these merchants and tradespeople who serve her in her daily life. They sound like press agents in a way, and in a way they are. But their tributes come from the heart, not because they are paid to say nice things.

Not many stars in Hollywood can boast as much.

GRACIOUS ME! DEPARTMENT

Censors in Quebec, Canada, have banned United Artists' *Wuthering Heights*, a new film based on Emily Bronte's classic.

Grandma devoured the story of *Wuthering Heights*, but the censors believe that the present generation can't take it. Objection was made to the love situation in the film. Two years ago they banned *The Life of Emile Zola*. They didn't like George Arliss' *Voltaire*, either.

It seems a trifle odd for our Canadian neighbors to object to a romantic situation. Once upon a time, after all, there was a king who gave up his throne for love.

SKIN SMOOTH
IN SPITE OF SUN AND WIND
I'VE ALWAYS DEPENDED ON POND'S VANISHING CREAM FOR SMOOTHING AWAY LITTLE ROUGHNESSES. I'M DELIGHTED THAT NOW IT HAS "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN IT

Mrs. William Rhinelander Stewart

Smart young society favorite, always seen in fashionable places. She goes hatless throughout the active outdoor season—winters in Palm Beach.

NOW EXTRA "SKIN-VITAMIN" IN THIS SWELL POWDER BASE*

Women who are careful of their make-up are always eager to hear about the extra "skin-vitamin" that comes in a famous powder base—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

Skin that lacks Vitamin A becomes rough and dry. But when this "skin-vitamin" is restored, it helps make skin soft and smooth again.

Use Pond's before powder and overnight to help supply this important vitamin for your skin. Same jars, labels, prices.

*Statements concerning the effects of the "skin-vitamin" applied to the skin are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following an accepted laboratory method. Copyright, 1939, Pond's Extract Company

SWING HIGH! SWING LOW!

. . . Here are the Hairdress Pins You Need

Whether you wear your hair "up" in the newest fashion or smartly "down," you can rely upon the wonderful STA-RITE Bob and Hair Pins to keep your coiffure neatly beautiful!

STA-RITE "Patented Shape" Hair Pins

For that well-groomed look . . . popular for use in either short or long hair. They grip tight, feather-light, firm yet invisible.

STA-RITE Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins

Have "textured finish" to make them blend perfectly with the hair. Hold today's elaborate coiffures neatly in place.

STA-RITE Ginnie-Lou, INC.

SHELBYVILLE ILLINOIS, U.S.A.

BEAUTY AIDS FOR FACE, HANDS AND HAIR

One Year From Today

What Will You Be Earning?

This may be the most important year in your life! Your whole future is apt to depend on how you take advantage of present business changes.

Returning prosperity is opening up new jobs, and creating unusual opportunities. But that does not insure prosperity for you. Only you can insure that.

For months—maybe years—employers will be able to pick and choose out of the millions now unemployed or dissatisfied with their work and pay. Naturally they will pick the men with most preparation and ability.

You should—you must—make yourself quickly more valuable—to protect what you have and to insure getting your share of the promotions and pay raises. It is being done by OTHERS—it can be done by YOU!

Ask us to send you full details about our new spare time training, and to explain how it prepares you to better meet today's demands and opportunities. If you really are in earnest, you should investigate *at once.* Check your field below, write your name and address, and *mail.*

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

Dept. 630-R, Chicago

Send me, free, the facts about the demands and opportunities in the business field I have checked—about your training for that field.

☐ Higher Accountancy
☐ Expert Bookkeeping
☐ Business Management
☐ Traffic Management
☐ C. P. A. Coaching
☐ Modern Salesmanship
☐ Industrial Management
☐ Modern Foremanship
☐ Business English
☐ Law—LL. B. Degree
☐ Commercial Law
☐ Stenotypy

Name______________________________

Present Position______________________

Address____________________________

Hollywood's "Hidden Glamor" Girl

[*Continued from page 33*]

translucent. Many girls require at least one hour for the make-up process. We have to experiment with two or three shades of powder to get that desired transparent glow. But Virginia wears ordinary street make-up! Most of the time she would walk right on the set wearing the simple daytime cosmetics she put on in her own bedroom at home. And she photographed—need I tell you—like a million!"

When Virginia walks on a set, the cameraman removes the gauze from the lens of his camera (some of your best stars are photographed through enough gauze to costume a ballet troupe.)

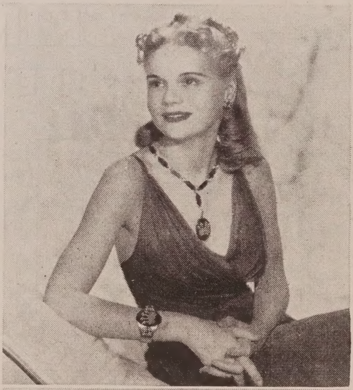
"There were no frantic efforts to photograph her from her best 'side,' or worry about the most flattering lights and angles when we worked with her on *There's That Woman Again,*" explained cameraman Joe Walker of Columbia. "Her face is so perfectly balanced that the camera could catch her at any slant, and she'd look beautiful. With most people, one side of the face is slightly different from the other. One half is considered the 'good' side, the other, the 'bad' side. Matter of fact, there are some stars who won't allow themselves to be shot from the left profile. Others taboo their right profile, some can't be shot from above because it lengthens the nose, and so forth.

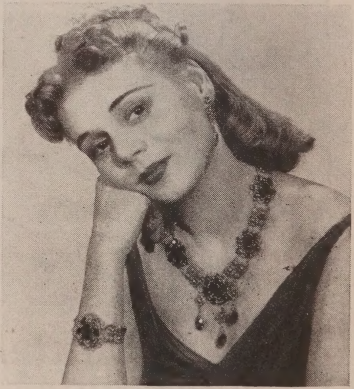
"It's a joy to work with Virginia because we don't have to worry about any of her 'poor' angles. She just doesn't have any. Instead, we are able to concentrate on getting the best photographic effect for the scene in general, instead of sacrificing it to highlight the best angles of the star's face."

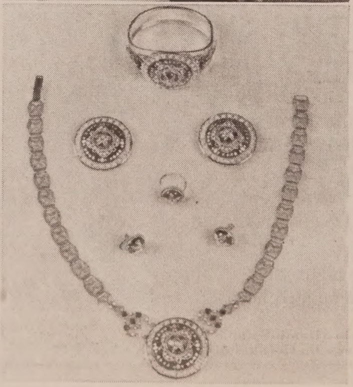
Robert Kalloch, Columbia's head designer, still remembers when Virginia came to him for her first fitting for *There's That Woman Again.*"

"The first job of a studio designer is to flatter the figure and hide the defects. Consequently, I have had to lay aside some of my pet gowns, because they were too difficult to wear. But when Virginia appeared for a fitting, I knew I could try the most daring gown on her and she would carry it off perfectly. I tried a black silk jersey evening gown first. Silk jersey clings like a wet bathing suit and shows up the slightest imperfection ruthlessly. Virginia carried it off like a goddess. On top of it all, I put yards and yards of heavy fringe, also difficult to wear because it concentrates bulk on one part of the anatomy. Virginia, with her elegant posture, her lithe walk and her unshatterable poise gave a graceful meaning to everything she wore.

"In fact, the main problem was to make her look plain. She was a struggling detective's wife in the picture and we didn't want her to wear clothes that appeared too expensive for her husband's bankroll. I remember a simple navy and white polka-dotted dress she wore in one scene. It was very plain and deliberately nondescript, for







The lavish court jewels from the Warner Brothers production *Juarez* were the inspiration for these modern adaptations made by Ricarde of Hollywood and worn by Marie Wilson. Marie's set (top left) is called *The Phantom Crown.* Ricarde's "Juarez" jewelry is gaining great favor with the women of Hollywood because of its beauty. This set (above) is called *The Empress,* and is executed in amethysts set in delicate filagree. *The Hapsburg* set (at left) is Ricarde's interpretation of one of the many exquisite sets worn by Bette Davis in the forthcoming spectacle, *Juarez* the sake of realism. The sort of 'sale' dress that hundreds of business girls were wearing. But when Bruce put it on, it looked like an imported nifty. Her superb carriage, her regal air and that suave form made it look like anything but an ordinary number. We gave up trying to de-glamorize her. It just couldn't be done!"

Wardrobe Woman Emily White contributes the neat little fact that: "Miss Bruce's clothes needed very little touching up with the iron or needle. It's because she has so much poise and clothes sense. She knows how to sit and walk with grace—that's why her clothes always set smoothly instead of bunching or creasing."

For one rash moment at the Hal Roach studios where Virginia made *There Goes My Heart,* the production staff fretted over a sequence in the story which required her to act as a salesgirl in a bargain basement.

"It just doesn't ring true," wailed one of the writers. "No store would put a gal like Bruce to selling pots and pans. Not even for a minute. It's too unrealistic."

And it's no secret that the Hollywood ladies heaved a deep sigh of relief when J. Walter Ruben took Virginia out of circulation. The girl had a long procession of incoherent, pop-eyed admirers which practically left the town manless.

You'd think, wouldn't you, that the girl would rate a place beside a Lamarr and the other beauties who represent the most colorful and spectacular in womanhood.

Instead, Virginia's beauty is taken for granted like the New York skyline or the Painted Desert, and she rates as a "competent" actress who can put a smudge-spot on her nose and still look pretty.

What has held Virginia Bruce back?

It's simply this: Lack of temperament and too much contentment.

No one has ever seen Virginia go into a tantrum. She listens to advice, takes orders docilely, has a tolerant, lazy good humor and usually sits in a corner crocheting. You never hear of any storms when she's around. She's just not that kind of a girl.

These are all very fine qualities for the average girl to have, but for an actress, it could easily be disastrous. The camera sees deep into the soul of the star it photographs and the fire and dash is actually a reflection of a glamorous, striking personality.

Hedy Lamarr excites the imagination because her fantastic continental background has been exploited. The American public has been regaled with stories of her marriage to the fabulous Fritz Mandel, of her amazing dinners on gold plates and of her flight to these shores. Some of it is exaggerated, but she has helped to play up all the highlights of her life until now everything she does has a tinge of color.

Paulette Goddard has a self-dramatizing flair. When she first came to Hollywood she was a bit player. Yet she used to ride around in a white Rolls-Royce piloted by a chauffeur. People began to talk about this mysterious woman. The elusive Goddard still manages to clothe herself in sequins and mystery. She smiles a Mona Lisa smile when people ask her personal questions.

Carole Lombard dashed around as the screwball beauty who constantly amazed people. And some meanies say that Crawford's off-screen dramatics were of greater value to her career than her film histrionics. At any rate, you've got to give the girls credit for being the most vivid personalities on the screen.

Virginia is not like these women. She sits back placidly, stifling anything which might picture her as the colorful personality she really is.

To interviewers Virginia likes to talk about her new home in Pacific Palisades. She points proudly to the electric washer she bought. Recently, she asked a writer to change a sentence in a story about her because it contained the damning fact that she liked to stay up past midnight and dance.

Glamorous? Of course, she is! But Virginia prefers to live an unspectacular, contented life, submerging her vivid personality in the interest of happiness.

Crossword Puzzle Solution

S	T	E	W	A	R	T		P	L	A	T	T
I	■	L	I	L	A	■	R	E	E	L	■	E
N	E	L	L	A	■	T	O	N	E	■	W	A
G	A	I	L	■	C	H	A	N	■	H	I	S
	C	S	■	J	O	A	N	■	B	A	N	D
S	H	■	F	O	O	T	■	F	O	N	D	A
O	■	D	A	R	K	■	W	A	R	K	■	L
T	R	A	C	Y	■	B	I	N	G	■	M	E
H	A	L	E	■	D	O	N	S	■	M	I	
E	Y	E	■	L	O	N	G	■	F	A	S	T
R	E	■	B	Y	R	D	■	H	O	U	S	E
N	■	B	E	L	A	■	F	E	U	D	■	L
S	T	O	N	E		F	A	R	R	E	L	L

"B.O." CAME BETWEEN THEM

MABEL! WHAT'S WRONG—WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
I WAS SO SURE JIM WAS GOING TO INVITE ME TO THE DANCE—BUT SUDDENLY HE JUST SAID GOODNIGHT—AND LEFT

MIND IF I SPEAK FRANKLY, MABEL? I THINK YOU MAY HAVE MADE A BAD IMPRESSION ON JIM, JUST AT THE CRITICAL MOMENT
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

A MAN LIKES A GIRL TO BE FRESH AND DAINTY. WHY DON'T YOU PLAY SAFE AND USE LIFEBUOY IN YOUR DAILY BATH? NOTHING MAKES A WORSE IMPRESSION THAN "B.O." MABEL
OH, I'M SO ASHAMED! I'M GOING TO ORDER SOME LIFEBUOY AT ONCE! I WON'T RISK "B.O." AGAIN!

Any moment may be a *"Critical Moment"* —play safe the way millions do!

• Nothing makes a worse impression than "B.O." It may cost business success, ruin romance, spoil friendships, cause untold unhappiness. Yet "B.O." offenders seldom know they're guilty—and who would tell them?

The millions of Lifebuoy users take no chances—for Lifebuoy in the daily bath stops "B.O."—assures personal freshness. Lifebuoy contains an exclusive ingredient not found in any other popular toilet soap. You'll enjoy Lifebuoy's lively, refreshing lather. Get some *today.*

LIFEBUOY

IN YOUR DAILY BATH STOPS "B.O"

How to Smash a Saloon

By ALAN HALE

FIRST you find a saloon.

The good old pioneer style saloon makes the best sound effects when the fight gets going in energetic style, because the planking and the woodwork is stronger. You can get a very satisfactory resonance when you kick over the bar and throw a couple of men against the wall.

But there are good points to the more modern, or lacy saloons —the fancy kind they used in *Gold Is Where You Find It.* That particular bar room was a little too stylish for my technique, and I was not called in on that picture. They never will know what a thrilling scene could have been made of that. I could have done wonders ripping those tapestries off the wall and biting pieces out of those fancy crystal wine glasses.

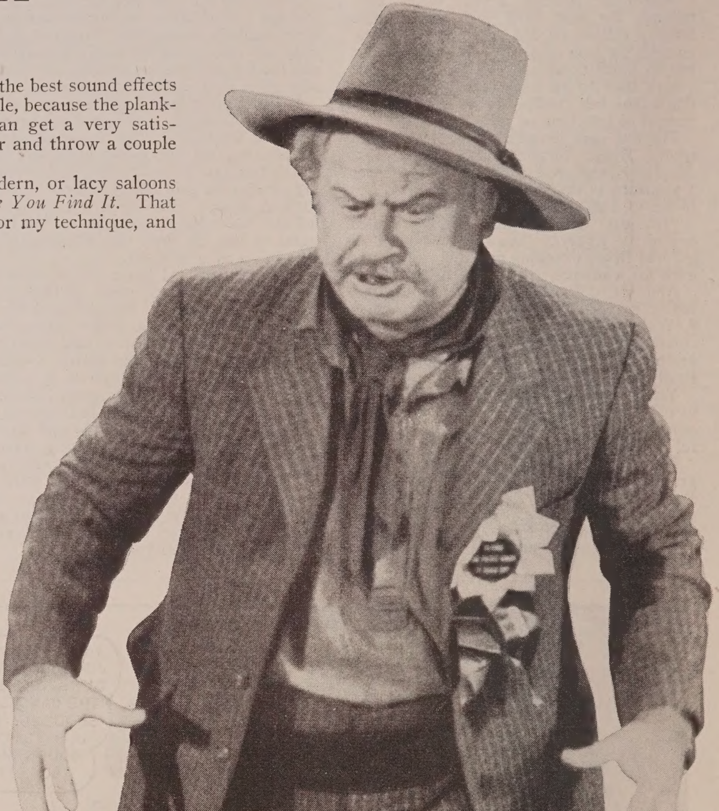
I have often regretted the studio squeamishness that kept me from being cast in that picture and let loose on that beautiful bar room.

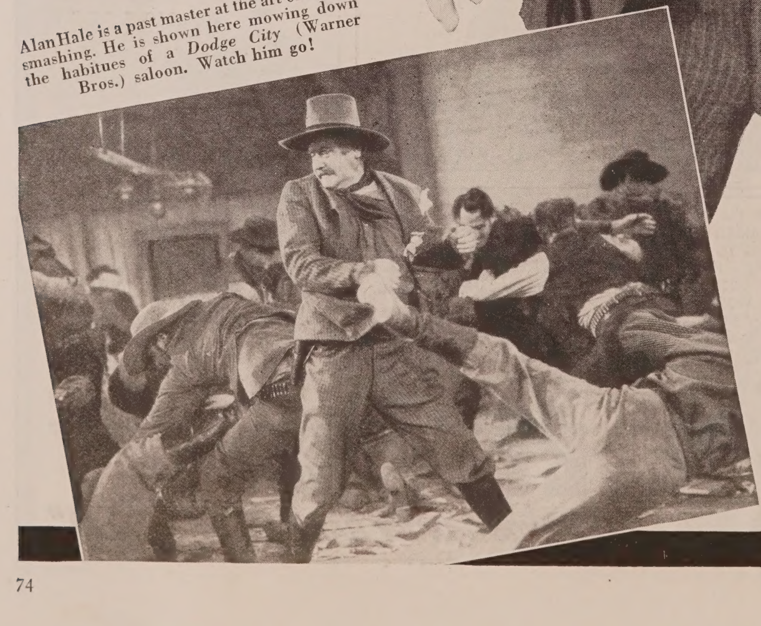
I've had a good deal of gratification out of my saloon brawls. The fine thing about doing them for the motion pictures is that a fellow does not have to drink a lot of liquor to do the job justice.

Liquor often has a tendency to weaken my stomach.

I have found that I need a firm stomach for those scenes in which the villains of the other side come butting at me with their lowered heads. On those occasions I like to keep a stiff midriff so that I can let them butt themselves into insensibility.

I had gone through a number of pretty fair tavern tiffs and bar room brawls





Alan Hale is a past master at the art of saloon smashing. He is shown here mowing down the habitues of a *Dodge City* (Warner Bros.) saloon. Watch him go!

in earlier pictures, such as *The Mudlark, The Spieler,* the earlier version of *Robin Hood* and *So Big,* but I remember these fights now as being merely amateur because I never beat up the entire room alone. The director always gave me some other fellow to help me.

But beginning with *God's Country and the Woman,* I began to take a more professional attitude towards the matter.

In *God's Country* I played the big tough Swede, Skalka, and Director Bill Keighley asked if I felt like tackling the lumber camp bar room job alone.

Perhaps there was some elation in my voice. After all, I had worked up from ordinary film fights, with three and sometimes four men on my side, to this big moment. It was the pinnacle of a saloon demolishing career. I told Keighley I would do it if he would get big enough men for the opposition, and enough of them. I knew that if the other fellows were strong enough, I might not need to pull my punches and we could really get a good workout.

Everything turned out nicely, except that a couple of the fellows whom I threw out the front door fell harder than I had expected and they broke the planking of the boardwalk outside, and the Carpentry Department did not like it. The boards were pretty badly damaged and they had to send for new lumber.

Inside the saloon, of course, we had carte blanche to enjoy ourselves and I never will forget the beautiful black eye that somebody gave me. I never knew whether it was Victor Potel or Red Munro or Barton MacLane or one of half a dozen other fellows who handed it to me. Whoever it was, he won my sincere admiration. It was a beautiful blow, timed perfectly for the instant when I was dodging the man who threw the bottle.

Things tapered off a trifle after *God's Country and the Woman,* but we made *Adventures of Robin Hood* and we managed to put a little gusto into a grand free-for-all in the banquet hall of the Norman Nobles, at the time when King Richard came back to confront his rascally brother. That was a good, hearty fight, and I enjoyed it. But it was a trifle bewildering to me, because I had so many people helping me. It just didn't seem fair that three or four of us should have only about 17 men to account for. But I have to admit it was a lot of fun in the earlier fight in the roadside inn, when I used the side of beef for a bludgeon and we pounded the men-at-arms into submission.

BACK with Director William Keighley again in *Valley of the Giants,* we found ourselves in mutual accord about the big scene in the saloon.

I shall always think of that assignment as a professional triumph. Even the twinges that still come to me, as I think of the doctor cutting the pair of dice from the crap game out of the small of my back, fail to detract from the pleasant glow of recollection of that fight.

Mr. Keighley and I went over the ground carefully in advance. We planted the roulette table where it could not tip over without sprawling seven men at one swoop and set up the whisky bottles along the bar, where they could be relied upon to yield the most artistic clink while I mowed them down with the back of the chair I pulled apart. But throwing the sneaky halfbreed up into the rafters was my own idea, and was spontaneous during the scene. Keighley and I both thought that was a touch of sheer artistry. We hope you did, too.

The fight in the frontier saloon in my present Warner Bros. picture, *Dodge City,* has certain deviations from the pattern to which I have become accustomed. In the first place, I'm a late-comer. The fight is well under way before I appear. Not only that, but I take a beating along with the others. I'm slugged on the head, battered by the villainous saloon element of Dodge City, and I finally wind up unconscious behind the bar.

When I come to, the boys led by Bruce Cabot drag me out of the saloon and prepare a lynching party. My own gang has left and things are beginning to look pretty bad by the time Errol Flynn comes to my rescue.

Dodge City was one fight after another. I slugged villains left and right, blazed away with my six-shooter at more of Cabot's men than you could shake a stick at, chopped my way out of a blazing box car and, on the whole, had a thoroughly delightful time of it.

The best part of the saloon fight was when Bruce Cabot shot out the lights and the hot kerosene fell down upon his own men who were trying to keep me from uprooting the oak bar and beating them over the heads with it. We also had a diverting instant when I picked up the barrel of whisky and threw it across the room. It tore through the stairway into the upper balcony, and marooned the rest of the ruffians up there where they couldn't see through the smoke to shoot their guns at me and Errol Flynn.

Don't forget to enter SCREEN BOOK Magazine's big, new contest. *$500.00 in prizes.* Turn to page 28 for explanation and rules.

Glamorous

ART MODEL THRILLED

by sparkling beauty this new shampoo reveals in her hair

ILLUSTRATES OLD WAY . . . hair dulled by cloudy film

ILLUSTRATES NEW WAY . . . no dull film; hair shining

Miss Helen Reese—
famous in fashion art for her gorgeous hair and exquisite beauty—says:

"I am asked so frequently to pose for hair style photographs I must always keep my hair looking its best. Frankly, I was thrilled when I discovered Drene. It left my hair simply radiant—revealing its dazzling natural highlights and luster. And Drene leaves my hair soft and manageable—so it can be readily set in any hair style right after washing. It's 'good business' for me to use Drene!"

NO NEED to let dull, drab-looking hair detract from your beauty and charm. Now see your hair's full beauty revealed by this amazing new shampoo discovery that's thrilled famous art models and countless thousands of other women! For lusterless hair, in most cases, is caused by dulling, scummy film (bathtub ring) that all soaps leave on hair. But Drene gives thrillingly different results! Drene sweeps away the ugly film that soap shampooing leaves! . . . Because it contains an amazing, new, patented cleansing ingredient, never before used in a shampoo! Because Drene is not a soap, not an oil— it leaves no dulling film itself. Nor greasy dust-catching film. Instead, Drene reveals all the sparkling natural beauty and brilliance of your hair!

Say goodbye to lemon, vinegar or other after-rinses! See dirt, grime, perspiration—even loose dandruff flakes cleaned away with a single sudsing and thorough rinsing! Leaves your hair radiantly clean!

There are now 2 kinds of Drene. Use Regular Drene if your hair is oily. Otherwise, use the new Special Drene for Dry Hair. Refuse substitutes! Drene is the only shampoo licensed to use its safe, new, patented cleansing ingredient. No soap shampoo can give Drene's revolutionary results. American women bought over 24 million bottles of Drene last year alone! Approved by Good Housekeeping. Guaranteed by Procter & Gamble. At drug, department, 10¢ stores; at your favorite beauty shop—*insist* on Drene! You'll thrill to its glorifying results! *Trade-Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.*

drene
SHAMPOO
SPECIAL for DRY HAIR
drene
SHAMPOO

New SPECIAL DRENE FOR DRY HAIR
(Leaves Even Fine Hair Soft and Manageable)

REGULAR DRENE—for Oily Hair

NOW 2 KINDS OF drene

REMOVE that dingy mask - - - it dulls the natural beauty of your complexion

Ordinary cleansing methods cannot remove the "mask" of hidden dirt that conceals the natural beauty of your complexion.

A Pompeian massage takes only three minutes . . . yet it really removes this mask. That's because Pompeian (the original pink massage cream) is entirely different from regular cosmetic creams . . . is 70% pure milk. You simply massage it on your face and, as it dries, massage it off.

This massage makes your face look more youthful and radiant because it removes pore-deep dirt and blackheads; stimulates the circulation, leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

See for yourself! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and 2 booklets of helpful beauty hints.

Pompeian Massage

SEND 10c FOR GENEROUS SAMPLE

The Pompeian Co., Baltimore, Md.
Enclosed is 10 cents. Please send jar of Pompeian Massage Cream and two booklets of beauty hints as described.

Name.............................. Address.......................
City............................... State..............................
FWG6

ROCHELLE HUDSON, Columbia Pictures Player
Featured in "MISSING DAUGHTERS"

IT'S EASY TO MAKE LOVELY CURLS WITH SOLO CURLERS

for Beauty's Sake USE SOLO CURLERS

RED TOP CURLER—5¢ EACH
•
EASY TO USE—TANGLEPROOF
Recommended by Beauty Experts

AT 5¢ AND 10¢ STORES

Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

[*Continued from page 31*]

above Arrowhead Lake. On the way back, a mountain rain had turned into a cloudburst and washed out the narrow road. We were forced to stay in Arrowhead Lake overnight, for it would have been suicide to attempt driving the dangerous roads at night—and the radio said one road was closed to traffic, due to a small landslide.

"Well," Lord had shrugged, "we'll stay here tonight and work. Tomorrow, if the roads are still bad, we'll go in by train—there aren't any more tonight. Get yourself a room, Vicki."

I got one at a small hotel. So did Lord. We dried ourselves out, worked until midnight after Lord had contacted the office by phone. When I was about to go to bed, someone knocked at my door. My heart leaped.

"Who is it?" I asked. I was almost undressed.

"Me," said Lord. "A few things I forgot, Vicki."

I threw on my coat and opened the door. He scarcely looked at me. He strode in, immersed, frowning. "Before I forget," he said, "make a note to call Neilson in the morning—the Napoleon script needs another scene; and when that playwright—what's-his-name?—comes from New York, have Publicity play up his last year's play—that was his big hit—"

We were off again! For 15 minutes we sat and he dictated. I was beginning to wonder if we were to work all night, when my phone rang. The hotel switchboard operator chirped, "Is Mr. Lord there? His room doesn't answer."

"For you," I said, and handed him the phone.

"Hello?" he barked.

"Hollywood calling," said the operator. "Just a moment. . . ."

Then another feminine voice came over the wire. I could hear it distinctly in the midnight silence of the room.

"Hello, Fred?" There was a lyric laugh. "The operator said your room didn't answer—that she'd try your secretary's room. I see she found you. Still up to your old tricks?"

Fred Lord growled and a cold hand clutched at my heart suddenly. He said, "What d'ye want, Sonia? What's so damn' important that you have to call me here, at this hour?"

"And spoil your party, Fred?" There was another laugh.

"You're crazy! But, then, you always did have a nasty. . . ."

Here comes the bride! Mrs. Clark Gable is pictured on the arm of her husband after their recent marriage. Few knew about the ceremony until it was all over

"Now! Be nice! I called your office but they said you were on location; and when you phoned in, they called me. . . ."

"What d'ye want?"

"I must talk to you about that India Jamison part."

"I'll talk to you at my office."

Again that cool, amused laugh. It cut me like a knife and my face burned with a furious shame.

"You're safe with me, Freddy. I won't tell a soul! Good night—and is she very pretty?"

"I'll see you tomorrow," growled Lord, and hung up. He looked at me, frowning, and I believe it was the first time that he realized that I was human—and feminine. "You heard?" he asked.

I nodded, miserably.

"Forget it!" he said bruskly. "Sonia Petrova's a damn' sadist. Pay no attention to—to—what she intimated. Good night." He walked out abruptly, before his dictation was finished.

I had spent a miserable night, inflamed by the star's insinuations—it *might* look funny, the hotel operator locating him in my room at that hour. . . .

I had said nothing about it, nor had Lord; but I was fearful that the incident might come out—mostly because of Bob Linden, because I was more than half in love with him; and I also knew what Hollywood and the gossip columnists could make out of the circumstances, innocent though they were. It was dynamite! And who, in Hollywood, would believe the utterly commonplace facts?

I had enjoyed dates with Bob Linden. All my life I had wondered about love, and now it seemed to me that I had found it. I had dreamed of it, made a mold of it out of dreams and ideals and I had fitted Bob Linden into that mold. I had dreamed of falling in love with one man, of giving him all the vital passion I had for the earth and the sky and for children. Since I had first seen Bob on the screen, five years ago, when I was fifteen, handsome, laughing, fighting his way across the screen, it had always seemed to me that he was the one man who could fill the restless, driving need in me.

THERE was a mirror opposite my desk. I stared into it like a somnambulist, hating the futile vanity of the act. A young girl with a slim body stared at me, ripe with pulsing youth; and the mad, gray eyes had some dreamy quality. The mouth was red and lush and the skin was petal smooth. Beauty? No. I knew I had none of the conventional beauty of the Hollywood poster type; the features defied all the laws; but I *had* won the News-Press beauty contest, in Sparta.

I sat day-dreaming. What a fiasco that had been! I lived it all over in minutes, in swift reels of thought like a motion picture of my life.

My former employer had said that I was the best secretary in Sparta. Certainly, I worked hard enough at it! I had to. I had to support myself and I lived with an aunt and uncle who had a brood of children of their own and could not very well afford to support an additional orphan niece. The local newspaper, the News-Press, had run the beauty contest, the winner to get a trip to Hollywood, a screen test and a chance at a possible movie career.

My employer, who was president of the Sparta Power Company, suggested that I try for it.

At first I laughed at the idea. Then the News-Press photographer had made a trick picture of me and, startlingly, when all the votes were in— I had won!

For a moment, I recaptured the ecstasy of my arrival in Hollywood. Slowly, the insidious ambition had grown in me. I remembered the half-hearted screen test, when the casting director had regretfully informed me that due to a high-bridged nose, which cast shadows that no lighting could lick, he could not offer me any encouragement. "Sorry, Miss Davis." Dismissed, just as casually as that! It was a terrific let down.

I went back to my room and sank on the bed. I determined to try another studio. I had to have work because my money was running low. I was ashamed to go back to Sparta and confess that I had failed after all the civic pride of the News-Press about "Our local little beauty and prize winner who is going to Hollywood to become a star." That sort of thing.

But I found that you couldn't crash the studio gates without a pass; casting offices told me to try Central Casting; and here I was told that Central Casting was registering no more new extras. And I was down to my last five-dollar bill and couldn't even pay the rent on my tiny kitchenette! I found out, then, that pretty girls in Hollywood were a dime a dozen—just "atmosphere"—if they were lucky enough to get extra jobs.

Something had to be done, and quickly. I telegraphed to my old employer and asked him if he knew of someone in Hollywood who needed an efficient private secretary. Two days later I had a letter from him and

[*Continued on page* 78]

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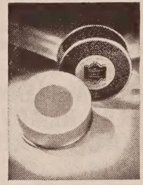

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Fair . . . . ☐	Gray . . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow . . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES *(Color)*	REDHEAD
Olive . . . . ☐	Light . . . . ☐	Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark . . . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
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a letter addressed to Fred Lord, who was an old school friend of his. Perhaps Fred Lord could help me.

I grasped at the chance. Somehow I got in to see him. Luck was with me that day. Later I found out that his private secretary had eloped the day before with one of the bright young men of the Publicity Department; I didn't know that when I faced him.

As long as I live I'll never forget the way that big hulk of a man looked at me, while I took in the bigness, the shagginess, the crackling aliveness of him. I felt naked, stripped to the skin, as if his worldly eyes were laying a tape measure to every intimate inch of my trembling body. It made my palms tingle. I recognized, too, that here was an unusual personality. He was like some primitive, elemental force. I never quite got over my fascination for him.

His desk was submerged in papers and letters and details. He was frowning and annoyed, and an emergency stenographer, flurried and nervous, was making matters worse.

He read the letter I had brought him. His eyes raked me again and he barked, "All right, Miss Davis! You're hired! If you're just half of what John Allen says you are, you've got a job! There's your office out there. See if you can get some order out of this hellish mess! Damned if I can!"

That was three months ago and I was still private secretary to the mighty Fred Lord—by the grace of Heaven and a wild, improbable luck; and he, too, said I was the best secretary he'd ever had.

Then, in the office, I had met Bob Linden. He had been Allied-Apex's step-child leading man for years. We liked each other immediately. We had gone to several of the Hollywood night spots together, and for drives in his long roadster. Meeting him in the flesh was startling. He was even much nicer than on the screen as I had seen him; grave, whimsical, that little flicker of fun in his blue eyes—except when he talked about his place at Allied-Apex, his secondary roles; being held down to "B" pictures while Richard Martin, a newcomer who had flamed across the picture horizon to become its new star, got all the fat parts at once.

When the phone buzzed, I came out of my abstraction with a start. This was no place to dream! I had a job to do!

"Hello? . . . Publicity? . . . the boss wants to know why there was no banner line on Sonia Petrova's visit to Palm Springs? . . . Well, it's not my fault, Jeff . . . I'm just telling you! Well, that's the way Lord wants it . . . Huh? . . . Isn't that blasphemy? . . . Taking Lord's name in vain, or something? . . . Sorry, I can't . . . Sonia Petrova's in there with him now . . . Yes, that's right . . . The idea is to get Francis Marion or Riskin or both . . . Yes, for *Song of the Soul.* Yes, if we can borrow Gable."

Nelson Eddy, singing star, is pictured above with his bride, the former Mrs. Ann Franklyn. On pages 42 and 43 are interesting photos of Nelson's recent concert tour

I hung up. This job kept one busy from eight to sixteen hours a day. Those were the hours Lord worked—and I had to work with him. From the window of my office I could see the pageant of make-believe, the parched green of palm trees, lacy peppers, the blazing white sunshine that was blinding against the remote, white-walled, mysterious city of Allied-Apex Pictures.

On one of the outdoor sets I could see dancing girls in briefs; soldiers, peasants; men in dress clothes with napkins tied under their chins to keep the grease paint from their shirts and collars, taking a short rest from hot sound stages; workmen scooting by on noisy little handcars. Hollywood! The fantastic, incredible city of make-believe, of miracles, of soaring ambitions and great successes and breaking hearts! Anything could happen here!

WHEN the reception room door opened, I was startled out of my dreaming. It was Bob Linden, and I suddenly remembered that he had an appointment with Lord to go over the weekly script for the radio broadcast. Allied-Apex was on the air once a week and Bob was Master of Ceremonies on the broadcasts. And this had been given Bob only because the mighty Dick Martin was too busy on location to represent Allied-Apex on the air.

I looked at this tall, quizzical Bob with his slow, sweet smile and the kind, dark-blue eyes. I saw the sudden little flame in them, and something in me responded—and the moment seemed to hang suspended between us, as beautiful and frightening as lightning.

"Hello!" grinned Bob lazily. There seemed to be a little shower of sparks in his intent eyes.

Confused, I looked away and said, "I—hope I'm the type!"

"Did you know," he said irrelevantly, "that your eyes turn a deep violet at times? Yes, honey—you're the type all right!"

"Sir!" I said, with a forced, mock dignity. "What is your name—and have you an appointment?"

"You're an aggravating brat!" he grinned. "Don't you remember me? Bob Linden? Remember? The face on the cutting room floor?" A shadow flashed over his fine features. I knew it meant the constant, tormenting realization that he was being subordinated to Dick Martin. I tried to rally him out of it.

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed blithely. "I'm Vicki Davis. If you read the gossip columns, you were whispering sweet nothings—"

"Did you see that?" he asked. "Oh, well, if it offends you, Vicki, I'll call on Taylor and rub his nose on the sidewalk."

"No, don't!" I objected. "You'd only be furnishing a juicy item for Winchell or Fidler to hang on *you*—or Lord!"

"So," said Bob, "what are you doing tonight? I had an idea I'd like to drive down to Santa Monica and slum—eat hot dogs and look at the ocean. Maybe we could even dine and dance. What say, pal?"

My pulses were racing. "I'd love to, Bob," I accepted. "Unless the boss wants me after hours again."

"What *is* this?" demanded Bob. "Are you his secretary or his sweetheart? If he breaks one more of our dates. . . ." He drew his finger eloquently across his throat. "Tell him I'm here, will you, Vicki, to discuss the broadcast? Nigel Smith's on the way over."

"I can't disturb him," I said. "Sonia Petrova's in there. It's a knock-down and drag-out, Bob. If I don't get a buzz in ten minutes I'll send for the police. Will you wait?"

He nodded and sprawled in a nearby chair, his disturbing gaze fixed on me, making me as acutely aware of him as if I had been in his arms. "Eight o'clock?" he asked.

I nodded and my pulses were racing again. Then the door of Lord's private office swung open. Sonia Petrova stood on the threshhold, her slim body like a flower stem, and I marveled, as always, at her sheer beauty—a golden loveliness that only the hot-house of Hollywood could produce. I hated her violently for her light-hearted insinuations about that night in Arrowhead Lake; her cool assumption that I was Fred Lord's mistress.

"You cannot do this to me!" she intoned lyrically. The slight burr of her foreign accent stressed the melody of her voice. "I will not risk what I have built up for any cheap production!" Her silver voice became an impassioned tide. "I will play India Jamison in *Song of the Soul*—or nothing! I cannot bear to. . . ."

Lord's rich baritone rumbled within the room. "Nonsense! You can bear anything! You're the strongest woman I know! You're not the type for India Jamison. And your contract says. . . ."

"My contract," flared Sonia, "gives me the right to select story material, if you will remember."

An angry blast from the unseen Lord interrupted her. "What is this lousy business

[*Continued on page 80*]

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coming to? Are you crazy, Sonia? Have you read the novel? You'd be a flop, just like your last picture!"

"Because I listened to you!" she spat. There was sheer beauty in her pose and I wondered cynically if years of posing colored all her off stage life as it did before the cameras.

"India Jamison," she insisted, "or nothing! Absence from pictures will do my career less harm than another picture like the last one!"

"I happen to know what I'm doing!" snapped Lord. "Everybody tries to tell me my business! Close that door and come back here. You'll stay off the screen so long you'll be forgotten entirely!"

The door closed with a bang and I caught my breath. Sonia Petrova! Allied-Apex's amazingly beautiful Viennese importation whose fame girdled the world. The exotic girl who could register more allure, more passion, more promise in a screen kiss than most women could offer in complete surrender! Sonia set the fashions. Sonia had reached the pinnacle. Everything Sonia wanted she got, plays, leading men, directors. Almost every girl in America was painting her mouth in a wide and rapacious imitation of the hauntingly beautiful star. Her first two pictures had been box-office smash hits; the next two were not so successful; but that was, as usual, attributed to story. The story was not her type, said Sonia.

"Story trouble again?" murmured Bob.

"It's that role of India Jamison," I told him. "Everybody in the world has read the novel and every star in Hollywood would give her eye teeth to play the part."

"She'll get it," murmured Bob. "Bet you a box of candy."

"It's a bet," I accepted. "Lord said she wasn't the type."

The outer door opened and a tall, dark young man entered. He was handsome, immaculately groomed, and his black eyes held a leashed intensity that seemed on the point of smouldering. He looked familiar but I couldn't place him. I knew, however, he must be someone famous.

His eyes lingered over me and became opaque. He smiled and his white teeth were startling in contrast to his tanned skin.

"Hello, Bob," he greeted. "Am I on time? The chief said four o'clock."

Bob Linden grinned. "You don't know Hollywood, Nigel," he answered. "You'll have time to spare, my frien'. Miss Davis let me present Nigel Smith—just arrived from New York to join our broadcasts—or maybe you know him?"

"How do you do, Mr. Smith," I said, looking past him.

"'Butch,'" went on Bob, whimsically, "for short. You'll hear him on the Allied-Apex hour from now on. He directs orchestras over the air and punches guys in the nose."

"Only," said Nigel Smith quietly, "when they ask for it. Delighted, Miss Davis."

Nigel Smith, I remembered now, was the famous writer of songs, who had co-composed a current Broadway revue hit, who had the top name orchestra in America and was a radio and occasional movie star in his own right.

LORD'S door popped open and we turned and stared. Sonia Petrova walked out, her head high. She seemed to float, effortlessly. Her long eyes under full, soft lids, were thick-lashed; the eyes, I thought, resentfully, of a huntress, hot and greedy and vagrant.

Many times, with Fred Lord beside me, I had watched her slink cat-like across a set. She flashed me a knowing, amused smile that made me want to choke her. She said sweetly: "Hello, Bob!" Then she walked out without another word. Something told me that she had the part of India Jamison—the most coveted role of years, and I wondered why Lord had surrendered to her.

Behind her in the doorway stood my boss, Fred Lord, glaring after her. A huge man, with a terrific quality of life in him. He glanced at the two young men waiting for him, then his eyes turned toward me. He said abruptly, "Tell the location crew to hold everything, Vicki."

Looks like hearts and flowers for Cesar Romero and Ann Sheridan. Romero's beard is for his role in 20th's *Return of the Cisco Kid*

I nodded. Fred Lord always made me jumpy.

"Chief," said Bob, "we were to see you about the next broadcast. That playlet?"

"What?" snapped Lord absently. He seemed to see Bob for the first time. "Yes," he nodded. I watched him with my usual tense fascination, the intelligent, powerful face and keen, sardonic eyes. His mouth was both cruel and tender.

"Come in, you two," he said abruptly, and the door closed on the three men.

I sat there, absorbed, thinking of the breath-taking Sonia Petrova, of Fred Lord, of Bob Linden; of Petrova's cruel insinuations which always made me fiercely resentful. I thought of Nigel Smith.

Everyone knew about him. He wrote his own songs and sang them in a hushed, unimportant voice to which a microphone did amazing things that made girl listeners' hearts beat a little faster. He had risen, it was said, from the East Side streets of New York. I remembered the story in the newspapers when his third wife had divorced him. A gossip columnist had told it over the radio, too. Nigel Smith had not contested the divorce. He merely went to his favorite 52nd street bar, drank too much, sat down at a piano and wrote a smash hit which had made him even more famous. A strange, mysterious-eyed young man. Allied-Apex had given him a six-month contract to appear on their radio hour.

I was in the middle of a belated attempt to catch up with my work when Lord's door opened. Lord and Bob and Nigel Smith came out of the office. Lord's eyes flashed to me and I thought, for an instant, that I caught a curious and strange sensitiveness on his granite features. Then the three men went out into the hall. Bob, however, was back in a minute, a grin on his face, and my heart suddenly warmed to him.

"Eight o'clock, kid," he warned me, "and you lose your bet. Lord's going to let Sonia try the part! I'll let you off lightly, because I eat very expensive candy. Twenty cents a pound. You can pay me off with a mere kiss."

"I don't do much casual kissing, Bob, so I'll stop in the five-and-ten on my way home and pay my bet."

"Neither do I, lady! I'm Hollywood's most exclusive guy! Dinner at eight!" He grinned, saluted and left.

Lord did not return. I sat wondering about his sudden change of mind, his reputation of being the shrewdest type caster; and the phone rang. I picked it up. Instantly, I recognized Sonia Petrova's lyric voice.

"Miss Davis?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Petrova," I answered. "Mr. Lord is out."

"Oh, it's you I want to talk to," she said, and I winced at her cool amusement. "Since you are so close to Fred, I want you to see that no one else is even given a chance at the Jamison role."

"But, look here," I began hotly.

"Please! Let me finish!" said the cool voice. "I must have that role! I know you are—ah—very close to Fred. Use your influence, Miss Davis, if he becomes difficult. I've already told him how I feel about it, but he is sometimes stubborn."

I knew, then, what she meant.

"If he should change his mind," went on the lilting voice, "I'll certainly have an important item for Taylor's column—backed by that operator. That wouldn't do you or Fred any good, now, would it? And Bob Linden—well, you know how men are!" And then she hung up.

I hung up slowly, my throat constricted and my heart hammering against my ribs like a savage drum. So—that was how she had sandbagged him into getting the part—by threatening a scandal! I felt faint for a second with the full implication.

Trapped by a woman who will stop at nothing, Vicki Davis faces an ugly scandal. She realizes all too well how the truth can be warped in this strange, mad Hollywood where careers are broken by a whispered word, where success and happiness are destroyed by a gesture from an important star. For years she has dreamed of Bob Linden. Now, at last, they are drawn together by a feeling so intense that it sets Vicki's senses reeling. Bob, above all, must not hear Sonia Petrova's cruel accusations. But where can Vicki turn . . . what can she do? Don't miss the second installment of this thrilling story, in the July issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

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A FEW WEEKS LATER
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1. Washes hair shades lighter—safely.
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FAN·CLUB EXCHANGE

I want to start a fan club for Bing Crosby. Please tell me how I should go about it. I know there are probably many clubs in his honor but I have plans to make mine utterly different.—June O.

More power to you, June. I have record of two Crosby Clubs, but the more the merrier. Write to Bing at the Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, and here's wishing you luck. Let's hear from you when your club is started.

To Joy K., Betty H., Stella L., and Mary N.: I'm sorry girls, but I understand Richard Greene's studio is not in favor of fan clubs.

To E. M. N., Edna, Ruth H., and Elsie V. L.: Please write to Dorothy L. Pinnick, president of the Gene Autry Friendship Club, Box 185, East Gary, Indiana, for complete information.

To Betty Jane T. and Marion R.: Due to Ray Milland's frequent oceanic crossings and his inability to correspond with his fans to any degree of regularity he has been compelled to forego a club in his honor.

To the too-numerous-to-mention Don Ameche admirers: The same thing applies to Don as does to Dick Greene. Sorry, kids.

We read in the April issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine that there is not, as yet, a Tyrone Power Fan Club. The idea! Will you please give us the details of how to start one? Tell Donald M. that he can join, too.—Joyce and Patte.

I have 258 requests for a Power Fan Club to date, with more coming in daily. Since Tyrone is under contract to the same studio as Don and Dick you may not be able to go ahead with a club for him. However, why not try writing him at Twentieth Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California? My fingers are crossed.

Would you please tell me if there is an official John Boles Fan Club in America, and if so, the address of same?—V. Jones—Australia.

Does my heart good, Vincent, to know that we have buddies way down in Australia, too. Chaw Mank is the president of the Official John Boles Fan Club, and his address is: Staunton, Illinois.

If there is a Florence George Fan Club may I please have the address.—Dick H.

Happy to say there is, Dick. Betty Church is the active prez and her address is: R. F. D. No. 1, Box 96, Saylesville, R. I.

To Roma C. and Ada P. S.: Please write to Marion Dommer for complete details regarding the Official Joan Crawford Club. She can be reached at 97-17—81st Street, Ozone Park, Long Island.

Eleanor Powell-Terry Lennard

I am sincerely interested in becoming a member of the Eleanor Powell Fan Club. Will you, through your fine department, supply me with the proper information?—Miriam N.

Glad to, Miriam. Please write to Eleanor Morgensen, president, at 314 West Third Street, Cedar Falls, Iowa. Pictured here is your favorite, Eleanor Powell, and Terry Lennard, active vice-president of the club. Miss Lennard, a resident of New York, has paid SCREEN BOOK Magazine a number of visits and has related numerous delightful stories concerning Miss Powell's grace and charm. All in all, Terry thinks Eleanor Powell is just about "tops" and SCREEN BOOK Magazine unhesitatingly agrees. Not a very good photo of Terry, folks. So she says. (Don't fret, Terry, I don't do so well with snapshots either.)

A million thanks to presidents of the numerous fan clubs for the grand notices SCREEN BOOK Magazine received in their club bulletins.—Joan.

Are you interested in joining a Fan Club in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the numerous fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Snobs Beware! Fonda at Work

[*Continued from page* 54]

herself too good for the common herd. With nose high in the air, she disregarded everyone as she walked to the chauffeured limousine awaiting her.

"I'll fix her," Hank vowed to his kid cousin, Dow, who worshipped him and acted as his stooge.

So one night Hank made a date with the high and mighty miss. Then he blackened Dow's face, attired him in his own military tactics uniform, which was much too long for the youngster, and with his chauffeur thus smartly dressed, drove to the young lady's home.

When she saw the broken down car with its absurd looking chauffeur, so obviously a burlesque of her own, she gasped and the hot tears came to her eyes. But she was a good sport. Hank's giggling chauffeur piloted them about town, passing the street corner where his gang hung out, but she made no comment when his friends booed.

And there was the time, three years ago, when Hank again showed his unwillingness to conform to the standards set by dignified, staid pillars of society.

His uncle had arranged for Hank to address the 500 leading businessmen of Omaha, at a Christmas luncheon.

"Now you be sure," his uncle cautioned him, "to talk sense. Their time is valuable and they are expecting an important address. You're a successful Hollywood star, a man of the world.

"Remember, don't hem and haw like a school boy or shift from one foot to the other or reach for the speaker's glass of water. Be poised."

Informal, devil-may-care Hank hates tasks like this. As soon as he reached the platform he felt terribly ill at ease. The carefully rehearsed speech on business conditions in the film industry vanished from his memory; he turned red as a beet, aah-ahd and er-erd, and proceeded to do all the awkward things against which his uncle had cautioned him.

The more anxiously the waiting audience regarded him, the worse he felt. Finally he burst out, "Darn it all, I can't do it. My uncle's looking at me as if I were a pariah. He told me not to shift, not to hesitate, to be dignified. The devil with dignity! I'm going to say what I want in my own way."

Now, fully at ease, he gave a witty, amusing talk on his adventures in making movies.

Usually when you are a young actor you're greatly concerned about your appearance, and spend every nickel you can scrape together on clothes. But Hank never has been like that. Till recently, when his wife took him in hand, he paid absolutely no attention to his appearance. Once a reviewer suggested that what he needed most in a film was a shave and a haircut!

IN THE days when he was job hunting in New York, the advice of his friends that he dress neatly fell on deaf ears. Even when the director of *Broken Dishes* refused him the juvenile lead, saying he looked so unprepossessing he couldn't have any sex appeal, Hank just shrugged his shoulders and went on in his slipshod, careless fashion.

When, having achieved fame on the Broadway stage, he arrived in Hollywood to make his first film, Hollywood expected a smart, dapper matinee idol. Instead, Hank arrived wearing two hats, with a grip under each arm, coats carelessly flung over his shoulder, and a kitten he had picked up in a New York restaurant!

He called it George, the name he has given all cats, regardless of sex. Wherever he went in Hollywood, that cat went along. It even appeared in his first film.

"Anything for a good laugh," has always been Hank's motto. Back at West Falmouth he and Joshua Logan and Myron

[*Continued on page* 84]

SCREEN BOOK

Melvyn Douglas, commenting on the article, "Hollywood Strikes Back at Hitler," in the April SCREEN BOOK Magazine, said: "This article is a most interesting deviation from the usual personality articles featured in fan magazines. W. H. Fawcett and his editorial staff have done a real job in expressing Hollywood's thoughts on this serious matter"

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What **Matletex*** does for Hollywood's leading stars, it can do for you...because it's sleek and figure-flattering.

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Screen Star

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FOR SMART POINTED ROUNDNESS

Smart moderns are demanding subtle "pointed roundness" of bosom. With customary Maiden Form genius, "Chansonette" attains this lovelier new silhouette. This exquisite new brassiere also gives perfect uplift and definite separation between the breasts. In various lovely fabrics — $1.00 and $1.50.

Left: "Half-Way" is little more than a "frame-work" — leaves upper breasts uncovered yet supports perfectly — $1.00. Send for *free* Style Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N. Y.

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A REAL BLONDE??? No, but you'd never know it, write so many enthusiastic users of **LECHLER'S "569" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER.** An antiseptic white cream that lightens only where applied to an even shade of blonde. Not a rinse or a wash. Easy to apply. **LECHLER'S "569" INSTANT HAIR LIGHTENER.**

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KOHLER
ONE-NIGHT
CORN SALVE 15c
A Complete Corn Treatment

Salve to penetrate, soften and loosen corn. Thin felt corn pads to relieve shoe pressure. *Always Fresh - - Always Effective*
On Sale at all drug stores only 15c

McCormick kept everyone hysterical with their pantomime sketches. When he lived in New York, quite often Hank put on a crazy act while he was on the subway. He'd stare so fixedly at some poor fellow that the man, uneasy, would get off the train. Or he'd improvise words to songs that kept everyone in stitches.

It was Hank who inaugurated the famous milk toast suppers the boys had when he, Jimmie Stewart, Myron McCormick and Joshua Logan lived together. Since he realized milk was healthy and the boys' food was none too wholesome, he suggested each drink a quart of milk a day. Every morning the milkman deposited four quarts in front of the door.

Now none of the boys wanted to drink milk, so the bottles would collect, cramming the refrigerator. When a dozen had arrived, Hank would suggest a supper of milk toast.

Jimmie Stewart alone balked. He insisted the only way he could bear to eat milk toast was when it was covered with sugar.

"That's an infantile practice," Hank said. "We must wean him away from it." So Jimmie ate milk toast a la Hank Fonda, plentifully sprinkled with salt and pepper, or he ate nothing.

You never heard the inside story of why *Imperial Hotel,* which is being remade today, was shelved, did you? Blame it on Hank Fonda and his little water pistol.

This was the film, you may recall, in which Maggie Sullavan, his ex-wife, replaced Marlene Dietrich.

Though he and Maggie had been divorced for years, they still played childish pranks on each other. One day Hank appeared on her set, armed with a water pistol which he began to shoot at her.

Naturally Maggie left the camera and chased after Hank. She stumbled over an electric cable, fell and broke her wrist. All because of a water pistol fight.

Since childhood, Fonda has been a gambler, willing to take almost any chance. "Sometimes," Kent Smith told me, "you'd think him a perfect fool. He never shows fear, and quite unconsciously does things the average person would never attempt." And he usually gets away with them.

THERE was the time he played golf with Kent Smith. A 16 feet deep gully, across which ran a water pipe, separated them from the next tee. Kent, of course, walked around the gully to tee off. Without a moment's hesitation Hank did a tight rope act on the water pipe, balancing his golf clubs in one hand and his golf bag in the other. He reached the tee without slipping once.

Back in Omaha, in a circus he staged in his back yard, he insisted upon being the chief performer, and erected a flimsy trapeze from which he fell. Later, on a picnic at Cape Cod, he jumped from the mast of a sail boat and came up intact!

But once his luck left him. It happened when he was playing in *The Virginians,* at Mt. Kisco.

Hank decided it would be a good stunt for the cast to ride forth in their cowboy regalia and give the natives a treat. So out they rode one afternoon.

All went well until the hired horse Hank rode came to the main highway and heard the roar of automobiles. He seemed to lose his head and crashed into one, puncturing his chest and throwing Hank.

Hank emerged from that accident with a broken arm, a dent in his head, a strained back and a leg that resembled an egg plant in color.

He's strictly a take-me-as-I-am guy, and he'll do anything he feels is right regardless of the consequences.

On Sept. 8, 1937, *Blow Ye Winds* opened in Boston. It was the first play Hank had appeared in since he became a movie star. Hank, who loves the stage, was sure it would be a hit.

The Boston critics didn't agree with him. By the time the show moved to New York, it was clear their New York colleagues felt more strongly than they. They panned the play unmercifully.

Blessed with the obstinacy which has always distinguished this member of the Fonda clan, Henry refused to be discouraged and clung to his belief that the play, in spite of the critics, would enjoy a successful run.

When lack of box-office receipts proved him wrong and the producer, Arthur Hopkins, wanted to close the show, he demurred.

"If we close now, all the kids who have rehearsed for weeks will be left high and dry. We have to give them a chance to earn something."

SO, UNTIL the play closed at the end of October, Henry Fonda acted in the show without salary. Money earmarked for him paid the difference between the operating expenses and the intake. He might have walked out on the show without a backward glance, for Hollywood was waiting, with a $5,000 a week salary.

And if you tried to tell Hank it was a fine thing to do, he'd get angry. He hates people who parade his loyalties.

"When we were both acting at West Falmouth," Myron McCormick told me, "the director of the company rented the room next door to a rabid prohibitionist who saw red if anyone touched liquor. This took place in 1929, when Prohibition was in full swing."

One night Myron made the grave mistake of opening a bottle of liquor and passing it around to his friends. Immediately the prohibitionist accused him of bootlegging and insisted he be fired from the troupe.

"It was Hank who stood up for me," Myron said. "What an impassioned oration he delivered to Josh Logan, the director. If I was fired, he said, he would leave the company and take half the actors with him." Myron wasn't fired.

Two years ago, when Hank was guest star on the Jimmy Melton radio program in a two character playlet, he again showed the stuff of which he is made. Though the usual practice is for a guest star to act with the sponsor's regular cast, he insisted that his friend Myron be given the other role.

Since Hank was the star, the sponsor expected him to play the leading role, that of a moonshiner, and expected the other actor to be given the minor part of the revenue agent.

Imagine his consternation when Hank said to Myron, "Let's toss a coin to see who plays what." Fortunately for the sponsor's blood pressure, Hank won the moonshiner's part.

Sometimes Hank exhibits poor judgment in business dealings.

Several years ago, when he was starving in New York, he was offered a job with a stock company. Instead of offering him a straight salary, they persuaded him to accept 10% of the profits, impressing upon him the fact that this was the arrangement under which all successful stars work.

When his friends begged him to ask for a straight salary, he refused to listen. He was overjoyed about the excellent deal he was making.

His joy, however, was short lived. Under the arrangement, he never made more than $7 a week.

After a while he settled for a weekly

salary of $12. At least that paid his fare and board—if he ate sparingly.

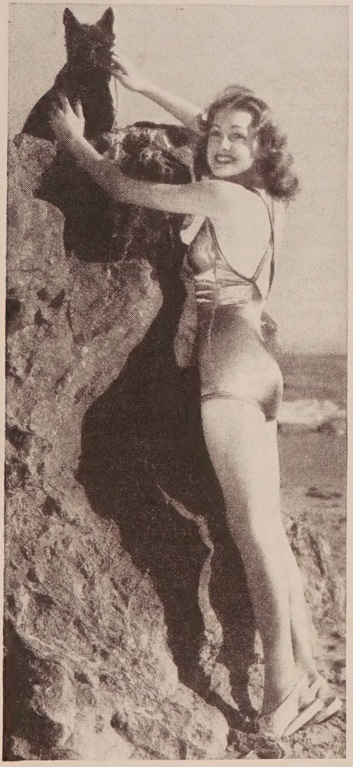
When he lived with Ross Alexander he became so interested in children's electric trains that he began to buy them. Finally the stations, lighthouses and car barns took up so much space that one room of their three room apartment was reserved for trains. He's fond of animals and always has a bad tempered dog following him around. The present pet is Punkin, a great Dane who kills the neighbors' chickens and gets Hank in all sorts of trouble.

Hank has always had unusual views. After his marriage to Maggie Sullavan, he went on with a matinee while she went to the movies. They saw nothing strange about that.

Then, planning a honeymoon in Washington, D. C., he bought a 12 year old Stutz roadster for $75, and the two started out from Baltimore. Twenty minutes later they were back. The car had broken down and they never got it running again. Their honeymoon was spent in Baltimore.

Heaven help you if you do something he doesn't like. Hank minces no words. He's the guy who said that if the press had taken him for a ride as they did Robert Taylor he would have beaten the reporters up one by one. I don't doubt but that he would.

If you want to remain his friend, don't offer him an apple. For though Hank loves apples, he's allergic to them. He swells up like a balloon when he eats one.



A purple silk lastex suit is chosen by Virginia Grey, appearing in M-G-M's *The Hardys Ride High.* "Lassie," Virginia's Scottie, keeps a close lookout for invaders

NEW . . . a CREAM DEODORANT
which safely
STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not harm dresses, does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
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39¢ a jar
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15 MILLION jars of Arrid have been sold . . . Try a jar today—at any store which sells toilet goods.

ARRID

She wouldn't listen to his mother, and when she listened to her heart it was too late.

"INSTALLMENT BRIDE"

Does it pay a bride-to-be to listen to her future mother-in-law's advice? Don't miss "Installment Bride," a powerful real life story of two gallant women—a bride and her husband's mother—who revolutionized the life of a charming, reckless ne'er do well.

This is only one of many heart-to-heart confessions you'll find in the June ROMANTIC STORY, written by people who have lived the stories they tell.

Who can judge the guilt of youth—of boys and girls like Judy and her Jitterettes who go—
"SWING CRAZY"
In the June
Romantic Story

Romantic Story
MY STRANGE MARRIAGE

Selecting the Bride's Silver

[*Continued from page* 58]

herself to jump up and "wash the forks" between the meat and the salad courses, or heard her plaint, "I simply *must* get some more teaspoons." Larger sets afford convenience, and give completeness to the bride's hospitality needs—for example—just three tables of bridge mean a service for 12. Buying in sets means worthwhile saving, too, as against later buying of single items separately. There's nothing like the pleasure and satisfaction of *having enough silver at the start,* instead of adding odd pieces hit or miss, at intervals.

The Problem of Choosing the Pattern

In both sterling and quality plate silverware today, good taste can be taken for granted. Hence, the problem of *"what pattern* shall I choose?" really *comes down to a matter of personal choice,* just as it does in buying texture, design, and "pattern" in quality dress goods, or in selecting period furniture and furnishings. Briefly, silverware patterns are either (1) *plain,* as in the many beautiful simple designs familiar in the American Colonial, or in the new contemporary Modern; or (2) *moderately decorated,* as shown in such silverware as that carrying the Georgian; or (3) *richly decorated* as in those patterns taken from the periods of the French King Louis, where extremely fine details in silversmithing, "pierced" patterns, etc., were in harmony with the great elaborateness found in all furnishings of those eras. "What do you *like?*" "What *kind* of furniture and *styles* in room or house decoration, does the bride prefer?" Naturally, *plain silver of Colonial patterns* would be an excellent fitting choice in the simple home of Early American furnishings; *moderately plain silver of Georgian pattern* in a dining-room of Regency furnishings, and so on. Let the bride decide!

Longer Service at Points of Wear

BUT whatever the "pattern," it is important to *buy silver which will wear!* And right here are some inside "silver tips" for any and all buyers: In the manufacture of modern silver, *the plating* of silver *is heavier on the back of the spoon than on inside the bowl; heavier on the back of a fork than on the inside of the tines;* and, *heavier along all edges than on the surface generally.*

Why? Because these are the hardest points of wear! Prove for yourself where this wear comes: Lay a spoon down on the carbon or black side of a sheet of common typing carbon paper. Press hard on the spoon, rubbing slightly forward and backward. You'll see a tiny print of carbon on the back of the bowl—and this area of carbon (or wear) will spread in proportion to the hard rubbing or length of wear. Take a fork, for example—the point of hardest wear comes where the under side of the fork rests on the table—or even more so as the fork lies on the bottom of the dishpan in its 3 times a day or 1095 times a year of hard use! The reputable dealer will point out to the prospective buyer that quality plated silver will last *much longer because it is plated with extra silver at the points of hardest usage.*

Other "silver tips" are that hollow handles are superior to solid handles because they can be grasped more easily and have a better "feel" or "balance" as they are held in the hand, and because they will not rust so easily. Stainless steel blades on silver handled knives assure less effort in cleaning, with the added beauty of their "mirror finish." The buyer should be less interested in the weight of the plate ware, than she is in the name of the manufacturer, and his reputation for producing quality silver plated ware which has stood the tests of years of use.

What is Hollow Ware?

Hollow ware or service pieces are those larger items so necessary in modern entertaining, and which should always "match" or harmonize with the "flatware." Therefore, appropriate Coffee Service, Tea-Service, etc., in hollow ware should be of the same pattern as the coffee or teaspoons, forks, lemon server, cheese scoop, etc. Candlesticks which do so much to soften and cast a charming glow over silver and crystal, are very popular, and should, of course, be harmonious with the table's knives, forks and spoons! Salts and peppers, a bowl or other centerpiece, ice bucket, etc., should always be purchased with all the other pieces in mind. Many of these unusual table service items, particularly trays and platters, are silver staples, treasured as heirlooms because of their lasting beauty. Carving sets—knife, fork, and sharpener, too, can be selected to match the patterns of the table or flat-ware, and thus give the dining-table all the charm of gleaming, uniform perfection.

What is a Complete Set of Silver?

THE exact answer to that question depends on your manner of living as determined by your income, your preferences,

FREE

Mrs. Christine Frederick
c/o SCREEN BOOK Magazine
1501 Broadway, New York

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

I am interested in receiving your free leaflet, *Set Tables Correctly With Silver,* which shows what silver is required for formal dinners, afternoon teas, and wedding breakfasts or receptions.

(This offer expires June 15, 1939)

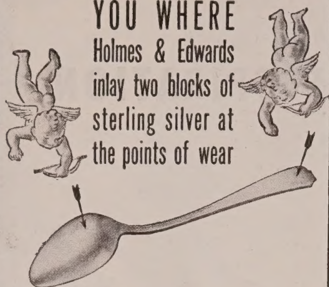
Name..

Street Address..

City and State..

SB-6

DAN CUPID SHOWS YOU WHERE
Holmes & Edwards inlay two blocks of sterling silver at the points of wear



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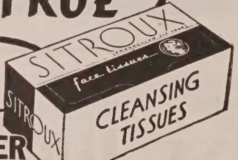

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AT 5 AND 10¢ AND BETTER DEPARTMENT STORES

LEARN TO IRON BEAUTIFULLY SPEEDILY HAPPILY!

SHE'LL BE VERY GLAD SHE NOTICED THIS BIT OF NEWS—

WELL-PERFECT HOT STARCH WITHOUT BOILING *IS* NEWS—GOOD NEWS!

Here's that modern way to hot starch without mixing, boiling and bother as with lump starch. Makes starching easy. Makes ironing easy. Restores elasticity and that soft charm of newness. No sticking. No scorching. Your iron fairly glides. A wonderful invention. This free test convinces. *Send for a Trial Packet.*

ELASTIC STARCH

THANK YOU

THE HUBINGER CO., No. 712, Keokuk Ia.
Your free sample of QUICK ELASTIC, please, "That Wonderful Way to Hot Starch."

....

....

and the etiquette or good form which you decide to follow. In brief, the answer is: "*Enough Silver flatware*"—so that the hostess may conveniently, gracefully, and without embarrassing "waits," serve any meal or menu to the number of guests invited for the occasion.

The most complete set or chest of flatware generally carried by dealers lists between 38 and 44 different kinds of pieces or items used both for eating, and for serving. The minimum or fewest number necessary is 20 different pieces, as used in the average family, but a set smaller than this is too limited for nicely served meals and even simple entertaining. As suggested in the beginning; "larger sets give more complete hospitality service."

Use silver every day and it will more certainly keep from tarnishing. Wash in warm suds of mild soap, rinse, and dry-polish with soft linen towels. Store in a tarnish-proof silver chest.

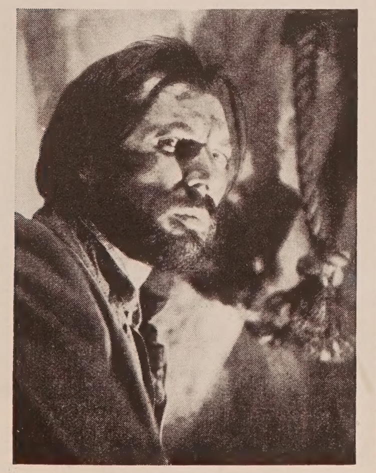
Indeed, for the bride or any buyer, the beautiful silverware container or "treasure chest" makes a very special added appeal. Made of solid wood grain, beautifully finished, and protected with tarnish-proof materials lined with satin, what a safe, rich background for its silver "treasure!" Whether the silver service is for 6, for 8, or for 12, the "pieces of silver" contained therein will be assured a safe repository as well as providing the hostess a practical drawer in which to keep her silverware in the best condition.

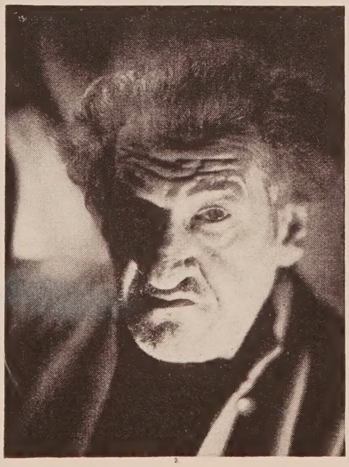
Not only the bride, but all hostesses will be interested in the feature leaflet; "Set Tables Correctly With Silver."

It shows what silver is required for a formal dinner, afternoon tea or bridge, and yes, for the wedding breakfast or reception.

Australia's Black Chapter

Photos grouped on this page are from the Hal Roach picture, *Captain Fury*. Film deals with convict labor in colonial Australia. Above, Will Stanton and Victor McLaglen in a dramatic scene. Note the convict arrows on their clothes. Lower left, Vince Speaker. Lower right, Bob Milasch. Both have roles as convict laborers





"IT'S LOADS OF FUN COLLECTING FOR MY LANE CEDAR HOPE CHEST"

Says Priscilla Lane

Warner Brothers' Star in Family Reunion

GIVE THIS True Love Gift

FOR GRADUATION
WEDDING • BIRTHDAY
CONFIRMATION

The **LANE SPECIAL**

No. 48-1690—Big 48″ chest in modern waterfall design in matched Oriental and walnut woods. Has Lane Automatic Tray. $29.75

Slightly higher in West and in Canada

This gift that marks the dawn of a new home has patented aroma-tight features that give guaranteed moth protection—backed by free moth insurance policy. It's the only cedar chest tested for moth-killing aroma-tightness. Superbly finished in *waterproof* hardwood veneers that will never peel or loosen. See latest Lane models now at your Lane dealer's. The Lane Company, Inc., Dept. N, Altavista, Virginia. In Canada, Knechtels Ltd., Hanover, Ontario.

LANE *Cedar* HOPE CHEST

THE GIFT THAT STARTS A HOME

MISS AND MRS. AMERICA!

Thousands of you have sent letters to the studio asking me how I make up the beautiful women you see on the screen.

I have made arrangements to answer your letters and supply you with my new, exclusive Third - Dimensional Make-Up.

Jack Dawn
DIRECTOR of MAKE-UP
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Gable Debunks Stardom

[*Continued from page* 48]

gentleman than Clark—but certain of their characteristics were the same. No one could overlook the resemblance.

Yet everyone has overlooked their strongest mutual trait. At least, no one has called attention to it.

By profession, *Rhett* was a blockade-runner—the most successful the South had. By magic, he brought his ships, laden with goods the South needed, into ports besieged by Federal gunboats. As his success continued, and obviously wasn't a matter of luck, he could have become an even more glamorous hero. But no. He kept debunking the business of blockade-running.

By profession, Clark is a movie star—the most successful male star in Hollywood. By magic, he always comes through as Box Office Male No. 1, no matter how some of his pictures may be sniped at by critics. Because of his continuing success, which luck alone doesn't explain, he could surround himself with more and more glamor. But no. He keeps debunking the business of stardom.

Rhett's self-debunking was a trait that his glorifier, Margaret Mitchell, constantly stressed. Clark's self-debunking is a trait that his glorifiers, the bright young publicity men of M-G-M, *don't* stress. But it's there just the same.

And it's one of the most pleasant things about him.

When you think of practically any movie star, you think of a poised individual, who consciously or sub-consciously thrives on others' awe of his success. He lives in a showplace, rides in a limousine, has only important people for friends, ornaments the most exclusive parties and in general has a luxurious time of it. Not only in what he is, but in what he has and what he does, he encourages envy.

But not Clark.

WHEN he married wealthy Maria Langham in 1931, and almost simultaneously became a screen sensation (with a salary to match), he lived in a 7-room house among other 7-room houses in Brentwood. His studio wanted him to take a more impressive place, a place more befitting a star. He reneged. That place was big enough for him.

After he and Ria separated in 1935, he lived in a modest apartment. Then he acquired a ranch in the Valley. You've read of "Gable's ranch." And, perhaps, you've pictured him as lord of a manor, king of a feudal domain. Do you know what that first "ranch" was? A two-acre plot, among other two-acre suburban plots, in a built-up section of North Hollywood. The house had only six rooms and wasn't 50 feet back from the street. There was nothing about it to indicate that a movie star lived there. No high hedge or wall; no electrically-operated gate to the driveway; no swimming pool or tennis court. And, as a "ranch" (as the press-agents insisted on calling the place), it lacked even a corral or an orchard. What it had was a lawn and flowers—like the neighbors' places.

Last year, when it began to look as if he might finally become free to marry Carole Lombard, he bought a big, honest-to-God farm farther out, in the Encino hills. As you may or may not know, Encino is the Valley spot that movie stars have turned into a showplace with luxurious country homes. But the Gable-Lombard establishment will never be pointed out to tourists. It's up a long lane, over a hill, out of sight.

A few years ago, Clark acquired a long, rangy Duesenberg roadster. Now, a Duesenberg is a car that no ordinary person can afford. And, as such, it has glamor. But that wasn't why he let his studio (which offered to pay half the cost) persuade him into getting one. Fast driving is a vice of his, and he wanted to find out what it was like to go 125 miles an hour on wheels. He would sneak up to Muroc Dry Lake weekends to experiment. But he didn't keep the Duesenberg long. The attention it attracted delighted the studio—but it was too much for him. I saw him in Beverly Hills the other day, driving a Ford coupe. I had to look again to make sure it was Clark. He was that unimpressive, for a movie star.

You've read a great deal about his friendship with Robert Taylor and Spencer Tracy. The impression is abroad that they are inseparable. Sure, they're good friends. But he seldom sees Tracy outside the studio, and he sees Taylor only infrequently—usually on jaunts to a gun club near Oxnard, of which they're both members. His closest actor-friend is Andy Devine. He also pals around with Producer Eddie Mannix and Directors Jack Conway and Victor Fleming. And that about exhausts the roster of important people he associates with. He has discovered that most of the important people don't like to do the things he likes to do. So to blazes with them.

That's why he rarely goes to those swanky Hollywood rendezvous, where everybody who is anybody automatically goes, to be seen by the columnists and photographers. He is invited to more exclusive parties than any other man in Hollywood. But he seldom attends. One party a year is about all he can take, judging by his attendance record of the past two years.

Like every other M-G-M star, he has been given a luxurious dressing-room on wheels, in which he can have "starrish" seclusion. The only time he uses it is when he has time for a nap. Usually, between scenes, you'll find him parked in a camp-chair at the side of the set. There's nothing exclusive about Gable.

All these things are passive proofs of his debunking of stardom. Things that say, as plainly as words, "This stardom isn't going to last forever. Why try to kid myself? Why take on a load of star-complexes?"

But all his debunking isn't passive. Some of it is plenty active.

His actions between pictures tell bluntly what he thinks of the alleged importance of keeping everlastingly in the Public Eye. He disappears, gets completely away from Hollywood and everything connected with stardom. Weeks later, he will reappear, and tell of some new place in the back country of New Mexico, or Oregon, or Utah that he has discovered—where nobody recognized him. Most stars wouldn't think any more of seeking such oblivion than they would think of jumping off the Trylon at the World's Fair.

Between the new farm and marriage to Carole Lombard, he probably won't be going off on so many hideaway jaunts in the future. But right in Encino he'll do plenty of hiding away. You can bet on that. Carole isn't going to change him in that respect.

If anything, he has changed Carole. She used to be the belle of Hollywood, visible in a different place each night. But since going with Clark she has become, off-screen, The Invisible Woman.

The thing that attracted Clark to Carole was the same thing that attracted *Rhett* to *Scarlett*—her frankness. Not many men, especially if aware of their appeal to other women, could long take Carole's brand of bluntness. It's devastating. It's barbed. It's dignity-puncturing. But Clark has been thriving on it for three years.

He delights in her pet name for him: "Moose."

That's another thing about Clark. He violates one of the foremost rules of stardom: "If other people seriously think you're the handsomest thing on two legs, don't laugh, yourself. And never guffaw." Clark guffaws.

Offhand, you would suspect that any man of great physical appeal would be an insufferable egotist—determined to encourage no one to make quips at his expense. But Clark makes quips, himself, about his ears.

Carole presented him with a mule named Bessie for his birthday. The other day, a still photographer was out at the new farm, getting some candid-camera art of Gable, the farmer. One of the shots had Clark tete-a-tete with Bessie. In an aside to the photographer, he cracked, "You don't have to tell me—I know who's got the biggest ears."

He happened to mention to Carole that he hoped they could escape the curiosity-seekers on their honeymoon. She said, "*You'll* never be able to hide from the curiosity-seekers—not with those ears." Clark's loud guffaws were heard in the next county.

AFTER a man has been Male Star No. 1 for three or four consecutive years, he can safely command respect as an actor. (Physical appeal alone doesn't explain such success.) But Clark, while he is serious about acting, makes a point of stating that he'd like to be "half as good as Tracy." More than that. He lampoons himself as an actor.

Perhaps you remember the scene in *Idiot's Delight*, in which a dog nipped him in the seat of the pants. Confidentially, the dog was a highly trained animal, which could be depended on to fasten his fangs onto a leather strap, part of a harness that Clark was wearing under his clothes. But as Clark started running, with the dog in pursuit, the harness slipped. The dog leaped for the precise spot where the strap was supposed to be, and closed his jaws—whereupon Mr. Gable emitted an unavoidable yowl. When he was able to comment on the mishap, his rueful comment was: "I guess the mutt must have tasted ham before, and liked it."

During the same picture, while struggling

[*Continued on page* 90]

—photo by Charles Rhodes

Hollywood's perennial knitter, Joan Crawford, is the constant companion these days of Charles Martin, one of Universal's up and coming producers. Who's it for, Joan?

Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, two great Hollywood stars. Happily married, have two children. Joan Blondell is said to originate this very fashionable hair-do. Her dress is black and green with jacket effect.

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through the shuffle-off-to-Buffalo number that later convulsed audiences, he made the immortal crack: "I sure look like I've got egg on my face in *this* role."

Speaking of eggs, he still takes a kidding about the one he laid as *Parnell*, and still kids himself about it. It's a sort of running gag always good for a laugh. Tyrone Power, after his trip to South America, was telling Clark about a quaint custom he came across in certain theatres 'way down yonder. If the audience didn't like the picture flashed on the screen, they would start lighting matches, holding them up in the darkness—as a signal to the manager that if he didn't yank the picture off, and put on another, they'd start tearing out the seats. Gable chortled, "Can't you imagine the conflagration, the night they showed *Parnell?*"

His self-kidding about his screen feats once almost cost him his life. (This is a long-suppressed story.) During the making of *Hell Divers,* he started joking about what a daredevil flier he would be in the film, without ever having left the ground during production. The late George Hill, directing, decided to have a little fun with Clark. He dared him to go up with one of the Navy fliers, between scenes, on an "observation flight." Clark was game. But he didn't know that Hill, on the side, had told the Navy pilot to give him "the works."

Clark expected the flight—his first—to be a quick tour of the San Diego air lanes. Instead, he was in the air a half-hour, going through all the maneuvers in the catalogue, from barrel-rolls to tailspins. As the big climax, the pilot went into a power dive—and nearly didn't come out of it . . . .

A year and a half ago, he did something that few stars would have the courage to do. A woman had been writing him half-pleading, half-threatening letters, asking him to support her child, which she claimed was also his. Putting her down as a crank, he ignored her letters for a long time. Then the blackmail became more pointed. He didn't do what many stars, at that time, would have done to protect their stardom from unsavory publicity; he didn't pay any hush money. He turned the letter over to authorities. The woman was arrested, put on trial. But from the way the newspapers played up the case, you would have thought that Clark was on trial. He had to prove that he wasn't the father of the woman's child. He did prove it. The woman was convicted of attempted fraud.

It would have been much easier for Clark to pay hush money than to go through that ordeal. But the fact that he was a star who ought to think of his publicity wasn't half so important as that he was an intended victim of a racket. What was fame worth if he had to live it in fear?

Most stars are afraid of innumerable things—having pictures stolen from them, being photographed on their "wrong" sides, having their options dropped, not getting in So-and-So's column, being laughed at, not being seen with the right people at the right places at the right time, giving away the fact that, underneath their glamor, they are ordinary human beings. Innumerable things that don't worry Clark Gable at all.

He debunks the business of being a star. And he's free from star-complexes.

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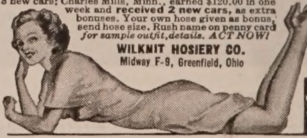


Star Grazing

[*Continued from page* **38**]

restaurant icebox and cooked according to his special instructions. He uses almost a whole bottle of tomato ketchup, and has a green salad on the side with "No pepper!" in the dressing.

Several of the stars bring fish and game to be cooked in the Derby kitchen. When Clark Gable goes deer-hunting he totes venison there. Both Frank Morgan and Johnnie Weissmuller, back from a fishing trip, have their trout broiled by the chef.

In addition, the customers occasionally give the chef certain recipes for dishes which thereafter become part of the regular menu. Edward G. Robinson contributed Roumanian wiener schnitzel, made according to the directions his mother followed. Director Ernst Lubitsch added his family's version of the Russian pancakes named blinies and pronounced "bleenies." When he tasted them as they were tossed off under his personal supervision, he said they were the best he'd ever eaten.

As a matter of fact, the Derby preens itself on its cooking. It was founded 14 years ago by the late Wilson Meizner, international gourmet and wit, and the late Herbert Somborn, former husband of Gloria Swanson, upon the theory that today the rarest thing in America is good food. The two called Bob Cobb into consultation and they decided to begin with only a few dishes but to have them "sensational." Hamburger de luxe, creamed turkey and little thin hotcakes. Nothing else.

"What'll we name the place?" somebody asked.

"Makes no difference what," Somborn replied, "If the food is good, people will come there even if you put the place down an alley and call it the Brown Derby." So the Brown Derby it became.

The first customers were Charlie Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Clara Bow, Valentino and Noah and Wally Beery. The first restaurant, built in the form of a derby hat, was—and is—on a boulevard toward downtown Los Angeles. That one, like the one built later in Beverly Hills, has its share of star patrons. But when somebody says "the Derby" today he usually means the restaurant near the corner of Vine and Hollywood boulevard which has proved the most handy for the greatest number.

Gradually the menu expanded. "We can't live on hamburger and hotcakes," Chaplin told Cobb. Now it includes everything from frogs' legs to papilotte. It's a pretty sight to watch Irene Dunne having a papilotte served to her. In fact, a papilotte is a pretty sight itself.

They wrap a chicken in cabbage leaves, strew it with small French carrots and put it in a waxed paper bag which they blow up into a dome with a toy bellows. When the oven has done its work, they bring the dome to the table on a silver platter and with tremendous ceremony the waiter snicks open the bag while the maitre d'hotel peers and sniffs. Steam rises like incense. Gentle cries of approbation come from Miss Dunne and clucks of congratulation from the maitre d'hotel. Hah! It's okay. Okay? Don't be silly. It's colossal!

Thursday evening (maids' night out) is always busy and lively and on Friday night the place is crowded. The group of staring fans, never small, is so enlarged that it has to be roped off in the space just inside the door. Friday night happens to be fights night at the nearby Legion auditorium. The Derby glitters with stars, some of whom escape through the kitchen after dinner.

The fans who throng the entrance receive courteous treatment but nobody's allowed to dart over to a booth and request an autograph while the stars eat. When the stars toss down their napkins, the fan line tightens expectantly and when the stars leave the fans make a rush. The biggest fan crowd I've ever seen at the Derby was on a fights night with Bob Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck among the diners.

As the menu expanded, so did the Vine street eatery. The Bamboo Room, added a couple of years ago, affords a shadowy spot where, at the bar or little tables, the glamor boys and girls can enjoy an aperitif or what not. You'll find the drama critics present, praising or panning the newest film. Consequently no little amusement shook the village when half the neon sign on the facade went out one night and advertised to the world the "Boo Room."

Recently the stars have begun to give private parties in the two new American Rooms added at the rear of the building; demure white picket fences outside and $8,000 worth of early New England inside, complete with brick fireplace, iron crane, pewter spoons and Colonial wallpaper. In these rooms Gail Patrick and Bob Cobb gave a housewarming at which half of Hollywood were guests.

Of all the romances for which the Brown Derby has been the background, that of Gail and Bob is perhaps the most romantic. Bob met Gail at a party in the Derby and they fell in love. But Bob's work consumes so much time that while they snatched a day to get married in December, 1936, they never had a honeymoon until last October.

"Of course, I just trail along," Bob says with a wide smile. "As the husband of a star, I never know at a public gathering whether to go round to the side door or merely do a dive out of sight." That, of course, is a lot of nonsense, for Bob's a Hollywood personage in his own right.

"When Gail married me," he explained seriously the other day, "she made up her mind to be a restaurant man's bride. That is, she realized I had to stay at one or another of the Derbies nearly every evening and she reconciled herself to having a husband who didn't come home to dinner more than twice a week. She lives up to her resolution, too. No fussing. No complaints."

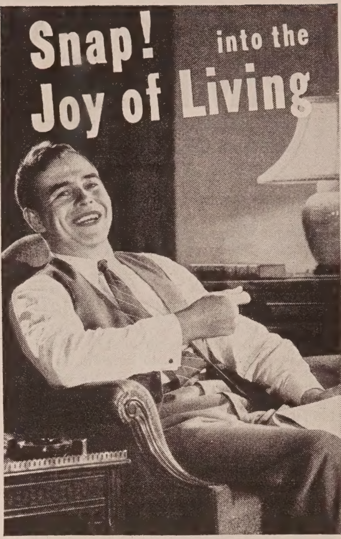
But Gail makes up for Bob's enforced absences by eating at the Derby as often as possible. She always wears her best clothes and usually has the first booth on the right. Through a tiny window high on the rear wall, Bob can see her from his office. Down he comes to ask very formally if the food is satisfactory.

"Give her roast prime ribs of beef with crepes Suzette for dessert and she's all set," Bob says.

But Gail and Bob eat lots of other things, too. When somebody found them one afternoon devouring hot apricot pie and doughnuts, they admitted that they try out each new restaurant dish on themselves before offering it to the patrons.

"She's an ideal customer," Bob says admiringly. "she's never yet threatened to get the manager fired." Probably no one else ever has, either. It wouldn't be much use; he owns stock in the concern.

[*Continued on page* 92]



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Another romance which budded in the semi-circular booths was that of Ann Shirley and John Payne. Skipping off to meet each other in such a hurry that both were as a rule in make-up, Ann (over spaghetti) and John (over roast beef, rare) carried on a concentrated courtship each lunch hour. A salad called seafood Neptune sustained Anne Sothern, while Roger Pryor ate whatever he first spied on the bill of fare, in the days when they were holding hands at the Derby. It was over afternoon tea at the Derby that Tom Brown and Natalie Draper decided to get married; and Ken Dolan wooed Shirley Ross there, persuaded her to elope in a plane and brought her back there for dinner a few hours later.

But, sentimentally speaking, all has not been beer and skittles among those semi-circular booths. In addition to sporadic fisticuffs in which various stars, producers and directors have participated, there have been interesting marital disputes. When Lupe Velez and Johnnie Weissmuller were married to each other, they used to dine at the Derby every Friday and then go to the fights. One Thursday at the Derby they staged some fights of their own. Anxious not to meet on Friday evening, each avoided the Vine street Derby and showed up, to their mutual embarrassment, at the Derby in Beverly Hills.

Lupe was at Vine street, however, when a waiters' strike was called at seven o'clock on a big Friday night. She marched into the kitchen and began serving. Delighted customers ordered the most fantastic dishes they could devise but she served them scrambled eggs anyway.

OTHER celluloid celebrities have now and then acted as waiters. When George Bernard Shaw, who has a wide reputation as a vegetarian, ordered salad, Vincent Barnett (professional ribber) insisted on bringing roast lamb. He brought it four times until, he swears, Shaw ate it.

For a gag Joe E. Brown once waited on Arthur Treacher, the movie butler. He got everything wrong, spilled everything liquid. Meanwhile, Brown discovered that Hollywood men eat heartily, Hollywood women are on diets and the favorite Hollywood dessert is cheesecake. This was the evening that the little daughter of President Machado of Cuba upset Derby precedent by walking right up to Treacher's table and getting his autograph.

In the process of inventing awful mixtures in the kitchen and bringing them innocently to Treacher, Joe E. Brown also found out plenty about his fellow artists' food fads and foibles. He learned that the chef slams the lamb chops into the broiler the moment word comes that Norma Shearer is at the door, that Joan Crawford likes avoirdupois-building avocadoes but eats cottage cheese, that June Lang has a Dubonnet cocktail before dinner and strawberry shortcake to top off, that when Dorothy Lamour was in the hospital she ordered steaks and chicken brought over from the Derby, and that Bob Montgomery eats more cheesecake than anyone else in town.

Wallace Beery's favorite booth, he learned, is the third on the left, where a sketch of his young daughter Carol Ann hangs on the wall. His pet viands are ham and eggs and sand dabs, which he eats slowly while reading a film magazine. Marlene Dietrich, instead of nibbling daintily at exotic vittles, eats beef stew as if she enjoyed it.

Dr. Herbert Kalmus, the father of technicolor, lives on chocolate cake which the Derby bakes specially for him when he telephones that he will be over. Eleanor Powell is devoted to turkey Derby, Phil

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Regan and his two sons invariably order corned beef hash and Director David Burton holds the longtime booth-reserving record; he had the same booth reserved for lunch every day for nine years. Likewise there used to be a booth, if you could find it, where through some freak of acoustics even a whisper on the opposite side of the room could be heard. Some repairs on a wall wiped out this magic.

Varied are the idiosyncracies of the dieters. Jean Hersholt won't drink red tomato juice but must have the yellow kind. Stu Erwin really likes prune juice. Sid Grauman, manager of the famous Chinese theatre, orders a unique dish; half a broiled baby turkey which weighs about two pounds. Mary Brian has coffee before she orders anything.

Loretta Young is the waiters' joy because she eats a good, hearty meal, but Charlie Chaplin eats like a bird; he orders a steak and takes four bites.

THE funniest meals of all are those of Boris Karloff. The "Horror Man" drinks milk and eats pastries—three or four of 'em.

Bing Crosby also loves pastry but he is obliged to keep his weight down. His wife has a little deal with the Derby. They *never* serve pastries to him. Bing looks longingly at the glass trays heaped with cakes and eclairs. "I think I'll have a choc . . ." he begins. The waiter scowls reprovingly. "No, no, Mr. Crosby," he says, "How about a sliced orange?"

The Derby doesn't confine its service, by the way, to the dining room. Marion Davies ordered food sent to her beach house last September for 6,000 Legionnaires. Carole Lombard gave a party at Clark Gable's ranch and asked the Derby to arrange dinner.

Around the walls inside the restaurant the chief decorations are caricatures of the stars done by Vitch of Paris who, himself a celebrated pantomimist, is said to be the only pantomimist who ever made Chaplin laugh. The head waiter looks after these caricatures, a task requiring diplomacy. If the marriage of two stars has blown up, he tactfully puts their caricatures on opposite sides of the room. If a prominent actor is out of work too long, the head waiter slides his caricature up to a booth where important directors are going to eat. Yes, it's a restaurant with personality.

That the stars consider it a personal kind of a place is indicated by the pranks they sometimes play there. There's one rigid rule: men patrons must wear coats. The Derby keeps three sizes of tweed jackets, and on a summer day when actors wander in from the lots in polo shirts and the jacket supply runs low, you may see Errol Flynn in a jacket that would better suit Frank McHugh. But Harpo Marx topped it.

The day had turned hot when people were dressed for a cool one, and though the Derby is air-conditioned the street outside was like a furnace. Jimmy Gleason, entering the restaurant, defiantly peeled off his coat. "Once a gentleman, always a gentleman," said Jack LaRue at the next table, and removed his coat and vest. At the table beyond, Harpo Marx stood up and whimsically took off his trousers.

Battler Wayne Morris meets Maxie Rosenbloom in Warners' *The Kid from Kokomo*

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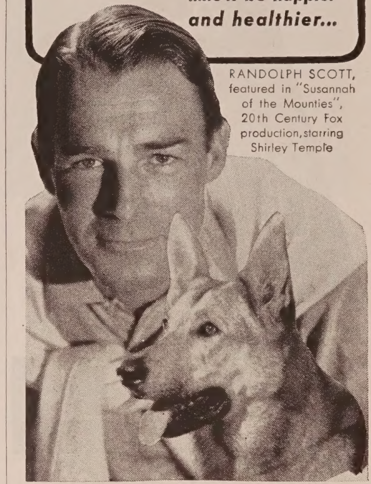

RANDOLPH SCOTT, featured in "Susannah of the Mounties", 20th Century Fox production, starring Shirley Temple

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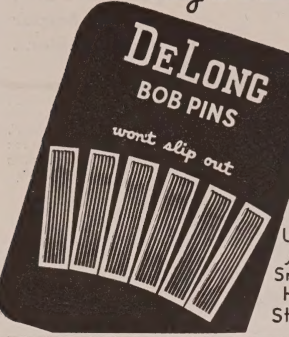

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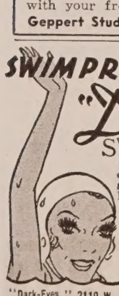

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At Your Theatre Soon

[*Continued from page 45*]

THE starring combination of James Stewart and Claudette Colbert, plus an engrossing plot, plus a superlative supporting cast of comedians, makes *It's a Wonderful World* sparkling entertainment.

Loaned to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for the first time under the terms of her Paramount contract, Miss Colbert comes through nobly with a delightful portrayal of a scatter-brained poetess, her best comedy part since *It Happened One Night.* As the private detective hired to protect Broadway playboy Ernest Truex from designing females, James Stewart gives another splendid performance.

Five minutes after they met, Stewart kayoed Miss Colbert with a hard right to the chin. P. S. It was only a movie knockout. . . Edgar Kennedy developed a new, two-hand "slow burn" technique for his role of a comedy police detective in *It's a Wonderful World. . . .* Director Van Dyke also pioneered by filming the entire picture from a camera boom and by shooting the first and the last scenes the same day.

Probable critics' rating of *It's a Wonderful World*: Excellent.

SORORITY HOUSE

(RKO-Radio)

Directed by John Farrow. Starring Anne Shirley and James Ellison, with J. M. Kerrigan, Helen Wood, Barbara Read, Adele Pearce, Doris Jordan and Sherrie Overton. National release date—May 15, 1939.

EXPLOITING Hollywood's recurring interest in the doings of college boys and girls, RKO-Radio has turned to the sorority system to get material for its latest campus drama.

Based on the Mary Coyle Chase play, *The Chi House,* the film depicts all the little heartbreaks and happinesses inherent in the method of electing girls to college sororities and throws a revealing light on the snobbishness accompanying this form of undergraduate social life. Against this background, Anne Shirley and James Ellison give appealing performances, ably assisted by a capable supporting cast.

Of the 17 girls in the cast of *Sorority House* only one, Kay Stewart, was a sorority girl and she plays a non-sorority role in the picture. . . Potatoes and fresh vegetables used in the grocery store scenes were distributed to needy families after the sequences were shot. . . Marjorie Bell, who plays a bit role, was the model for Walt Disney's "Snow White."

Probable critics' rating of *Sorority House*: Good.

THE SUN NEVER SETS

(Universal)

Directed by Rowland V. Lee. Starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Basil Rathbone, with Barbara O'Neil, Virginia Field, C. Aubrey Smith, Lionel Atwill and Mary Forbes. National release date—May 26, 1939

AGAINST the colorful background of the British diplomatic service, Universal has fashioned an emotional drama which should bring critical laurels to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Basil Rathbone.

In *The Sun Never Sets,* young Fairbanks plays the part of the youngest member of an old British family which has been repre-

Read the story of *Invitation to Happiness*, starring Irene Dunne and Fred MacMurray, in MOVIE STORY

Tyrone Power previews for you his coming picture, *Rose of Washington Square*, in the same big issue

Captain Fury, starring Brian Aherne and Victor McLaglen, is also presented in story form this month

Robert Donat stars in the story version of *Good-bye, Mr. Chips*, another big MOVIE STORY feature

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sented in "the service" for 300 years. He balks at following family tradition but finally is won over and enters the service, where his cynicism and carelessness nearly ruin the career of his older brother, played by Rathbone. The action is laid largely on the African Gold Coast.

Born in South Africa, Rathbone is British by birth. Long a screen villain, he has played sympathetic parts in his last five pictures, gets another such role in *The Sun Never Sets*. . . Barbara O'Neil, his wife in the picture, made her screen debut in *Stella Dallas*, will be seen as Scarlett O'Hara's young mother in *Gone With The Wind*. . . Virginia Field, Fairbanks' sweetheart in the picture, was born in London but is a direct descendant of General Robert E. Lee.

Probable critics' rating of *The Sun Never Sets*: Very Good.

THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by George B. Seitz. Starring Mickey Rooney, with Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Cecilia Parker, Ann Rutherford, Sara Haden, Virginia Grey and Minor Watson. National release date—May 5, 1939.

THIS sixth and latest in the fabulously successful Hardy Family series is bound to delight the untold legions of fans who have followed the Hardy's adventures during the past two years.

Briefly, the plot concerns the excitement and difficulties which ensue when Judge Hardy receives notice of a $20,000,000 inheritance. In keeping with the title the film sets a new high in costuming and backgrounds. Andy Hardy (Mickey Rooney) wears his first full dress suit; Aunt Milly (Sara Haden) enjoys her first serious romance; and the Hardy Family home, in use for two years, gets a new coat of paint.

Lewis Stone, Mickey, Fay Holden and Cecilia Parker all have adjoining ranches in the San Fernando Valley. . . More props are used in the Hardy pictures than for any other on the M-G-M lot. . . Prop man Charles Ryan has 7,942 items on hand, ranging from a stuffed swordfish to a silk hat. . . An airliner used in scenes for *The Hardys Ride High* required more make-up than the entire cast.

Probable critics' rating of *The Hardys Ride High*: Very Good.

HOTEL IMPERIAL

(Paramount)

Directed by Robert Florey. Starring Isa Miranda and Ray Milland, with Reginald Owen, Gene Lockhart, J. Carrol Naish and Curt Bois. National release date—May 19, 1939.

AFTER a series of nightmarish delays and cast changes which could occur only in Hollywood, *Hotel Imperial* finally emerges from the cutting room to introduce as its star the third woman chosen for the leading role, Isa Miranda, glamorous European importation.

In this story of the romance of a boy and girl in war-torn Europe of 1916, Miss Miranda makes her bow to American audiences. Originally slated for the role was Marlene Dietrich, who withdrew when producer Ernst Lubitsch took over another assignment. Margaret Sullavan, second choice for the part, broke her wrist after two weeks on the lot.

Co-starring with the European beauty is handsome, English-born Ray Milland, who has soared to stardom within the past three years at Paramount. An ex-member of the British Royal Household Cavalry and one of the finest horsemen in Hollywood, he rides a horse on the screen in *Hotel Imperial* for the first time in his movie career. . . Because of delays in production, a total of nearly 2,000 persons were employed on the picture, received approximately $350,000 in wages and salaries. . . Though there are battle scenes, the picture is not a "war story" in the true sense.

Probable critics' rating of *Hotel Imperial*: Very Good.

LUCKY NIGHT (M-G-M)

Myrna Loy, Robert Taylor. Comedy of a penniless young man and an adventurous heiress who run sixty cents up to $5,000 in a series of madcap gambles. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

UNION PACIFIC (Paramount)

Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea, Akim Tamiroff. Roaring adventures on the trail of America's first transcontinental railroad. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

THEY MADE HER A SPY (RKO Radio)

Sally Eilers, Allan Lane. Miss Eilers as a secret agent who cracks a spy ring. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Good.*

THE STORY OF ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL (20th Century-Fox)

Don Ameche, Loretta Young, Henry Fonda. Life of the inventor of the telephone. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN (Universal)

Bing Crosby, Joan Blondell, Mischa Auer. Crosby sings in an engaging comedy. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

WOMEN IN THE WIND (Warner Brothers)

Kay Francis, William Gargan, Victor Jory. Aviation thriller with a woman slant. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Good.*

BRIDAL SUITE (formerly Maiden Voyage) (M-G-M)

Annabella, Robert Young. Light comedy. Previewed in May SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

BOYS' REFORMATORY (Monogram)

Frankie Darro. Reform school life. National release date—May 1, 1939. Probable critics' rating: Good.

SOME LIKE IT HOT (Paramount)

Gene Krupa, Shirley Ross, Bob Hope, Una Merkel. Music by Krupa, comedy by Hope and Merkel. National release date—May 12, 1939. Probable critics' rating: Good.

THE CASTLES (RKO Radio)

Fred Astaire, Ginger Rogers. The life of Vernon and Irene Castle, with America's foremost dance team in the leading roles. Critics' rating: Excellent.

[*Continued on page 96*]

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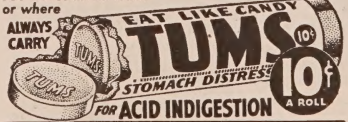

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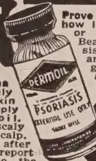

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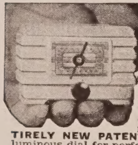

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HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES (20th Century-Fox)

Richard Greene, Basil Rathbone, Nigel Bruce, Wendy Barrie. Sherlock Holmes detective mystery. Critics' rating: Very Good.

ZENOBIA (United Artists)

Oliver Hardy, Harry Langdon, Billie Burke, Alice Brady. Picture of small-town romance along the Mississippi in the 1870's. National release date—April 21, 1939. Probable critics' rating: Good.

BROADWAY SERENADE (M-G-M)

Jeanette MacDonald, Lew Ayres. Good music, light story. Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

DARK VICTORY (Warner Brothers)

Bette Davis, George Brent. Dramatic interpretation of a woman's reaction to the knowledge that she has only a few months to live. Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

THREE SMART GIRLS GROW UP (Universal)

Deanna Durbin, Nan Grey, Helen Parrish. Sequel to Universal's "Three Smart Girls," hit of several years ago. More heart trouble for the three girls and acceptable comedy, plus Deanna's lovely voice. Critics' rating: Very Good.

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (United Artists)

Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, David Niven. Emily Bronte's classic English love story. Previewed in March SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

THE FLYING IRISHMAN (RKO Radio)

Douglas Corrigan, Paul Kelly. Life story of Corrigan. Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Good.*

MAN OF CONQUEST (Republic)

Richard Dix, Gail Patrick, Joan Fontaine. Texas' fight for independence. Previewed in April SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

July SCREEN BOOK Magazine brings you one of the finest stories about Shirley Temple ever written. Don't miss it! You'll find it under the title, *"Shirley Temple—Pioneer."*

Also, many other stories and pictures of your favorite stars will be brought to you in July SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

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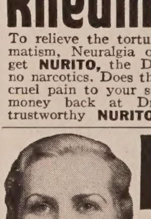

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

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Little Caesar Joins the G-Men

[*Continued from page* 37]

upon which the Warner picture is based dates back to January, 1938, when the F.B.I. began work on the incredible spy case. The public learned of it in the newspapers of Feb. 17, 1938.

Aware of Nazi activities in America, the F.B.I. had been working desperately to unearth information. The almost accidental capture of Guenther Rumrich gave Turrou the key he needed. Swiftly the story unfolded, a story shocking to every American.

The filming of this story has been accompanied by the utmost secrecy. Warner Brothers are well aware that they are playing with dynamite. Special policemen have kept visitors off the set and almost no publicity has been released. Well-informed members of the film colony have heard grim rumors of threats sent to members of the cast. Every indication points to the fact that *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* may well be one of the most sensational pictures ever filmed in Hollywood.

To one member of the cast in particular the picture is of unusual significance. Francis Lederer, a native Czechoslovakian who has recently taken out his first papers, has no love for Hitler. In the light of current European history, one can well imagine the enthusiasm he brings to his work in a film exposing Nazi espionage.

Edward G. Robinson also hates Hitler's secret agents. So does Turrou, so in emulating the ace investigator, Robinson will not only have plenty of background to work on, but he will be putting more than clever acting into his role. When he steps in front of the cameras he will be like a vindictive pugilist stepping into the ring to polish off a long standing grudge fight. In addition to the fire he injects into every part, there is a personal animus that is bound to lift the actor into something new in the way of dramatic spite-work.

A conversation with Robinson is bound to swing around to Hitler and Europe, for he is one actor who believes in the right to express his opinions. As an American citizen, he detests Hitler and all that Hitler represents.

The former Little Caesar is a very quiet gentleman. He is a man of refined tastes, a collector of rare paintings and first editions. He even goes so far as to study the paintings and read the books, which, though it may sound extreme for this day and age, is typical of Robinson. The inevitable result of all this is that he has learned to look beneath the surface of a condition to see what goes on underneath.

What he finds beneath the surface of the world today is disturbing. Mr. Robinson is so aware of the menace of dictatorship that he is willing to do almost anything to check its inroads in this country.

Little Caesar has no use for Hitler, the international gangster. When we asked him how he'd like to play the role of Hitler, someday, he thought for a moment, then said, "I don't think I'd want any part of it. You realize, of course, that a capable actor could make of Hitler a sympathetic, human character.

"Hitler was a poor boy, a victim of oppression and depression. When he finally gained enough power to do something about it, he went from one extreme to the other. He lost his balance wheel. From the oppressed he became the oppressor and when he got started on that end of the line there was no stopping the man. Now, instead of being admired as he would like to be, he is hated by millions. You can see where he could be made into a pitiful, misguided character by any good actor . . . if the actor wasn't too fussy about how he wasted his time."

Across this interviewer's mind flashed the grim picture of Little Caesar, product of the slums and dictator of the underworld. Robinson had brought out the human qualities in him; he could do it if he ever played the part of Hitler. But he wouldn't.

"In treating Little Caesar in the most favorable light possible, I was able to get in a powerful, back-handed slap at criminals," Robinson explained with a characteristic shift of his cigar. "I made people feel sorry for him even when they hated him. When prospective criminals saw what a cringing, crawling thing this big-time killer really was, underworld glamor lost a lot of allure. They couldn't help but see that crime doesn't pay even the smartest crooks. I could put my heart into something like that because it might help keep young men out of crime. I can't say the same for dictators. They seem to be doing all that is necessary to keep young men out of the dictator field, even to chopping off their heads for treason. That, it seems to me, is deterrent enough."

Robinson did not bring in the Little Caesar reference voluntarily. We forced him into it just as interviewers have forced him into it ever since he made the part famous. He would just as soon forget the part, it being his policy to drop one character as soon as he is called upon to assume another.

The studios are not unaware of the actor's capabilities. Already he is in a period of transition of which his role in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* is but one part. Ultimately Robinson hopes to get a chance at playing Benjamin Franklin, his idea of a great American; Beethoven, his idea of a great musician and other equally outstanding parts that will help him bury Little Caesar forever.

In the meantime, his energies are being poured into *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.* He, Francis Lederer, Paul Lucas, the sensational newcomer, Lya Lys, and a score of other capable actors are working behind locked doors to create a film which will drive home to Americans the menace of Nazi espionage.

Little Caesar, the gangster, has joined the G-men with an enthusiasm that will be apparent in every scene of *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.*

HAVE YOU ENTERED OUR DOUBLE FEATURE CONTEST? YOU MAY WIN ONE OF 39 PRIZES. TURN TO PAGE 28 FOR EXPLANATION AND RULES OF SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE'S $500.00 PRIZE CONTEST.

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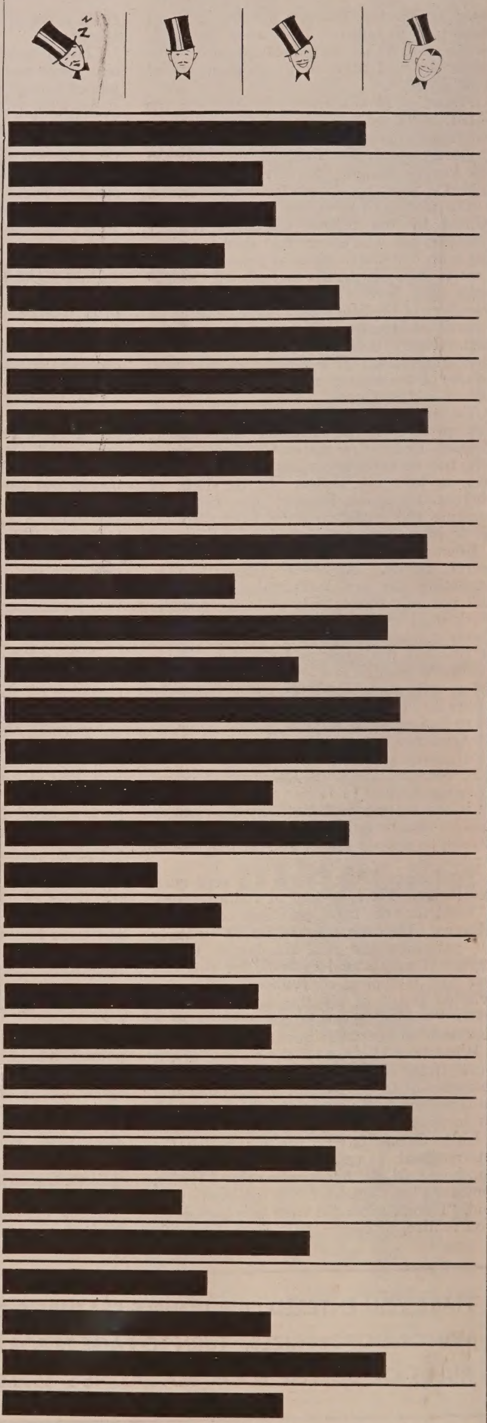
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)

Picture Title	Who's In It
HOUND OF BASKERVILLES	Greene-Rathbone-Barrie
TWELVE CROWDED HOURS	Richard Dix-Lucille Ball
SECRET SERVICE AIR	Ronald Reagan-John Litel
RISKY BUSINESS	G. Murphy-Dorothy Kent
BLONDIE MEETS THE BOSS	P. Singleton-Arthur Lake
LET FREEDOM RING	N. Eddy-Virginia Bruce
THE FLYING IRISHMAN	D. Corrigan-A. Appleby
PYGMALION	L. Howard-W. Hiller
SERGEANT MADDEN	Beery-A. Curtis-T. Brown
ADVENTURES OF JANE ARDEN	R. Towne-William Gargan
MIDNIGHT	Colbert-Ameche-Barrymore
ROMANCE OF THE REDWOODS	C. Bickford-Jean Parker
LOVE AFFAIR	Irene Dunne-Chas. Boyer
I'M FROM MISSOURI	Bob Burns-Gladys George
WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Merle Oberon-L. Olivier
STAGECOACH	C. Trevor-John Wayne
LADY AND THE MOB	Fay Bainter-I. Lupino
LET US LIVE	H. Fonda-M. O'Sullivan
MYSTERY OF MR. WONG	B. Karloff-D. Tree
MEXICALI ROSE	Gene Autry-S. Burnette
FAMILY NEXT DOOR	H. Herbert-Joy Hodges
ON TRIAL	M. Lindsay-John Litel
DISBARRED	Gail Patrick-O. Kruger
THE LADY VANISHES	M. Lockwood-M. Redgrave
DODGE CITY	E. Flynn-O. de Havilland
BROADWAY SERENADE	MacDonald-Lew Ayres
KID FROM TEXAS	Dennis O'Keefe-F. Rice
THE OKLAHOMA KID	James Cagney-R. Lane
INSIDE STORY	M. Whalen-J. Rogers
SAINT STRIKES BACK	G. Sanders-N. Hamilton
EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN	Crosby-Joan Blondell
MR. MOTO IN DANGER ISLAND	P. Lorre-J. Hersholt



I Confess!

SUPER
KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
JUNIOR
KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS
REGULAR
KOTEX
SANITARY NAPKINS

I Confess One Size Napkin won't do for me — I found that out!

Until Kotex made 3 sizes I had to cut and adjust my napkins to suit my varying daily needs. Now with Regular, Junior and Super Kotex it's a simple matter for every woman to meet her individual needs from one day to another.

I Confess I tried other type Napkins!

My days of experimenting are over—Kotex Sanitary Napkins are made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue that one after another absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check that striking through in one spot. I don't worry about shifting, pulling or chafing with Kotex!

I Confess Bulky Bunchy Ends destroyed my Peace of Mind!

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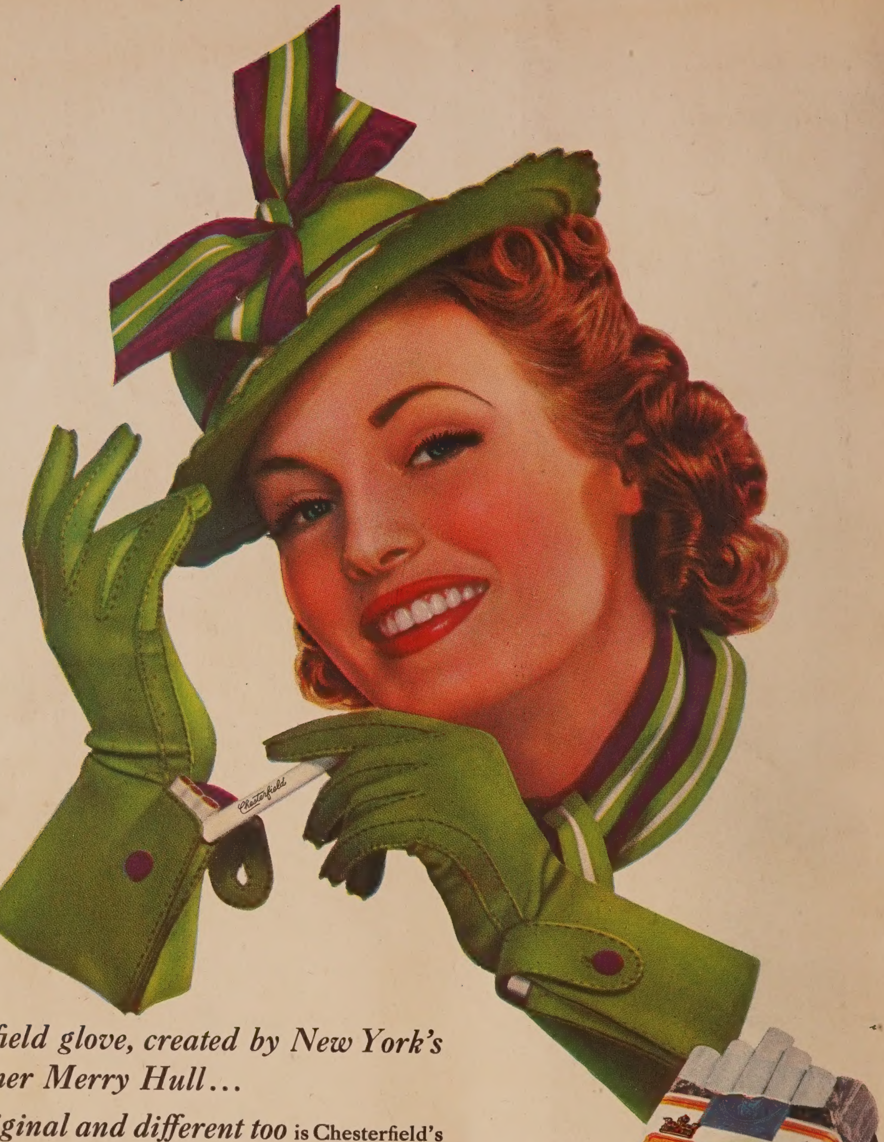
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HOLLYWOOD LIFE IN PICTURES

AUGUST

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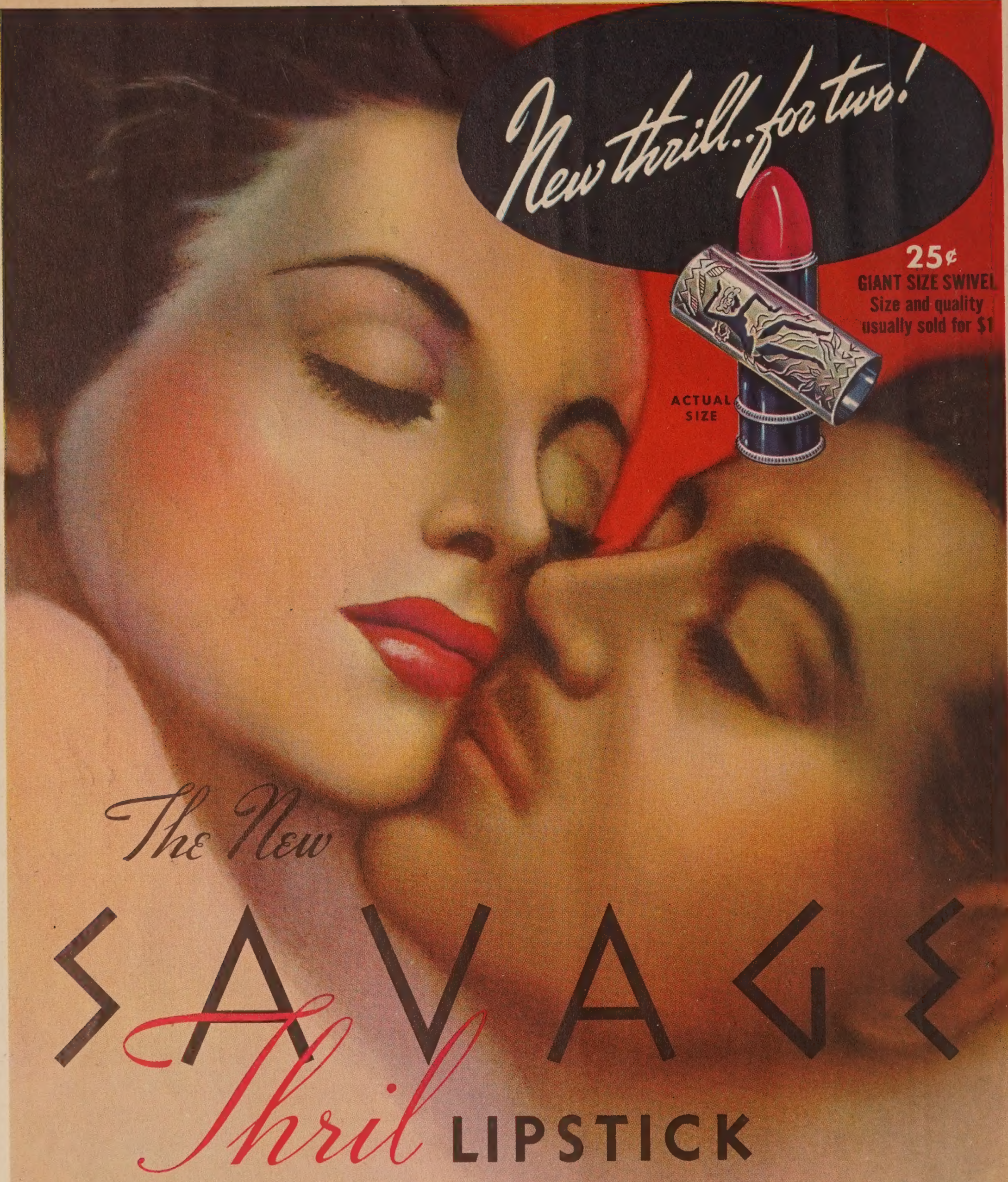

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HER lips, alive with savage redness; radiant with temptation...seductive...oh! so seductive—and well able to keep their promise of...*a new thrill for two!* The shades of this sensational new lipstick are savagely fascinating...utterly irresistible . . . and their indelibility is nothing less than miraculous. SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK, thanks to its secret *"perma-color"* principle, does not vanish with each caress. Once applied, it is YOURS—TRULY yours, to thrill you both! And what a value! SAVAGE *Thril*LIPSTICK is THE SIZE AND QUALITY USUALLY SOLD FOR A DOLLAR, yet the price is only 25c! Certainly, you'll want several shades—several of these thrilling SAVAGE reds! Choose from six.

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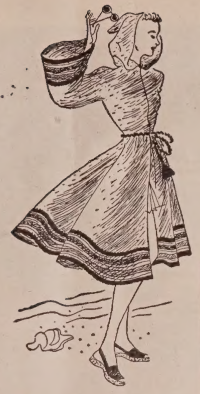
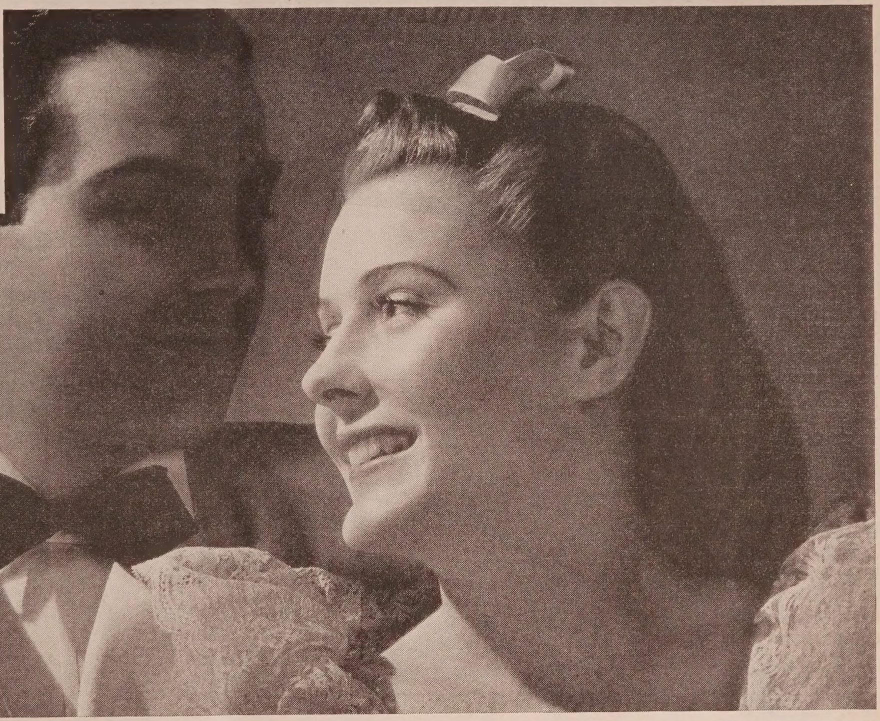


Hooded robe in terry cloth with cord belt, multi-colored stripes on sleeves and hem.

Her striking beach coat arrested his glance but what kept him looking was her smile!

Your smile is a treasure that's yours alone. Help guard it with Ipana and Massage!



Don't neglect "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage promotes firmer gums, brighter smiles!

A BOLDLY STRIPED beach robe can do loads for a girl. But where is her charm without a lovely smile?

For how soon the spell of style is broken if her smile is dull and dingy. No one can be more pathetic than the girl who concentrates on lovely clothes, and ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush."

Learn a lesson from her, yourself, but turn it to good account! Remember, you can't neglect the modern care of your teeth and gums, and hope to save your charm.

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

If you see that warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush, don't ignore it—*see your dentist at once!* It may mean nothing serious. Very often, he'll tell you that modern soft, creamy foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of the vigorous chewing workouts they need for health.

"More exercise" may be his advice and, very often, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage." For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums. Circulation quickens in the gums . . . lazy gums awaken, tend to become firmer, healthier.

Get a tube of economical Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer, healthier gums—a winning smile!

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Screen BOOK

Incorporating SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE
VOLUME XXII No. 1 AUGUST • 1939
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AL ALLARD, Art Director
GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager

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Lady Esther asks

"Where's the girl who wants to be LUCKY in LOVE?"

If you do—why let the wrong shade of powder hold you back? Find the one shade of my powder that is *Lucky For You!*

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I know that this is hard to believe. Yet I have seen hundreds of girls innocently sacrifice their own good looks. Innocently, they were using a powder shade that made their skin look coarse...made them look older... that spoiled their beauty when eyes looked *close*.

Don't risk it—please! Find among my ten thrilling new shades of powder the one shade that can bring you luck—the one shade that will flatter you *most*.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you, compare, compare, COMPARE! Send for all ten of my samples, which I'm glad to send you *free*. Try *all* ten of my shades. Don't skip even one! For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one really *right* shade for your skin!

The minute you find it, your eyes will know! Other women will tell you that you look fresher and younger... and men will say to themselves, "She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. And it clings four full hours! If you use it after dinner you will be free of powder worries until midnight!

So write me today for the ten shades of my powder...free. Find your lucky shade—and let it flatter your beauty *always*—help you win more luck in life and love.

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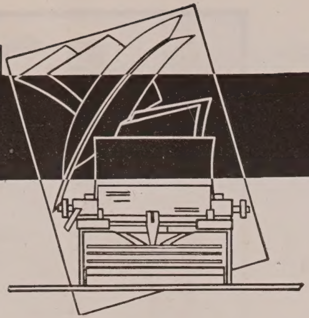

UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

THE word "Daring" appears on the cover of this magazine. I want you to know why we used that word.

The dictionary defines *daring* in these terms: *Possessing or exhibiting resolute courage; bold; brave; adventurous.* No other word expresses more clearly the character of the NEW SCREEN BOOK. Beginning with this issue we have made changes of a revolutionary nature, changes which are DARING in the truest sense of the word. We have broken away from the familiar pattern of movie magazines by bringing you a SCREEN BOOK which combines the best elements of a picture magazine with outstanding stories and articles.

In this issue you will find thirty-three pages of pictures; candid photos snapped by our Hollywood cameraman, scenes from outstanding movies, portraits of your favorite stars—a complete picture magazine equal in interest to any on the market.

NEXT MONTH

HOLLYWOOD'S MOST BEAUTIFUL BUSTS!
A sensational picture-story

PAULETTE GODDARD
WHY IS SHE CALLED
HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY WOMAN?

WHAT DICTATES YOUR MOVIE ENTERTAINMENT?

—and many other fascinating picture-stories and articles.

DON'T MISS SEPTEMBER SCREEN BOOK!

You will enjoy PRIVATE LIFE OF AN "EXTRA" on page 28. This picture story, dealing with Eve Carlton, the girl with the "Million Dollar Legs," may put Miss Carlton on the road to stardom. And you'll like SCREEN BOOK's dog show on page 34, the pictures of the famous Meglin training school on 22 and the amusing "cheesecake" photos on page 20.

And that isn't all. Where others stop, we begin. On page 56 you will find the first of eight vigorous articles written by Hollywood's leading correspondents. *Nothing has been taken away* from the magazine you have always been proud to bring into your home, and *100% more has been added.* For your 10 cents you have purchased *two magazines*—one devoted to pictures, the other to stories.

We don't need to say we are proud of this change. We feel we are giving our readers more for their money and we are grateful for the opportunity to offer the public this dividend in magazine entertainment. We are glad to be the first *different* film publication, the most *complete* magazine serving the American movie public.

When we used the word "daring" on our August cover, we thought not only of the change itself but of the material we intend to present. If *daring* means "possessing or exhibiting courage," the new SCREEN BOOK is going to be the most daring magazine ever published!

Not that we haven't *dared* to bring you unusual stories and pictures in the past. When we published "Hollywood Strikes Back At Hitler" in the April issue, the skeptics told us, "Readers don't want that kind of story." The day after SCREEN BOOK appeared on the newsstands, letters began to pour into our office. You remember them. You wrote them. We published some in the June issue.

Those letters, praising SCREEN BOOK for its courageous step, did much to support our contention that people *want* sound articles. The editors of this magazine respect the intelligence of the American people and refuse to insult them by printing stories which should have been dumped on the floor of a Hollywood publicity office.

Several years ago, a leading American writer and critic deplored the lack of vitality in the average movie magazine. He pointed out that motion pictures themselves were growing up and that unless the fan magazines kept pace they would die of anaemia.

SCREEN BOOK has *dared* to keep pace during the past; and we can assure you it will keep pace during the future. The change in this issue is one illustration of the progressive spirit which has made this magazine a leader in the field.

We want you to examine this issue carefully. We know you'll enjoy it thoroughly. We look forward to your comments and reactions. Every letter sent to this office is read carefully, marked with marginal comments and used in deciding the future policy of SCREEN BOOK. *Your letter* often helps us start a new department, guides us in our selection of pictures, or sends a story order to a Hollywood correspondent.

Write today. We want to know what you think about the NEW SCREEN BOOK.

—The Editor.

Twice IN A LIFETIME
A Motion Picture Like This . . .

Once, on a rare occasion, you've sat in a theatre—that magically ceased to exist! Under the spell of the picture unfolding, that world on the screen became *your* world. And there you lived, and loved, and laughed, and cried with those whose feelings became *your* feelings, whose story became your very own.

Such a picture, we believe, was "Four Daughters."

. . . Now, certainly, just such a picture is this!

Here, once again, the same celebrated players. Here, again, a story, though different, sure to be cherished as long as your heart has room for love!

"DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS"

We couldn't better the "Four Daughters" cast—so we've reunited them for a still better picture!

JOHN GARFIELD
CLAUDE RAINS · JEFFREY LYNN
FAY BAINTER · DONALD CRISP
MAY ROBSON · FRANK McHUGH · DICK FORAN
and THE "FOUR DAUGHTERS"
PRISCILLA LANE
ROSEMARY LANE
LOLA LANE
GALE PAGE
Directed by MICHAEL CURTIZ

PREVIEWED BY WALTER WINCHELL:
"'Daughters Courageous' is superior to 'Four Daughters'!"

Original Screen Play by
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Suggested by a Play by
Dorothy Bennett and Irving White
Music by Max Steiner
A First National Picture
Presented by
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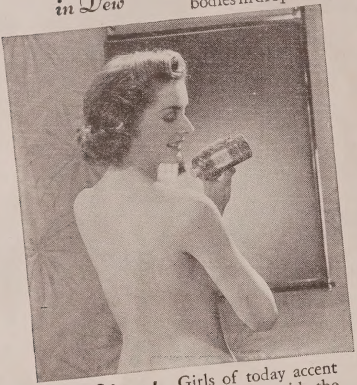
Strange
BEAUTY CUSTOMS

Greek Maidens Bathed in Dew

To make themselves more fascinating girls and women of ancient Greece rose before the sun and bathed their bodies in drops of dew.



Modern Maids Use DJER-KISS

Girls of today accent their charm with the magic, exciting fragrance of Djer-Kiss talc...for rare loveliness and allure.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin... you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

Imported talc scented with genuine Djer-Kiss perfume by Kerkoff.

Parfum
Djer-Kiss
Kerkoff

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF

FILMLAND WHISPERS

HAVE you noticed the sudden avalanche of newcomers who are inheriting the juiciest film roles? There's Mary Healy, an ex-secretary, in *Second Fiddle,* Brenda Joyce, a U. C. L. A. co-ed in *The Rains Came,* Linda Darnell spotted for the lead in *Hotel for Women* and a host of others who have no previous experience at all. Keep your eyes open, because according to a certain shrewd producer, this is a more significant move than you think. It may change the star-and-salary system in Hollywood. Seems that the stars' salaries today are so high, they leave comparatively little left over for research, experimentation and other important picture-making phases. "You can't suddenly slash the salaries of the old line stars who have become accustomed to their mode of living," explained my informant, "but you can develop a new crop of players and pay them less. This, in time, may level the entire salary system in Hollywood." It seems to make sense. Very significant is the fact that William Holden, the unknown who copped *Golden Boy,* receives only $50 a week, has a seven-year contract which boosts his earnings up to $400 per. Chicken-feed compared to the present rate of exchange on Hollywood emoting. And are the established film pets worried!

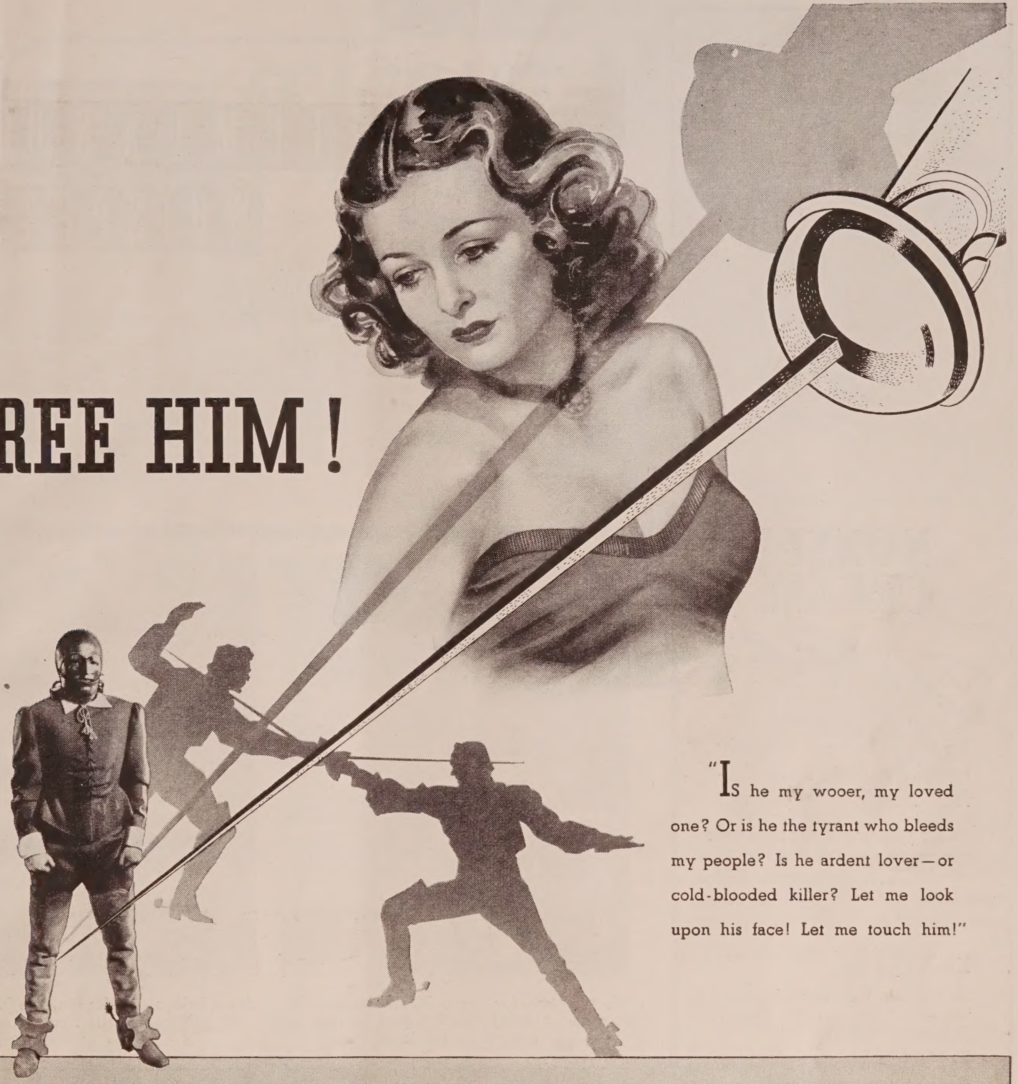
● **Incidentally, not so new is one of the "newcomers" belonging to the above group. Judith Barrett, one of the prettiest and most promising of the crop being sponsored by Paramount, is really Nancy Dover, ex-wife of Cliff Edwards. Remember? Judith has a piquant, interesting face, a curvacious figure—and a new boy friend, Joseph Allen, also one of the new batch of actors.**

● Phyllis Brooks must be pretty sure of Cary Grant to leave him alone in Hollywood while she skipped off to London to make a picture. Day after Phyllis left, who came into town but George Carroll, a New York model of the type Cary goes for. Tall, beautiful and fragilely blonde. Not many actresses would have been as confident as Phyllis. There's a dearth of eligible bachelors in Hollywood—and none more attractive than Cary. Exposing him to all the manless Dianas in Hollywood was some risk! Many a girl would have left the London offer to stay close to such a boy friend.

● **To those heartbroken gents who wonder what there is about Gene Markey that made Glamor Gal Lamarr ditch everyone else for him, this incident may give the answer. It was on the set of *Lady of the***

[*Continued on page* 10]

James Stewart is shown munching doughnuts with friends at a recent Hollywood party. Jimmie will next be seen in the Columbia production, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*

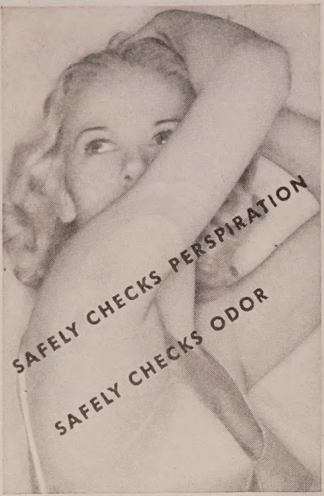


"Is he my wooer, my loved one? Or is he the tyrant who bleeds my people? Is he ardent lover—or cold-blooded killer? Let me look upon his face! Let me touch him!"

EDWARD SMALL
presents
The Alexandre Dumas Classic

THE MAN in the IRON MASK

A James Whale Production starring
LOUIS HAYWARD and JOAN BENNETT
with Warren William, Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale
Directed by **James Whale** • Screenplay by **George Bruce**
Released thru United Artists



NONSPI CREAM

Does Both!

Because of an entirely new ingredient never before used in a deodorant!

Whether you prefer cream deodorants for steady use, or for those occasions when a liquid is inconvenient, you will welcome Nonspi Cream for its outstanding advantages:

1. Checks *both* perspiration and odor—from 1 to 3 days.

2. Feels and looks like velvety vanishing cream. Goes on easily—dries almost instantly. Not greasy.

3. May be used directly after shaving.

4. Has a reaction approximating that of the normal skin—so cannot injure either skin or clothing.

5. Works on new principle—"adsorbs" odors.

Be one of the first to take advantage of this wonderful new discovery of science! Get a generous jar of Nonspi Cream—today. 50¢ at drug or department stores. *Also in liquid form.*

NONSPI
NONSPI CREAM
Good Housekeeping Bureau

FILMLAND WHISPERS

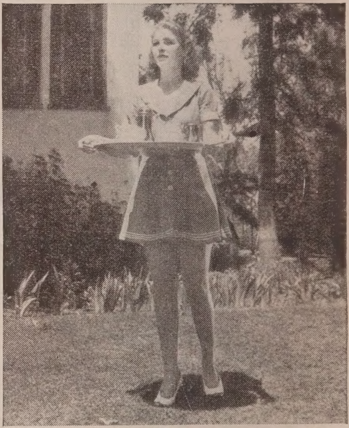
[*Continued from page* 8]

Tropics. **Hedy was supposed to crack an egg for Robert Taylor's breakfast. When she conked it open, she squealed with surprise. Inside the skillet was a 30-carat star sapphire ring in a setting of small diamonds. It was a gift from Gene who had devised this novel method with the able assistance of the set crew to surprise her. There it is, men! Ladies go for romance, imagination—and star sapphires!**

● Loneliest man in town seems to be Wallace Beery. He really took it on the chin with that divorce suit. Gave his wife all she demanded—which was plenty. Beery is a lone figure at the Brown Derby, and sometimes stags it with Errol Flynn at Earl Carroll's. Perhaps it was when he was in a moment of extreme loneliness that Beery told friends he was considering adopting two

[*Continued on page* 12]

It's tea time for Anne Nagel, Monogram star, and Anne thinks it would be nice to have it on the lawn



Anne brings out the tea things. Her latest picture is *Girl From Nowhere*

Everything is ready and Anne sits down to enjoy herself. This certainly is comfort

Ouch! Those California breezes again! Over goes umbrella, Anne and tea service

SMOOTH FRAGRANT SKIN WINS HEARTS
MEN LIKE GIRLS WHOSE SKIN IS SWEET—IT'S THE MOST APPEALING CHARM OF ALL
DOROTHY LAMOUR
LUX SOAP'S ACTIVE LATHER LEAVES SKIN REALLY SWEET, DELICATELY FRAGRANT
A LUX TOILET SOAP BEAUTY BATH IS THE BEST WAY I KNOW TO PROTECT THIS CHARM
YOU'LL LOVE THIS LUXURIOUS BEAUTY BATH. TRY IT!
STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "Man about Town"
LUX TOILET SOAP

THIS lovely star tells you a beauty secret! When you make fragrant, white Lux Toilet Soap your daily beauty bath, you're *sure* of daintiness. The ACTIVE lather of this fine complexion soap leaves skin really fresh—delicately fragrant with a perfume that *clings*.

The Complexion Soap 9 out of 10 Screen Stars use

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 10]

more children and would stop off at a foundling home on his trip East this fall. Certainly, he finds his greatest happiness with his daughter, Carol Ann, and his great love for children may prompt him to adopt one or two more.

MARLENE DIETRICH seems to get more fun these days since she's discovered Eric Remarque. The *All Quiet on the Western Front* author has been Marlene's constant companion and is even writing an original story for her. This should be a hypo to Marlene's slipping career. They were at the Artie Shaw opening at the Palomar, and don't think the elegant pair didn't get on the floor and do a bit of fancy hepcat rug-cutting. Marlene hasn't forgotten her other good friend, Josef von Sternberg. He was with them, too. Made it a palsy-walsy threesome. Even the moody Josef seems pepped up now when he's around the new and gayer Dietrich.

- Latest Broadway character whose life you will see glorified in films is Earl Carroll. Darryl Zanuck, who reaped such a pretty penny on *Rose of Washington Square*, a thinly veiled epic of Fannie Brice's life, and *Alexander's Ragtime Band*, ditto on Irving Berlin, will base his next great musical on the life of the fabulous show producer. This should be exciting stuff. Carroll has had an amazing career, and the backstage stories behind his shows pack more drama than a fiction writer could dream up. Besides, there'll be a legitimate opportunity for his "most beautiful girls" to traipse their way through the picture from beginning to end.

OBSTREPEROUS fans present a genuine danger to the film darlings. Most common practice of the worshippers is to hop on the running board of a player's car and hang on for dear life until they get a close peep at their favorite. One youngster jumped on the running board of Robert Taylor's car as he was driving out of the Brown Derby parking lot. As the car started, the fan slipped off and sprawled in the street directly in the path of another car. The other auto shrieked to a split-second halt. This near-accident so upset Bob that he has bought a new car without running boards.

CAN'T say these French girls don't know their onions. When Annabella married Tyrone Power she knew that many girls would resent her conquest. So she requested that she be given all the letters that came to her bridegroom. In her own hand, she penned a gracious answer to each heartbroken fan and thus turned their animosity into friendship.

- **While on the subject of homes, Bob Burns has to suppress any desires he may have for sumptuous living. His fans won't stand for it! As one follower said, "I can forgive your having a swimming pool, but for goshsakes, don't get a yacht!"**

- *It is our duty to report that in spite of love and Stokowski and that idyllic European vacation, Garbo is still acting Garboish. She walked into Robert Galer's swank millinery shop the other day to buy a hat. When the salesgirls recognized her, they were in a dither. Brought out the most elegant chapeaux for her and modeled chic summer numbers for her. Garbo raised a bored eyebrow and went into the workroom to browse around. She came across a battered last year's number that was on its way to the heap. "I'll take this," she said. And darned if she didn't. Payoff is this: She was wearing the hat when she was in an M-G-M elevator. Harpo Marx bounced in, noticed the tall, nondescript figure with hat pulled down over her eyes. He thought he'd have some fun. "Well, what are you made up for?" he yelled, as he lifted the hat's brim to get a close-up of her face. When he recognized Garbo, he scootled out like a frightened fawn. From last reports, Garbo is still speechless.*

"I had only myself to blame . . . ."

"THERE, making love to another woman, was the man I had been seeing steadily for two years . . . the man I had hoped to marry. It was the heart-breaking climax to weeks of growing indifference, which I could not understand and which put us further apart each day. This was the end. At thirty, I had lost the one man for whom I cared. Looking back now, I know that I had only myself to blame. I attributed his indifference to every cause but the right one* . . . a condition that every woman should ever be on guard against."

Suspect Yourself

There is nothing that kills a romance or nips a friendship so quickly as a case of *halitosis (unpleasant breath).

The insidious thing about this offensive condition is that you yourself seldom suspect its presence. Others do, however, but never mention it. The subject is too delicate.

So Easy—So Pleasant

Why risk offending, when there is such an effective, pleasant, and easy precaution against halitosis?

Listerine Antiseptic halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of breath odors and then overcomes the odors themselves. Immediately after its use as a mouth rinse or gargle, the breath, indeed the entire mouth, becomes fresher, sweeter.

Be Agreeable to Others

Get in the habit of using Listerine Antiseptic every morning and every night, and between times before social engagements. It is your best safeguard against offending others needlessly. Keep a bottle handy at home and office; tuck one in your handbag when you travel. It's the one thing you can't afford to be without.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY
St. Louis, Mo.

- Wayne Morris' bride was showing a friend around their new home when they came to a room that was a nightmare of colors. "This," explained Mrs. Morris, "is the guest room—so that they won't stay too long."

- *It is only fitting, we suppose, that one of the most glamorous couples in the country possess what is probably the plushiest showerbath. In the home of the Tyrone Powers, the showerbath squirts perfume!*

- **Almost as tony is the new swimming pool being built on the Coldwater Canyon estate of Arthur Hornblow, Jr., and Myrna Loy. Myrna tells friends that it will resemble as much as possible a natural, tropical lake. The bottom will be of natural soil, not the usual concrete, and in it will be planted fauna. Several species of fish will be swimming about its elegant interior. At night, vari-colored lights will play on the water and make it a sight almost as glittering as Wilshire Boulevard by night!**

THE marital bustup of Dorothy Lamour and Herbie Kay is serving as a warning to other actresses who are married to touring bandleaders. It's no secret that the root of all the trouble in the Lamour-Kay household was their continuous separation. The day the divorce hit the papers, Tony Martin turned down a $4,500 engagement in Buffalo to be with Alice Faye. And Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor bought a new home in Bel-Air. "So that he'll know that home is where I am," Ann observes. Good old proximity!

[*Continued on page* 15]

At a recent picnic gathering Hanley Stafford's and Mrs. Joe E. Brown's imitation of "Papa Snooks" and "Baby Snooks" was one of the highlights of the afternoon. Mr. Brown is particularly intrigued by Mrs. Brown's ornate hair ribbon

Does Body-odor give you INFERIORITY COMPLEX?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then you'll decide to bathe in the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet Soap—the fragrance men love!

A MAN'S love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you think he's yours, something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor!

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢ *Wherever finer soaps are sold*

Cashmere Bouquet Soap

The Fragrance Men Love

Choose Your COLOR by the "FINGERNAIL" ... the new way to buy Nail Polish

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
DURA-GLOSS
by Lorr
BLUE-PINK
10c

How will the color look **on your own nails?** That's always been a problem—but no longer! Dura-Gloss shows you **how it will look on your own fingernails,** when polish is dry and lustrous. How? All you do is look at the patented "fingernail bottle cap"—it's coated with the actual polish that's in that bottle! Try Dura-Gloss—you'll never be satisfied with ordinary polishes. Don't be misled by the low price, 10c. Compare it with $1 polishes! Dura-Gloss "goes on" smoothly, dries **fast** and wears amazingly well. Also a 25c Professional package.

DURA-GLOSS
Lorr LABORATORIES
PATERSON, N. J.

CROSSWORD PUZZLE

1 M	i	2 D	3 N	4 I	5 G	H	6 T		7 D	8 O	U	9 G
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R	■	42 P				■	43 N	O	S	E	■	P
44 S	i	D	E		45							X

ACROSS

1. Colbert-Ameche film.
7. Short for first name of *The Flying Irishman.*
10. *Made for ——— Other.*
11. Sergt. Entwhistle in *Nancy Drew, Reporter.*
13. Gertrude Hubbard in *Story of Alexander Graham Bell.*
15. Vincent Charlton in *Fast and Loose.*
16. Miss Russell's initials.
17. First name of a blond comedienne.
18. Aunt Mary Perkins in *Inside Story.*
19. Her last name is Lys.
20. *Never Say ———.*
21. Descriptive of Harpo Marx on screen.
22. Slicker is one.
23. Initials of Miss Sheridan.
24. Operatic star who also acts in films.
25. *——— Up and Fight.*
26. Carruthers in *Spirit of Culver.*
27. The ——— End Kids.
28. You'll see him in *Only Angels Have Wings.*
30. Eliza Allen in *Man of Conquest.*
31. Initials of Gladys Swarthout's leading man in *Ambush.*
32. What Harpo toots in films.
33. Cowboy star once wed to Sally Eilers.
34. Star of *Flirting with Fate.*
35. Something to amuse Larry Sims.
36. Haines in *Comet over Broadway.*
37. Month in which Boris Karloff was born (abbr.).
38. *Ride ——— Cowgirl.*
39. Jean Higgins in *My Wife's Relatives.*
40. *Crime ——— a Holiday.*
42. Whose role is that of Mrs. Cherry in *Idiot's Delight?*
43. Durante's schnozzle.
44. *East ——— of Heaven.*
45. Bad man of *Oklahoma Kid.*

DOWN

1. *The Lady and the ———.*
2. The girl in *Undercover Agent.*
3. Mrs. Putnam in *Street of Missing Men.*
4. *——— Follies of 1939.*
5. Initials of George Hayes.
6. She had title role in *Adventures of Jane Arden.*
7. *Gunga ———.*
8. *——— Trial.*
9. Ann King in *Dark Victory.*
12. Star of *Fixer Dugan.*
14. First name of Mr. Alberni.
15. Reward for equine actors.
16. Tommy Higgins in *My Wife's Relatives.*
18. Virginia in *Zenobia.*
19. Role for leading man or leading woman.
20. *Yes, My Darling ———* (pl.).
21. Myrna Loy's birthplace (abbr.).
22. The laughable Laurel.
24. Arthur in *Almost a Gentleman.*
25. It may be reserved at some theatres.
26. A star of *The Cowboy and the Lady.*
27. *Back ——— to Heaven.*
29. *Mystery of the White ———.*
30. Yancey in *Dodge City.*
31. *——— Affair.*
33. Descriptive of the villain.
34. Comedian is one.
36. Natural enemy of Mickey Mouse.
37. Amanda Minchin in *The Little Princess.*
39. Remember ——— Busch?
40. *Under the Big ———.*
41. *Confessions of a Nazi ———.*
42. Priscilla Dean's initials.
43. Slim Summerville's birthplace (abbr.).

(Solution on page 67)

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 13]

● **Another close brush with death in the air came to Edward Norris. Norris, an enthusiastic pilot, flew his own plane to the San Francisco World Fair to keep a "guest of honor" date. He had planned to go alone, but at the last minute his pal, Dick Purcell, phoned him to wait for him. On the way, Dick noticed that the plane was careening dizzily. He looked at Norris and discovered that he had fainted at the controls. Quickly, Dick took over and headed back to Hollywood. Eddie was rushed to a hospital where it was found he was ill with influenza. An attack had hit him while he was flying. What luck that Dick made the trip with him!**

● The Lana Turner-Greg Bautzer romance still waxes hot and cold. Reason is Lana's mother. Seems that every time Lana and Greg get to the orange blossom stage, Mrs. Turner steps in to throw a kibosh on their plans. Mrs. T.—who incidentally is quite young and almost as pretty as her daughter—feels that Lana is too young to step into marriage. Lana is just getting places as the second Clara Bow, and a husband, mama feels, would gum up the works. With mama firm, Greg persistent and Lana unpredictable, anything can happen.

● **That concert tour which Nelson Eddy took turned out to be more expensive than he had figured on. While he was gone, his radio sponsors hired another baritone, Donald Dickson, to sub for him. To their surprise they found that listeners were still tuning in and many of them didn't even realize that Nelson was off. With Dickson getting one-tenth of the Blond Boy's salary, the sponsors quickly shoved a six-month contract under his nose. When Eddy came back with his bride, was he surprised to find himself minus a radio job!**

THE girl who has had the least fun out of her glamor job is Alice Faye. Alice practically worries herself into a nervous breakdown every time she makes a picture. Now that her success seems assured, you would think she could sit back calmly and take it easy. But not on your life! A newcomer, Mary Healy, is on the same lot with Alice and is getting enough attention to disturb Alice. Mary is strangely like Alice. She is blonde, lush, and can sing and dance. To prove conclusively that Mary is following in Alice's footsteps, she even annexed la Faye's first boy friend, Rudy Vallee, when he was in town.

● **Hollywood will long be remembered as the place where screwball divorces take place. Immediately after Tom Brown and Natalie Draper had called each other nasty names in the courtroom, and the judge pronounced them no longer man and wife, the two walked out hand in hand, had lunch at the Brown Derby. Later that evening, they dated each other at Grace Hayes' Lodge. Tom looked adoringly at his ex-missus, and Natalie fussed over his tie and**

[*Continued on page* 16]

More women use Mum than any other deodorant

MORE WIVES—because Mum is always so easy to use.

MORE SCREEN STARS—for they must always have charm.

MORE BUSINESS GIRLS—they know Mum doesn't harm fabrics.

MORE NURSES—on duty or off, they want safe, sure care!

MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to prevent odor quickly, safely.

Be attractive! Be popular! Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—*every* girl should remember this: You can't be attractive to others unless you're always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly—to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can *prevent* underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past.* Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable in guarding your daintiness and charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through, all ready to go!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable *odor.* Get Mum at any drugstore today and join the millions of lovely women who have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!

Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe . . . fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.

MUM *takes the odor out of perspiration*

EVERY DAY A VACATION DAY...
THANKS TO TAMPAX!
NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

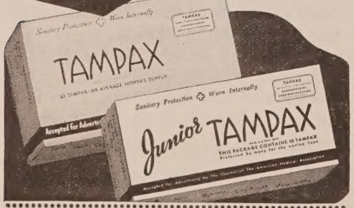
NO stay-at-home week-ends, no calendar days—if you use *Tampax* for sanitary protection. Even in a modern swim suit there is nothing to "show"—no line or edge of belt or napkin. Tampax is *worn internally*, acting gently as an absorbent and allowing you to golf, ride, bathe, swim—in comfort, without chafing, without the formation of odor!

Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure, long-fibered surgical cotton. Firmly cross-stitched, it cannot come apart and fail in protection. Each sealed in patented applicator—neat, quick, dainty. Your hands do not even touch the Tampax. Quite unlike any other product, because it flattens out to a thin shape in use. No disposal difficulties. Comfortable and efficient, the Tampax way is the civilized way for women.

At drug stores and notion counters. Average month's supply, 35¢. Introductory package, 20¢. As much as 25% may be saved by purchasing economy package of 40.

NOW SOLD IN TWO SIZES REGULAR and JUNIOR

Accepted for advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association.



TAMPAX INCORPORATED FWG-89
New Brunswick, N. J.

Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below:

( ) REGULAR TAMPAX ( ) JUNIOR TAMPAX

Name

Address

City State

Filmland Whispers

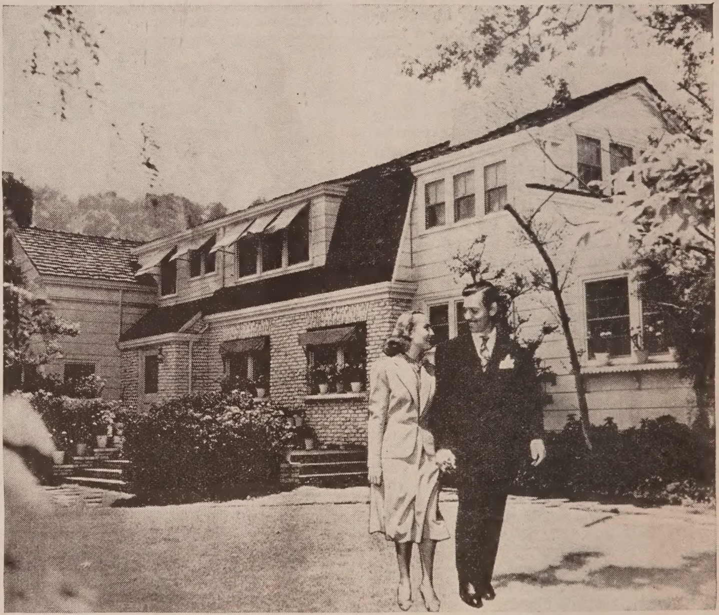
[*Continued from page* 15]

called him "darling." After this display of domestic affection, Tom walked over to our table, beamed happily and said, "Yep, I'm a free man. The judge unhitched us today." Then he walked back to Natalie, the love light still in his eyes. I dunno—maybe you can figure it out.

● No one was more surprised to see those "scare" headlines about the kidnap threat of the Crosby kids than Bing himself. Not that it wasn't all too true—but these threats come in every week, and by now Crosby has taken a fatalistic attitude toward the whole thing. Something like autograph hunters, income tax and other items that are part of the game. While his home was supposed to have been heavily guarded, and the family was supposed to have been in terrified hiding, actually the four young Crosby gentlemen were playing in the garden with their mother that day, completely unaware of such nasty situations as kidnapings and the like.

● *They aren't saying anything definite, but you can put two and two together and the answer will be an early European honeymoon for Ilona Massey and Sam Katz, M-G-M executive. Katz and Miss Massey, who have been like this since Sari Maritza gave him his freedom, arm-in-armed it downtown and had their passport pictures taken.*

HOUSE OF THE TWO GABLES



This is the story of the *House of the Two Gables* and the adventures of our enterprising cameraman, Charles Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes thought it would be a nice idea to photograph Clark and Carole in their new San Fernando Valle love nest. So off he went, only to discover that Carole and Clark refused to be photographed. Mr. Rhodes was asked to go. In fact, we regret to say, Mr. Rhodes was bounced by (1) a colored maid (2) Two dogs (3) Lombard's private secretary (4) Gable's private secretary (5) one gardener (6) one carpenter. When he got back to Hollywood, Mr. Rhodes thought things over and dug up the office shears. He cut out Carole and Clark, pasted 'em down just as neat as you please and presto! out came the above exclusive photo of the love birds, gamboling on the lawn of their new home. And that's why we call our cameraman "Bring-'em-back-alive Rhodes"

HAVE you been wondering what has happened to Maurice Chevalier? Well, don't worry about him. Earl Carroll wired him an offer to headline at his glamorous Hollywood bistro. From across the sea winged the reply from the Frenchman, "Okay. My price is $10,000 a week." Which doesn't sound as though "Maureece" is on his last legs.

TALKING about the old-timers, here's a quick glimpse at what's been happening to a few of them. Ramon Novarro, after unsuccessful attempts to get back on the screen, is set for a personal appearance tour through Canada. Benny Rubin has had a period of tough sledding; even accepted supporting bits in radio to keep going. Now he's gone into the dress business. Aileen Pringle is an associate of Travis Banton in his dress designing shop, and does an occasional part in the films. Mae Marsh, tear-jerker of two decades ago, has been signed by 20th Century-Fox to do supports in their films. Anna Q. Nilsson has been taking in Stockholm since November, but will be back in Hollywood in the fall. Buster Keaton, after a run of bad breaks, tried writing and directing, is getting a comeback chance in *Hollywood Cavalcade*. Most pathetic case is that of Edwina Booth, the *Trader Horn* girl. She lives in a little frame house in Hollywood with her parents, is still so weak from the illness she contracted in Africa she is confined to her home. Who else would you like to know about?

● **It's probably so darned hot as you read these words, we think it's fitting to pass on a lazy hot weather game that was concocted by Basil Rathbone and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., while they were on location of *The Sun Never Sets*. Put down three lumps of sugar, then place a bet with someone to see on which lump the fly sits first. That's all there is to it. Sit back and take it easy and wait. Some folks call it "Bumblepuppy."**

STILL continuing to be the most close-mouthed couple in Hollywood are Bette Davis and George Brent. They look awfully happy when they're together, but since neither go in for public display, how can one tell? Anyhoo, an intimate of Brent's reports that the moody Irishman confided, "I'm going to marry Miss Davis as soon as her divorce becomes final."

● **What a field day for the wolves when Paramount announced that Jack Benny's picture budget would be trimmed. "Aha," smirked the wise guys, "that must be a result of his trouble with the Government." Wrong again. It's just a coincidence. Just a coincidence, folks. Fact is, Jack's pictures haven't much of a foreign market because he depends upon speech, rather than pantomime. With this foreign revenue limited, his studio has to cut down expenses. That's all there is to it. Only one change, in fact, has been made in Jack's picture plans as a result of that legal episode. Paramount has shelved plans for him to do *The New Yorker*. It was about a newspaper reporter who becomes a jewel thief. . . .**

> ● *When Elsa Maxwell pronounced Syracuse as "Sarah-cuse" for a scene in* Hotel for Women, *Director Gregory Ratoff stopped the camera and said to her, "You are working for me only a month, and already you can't tukk Ainglish."*

● Now that Ratoff has forsaken diction-mangling for producing, guess who wants to take his place in films? None other than The Mad Russian, Eddie Cantor's dizzy stooge. The Russian—Bert Gordon—is so anxious to step into Ratoff's shoes that he's even written a play for himself and is peddling it to the studios. It's about a Russian waiter who loses the girl in the end. It's all very, very sad. The Russian is a persistent guy. Which means we may see him on the celluloid.

● **At the request of absolutely no one at all, we hereby organize a "Let's-Quit-Picking-On-Martha-Raye" society. Since Martha married Dave Rose, she's been pestered with hundreds of silly rumors—that they're divorcing, that they're not divorcing, that they're squabbling, that they're not squabbling, etc., ad nauseum. Latest one is this: Martha is supposed to be burning at Judy Starr because she's been going with Buddy Westmore, Martha's ex. For the**

[*Continued on page 67*]

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY

Lovely Skin is a "Must"— **for Girls who win Romance!**

READ CHARMING MRS. GREGORY'S BEAUTY ADVICE:

I'm sure nothing does more for a girl's looks than fresh, smooth skin. And that's where Camay comes in! It's one soap that seems to help keep my skin just the way I like it . . . fresh and smooth!

Richmond, Va. (*Signed*) FRANCES GREGORY
January 25, 1939 (*Mrs. O. C. Gregory, Jr.*)

IN WINNING the right man the right kind of soap *can* help! For to stay really lovely, complexions must have proper care! "A *gentle* care," so many lovely brides will tell you. "That's why we use Camay regularly every day!"

You'll like Camay's rich, creamy lather—the *thorough* way it cleanses—its mild, soothing touch! Use Camay every day for your complexion—*and* for your *bath of beauty* to help keep back and shoulders lovely. Like thousands of girls, you'll find Camay's luxurious lather an easy aid to all-over loveliness—to daintiness—to fresh good looks! You'll be delighted, too—as *they* are—that Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Use it *regularly*.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The greatest combination of talent ever gathered for one show!

Sonja HENIE

. . . radiant in her greatest role!

Tyrone POWER

. . . gay, lovable—the way he really is!

in

Irving Berlin's SECOND FIDDLE

with

RUDY VALLEE

EDNA MAY OLIVER

MARY HEALY

LYLE TALBOT

ALAN DINEHART

Directed by Sidney Lanfield
Associate Producer Gene Markey
Screen Play by Harry Tugend
Based on a story by George Bradshaw

•

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

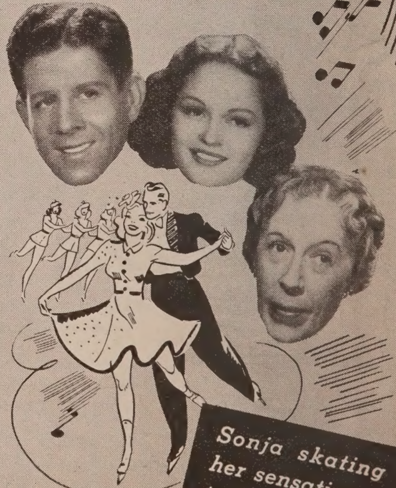
DARRYL F. ZANUCK
In Charge of Production

Irving Berlin's six new song hits . . . "the best he's ever written!"

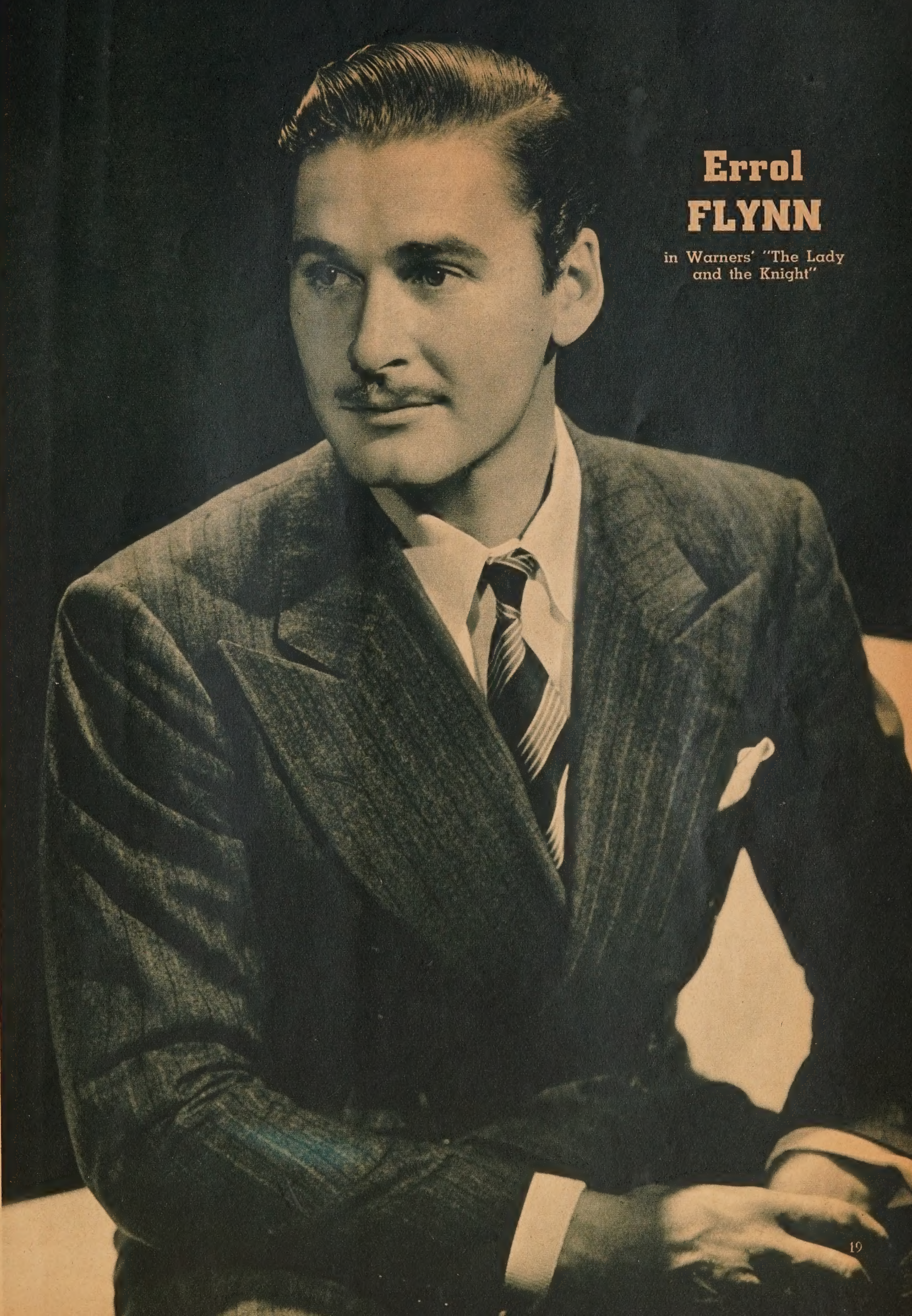
- "I'm Sorry For Myself"
- "An Old Fashioned Tune Always Is New"
- "Song of the Metronome"
- "When Winter Comes"
- "I Poured My Heart Into A Song"

and the new ballroom dance craze .

- "Back To Back"



Sonja skating her sensational tango with a partner for the first time on the screen!

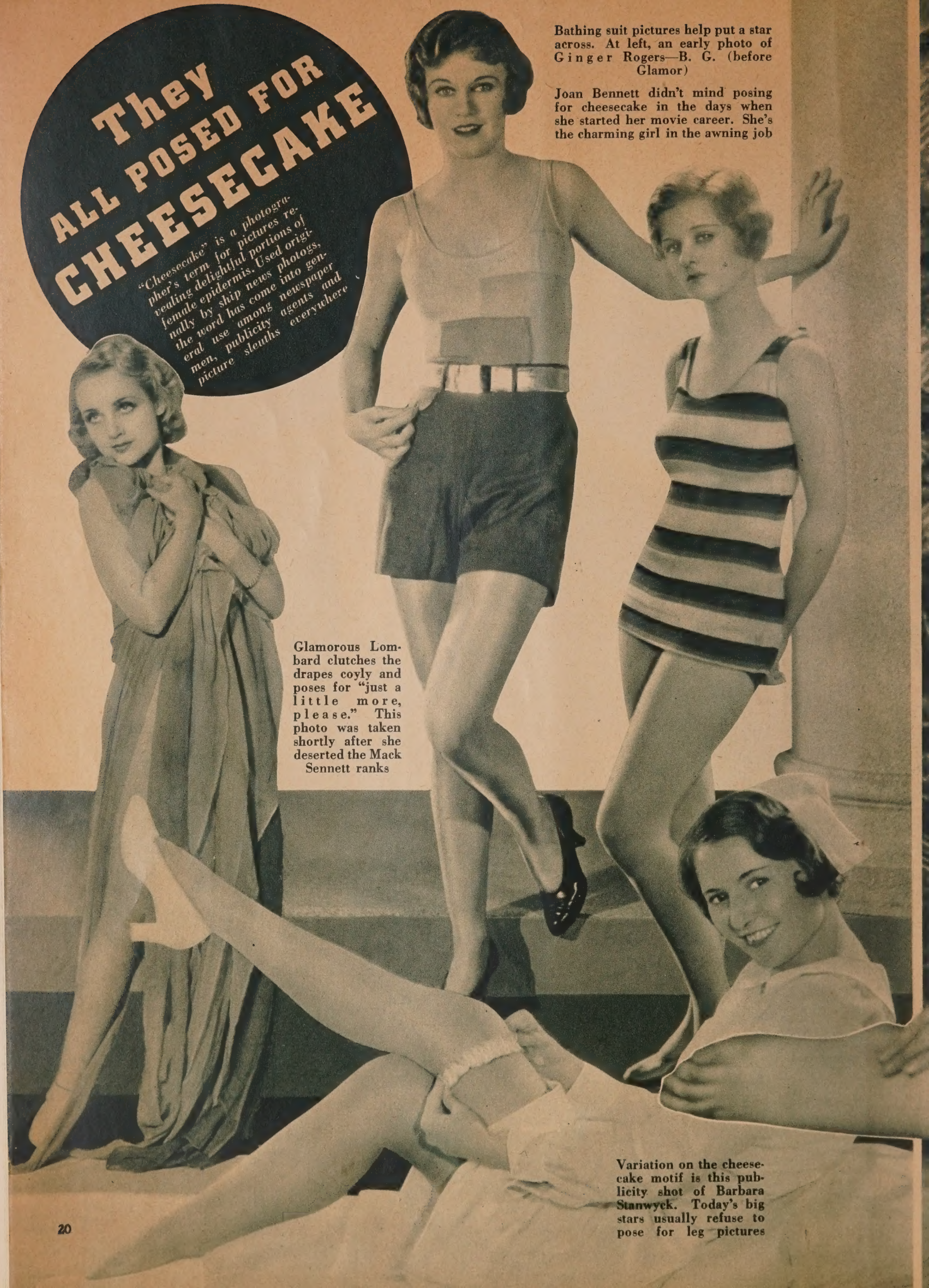


Errol FLYNN

in Warners' "The Lady and the Knight"

They ALL POSED FOR CHEESECAKE

"Cheesecake" is a photographer's term for pictures revealing delightful portions of female epidermis. Used originally by ship news photogs, the word has come into general use among newspaper men, publicity agents and picture sleuths everywhere

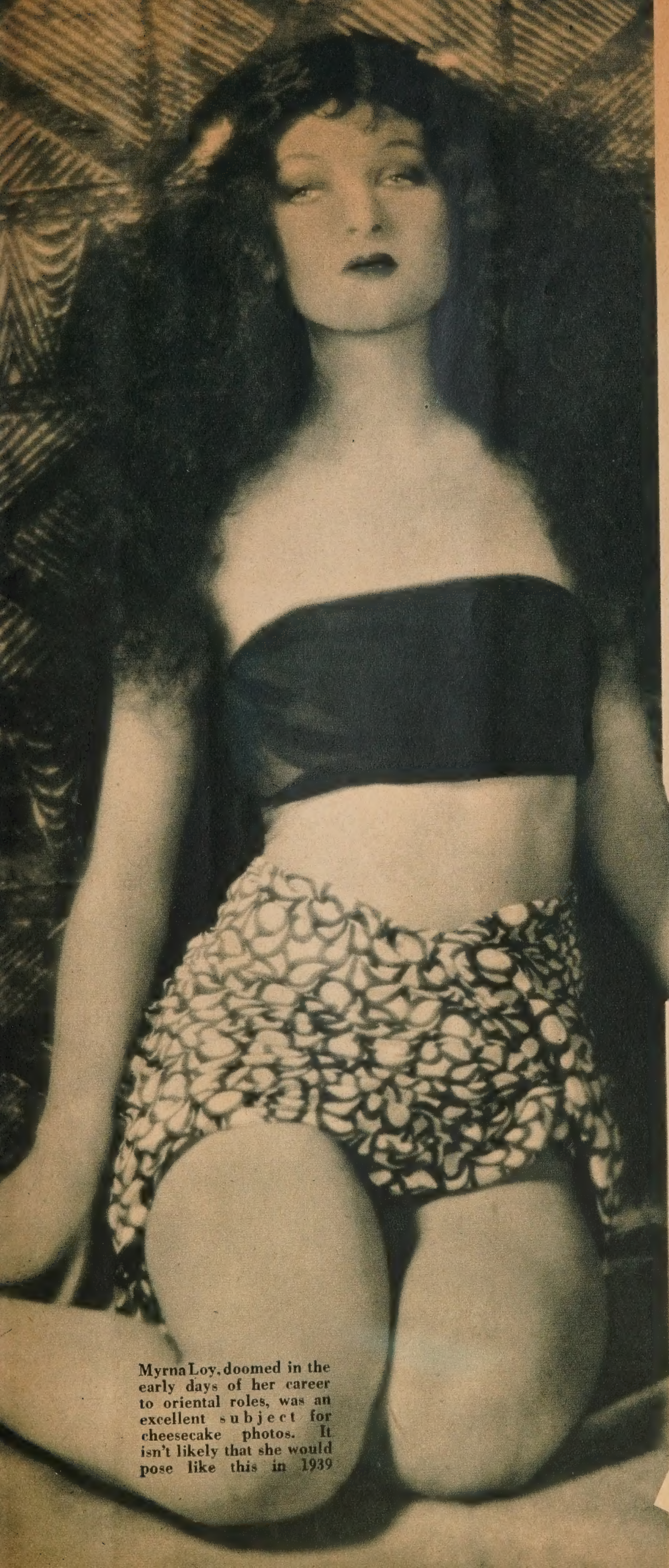


Bathing suit pictures help put a star across. At left, an early photo of Ginger Rogers—B. G. (before Glamor)

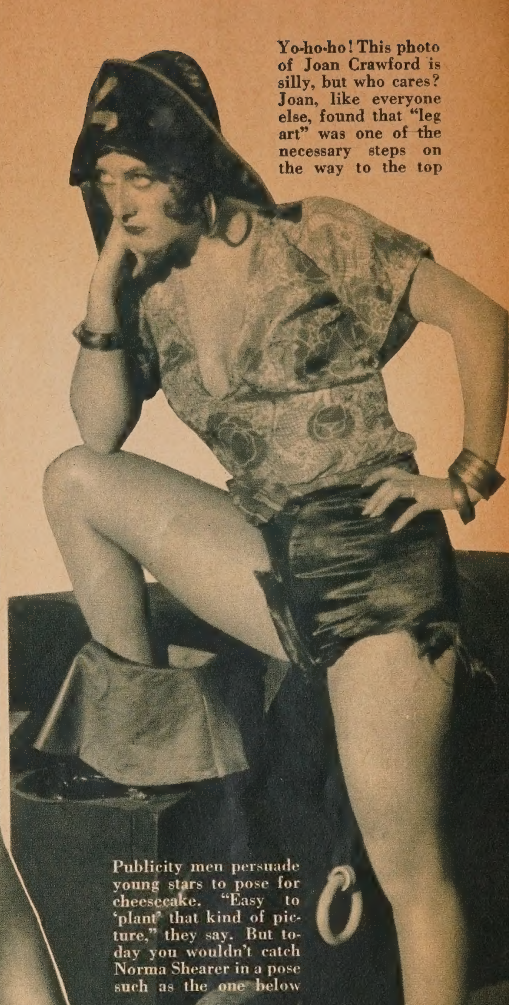
Joan Bennett didn't mind posing for cheesecake in the days when she started her movie career. She's the charming girl in the awning job

Glamorous Lombard clutches the drapes coyly and poses for "just a little more, please." This photo was taken shortly after she deserted the Mack Sennett ranks

Variation on the cheesecake motif is this publicity shot of Barbara Stanwyck. Today's big stars usually refuse to pose for leg pictures

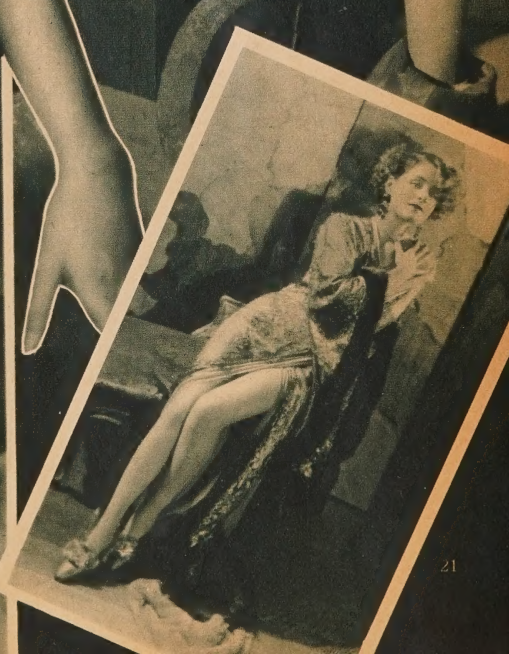


Myrna Loy, doomed in the early days of her career to oriental roles, was an excellent subject for cheesecake photos. It isn't likely that she would pose like this in 1939



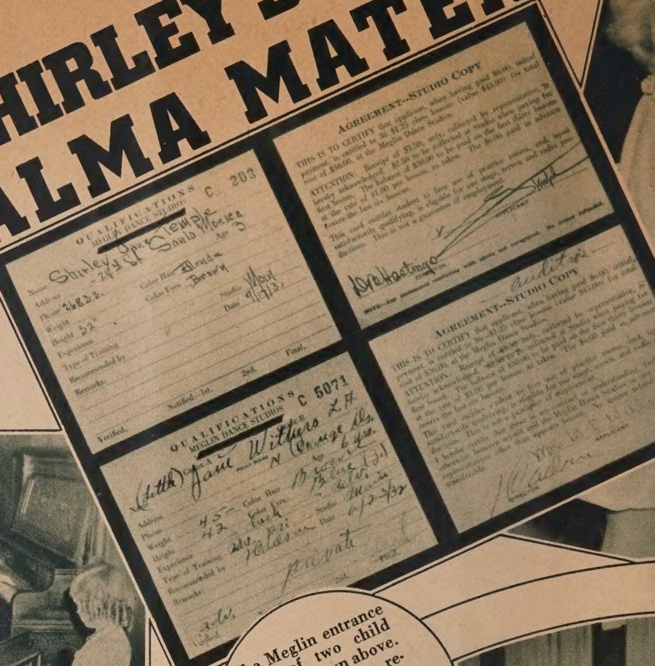
Yo-ho-ho! This photo of Joan Crawford is silly, but who cares? Joan, like everyone else, found that "leg art" was one of the necessary steps on the way to the top

Publicity men persuade young stars to pose for cheesecake. "Easy to 'plant' that kind of picture," they say. But today you wouldn't catch Norma Shearer in a pose such as the one below



SHIRLEY'S ALMA MATER

ETHEL MEGLIN STUD
HOME OF THE
FAMOUS MEGLIN KIDDIE



QUALIFICATIONS C 203
MEGLIN DANCE STUDIOS

Name Shirley Jane Temple
Address 24th St Santa Monica
Age 3
Phone 26833
Color Hair Blonde
Color Eyes Brown
Weight
Height 32"
Studio Mon
Date 9/17/31
Experience
Type of Training
Recommended by
Remarks:
Notified—1st. 2nd. Final.
Verified.

AGREEMENT--STUDIO COPY

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that applicant, when having paid $6.00, initial payment, is entitled to 36 $1.25 class lessons (value $45.00) for total cost of $36.00, at the Meglin Dance Studios.

ATTENTION. Receipt of $3.50, only, collected by representative, is hereby acknowledged. $2.50 to be collected at Studio when paying for first lesson. The balance of $30.00 to be paid on the first thirty lessons at the rate of $1.00 per lesson, as taken. The $6.00 paid in advance covers the last six lessons.

This card entitles student to free use of practice rooms, and, upon satisfactorily qualifying, is eligible for our stage, screen and radio productions. This is not a guarantee of employment.

APPLICANT

No money refunded.

JRHastings
DIRECTOR

NOTE—All statements conflicting with above not recognized.

QUALIFICATIONS C 5071
MEGLIN DANCE STUDIOS

Name (Edith) Jane Withers L.A.
Address N Orange Dr.
Age 6 yrs.
Phone
Color Hair Brown
Color Eyes Blue (B.)
Weight 45
Height 42
Experience inch
Studio Main
Date 6/23/32
Type of Training Al. pri
Recommended by Relasi
Remarks: Private
Notified—1st. 2nd. Final.
Verified. R.W.

audition

AGREEMENT--STUDIO COPY

THIS IS TO CERTIFY that applicant, when having paid $6.00 initial payment, is entitled to 36—$1.25 class lessons (value $45.00) for total cost of $36.00, at the Meglin Dance Studios.

The Meglin entrance cards of two child stars are shown above. Others who have received training at the studio are Judy Garland, Jackie Moran, Marie Wilson, June Lang, Virginia Grey and Virginia Weidler

This is a Hollywood talent school. Run by Ethel Meglin, it trains children in dancing, music and dramatics. Hundreds of children have taken part in classes such as one above

This little girl is talking to Mrs. Ethel Meglin, founder and owner of the school. Children are accepted for training from three years up

Tap dancing is taught by instructors who must pass exams in child psychology, be proficient in handling children. Note boy's intent expression

This is a singing class, with a row of mothers on the receiving end. Some of these children will find work in radio, stage and screen

The children dance together (right). Only students physically and mentally fit are accepted for training in the school's regular classes

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

This child is learning how to behave in front of a microphone. For this work she needs both voice and dramatic training

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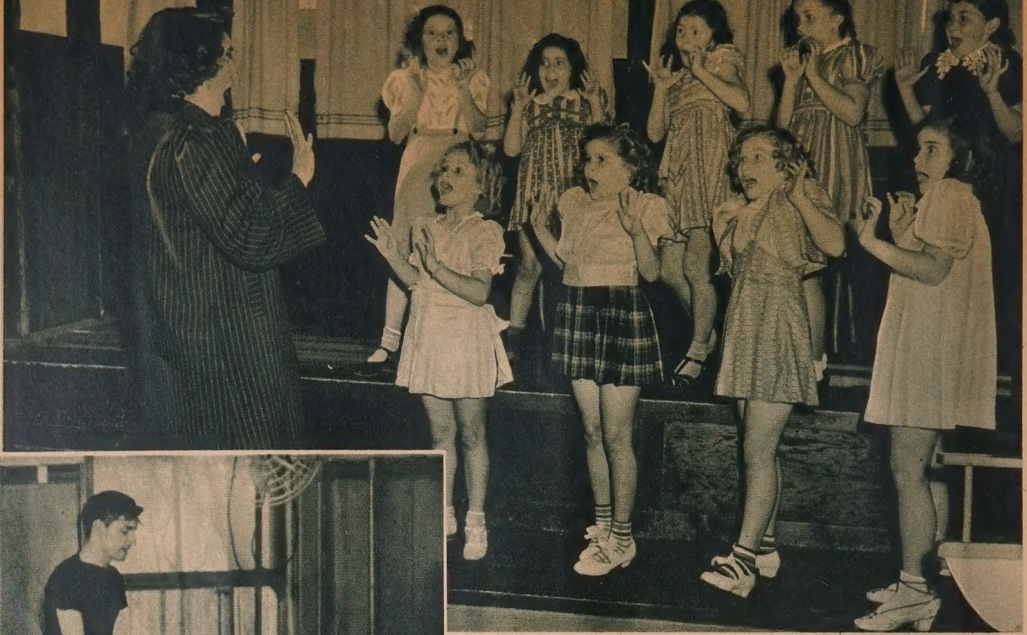
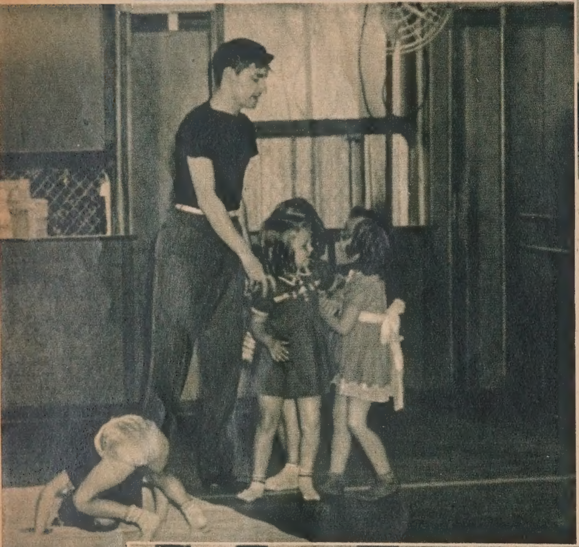
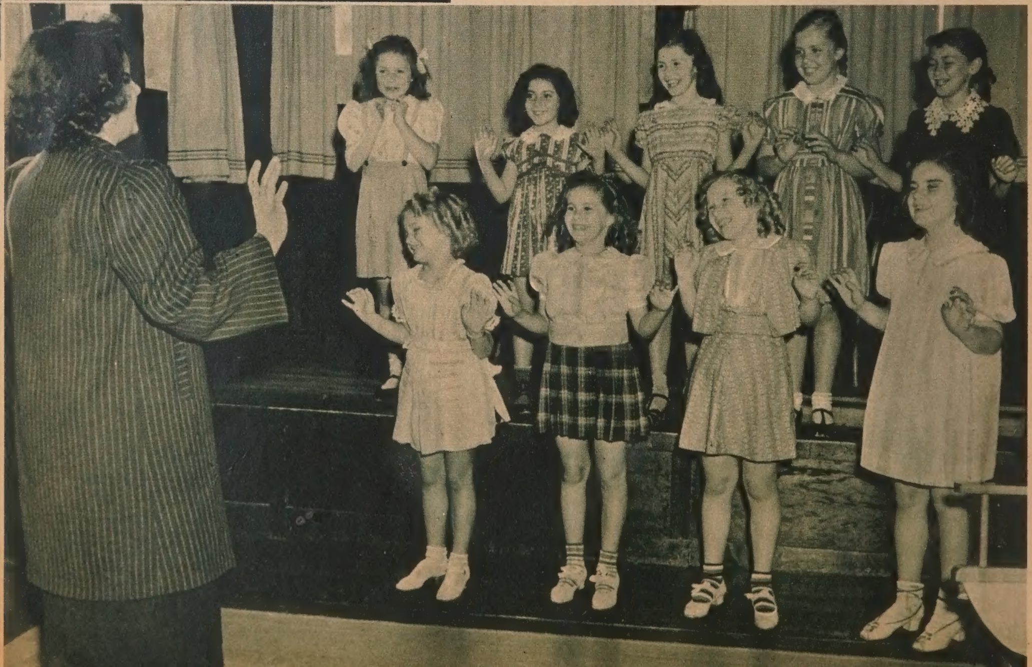


This is a class in dramatics. Children are expressing "horror." Compare this picture with the one at bottom of page and at top of opposite page

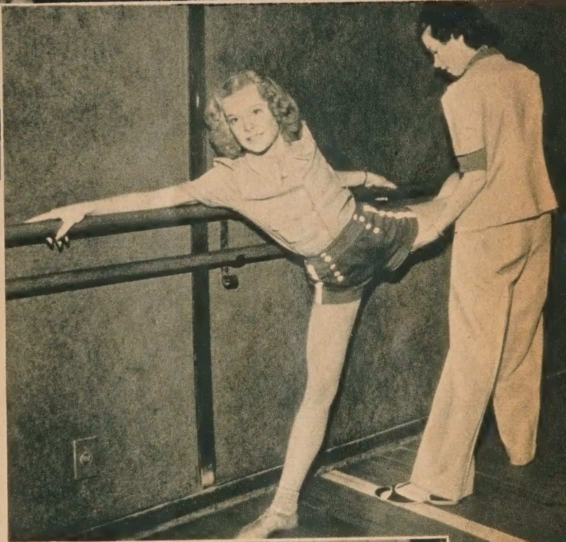


Acrobatics are taught at the studio. Object is to create grace and strength as well as dancing ability

The dramatics class cracks down on "happiness." Special talents are developed in these classes, to answer the movie director's question: "What can that child do?" Ability is worth more than good looks



The children have been told to be "sad." Compare their expressions with those on the opposite page. Some youngsters show ability early, others develop slowly. Patience in teaching brings out talent



Training is given to older girls in ballet. This girl is stretching her muscles on the ballet practice bar

These young actresses have been told to register special expressions. Among them one sees disdain, fear, anger, amusement. School, for them, is fun

—Photos on these pages by Charles Rhodes

This lion is harmless. His name is Bert Lahr and he growls for M-G-M's $3,000,000 production, *The Wizard of Oz.* SCREEN BOOK presents a lively sketch of Bert on page 82

Judy Garland (circle) plays *Dorothy*, the little Kansas farm girl who is blown by a cyclone into a land of fantasy and high adventure. She meets a *Scarecrow* who needs a brain, a *Tin Woodman* who needs a heart, a *Wicked Witch* and a *Cowardly Lion*

This DREAM COST $3,000,000

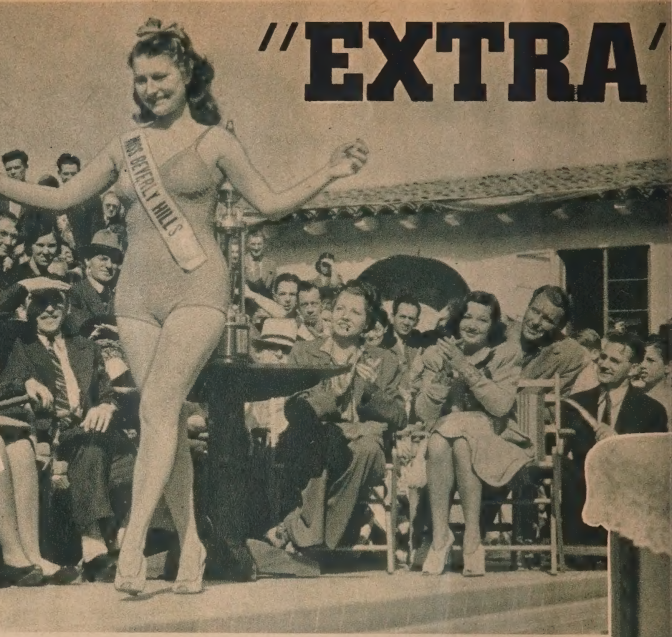
Months of work and millions of dollars have gone into the making of *Wizard of Oz.* The story is based on Frank Baum's famous book, the delight of children and adults for almost 40 years. Genial Frank Morgan, left, plays the part of the *Wizard* sought by *Dorothy* in her adventurous journey through the fabulous land of Oz

Above, *Dorothy* and the *Scarecrow* meet a tree that talks, waves its "arms." Tree was made of rubber and operated from within by a technician. Below, *Dorothy* with the *Munchkins*—little people played by the Singer Midgets

Left to right, the *Scarecrow* (Ray Bolger), *The Wizard* (Frank Morgan), *The Lion* (Bert Lahr), *The Tin Woodman* (Jack Haley) and *Dorothy* (Judy Garland)

PRIVATE LIFE OF AN "EXTRA"

Eve Carlton made her first dramatic appearance at the age of ten. Here's how she looked in school dramatics

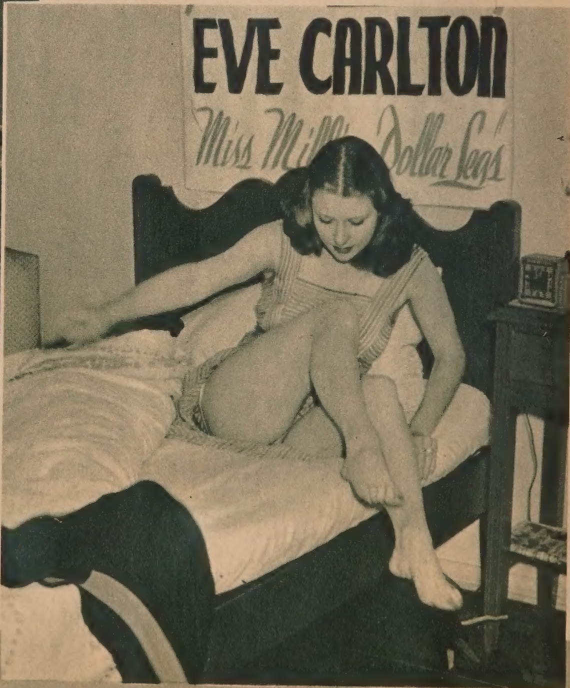

MISS BEVERLY HILLS

At the Palm Springs Bathing Beauty Contest, Eve won the title "Miss Million Dollar Legs" and a contract to appear in Paramount pictures. Arline Judge and Ralph Bellamy were two of the judges. Arline posed for a picture with Eve

S
-COAST
MILLION DOLLAR LEGS

One of Eve's first jobs was to pose for this publicity picture. Of course the pose is silly—but note Eve's self-possession. Many newspapers used this picture

At right, the beginning of an average day. Proud of her success, Eve won't let the camera forget her title. Visitors can't miss sign over her bed. Clock says 6:45 a. m.—time to get up for an average "call"


EVE CARLTON
Miss Million Dollar Legs

A YEAR from now, the name of Eve Carlton may be known to everyone who goes to the movies. She may become a famous star—or she may remain in the ranks of the unknown.

Eve knows what her chances are, for she's an intelligent girl. In many ways she's typical of the average bit player found on the sound stages of Hollywood. That's why SCREEN BOOK's photographer, Charles Rhodes, chose her for this series of intimate pictures. Her way of living, her aspirations are characteristic of the group to which she belongs.

Eve was born in London, England, and came to Houston, Texas, when she was five. She studied ballet under the famous Pavlova, attended private schools and went to the University of Southern California for two years. After leaving college, she went on a world tour.

Her father wanted her to be a missionary, but a beauty contest directed her attention to Hollywood. She won the titles, "Miss Desert Queen of 1939," and "Miss Million Dollar Legs." She also received a bit part in the Paramount picture, *Million Dollar Legs*.

Eve has titian hair and a perfect figure. She lives in a $75-a-month furnished apartment which houses several other bit players. She smokes ten cigarettes a day, has an occasional mild cocktail and is secretly married. She is serious about her career, wants to make good.

The "Million Dollar Legs" get a workout. Eve's $40,000 insurance policy with Lloyds of London calls for this type of exercise. Keeping in trim, she won't have a chance to collect

Eyelashes are important, and Eve is careful about her mascara. Bit players do their own make-up and must be ready for work long before the stars

CONTINUED

Eve wears a sweater and shorts for comfort, cooks her own breakfast. She has to be careful about money

She does her own housework. Eve objected to the camera showing the full picture of George Raft

Eve pulls on her skirt, prepares to go to work. Note the letters at the end of the desk. Yes, they're Eve's bills

Hat in hand, Eve starts to work. She will get $25 today—if she receives a talking part

It's four miles to 20th Century-Fox, five to Metro, three to Paramount and ten to the valley studios. Eve's apartment is well located

Home again, Eve does her own washing. She has to think of the rent—can't spend money recklessly

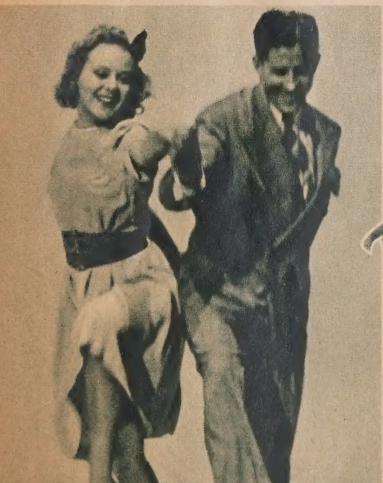
The day is over, and Eve spends a few hours going over a new script. Tomorrow, an early call (5:00 a.m.) and—who knows?—perhaps, a better part

●

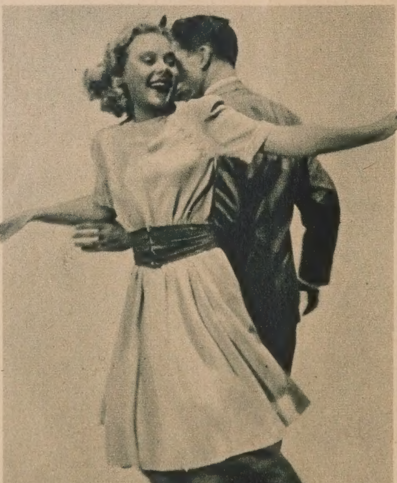
At intervals in the future. SCREEN BOOK will publish pictures showing the activities of new players who seem to merit your attention

Sonja Henie Takes Off Her Skates—

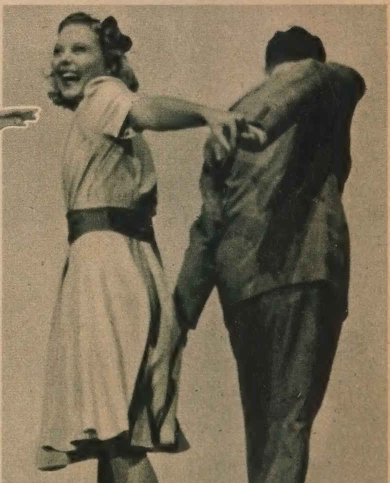
Sonja Henie leaves the ice, and Rudy Vallee deserts his orchestra to stamp out a hot number in 20th's *Second Fiddle*. It's called the "Back to Back" dance



Here's a tricky step in the routine. SCREEN BOOK's dance expert says it's a break, following eight trucking steps

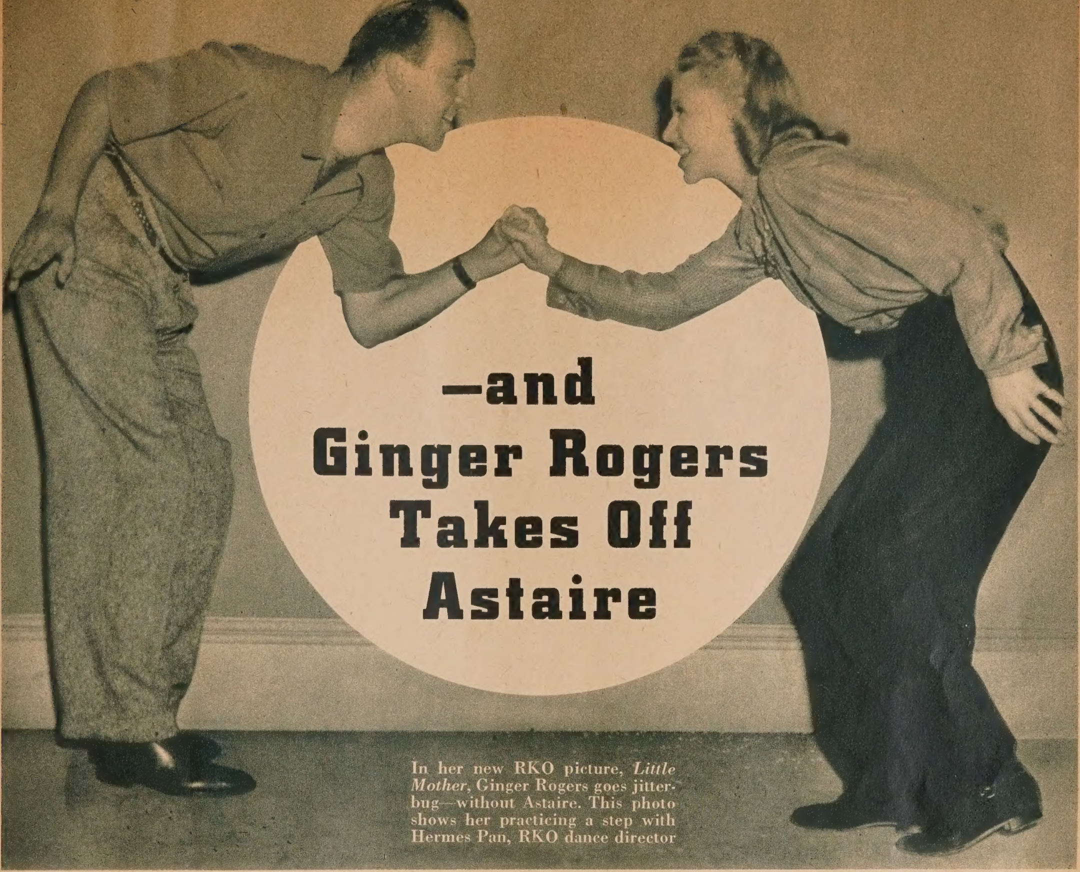


No hands in this one. This break follows three steps backward, made from the position shown at left

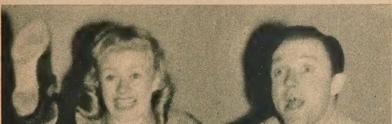


Couple truck in a circle, then take this position. Jitterbug variations mingle with rhumba steps in this dance

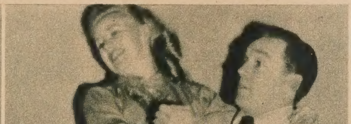
—and Ginger Rogers Takes Off Astaire



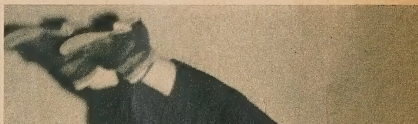
In her new RKO picture, *Little Mother*, Ginger Rogers goes jitterbug—without Astaire. This photo shows her practicing a step with Hermes Pan, RKO dance director



Here's a caper any jitterbug will understand. In the picture, Ginger enters a jitterbug contest with Frank Albertson



Up in the air goes Miss Rogers while Albertson wears a troubled expression. David Niven is Ginger's co-star



This is the sack-of-oats technique. Strenuous work, but Ginger seems to enjoy it as much as any jitterbug

SCREEN BOOK GIVES A DOG SHOW

Patricia Ellis poses with her cocker spaniel, "Peggie." This type of dog was originally used for hunting small game. The modern breed makes an excellent house pet
—Charles Rhodes

Ty Power loves dogs and shows the type commonly called a police dog in SCREEN BOOK's Photographic dog show

UNIQUE among Hollywood organizations is the Tailwagger Foundation of which Bette Davis is president. Formed in 1935, it sponsors legislation protecting animals, operates lost and found bureaus, maintains dog hospitals and most recently has started a school for training dogs to lead the blind. Almost all important persons in moviedom are members. The group puts out an elaborate and somewhat sentimental magazine called *Tailwagger*. For $2.00 an animal may be entered as a life member, and any animal having a tail is eligible.

President of the Tailwaggers Association is Bette Davis, shown here with "Tibby," her Scotty. Errol Flynn holds his giant schnauzer, "Arno"

Sally Eilers exhibits a smart springer spaniel, a small hunting breed used both as a bird dog and a pet

—Charles Rhodes

Louise Campbell, lovely Paramount player, gives her airedale, "Jerry," a bath at the beach. Airedales belong to the terrier family and are noted for good dispositions

These pups, shown with Ida Lupino, are named "Ike" and "Mike." They are of the German police dog type. Animals of this kind do actual police work in Europe

"Gertie" belongs to Hugh Herbert and has no pedigree. Dogs (and humans) who don't belong to the social register are often more intelligent than thoroughbreds

CONTINUED

Jane Bryan likes dogs. • She is pictured here with three of her favorites, a Cocker, a Springer and a Scotty

Left to right are Jane Bryan, Mary Maguire and Jane Wyman. The center of attention is an enormous St. Bernard

Judith Barrett i
pictured with
Collie, a type o
dog often used fo
herding sheep an
cattle. Judith i
Paramount's Venu
from Venus, Texa

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., one of Hollywood's most recent bridegrooms, admires his new English bull mastiff pup which was given him by his famous father, Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.

Charlie Butterworth knows all too well the troubles of dog ownership. Here he is, in bed with three of his affectionate pets

This gigantic creature is "St. Nick," a Newfoundland. Jeanette MacDonald has four other dogs, two Irish setters, a Skye terrier and a Bedlington. Countless movie stars are dog lovers

Katharine Hepburn shows her favorites. Left to right, "Peter," a cocker spaniel; "Buttons," a French poodle and "Michael," another cocker who has won a number of prizes

Jane Withers holds up her Pekingese, "Susie-G." Pekingese are Chinese lap dogs imported to this country

"Chowder" is a chow. He's shown with his mistress, Jean Parker. Don't miss SCREEN BOOK's Jean Parker story on page 80

You Requested—

Did we hear someone say that Bob Taylor's popularity was ebbing? Well, your requests belie that rumor, and this month's first honors go to Bob. He will next be seen in M-G-M's *Lady of the Tropics* opposite Hedy Lamarr. (See story on page 58.) In second place was Bonita Granville, the little lady with deviltry in her smiling eyes. Bonita will be seen shortly in Warner's *The Angels Wash Their Faces.* Send your picture request to SCREEN BOOK Magazine, Request Page, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

THIS SAILOR DOESN'T SAIL

Jimmy Cagney doesn't sail his yacht, *The Martha*. He goes down to his anchorage off Newport, Calif., spends much of his time on board but doesn't take her out to sea. The reason: the boat is so big it would require a full time crew of three or four sailors. Jimmy gets so little time off that he doesn't want to waste his money

Captain Jimmy straightens up a light line, thinks, perhaps, how nice it would be to own a boat he could handle by himself

The cameraman snaps Jimmy from above, and against a sagging sail (right). *The Martha* cost $25,000 five years ago. Jimmy is really a good sailor and wants to trade *The Martha* for a smaller craft. (Don't miss SCREEN BOOK's Jimmy Cagney story on page 62)

1. Once upon a time, two little M-G-M actresses decided to go fishing. Their names were Laraine Day and Jo Ann Sayers. They were very pretty

2. "A friend was fishing here the other day," said one little actress, "and guess what she caught? A fish that looked like Gary Cooper!"

FABLE OF THE

5. "We might just as well have a bite to eat. Say, wouldn't it be nice to catch a Leslie Howard fish after lunch?"

6. "These sandwiches certainly taste good. Lunch is the best thing about fishing"

3. "It happened right here. Right over by that big rock. Gary Cooper, b'lieve it or not, and Jimmy Stewart was swimming beside him!"

4. "Is it Taylor? No, no, no. Is it Gable? No, no, no. Is it Power? No, no, no. Just a little chunk of pine. Guess they aren't biting today"

THREE FISHIES

7. "Fishing is a wet affair. So we'll take off our stockings and hang 'em in the sun"

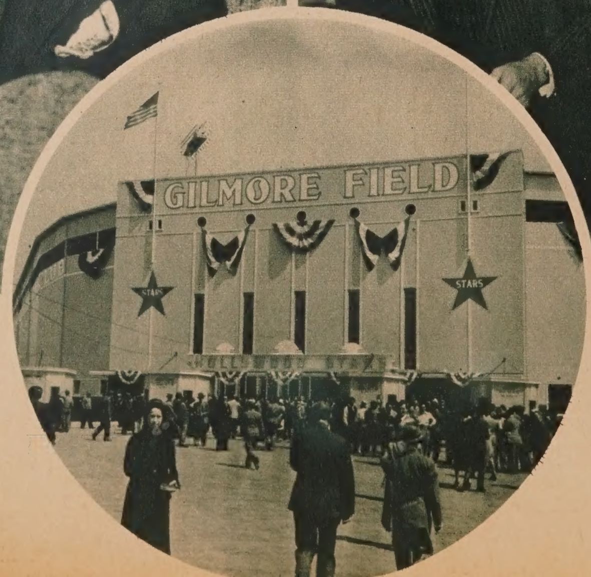
8. "And now we'll have a nap and dream of the three fishies who got away . . . Clark Gable . . . Ty Power . . . Bob Taylor"

HOLLYWOOD OPENS A BALL PARK

Gilmore Field, Hollywood's new ball park, cost approximately $200,000. It's the first in the film colony. Above, Joe E. Brown and Jane Withers give a free show

On the night preceding the opening day, a preview crowd saw this "Beef Trust" girl perform in the park. Hollywood has to preview everything—even baseball!

Edward G. Robinson watches the opening celebration. Many movie people are directors of the Hollywood Baseball Association. At right, the exterior of the stadium



Bob Cobb is Vice-President of the Association. He watches his wife, Gail Patrick, throw the first ball. She's a director

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

JOHNNY DAVIS BUILDS A BAND

Johnny "Scat" Davis is putting a new band together for a five months' tour of the 48 states. He got his nickname when he forgot the words of a song and filled in by shouting "scat!"

Here is Maestro Davis in action. Born in the middle west, Johnny rode to the top on his ebullient personality

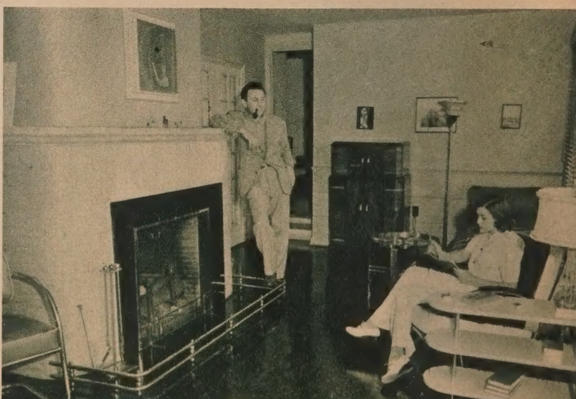
Johnny is pictured above with his kid brother, Tom Davis. The whole family is musical. At right, "Scat" turns the tables on Charles Rhodes, SCREEN BOOK's photographer, and snaps his picture

"Scat" leads his gang while Vido Musso performs on the sax. Hot music is Johnny's specialty. His latest picture is *Give Me a Child*

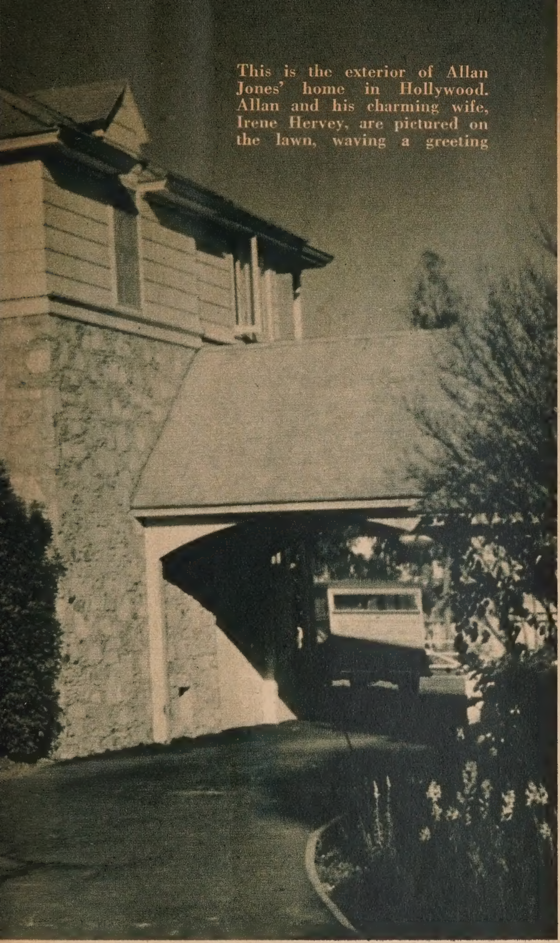
—Photos by Charles Rhodes

KEEPING UP WITH

The dining room of the Jones house is simple in design
Note the wide window which allows plenty of light



Allan stands by the fireplace in the den while Irene reads.
The slant of grain on the walls enlivens the interior



This is the exterior of Allan Jones' home in Hollywood. Allan and his charming wife, Irene Hervey, are pictured on the lawn, waving a greeting

Below, the Jones family poses before the stables. The children are Gail, age 8, and John Allan, age one and a half

THE JONES

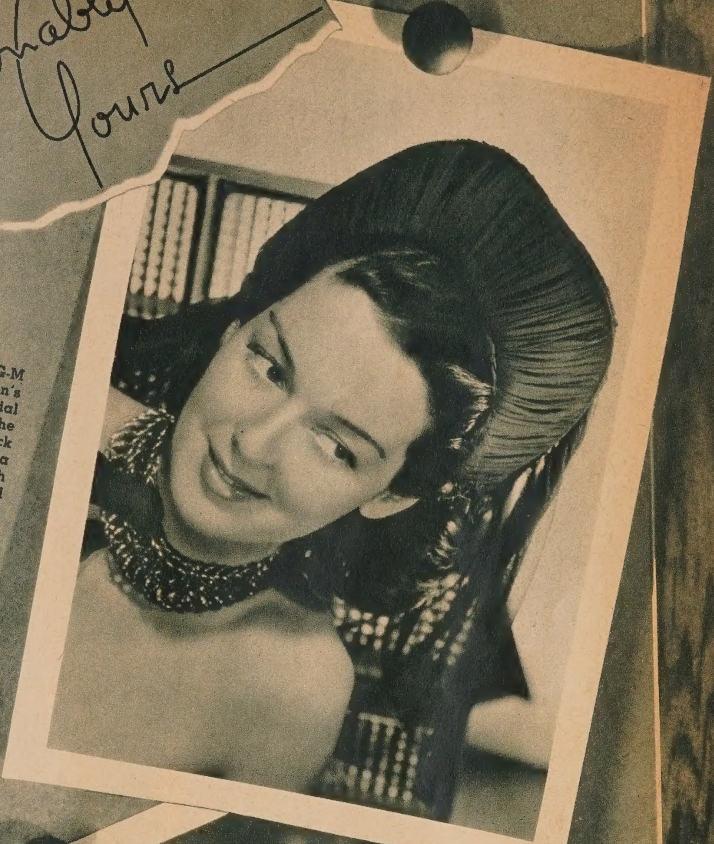
Here is the living room. Allan sings, plays the piano while Irene looks on. She's appearing in Universal's *House of Fear*

This bedroom in the Jones' home is distinctly feminine. Note the figured wallpaper, chintz and colonial furniture

Greer GARSON

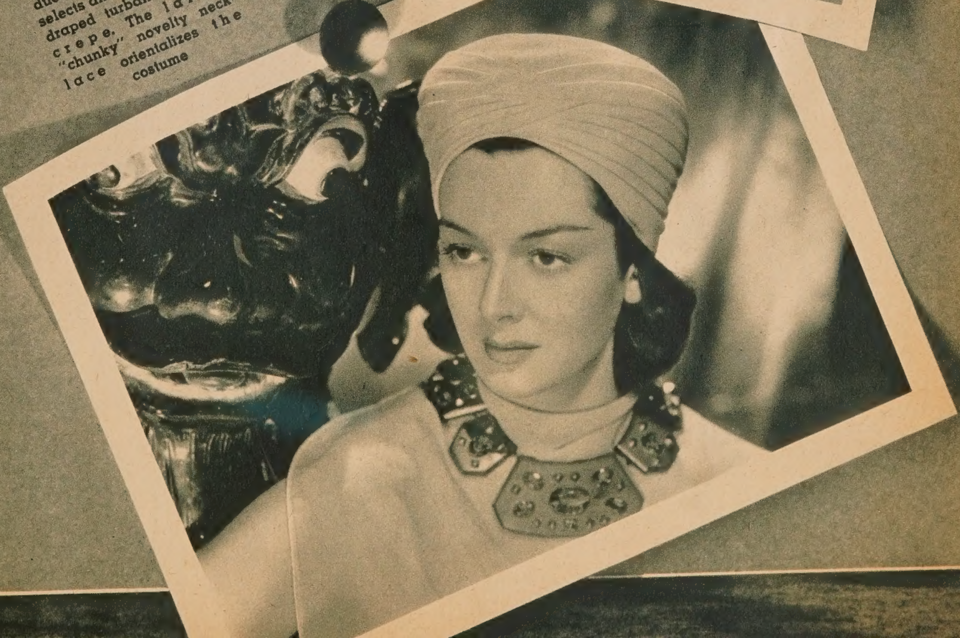
lovely M-G-M star

Fashionably Yours



Rosalind Russell, M-G-M star, models this season's version of the perennial and popular turban. The evening turban of black pleated crepe features a throw-back veil which drapes the shoulders and is caught in front by the huge choker necklace

Miss Russell, who will share honors with Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford in the new Metro production, "The Women," selects another unusually draped turban of white crepe. The large, "chunky" novelty necklace orientalizes the costume



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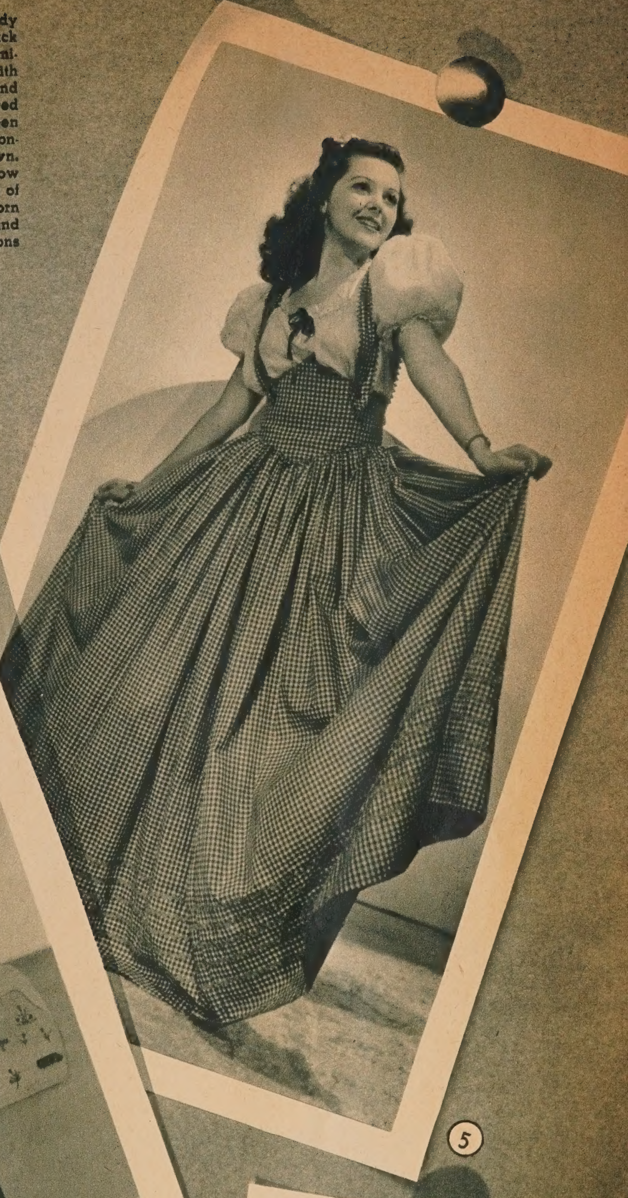
1. For active sports, Ann Rutherford, appearing in M-G-M's "Andy Hardy Gets Spring Fever," selects an uncrushable linen playsuit with rick-rack borders. "Willie" the wire-haired, is a decorative addition. 2. Semi-tropical in mood is this Lanz frock of navy blue and white linen with navy scrolls at neck and hemline. A huge palm tree decorates dress and matching purse. 3. Miss Rutherford's white and navy blue wool tailored coat with wide revers completes the ensemble. 4. Ann's moss-green linen suit features a circular skirt and close-fitted jacket with maroon-colored linen lapels. 5. Cotton is charmingly used in this summer gown. The camisole blouse of batiste has neck and sleeve trimming of narrow white lace with black velvet draw strings. The wide gathered skirt is of blue and white checked gingham. 6. A close-up of the accessories worn with the green linen suit. The hat of rough straw, the raffia bag and the hand-knitted gloves feature tiny matching flower decorations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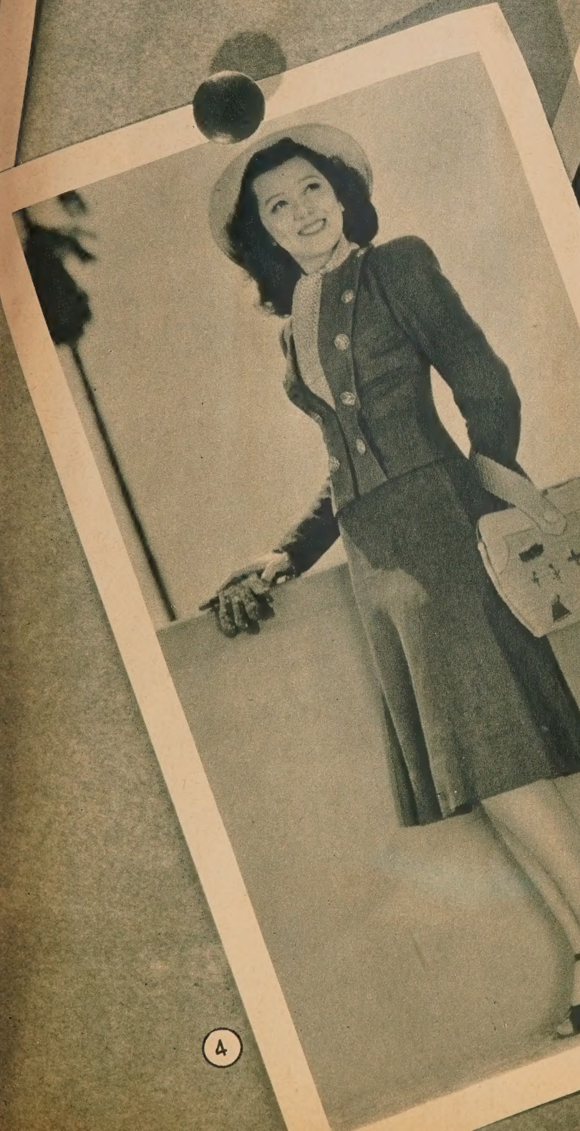
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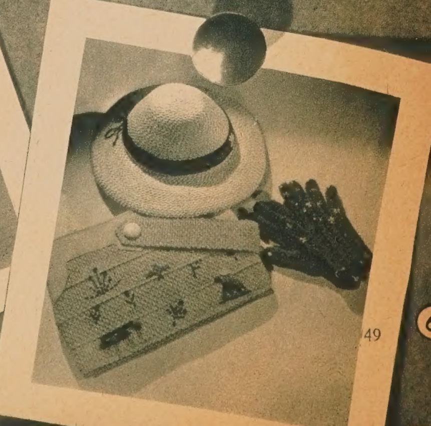
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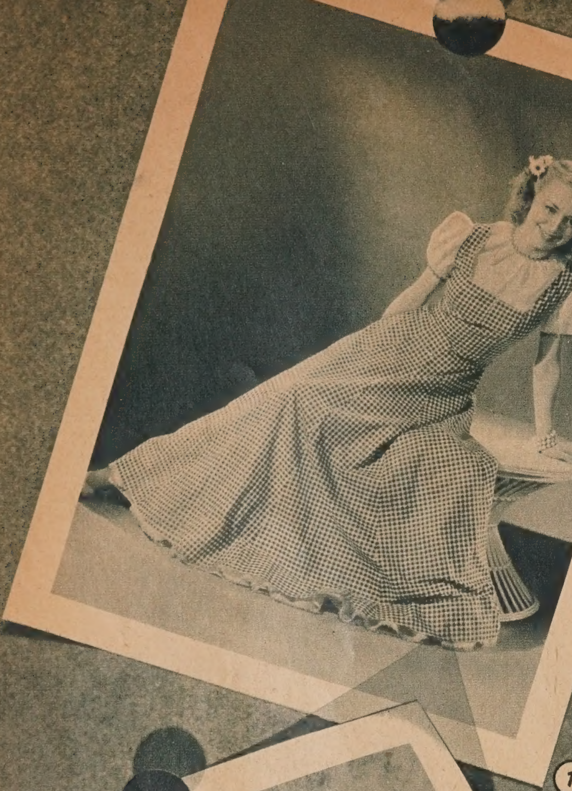
Checking in on checks for evening. Anne Shirley, RKO-Radio star appearing in "Career," goes charmingly quaint in black and white gingham (1) worn over crisp white cotton sheer. Jane Bryan, featured by Warners in "Each Dawn I Die," models a smart street dress (2) showing navy blue and white checked blouse, navy blue sheer pleated skirt and broad belt of contrasting red and white checked taffeta. Lya Lys, who will be seen in the Warner film, "Career Man," selects a dinner gown of navy blue tucked net top and blue and white striped net skirt pleated below the hips (3)



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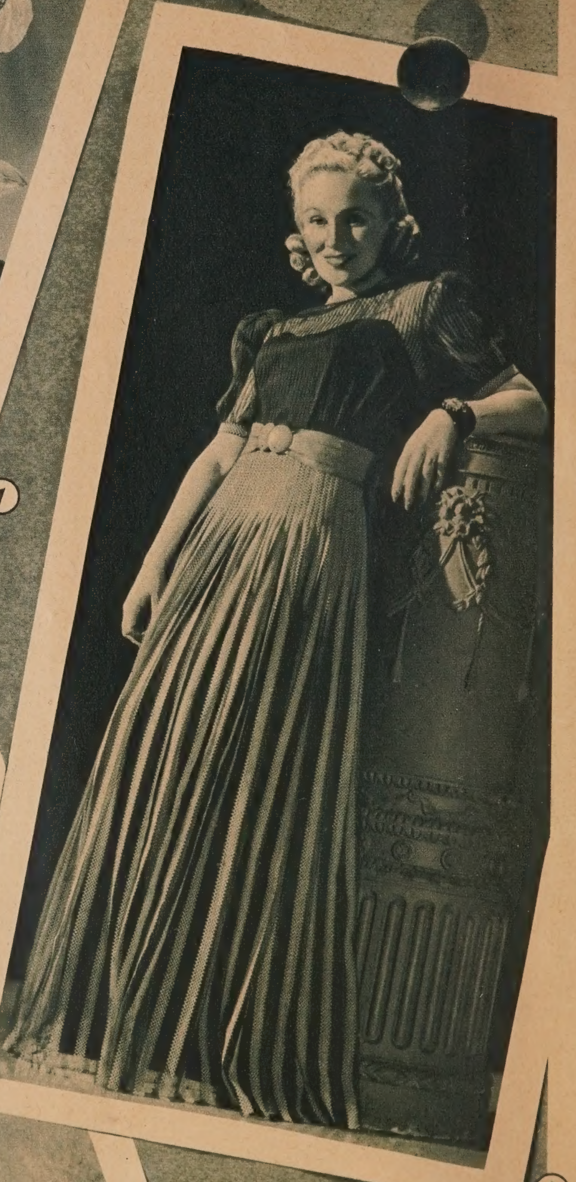

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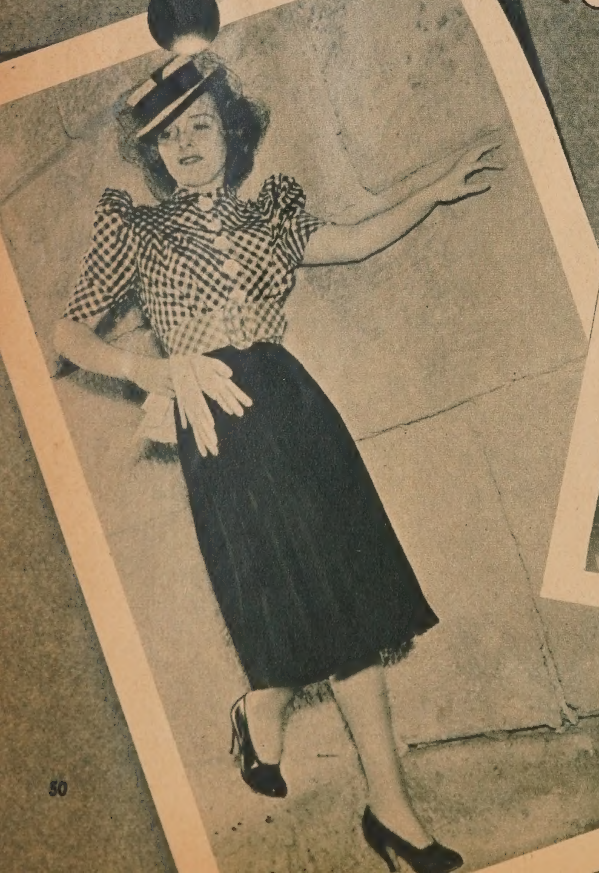

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Nine year old Jacqueline Nash, a coloratura soprano prodigy, was discovered by talent scouts singing operatic arias in a trailer

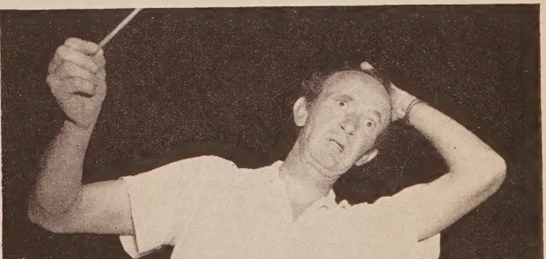
With her mother, Mrs. Minette B. Nash, Jacqueline was a trailer-tourist visitor to Los Angeles from her home in Toronto, Canada

COLORATURA AT 9

The Galli Curci of the auto camps is shown here with her mother

Below, Samuel Goldwyn's new discovery does a scene with Walter Brennan in the United Artists' musical production, *Music School*

Walter Brennan, Academy Award winner for the second time, portrays the role of Professor Lawson, a conductor, in *Music School*



AT YOUR THEATRE SOON

NOTE: Here you will find the first reviews of all important pictures BEFORE THEY ARE PUBLISHED BY ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE. These reviews are prepared by the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, usually before the picture itself is previewed in completed form. In order to get these reviews in advance of all other movie publications the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine spends much time observing production and filming on individual sets, reads the entire script and observes the day's rushes in the projection room at the studio. Thus an intelligent appraisal of the picture can be given you in these columns before or at the same time the picture is first shown in your community. Release dates given are NATIONAL RELEASE DATES. If the date given is July 15, that does not mean the picture MUST play in your city on July 15. It will play some engagements on that date, however, and will be in your city on that date or as soon after as your local exhibitor can arrange the showing. For reviews of pictures now playing local theatres consult Topper's Review Chart.

ON BORROWED TIME

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Harold S. Bucquet. Starring Lionel Barrymore, with Beulah Bondi, Bobs Watson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Una Merkel, Nat Pendleton, Grant Mitchell and Henry Travers. National release date—July 30, 1939.

THE poignant, moving story of the old man, the little boy and death which spellbound Broadway audiences for nearly a year, comes to the screen with all its charm intact. *On Borrowed Time* promises to score a smash hit with moviegoers who like a taste of sentiment in their film fare.

The role of Gramp, originated on the stage by another Hollywood veteran, Dudley Digges, was a natural for Lionel Barrymore. As his grandson, Pud, eight-year-old Bobs Watson who made his feature debut in *In Old Chicago* turns in a truly gripping performance. And the celebrated Sir Cedric Hardwicke, playing the role of Mr. Brink, will long be remembered for a vivid, restrained portrayal of the man who symbolizes Death in this moving drama.

The theme of *On Borrowed Time* is, briefly stated, man's constant efforts to outwit the mysterious and ubiquitous stranger, Mr. Brink. The motivating force is the deeply tender and sympathetic fellowship between Gramp and his grandson. No tear-jerker, the picture is illuminated and lightened throughout by cleverly inspired touches of comedy. It is expertly directed and skillfully acted.

Probable critics' rating of *On Borrowed Time*: Excellent.

STRONGER THAN DESIRE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Leslie Fenton. Starring Walter Pidgeon and Virginia Bruce, with Lee Bowman, Ilka Chase and Rita Johnson. National release date—July 1, 1939.

BLACKMAIL and murder are only two items in the complex structure of M-G-M's *Stronger Than Desire,* a society melodrama starring the handsome Walter Pidgeon whose popularity is comparatively recent and the ever-lovely Virginia Bruce.

Cast as Tyler Flagg, brilliant society lawyer, Pidgeon turns in a first-rate performance which will add new laurels to his increasingly impressive dramatic career. In the role of his wife Virginia Bruce, who recently played in a film called *Society Lawyer,* lends beauty and understanding to a difficult part.

From the start of the first reel until the final, smashing courtroom denouement, *Stronger Than Desire* is packed with action and excitement which should please even the most exacting patron of heavy drama. Leslie Fenton, erstwhile actor who was last seen as the convicted murderer in *Boys' Town,* has done a first-class, expert job in directing this, the second of his major features.

Mike Curtiz, right, directs the Lane sisters, Fay Bainter and Gale Page in a scene from Warners' new picture, *Daughters Courageous*

The action takes place in New York City and gives Hollywood's talented scenic designers a chance to display their unmatched artistry in duplicating swanky penthouse apartments, fashionable night clubs and a typical metropolitan courtroom.

Probable critics' rating of *Stronger Than Desire:* Very good.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK

(United Artists)

Directed by James Whale. Starring Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett and Warren William, with Joseph Schildkraut, Alan Hale, Miles Mander, Bert Roach and Doris Kenyon. National release date—July 18, 1939.

ONE million dollars went into the production of this latest screen version of Alexander Dumas' classic *The Man in the Iron Mask.* The result is a glittering historical pageant, crammed with drama and mystery, which should do land-office business at the box office.

In the dual role of Louis XIV and his twin brother, Philippe, Louis Hayward turns in a splendid performance. Joan Bennett makes a lovely and sympathetic Maria Theresa. As the dashing D'Artagnan, the veteran Warren William handles an adventurous role in heart-warming style.

No detail was overlooked in this $1,000,000 production of the Dumas' novel. The male principals in the cast spent three weeks learning to fence under the tutelage of an expert. The palaces of St. Germain-en-Laye and Versailles, Paris streets as they looked in the seventeenth century, the celebrated Bastille and several rural French villages were faithfully reproduced on the studio lot. For scenes showing the Bastille's horror chamber, actual instruments of torture, several hundred years old, were borrowed from museums.

Author of the screen play was George Bruce, sometimes regarded as the most prolific modern writer. Bruce has published more than 20,000,000 words of fiction, has written millions more for motion pictures.

Probable critics' rating of *The Man in the Iron Mask*: Excellent.

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON

(Columbia)

Directed by Frank Capra. Starring James Stewart and Jean Arthur, with Claude Rains, Edward Arnold, Guy Kibbee, Eugene Pallette and Ruth Donnelly. National release date—July 18, 1939.

UNDER the expert megaphoning of Frank Capra, one of Hollywood's foremost hit-makers, *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington* acquires a pace and tempo which will place this picture among the top-ranking films of 1939.

[*Continued on page* 70]

Lionel Barrymore and fellow players are pictured above in a scene from M-G-M's *On Borrowed Time*

Jack Benny has a harem in Paramount's *Man About Town.* The screen comedian is shown here with his "servants"

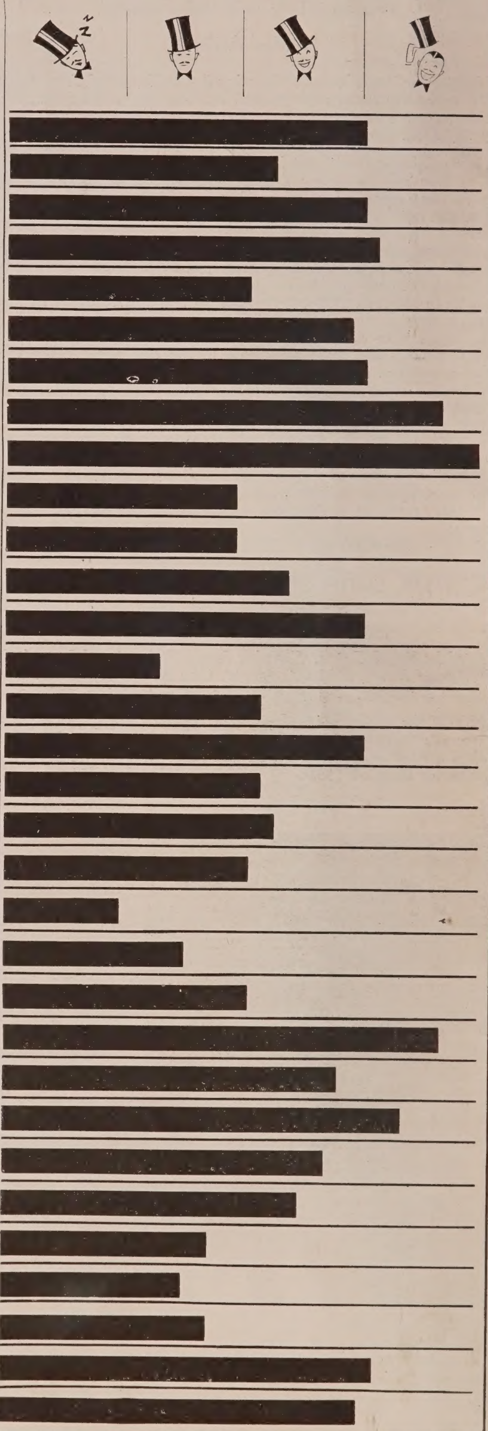
This enormous set was used for the royal wedding scene in United Artists' *The Man In the Iron Mask.* The bride and groom at the head of the procession are Joan Bennett and Louis Hayward

James Cagney and George Raft are shown above receiving instructions from Director Keighly during work in Warners' latest prison film, *Each Dawn I Die*

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)

Picture Title	Who's In It
IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD	C. Colbert-J. Stewart
SORORITY HOUSE	A. Shirley-J. Ellison
ROSE OF WASHINGTON SQUARE	T. Power-A. Faye-Jolson
LOVE AFFAIR	Irene Dunne-C. Boyer
HOTEL IMPERIAL	R. Milland-I. Miranda
MAN OF CONQUEST	R. Dix-Gail Patrick
ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS	J. Arthur-C. Grant
DARK VICTORY	Bette Davis-G. Brent
WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Merle Oberon-L. Olivier
CAPTAIN FURY	B. Aherne-V. McLaglen
BRIDAL SUITE	Annabella-Bob Young
THE GORILLA	Ritz Bros.-A. Louise
SUN NEVER SETS	B. Rathbone-V. Fields
BACK DOOR TO HEAVEN	W. Ford-A. MacMahon
THE HARDYS RIDE HIGH	M. Rooney-Lewis Stone
THE CASTLES	Fred Astaire-G. Rogers
WOMEN IN THE WIND	K. Francis-W. Gargan
RETURN OF THE CISCO KID	Warner Baxter-Lynn Bari
6,000 ENEMIES	Walt. Pidgeon-R. Johnson
GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE	G. Allen-W. William
GIRL FROM MEXICO	Lupe Velez-D. Woods
JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD	J. Prouty-S. Byington
JUAREZ	Muni-B. Davis-B. Aherne
UNION PACIFIC	B. Stanwyck-J. McCrea
CONFESSIONS OF A NAZI SPY	E. Robinson-F. Lederer
EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN	B. Crosby-Joan Blondell
LUCKY NIGHT	Bob Taylor-Myrna Loy
CODE OF SECRET SERVICE	R. Reagan-R. Towne
SOME LIKE IT HOT	Bob Hope-Krupa-S. Ross
BLUE MONTANA SKIES	G. Autry-S. Burnette
ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL	Ameche-L. Young-Fonda
DODGE CITY	E. Flynn-O. de Havilland



Diana's record would delight any Mother!

First Year: SPLENDID START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

4 MONTHS

"With doctors approving Clapp's so heartily," Diana Dann's mother says, "of course Clapp's Foods were the choice for my baby. And she loved them—right from the first.

"You know, the Clapp people have worked with doctors 18 years. They were first to make baby foods, and they're the only large company that makes nothing else! So they're experts!"

10 MONTHS

"Diana just growed, like Topsy," Mrs. Dann says. "But oh, *how* she growed! She gained a pound a month regularly, and when this photo was taken, she was starting to walk.

"One look, and you knew she was getting plenty of vitamins and minerals. And for a baby girl, she had the healthiest little appetite you ever saw!"

Clapp's
BABY FOODS
STRAINED FOODS

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Toddler Years: PICTURE OF HEALTH...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

2 YEARS

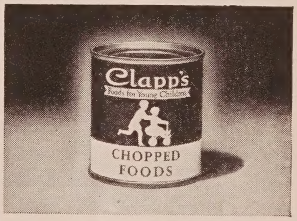
"She never had to be coaxed to eat. Not even when the time came for coarser foods—babies often get notional then, but not she!

"We promoted her from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods and she loved them right off. Of course, the flavors were so good and so much like the Strained, that was why. And no lumps or stems, as you're bound to have sometimes in foods cooked at home!"

3½ YEARS

"There's so much variety in Clapp's! Diana gets 11 kinds of Chopped Foods. And when she has one of those new Junior Dinners that combine meat and vegetables and cereals—why, it's almost a meal in itself.

"Yes, she's really very well-built—she rides a pony and she can swim. She's real proof that if you want to do a perfect job of baby-feeding, it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



11 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

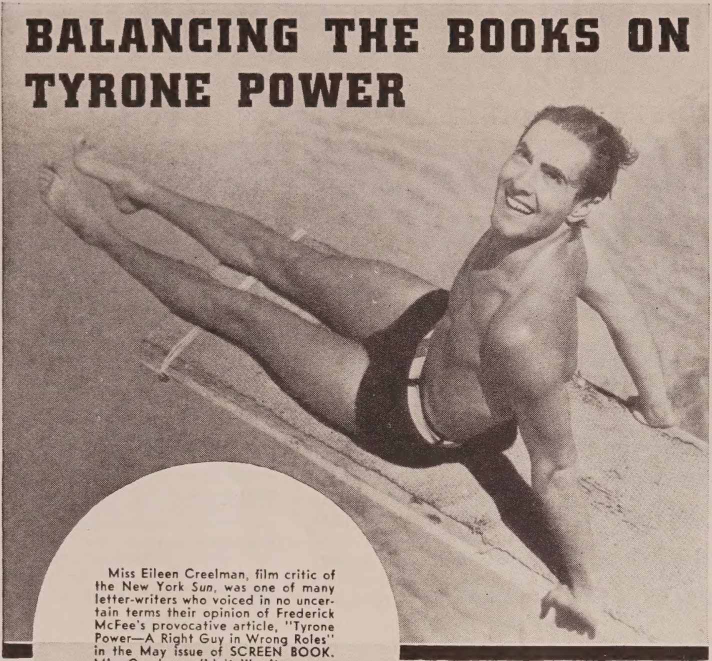
Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

BALANCING THE BOOKS ON TYRONE POWER



Miss Eileen Creelman, film critic of the New York *Sun*, was one of many letter-writers who voiced in no uncertain terms their opinion of Frederick McFee's provocative article, "Tyrone Power—A Right Guy in Wrong Roles" in the May issue of SCREEN BOOK. Miss Creelman didn't like it.

SCREEN BOOK loves a good fight. So here is Miss Creelman's detailed criticism of Mr. McFee's criticism of Mr. Power's career. May the best man—or woman—win.

By

EILEEN CREELMAN

Film Critic, New York "Sun"

FOR years I've been listening to wails. First, the laments of the actors who object to type-casting, who blame all their failures on the fact that they never get a chance to show what they really can do. Then, the protests of the fans, bored with their favorite players' sameness. And finally the studied howlings of the critics, louder and more noticeable than the wails of anyone else, voicing their annoyance at personality-stars.

And now comes Mr. Frederick McFee, putting his dissatisfaction on record with an article he calls "Tyrone Power—A Right Guy in Wrong Roles," in the May issue of this magazine. Mr. McFee, to my amazement, is grinding the other side of the axe. He complains, and with vehemence, that Tyrone Power has been given acting roles instead of parts playing up his romantic appeal. His studio, Mr. McFee declares, should be scouting for scripts to exhibit his smile, "practically the best in the business."

Mr. McFee does not stand alone in his attitude. Hundreds of bad films each year prove that producers, too many of them, feel just the same way. So do some fans—for a while. And for a while they will go to see pictures which exploit a favorite personality. But they will go only for a while. There always follows that dreary day when the fans tire of a handsome face—and the producers neglect to take up an option. Another handsome face, a new one, has come along.

Instead of rejoicing that Tyrone Power, whom he evidently likes and admires, has escaped one of Hollywood's grave dangers, Mr. McFee jumps all over his studio for putting him in "nothing less than million dollar productions," for giving him parts which do not overshadow the rest of the picture. He wants, all too evidently, to have vehicles built for Mr. Power in which his sunny smile and youthful good looks will constitute most of the entertainment.

It is this attitude which has finished off many a promising career, Tyrone Power has been luckier than most. He has worked hard and he has worked intelligently. But it is to his studio that he owes his future in films. It is a future which is being built solidly and wisely, along constantly developing and expanding lines. Tyrone, unless his employers suddenly listen to the advice of such as Mr. McFee, can look forward to a long career and one that is always growing.

It would have been easy, as Mr. McFee points out, to exploit Tyrone Power's personal magnetism. He is young. He is good-looking. Audiences like him immediately. He was unknown when 20th Century-Fox signed him but he was sufficiently experienced as a stage actor to take direction well. Starring him in light romantic roles was the obvious thing to do. It would have brought the studio quick money and quite a lot of it.

That is what Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer did with Robert Taylor. That is why Robert Taylor, after a wild flare of popularity, found himself in a most uncomfortable spot indeed. Anyone who has followed Bob Taylor's career has been amused, and delighted, to watch his studio double on its tracks. Beginning with *A Yank at Oxford,* Metro has been building practically a whole new career for Robert Taylor. It has played down the handsome face, the romantic appeal, the publicity about fans who swooned whenever the star appeared on the screen. Maybe you've noticed—you can't very well have helped noticing—that Mr. Taylor is now being invited to act. Instead of well-mannered sheiks, he plays he-men, fellows with a nice grin and an equally nice gift for fighting. He is trying and succeeding, in putting a characterization into each part. He is getting back his popularity, on a firmer basis.

But he is having to work for it. Pictures and publicity had played up Bob Taylor, on screen and off, as just one kind of person, a man so handsome that his very appearance made women faint. A little too much of that build-up and the men in the audience were laughing. The girls were beginning to giggle a little, too. Robert Taylor was not enjoying it much himself. The ridicule that followed the discovery of two girl stowaways in his cabin, whether a publicity stunt or not, was too much. No star's popularity can stand that sort of ballyhoo for long.

But that apparently is the kind of career Mr. McFee would have liked for Tyrone Power. Metro changed its tactics in time. It saved Bob Taylor's career by changing his pictures, but not until Bob had gone through unnecessary humiliation.

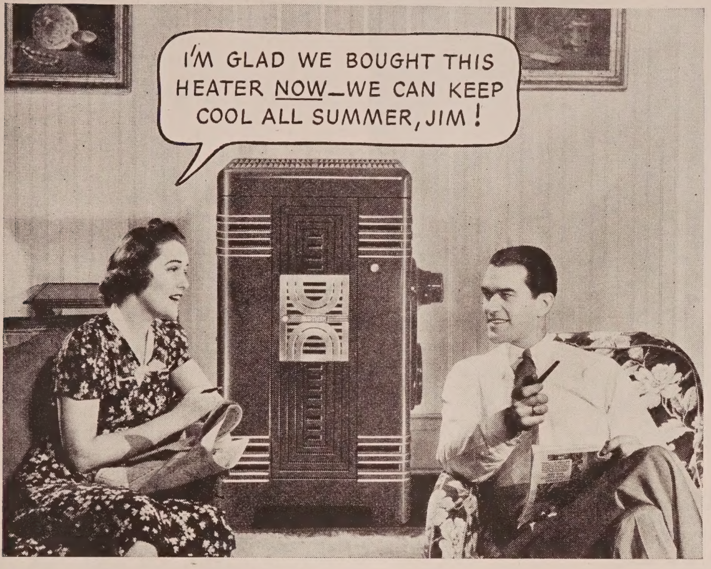
Tyrone Power has never had to go through all this. While Robert Taylor was being built up as the great lover—"Garbo loves Robert Taylor" in lights for *Camille*—shrewd Darryl Zanuck over at 20th Century-Fox was watching. When Tyrone Power, as young and as handsome as Taylor and as eager to act, came along, Darryl Zanuck followed a different policy. He has placed the young star only in big pictures. Mr. McFee objects to that. He speaks of "awing the public into preferring" Mr. Power, an extraordinary statement.

It is difficult to see anything awe-inspiring about the reckless political boss of *In Old Chicago,* the boyish orchestra leader in *Alexander's Ragtime Band,* the fiery avenger of *Jesse James* or the Broadway play-

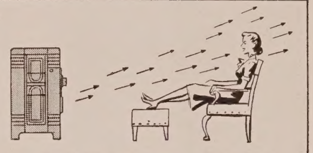
[*Continued on page* 79]

OPINION

New Duo-Therm heater blows a sea breeze ALL SUMMER LONG!

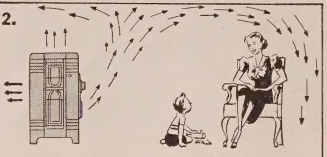

I'M GLAD WE BOUGHT THIS HEATER NOW—WE CAN KEEP COOL ALL SUMMER, JIM!

1.



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your Duo-Therm *Power-Air**—and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

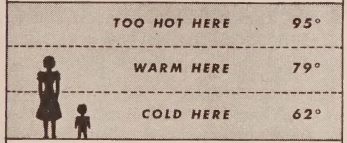
2.



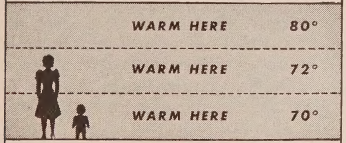
Plenty of heat in the winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner! No more hot ceilings and cold floors! You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort!

IN WINTER, DUO-THERM GIVES "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" COMFORT!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



Ordinary heaters—send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Buy now! Pay only 10% down . . . no more till October 1st!

IF YOU'VE been struggling with an old-fashioned heater—why not enjoy the clean, silent, dirt-free, trouble-free heat this new Duo-Therm can give you?

Turn the dial on front! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *regulated* heat—and *more* of it per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and out pours a warming flood of *extra* heat!

This new Duo-Therm does everything an ordinary heater can—and gives you the EXTRA, year-round comfort of the sensational new *POWER-AIR!*

The greatest new development in heaters! On scorching days, Duo-Therm's *Power-Air* pours out a 27-mile-an-hour breeze to circulate comfort and help keep you cool!

And when it's so cold that snow squeaks underfoot, *Power-Air* drives heat into corners—keeps floors warm—circulates heat faster, better all through your house!

More uses for Power-Air! You can direct *Power-Air* up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry. Women can dry their hair.

And *Power-Air* costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp!

Costs no more than other heaters! Even with the amazing new *Power-Air*, you pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Why not enjoy *Power-Air* this summer—now? Your down payment is no more than you'd pay for an electric fan—you pay no more till October—and you'll have greater comfort this winter than a heater ever gave before!

There are many handsome models—designed to heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—or tear out the coupon and mail it—today!

*Patent applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

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Send me all the facts on the new "year-round" Duo-Therm!

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Hedy Lamarr and Bob Taylor—LOVERS

By FREDERICK McFEE

"ROBERT TAYLOR and Hedy Lamarr in *Lady of the Tropics.*" It's a wonder that Leo the Lion has only now found his way around to making such a picture. It's a natural. Glamor Girl No. 1 in the arms of Romantic Hero No. 1, in a torrid setting. With ten love scenes between them. More love scenes than any other talkie has ever had.

The setting is French Indo-China—a land of disturbing beauty, strange fascination, mystery. Like Hedy.

She plays *Manon,* a girl who had the fortune to be born beautiful and the misfortune to be born a half-caste. Wistfully she dreams that some day she can escape Indo-China, go to some far place, live like a white woman. Bob plays a happy-go-lucky young American, the only penniless member of a yachting party that drops anchor at Saigon. They meet and are instantly, irresistibly drawn to each other. He jumps ship, saves her from betrothal to a native prince, marries her himself. For love of her, he becomes an outcast. And, as an outcast, he cannot get work to earn their passage money to the States. They sink to the depths of poverty. Secretly, desperately, she finds a way out for both of them. When he discovers the way she has taken, he knows only black bitterness, leaves her. He learns too late how much she has loved him.

No tale of a light love, this—but a saga of a Grade No. 1 passion. Watching Bob and Hedy together on the screen will be an emotional experience.

Usually when two players not even slightly in love with each other are cast as ardent lovers, they go about the business grimly, as if it were the hardest kind of work. They are polite strangers. Each is wary of the other as a professional rival. Not so Bob and Hedy.

She is "Haydee," not "Miss Lamarr." He is "Bob," not "Mr. Taylor." They aren't strangers. They first met when she was working with his pal, Spencer Tracy, in the ill-fated *I Take This Woman.* They saw more of each other when he worked with her closest friend, Myrna Loy, in *Lucky Night.* They weren't grim then and they aren't grim now. They are amused partners.

Hedy is newly married to Gene Markey. Bob is newly married to Barbara Stanwyck. Neither has had a honeymoon. Instead, here they are on a movie set, going through the motions of loving each other. The irony of it isn't lost on them. High-spiritedly, they banter about their "great love." They are quite aware that, being violently happy, they can't stop looking like people in love, even though the people they are in love with are nowhere in sight.

Leo, the Lion, went into mourning when those marriages happened. But Leo's distress is fast vanishing. Those marriages are making it easy for Bob and Hedy to look romantic.

They didn't do their first love scenes on the set, but in the portrait gallery. Before they started the picture they had to make the advertising art for it. In the gallery they didn't have Director Jack Conway to tell them what to do. They directed themselves. And when the Front Office got a look at the results, the F. O. did handsprings. Not since *Flesh and the Devil,* with Garbo and Gilbert, has there been such art.

When Bob made love to Garbo in *Camille,* not only was the set closed; even co-workers couldn't watch. On the set of *Lady of the Tropics,* no such self-consciousness is evident. Whether visitors are present or not; whether they have love scenes or other scenes to do, Bob and Hedy "give." You don't expect such dearth of temperament.

No matter what he has to do, Bob is notoriously even-tempered. That's part of the answer. The other part is: Hedy has an even disposition of her own. She is one foreign actress who doesn't subscribe to the theory that temperament is good for a career. She keeps her nerves under control. She is a "good sport." She has a sense of humor.

You expect her, as Glamor Girl No. 1, to be exclusive and aloof—to go into mysterious seclusion in her dressing-room at the end of every scene and to appear for the next one at the last possible moment. Instead she finds the nearest chair, and talks with anyone at hand. She likes to be with people. She had enough of loneliness in her first year in Hollywood, when she knew no one and no one knew her, to last her the rest of her life.

Bob never has been one to hide out in his dressing-room. So, not only during scenes, but between them, he and Hedy gravitate toward each other. Especially if a big scene is coming up. They take time out to rehearse their dialogue.

The script originally called for Bob to strike Hedy in leaving her. "Nix!" protested Bob. "Not after those love scenes. It would pass belief." Now he breaks away from her, leaves her on the floor weeping. Hedy had never cried before for a camera. She refused to use menthol in her eyes. She said, "Leave me alone, and I'll cry." She buried her head in her arms, and came up with tears in her eyes. She revealed afterward that she had thought of how lonesome she was for her mother in England, (her mother is English) her dead father, and a lullaby her mother used to sing to her. But she told Bob, "I cried to think you had left me before you had married me."

When he came back to work after the wedding, the first thing he said to Hedy was, "Now that I'm married—does that alter our great love for each other?" She smiled. "How can our love be altered now, unless we make retakes?" Bob paled. "And if we make retakes, that will only delay the honeymoons."

That's another reason why, when they look into each other's eyes, they look as if they mean it. They're dodging retakes.

GLAMOR

FOR BROWN-EYED GIRLS LIKE ETHEL MERMAN

There's *Glamour* in Marvelous Matched Makeup!

A star of "STARS IN YOUR EYES"

Powder, rouge, lipstick, KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

LOIS: Explain yourself, Judy! You say you chose this makeup by the color of your *eyes?*

JUDY: Yes! It's Marvelous Matched Makeup—the most flattering powder, rouge and lipstick I've ever used, Lois! It's amazing what a harmonized makeup can do for a girl!

LOIS: It's *perfect* on *you,* Judy! But *your* eyes are *brown!* What about *me,* with *blue* eyes?

JUDY: Whether your eyes are blue, brown, gray or hazel, the makers of Marvelous have blended just the right shades for you! They studied women of every age and coloring—

LOIS: And they found *eye* color to be the guide to proper makeup shades, Judy?

JUDY: Lois, they found it's the *only* true guide! So they created powder, rouge and lipstick keyed to your personality color, the color that never changes—*the color of your eyes!*

JUDY: And Marvelous Matched Makeup gives you so much *more* than becoming shades, Lois! Take the face powder! Silk-sifted for perfect texture, it never cakes or looks "powdery"—clings for hours—gives your skin such a smooth, suede-like finish!

JUDY: I'm *devoted* to Marvelous Rouge and Lipstick—and you will be, too! Marvelous Rouge never gives that hard, "splotchy," artificial look . . . just a soft, *natural* glow! And Marvelous Lipstick goes on so *smoothly*—gives your lips lovely, *long-lasting* color!

JUDY: With Marvelous, you look as you *want* to look! You can get the Powder, Rouge and Lipstick separately (Mascara, Eye Shadow, too) but for *perfect color harmony,* use them all! Just order *by the color of your eyes!* At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each!
(65¢ in Canada)

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55¢ EACH

MARVELOUS *Matched* MAKEUP

By Richard Hudnut

KEYED TO THE COLOR OF YOUR EYES!

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My eyes are Blue ☐ Brown ☐ Gray ☐ Hazel ☐
Please send sample Marvelous Matched Makeup Kit—harmonizing shades of powder, rouge and lipstick in generous metal containers. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.

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Street____________________________
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RIBBER, KEEP AWAY FROM MY DOOR!

By
E. J. SMITHSON

Albert Morin is Hollywood's top-flight kidder. Being hoaxed by Morin is an experience few stars forget. He is shown above as he appeared in a recent Pete Smith short, at right with one of his famous victims, Clark Gable

SCREWBALLS ON THE LOT

THE earnest, dark-complexioned little man adjusted his pince-nez and gave the waxed ends of his moustache a gentle twist. He smiled patiently while the famous author, Rupert Hughes introduced him to the 250 members of the Authors' and Writers' Club grouped around the luncheon tables.

Just 15 minutes before, Mr. Hughes had introduced Frank Buck who had thrilled his audience with a score of exciting "bring-'em-back-alive" tales of the African jungles.

"Now," beamed Author Hughes, "I am happy to present as our next speaker Mons. Jacques Dubbonet, the great French journalist and world traveler. Mons. Dubbonet's views of European politics carry the weight of authority, and he has promised us some startling revelations. I am honored to present to you Mons. Jacques Dubbonet!"

When the applause subsided, Mons. Dubbonet bent low and said, "I thank you ver', ver' much. Nevaire 'ave I been asked to speak before such an august gathering. Nevaire, monsieurs. Eet is indeed true that I am ze great French journalist. I, too, 'ave been in Africa like ze famous Mistaire Book. Pardonnez moi—Mistaire Bock. An' so, before I speak about European politics, I speak a little about Africa an' ze great breeng-'em-back-alive Mistaire Bock."

Mons. Jacques Dubbonet paused a moment, took a sip of water, and looked directly at Frank Buck who sat opposite him.

"As I 'ave said," he began, "I 'ave been in Africa. As a travelaire, as a hunter. But not, you may be so sure, as a hunter such as Mistaire Book. In my beautiful France we say 'phui' to Mistaire Book! He is what you call eet, a fake. I will tell you how he hunts ze wild animals! Thees is what he does. He hires two, three hundred natives, sends them out to find ze animals and Mistaire Bock—ah, my frens', what does he do? Thees. He iss one-half mile in ze rear with two machine guns and when ze animals run past he pulls ze trigger an' ze guns go rat-tat-tat. Zut! I say to you my frens', zat iss no way to hunt! Zat iss coward's way. I tell you we say 'phui!' many, many times in my beautiful France when Mistaire Bock his name is mentioned."

Mons. Dubbonet devoted a full minute to what he called the African language and asked Buck if he understood what he was saying. Buck shook his head. Mons. Dubbonet allowed a slight smile of victory to appear on his face.

"Listen," Buck said in a hoarse, angry whisper to Grover Jones, "I'm not going to stand for that. He's insulted me. Called me a liar. I'm not going to stand that from any Frenchman! I'm. . . ."

Frank started to arise, but was pulled back by Jones who urged him to hold his temper. Mons. Dubbonet swelled up like a pouter pigeon, and told Buck off in frenzied French.

"I am invite here," he sputtered, "as a guest to speak an' what do I get? Such treatment as I nevaire experience! I am disgust an' so ashame. I tell ze truth. Mistaire Bock he should humbly apologize."

Rather than create a scene, Mistaire Buck, being a gentleman first, last, and all the time, *did* apologize.

Mons. Dubbonet accepted graciously, smiled gravely, gave his moustache another gentle twist and continued with his talk, this time singling out Irvin Cobb.

"I am, as I 'ave say," began Mons. Dubbonet, "a great journalist, an' I know good writing. Many Americans are good writers and are loved deeply by my people. But I assure you, not Mistaire Cobb. Mistaire Cobb, he come to France an' he write a book about my people an' eet becomes queek what you call eet—a best seller. 'Phui,' on ze great Cobb, we say! Why? Because he writes nossing but ze big lies about France! Mistaire Cobb he hires other writers to write his books! He pays them fifty dollaire an' all zat he does iss sign his name as ze author! 'Phui'! What kind of an author iss zat may I so humbly an' kindly inquire? What. . . ."

The usually placid and easy-going Cobb turned a violent red. With one fierce bite he snapped in two the cigar he was smoking. He forgot all the proprieties, staggered to his feet and faced the luncheon members.

"I refuse to be insulted by this . . . this . . . gosh-awful, blankety-blank crazy Frenchman! I demand an apology! What kind of a speaker is this?"

Cries arose from various tables. "Let's throw the damned Communist outta here! Somebody take a poke at the crazy Frog!"

Mons. Dubbonet acted very quickly. He turned to Victor Potell, who proceeded to give him a neat verbal dressing down. Potell ended by challenging the speaker to a duel. Dubbonet accepted the challenge and before anyone could stop them they rushed outside to commit mayhem upon each other.

So eager were members of the Club to be in at the "kill" that they knocked one another down in their wild attempts to get outside. But instead of witnessing a duel, they saw Mons. Dubbonet and Victor Potell laughing like kids on an unexpected holiday! It took less than half a minute for members like Grover Jones and William Slavens McNutt to realize that the Club had been hoaxed—and thoroughly hoaxed by an expert.

Mons. Jacques Dubbonet was revealed as Albert Morin, the young actor from Mexico City who was established then and there as the king of all Hollywood ribbers. So well did the Writers' Club appreciate the joke that once back in the luncheon room they unanimously voted him into the organization as an honorary member!

Morin, short, olive-skinned, young, arrived in Hollywood a few years ago to make Spanish films for Fox Western. After the completion of the first, Fox Western became 20th Century-Fox and the production of Spanish films was lost in the reorganization shuffle.

He got his first break when Director Robert Leonard was filming *Maytime* out at M-G-M.

DIRECTOR LEONARD has a great fondness for jokes. He introduced Morin to Rudolph Friml as Albertino Moreno, the Spanish musical censor. The famed musical director and composer was then scoring *Maytime* and apparently was too busy to bother with visitors, but he was warned by Director Leonard that unless Moreno was treated courteously the latter was very apt to take offense. That might mean that *Maytime* would be banned from Spain!

Director Leonard went away, then, and Albertino Moreno got in his deadly work. He had, he said politely, never heard of Friml. He doubted that 'Mistaire Frimy' was as good as Mistaire Robby Leonard said he was. It was ver' strange, indeed, that Mistaire Frimy was unknown in Spain. Ver' strange. Friml got a little red around the ears at that, but said nothing.

"Play! Play me something!" the Spanish censor dared. "I shall see! I shall not allow music in Spain unless eet is good!"

So Director Friml got his baton, tapped his music rack, and led his orchestra.

Albertino Moreno frowned deeply when the orchestra stopped.

"But that," he sneered, "iss not fit for Spain. Not at all. You have not got ze *sapotolas* in ze score. All Spanish music has ze *sapotolas*. I am surprise."

Friml was surprised, too. He didn't know what *sapotolas* were. Had never heard of 'em in all his musical experience. *Sapotolas,* returned the incensed Spanish censor, were the same as *carritas* in English. Director Friml didn't know what *carritas* were, either, Moreno tried to explain the term. Poor Friml was not only confused but angry, too. He directed the orchestra again and to appease Moreno, took castenets and danced—danced, mind you—to prove that he not only loved Spanish music but Spanish dance routines. Moreno found fault with the castenet routine and made Friml repeat his steps time and time again. "Bah!" he snorted, "you are what you call ze fake in America. I shall go! I shall forbid your music in Spain! I bid you goodby!"

Albertino Moreno departed, but not before he had reluctantly promised the famous

[*Continued on page 78*]

"It's all very queer, Mrs. Koala. I thought your baby was going to be the hardest worker in your family—hitching up trees like a house a-fire to gather bark for dinner. And now all he does is sit and whimper! What ails him?"

"H'm-m. So he's chafed and all over prickly heat . . . Yes, scuffing up and down tree trunks all day in this weather must have its seamy side. Dear—dear—we ought to fix it *some* way, so a fellow can earn his daily bark!"

"But how simple! . . . Johnson's Baby Powder, of course! Come out of your mother's pocket, pal, and buck up! That soft, smooth, downy powder will cool you off and take you a-sailing over all life's rough spots!"

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"I knew you'd like it! Johnson's is made of extra-fine talc—and no orris-root, either. And it's such an inexpensive way to keep a baby cheered up!"

JOHNSON'S BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

How ONE star was made

"Central casting office calling. Miss La Due to report to Mr. Duane tomorrow at seven."

"I just can't go — at this time of the month! I'd be humiliated to death!"

"Straighten up, Joan — haven't you heard of Holly-Pax? Holly-Pax gives protection internally, invisibly. Many of the stars use it."

"You played that scene marvelously, Miss La Due. I'm sure you'll steal the picture!"

FROM Hollywood, world center of fashion and feminine smartness, comes the truly modern mode of sanitary protection — the *invisible, internal* protection of Holly-Pax.

Developed for screen stars who must be always active, Holly-Pax enables normal women to go through *every day* of the month with her secret her own. Used internally, Holly-Pax banishes pads, pins, belts. Holly-Pax doesn't betray itself — even in a swim suit! Its comfort is amazing. No chafing, no binding, no secret fear. Due to its method of absorption, no odor can form. What peace of mind this advantage alone will bring you!

Available at drug, department and ten cent stores — package of four, 10 cents; package of ten, 20 cents.

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SPIKING THE CAGNEY LEGEND

By
JAMES
REID

Jimmy Cagney has been misrepresented as a crusader and a rebel. He is shown at left in a scene from his latest Warner Bros. film, *Each Dawn I Die*

JAMES CAGNEY has two reputations he doesn't deserve. One is his reputation as a rebel. The other is his reputation as a crusader. "I wish people would get me straight," he says. "All I am is an actor."

He plays tough guys—likable tough guys. Sometimes they're gangsters, like *Rocky Sullivan* in *Angels with Dirty Faces.* Other times they're on the side of the G-Men, like the fighting reporter in *Each Dawn I Die.* So what? So people wonder how to take Cagney. Is he rebelling against the general idea that killers don't rate anybody's sympathy? Or is he putting across the general idea that crime doesn't pay?

The argument waxed particularly violent after *Angels with Dirty Faces.* So violent that Hollywood has heard that Jimmy is fed up with such controversy, and such roles. And will never do another.

He's fed up with the controversy, all right. The roles are something else again.

"I don't object to gangster roles," he says, biting his words off short. "Not as long as the pictures are good entertainment. Dramatic, honest, full of guts. That's what I'm interested in, and all I'm interested in.

"I'm selling entertainment. Not messages. Those are for the preachers to handle. They're better qualified. It's their job to try to change people. My job is to show people as they are.

"All I'm trying to put across is realism. The idea that heroes aren't always perfect gentlemen, and villains aren't always slinking blackguards. They can come out of the same mold.

"Take the kids I grew up with. None of them wore halos. But they didn't turn out alike. One of them ended up in the hot seat at Sing Sing. Another one ended up as a detective.

"I've had people ask me to tell them about the gangsters I know. I don't know any gangsters. I'll tell you where I get those 'realistic' mannerisms. Watching ordinary people, looking for odd little idiosyncrasies. That nervous shoulder hunch of *Rocky Sullivan's,* for example. I once knew a fellow who wore his collars too tight and got relief, unconsciously, with that mannerism. He was a shoe clerk."

One of Hollywood's pet stories is that when Jimmy walked to the death chair in *Angels with Dirty Faces,* he played the scene to show the killer going unmistakably yellow—and that Warners cut the scene to make the audience wonder. Jimmy spikes the story.

"The scene was intentionally played just as it appears on the screen, because of the diversified opinion of people on the set. The religious people said he would go insane with fear; after his crimes,

BEHIND THE MASK

he couldn't face his Maker. There was an in-between group that couldn't make up its mind. And a third group that thought he was too cynical about death to go really yellow, but would pretend for the sake of his friend, the priest. My unchanging expression as I walked into the camera, and Pat O'Brien's unchanging expression as I screamed, out of camera range—everything was calculated to leave the whole thing up in the air."

That makes the arguments—about what Jimmy wanted audiences to believe—sound pretty silly. He wasn't crusading. He was simply seeking the most realistic ending.

"When I played my first gangsters," Jimmy mused with a wry grin, "there wasn't any talk about my 'crusading.' Those first gangster pictures were done just for blood-and-thunder. We didn't feel any necessity to make each one carry some kind of message. Gangster pictures weren't important—till we started basing them on headlines of the moment, on stories everybody was reading. Then they began to mean something.

"I played a young hoodlum in my first picture, *Penny Arcade*. In my second, *Doorway to Hell*, I was an assistant hoodlum. In my next two pictures, I played other parts. Then came *Public Enemy*. That was what fixed things. People still remember it. It's funny how one thing will stick in the public's mind, no matter what else you do. One of the parts I've enjoyed most was in a musical, *Footlight Parade*—the part of a dance director. But people don't remember it. They remember the hoodlum in *Public Enemy*, instead. It's hard to explain. Morbid curiosity, maybe. Newspapers glamorize dangerous hoodlums, give them the biggest headlines.

"And there may be another reason. People go to the movies in search of excitement. Gangster pictures—if they're done right—give it to them."

Jimmy's reputation as a rebel stems from his walkout from Warners three years ago, at the peak of his popularity. The studio felt that he should make one more picture a year. He felt that he shouldn't. That led to an argument about how much "say" a star should have in the handling of his career. "Very little," said the studio. "Plenty," said Jimmy. He didn't want stardom, and a fat salary, at the price of his inner convictions about how he could do his best work. When it looked as if he couldn't have them any other way, he walked out.

"Hollywood likes to romanticize," says Jimmy today. "Hollywood had to turn a disagreement into a rebellion—and then into a crusade. Hollywood thought I was carrying banners for all actors. Ridiculous! The whole thing was a purely personal argument . . . At the time, there was one producer who said, 'Look, young fellow, it's none of my business, but I feel a fatherly interest in you. Let me give you a word of advice. Don't be a crusader. You'll find that, crusading, you'll be pretty much alone.' I couldn't persuade him that he had me all wrong. He had me down as a hothead, a fiery so-and-so, ambitious to change the world. And that was that.

"I wonder sometimes if anybody except my wife, and my relatives, will ever know me for what I am—a guy who's out to enjoy life just as it happens. I haven't any ambitions to remake the world. I don't even have ambitions to do any one special thing on the screen. I'll do anything if a character is interesting and true-to-life—honestly written. Pat O'Brien will never get over one he had to play once. This guy was supposed to be tough, and the dialogue writer had him register biting cynicism with the line, 'Aw, rats!' Deliver me from anything like that. That's all I ask. Oh, yes—and a vacation from being called a rebel and a crusader. All I am is an actor."

Why Can Hair Make a Woman Look So Young?

Halo, a new soapless shampoo, brings youthful sparkle and manageability to even dry hair—*with no scalp irritation!*

If you long to possess that "little girl" look so evident in all late styles of dress and make-up, then start with your hair!

Because hair that sparkles with highlights—seems to breathe with life and vitality, keys-up your whole appearance with a breathless, expectant note of youth.

Yes, hair can have an electric effect on the rest of your make-up, provided some old-fashioned shampoo is not robbing you of its natural beauty. Because many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, unmanageable and stringy.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

Buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or 10c store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size and discover how beautiful your hair can be. Halo is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

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If you're the outdoor type—active, athletic—here's a semi-up hair-do for your kind.

High off the face showing hair line and exposing entire ear. Back of hair is long, hugging the neck, forming a soft roll.

HALO SHAMPOO

HALO
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REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

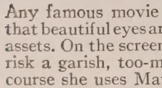
Have Eyes Like the Stars
LOLA LANE
star in
"Four Daughters"

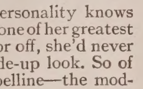
Any famous movie personality knows that beautiful eyes are one of her greatest assets. On the screen or off, she'd never risk a garish, too-made-up look. So of course she uses Maybelline—the modern, flattering eye make-up in good taste.

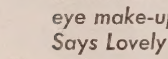
"You never see me without correct eye make-up!" Says Lovely LOLA LANE

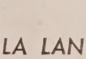
You can have eyes like stars this same easy way. A soft blending of Maybelline Eye Shadow over your eyelids does things for your eyes—makes them look larger, wider-set, more luminous. The Maybelline smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil is perfectly pointed to form graceful, expressive brows. Maybelline Mascara darkens your lashes to long sweeping loveliness, instantly. No trouble to apply. It's harmless, tear-proof, non-smarting. And it stays on perfectly—keeps the lashes soft and lustrous.

If you want your eyes to be noticed and admired, insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids. Attractive purse sizes at all 10c stores.


Maybelline Solid-form Mascara in gold-colored vanity, 75c. Shades, Black, Brown, Blue.


Maybelline Cream form Mascara (easily applied without water) in dainty zipper case. Same shades.


Maybelline Smooth-marking Eyebrow Pencil. Black, Brown (and Blue for eyelid liner).


Maybelline Eye Shadow in six glamorous harmonizing shades.

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EYE BEAUTY AIDS

SHIRLEY TEMPLE—PIONEER

Above is a scene from Shirley's new 20th Century-Fox film, *Susannah of the Mounties.* Left, the child star with her teacher, Miss Klamt

By ANN HERENDEEN

OUTSTANDING among Hollywood's interesting people is Shirley Temple, golden girl of 20th Century-Fox. Few stars can equal her record. At the age of ten, she rates the Number One position at the box office, is the idol of millions and has served more years in the picture business than the average headline star.

Shirley is no less a child because she's an actress; no less an actress because she's a child. This was demonstrated to me recently when I watched her make *Susannah of the Mounties,* her latest picture. The story deals with the Canadian Pacific Railway's westward advance in the early eighties, and Shirley plays the part of a pioneer girl.

The pioneer was in her trailer dressing room, head bent over a copy book. Across from her a slender, alert woman, Frances Klamt, watched and made occasional suggestions.

Miss Klamt, M.A., is young and very earnest. Shirley's scholastic schedule follows that of all California public schools. She is graded B-6—about a year ahead of her age.

She studies spelling, arithmetic, a combination of history and geography, language, reading and penmanship. Her teacher is allowed some latitude and is able to hook up the day's work with the time and location of the picture in which the young star happens to be working.

"When I became Shirley's teacher about three years ago," Miss Klamt said, "She was due to study American history. But when I brought up the Civil War, Shirley said, 'I know all about that.' She had covered it with her previous teacher during her work on *The Littlest Rebel.* During Shirley's motor trip east with her parents, she was fascinated by several of the historical spots. In the public library at Washington, D. C., she was struck by George Washington's youthful notebooks. 'They're so neat!' she exclaimed, and since her return hers are, too."

Just as her screen

PERSONALITY

work gives body and color to her studies, her position in the cinema firmament brings a certain discipline which other children get through their neighborhood contacts. To one request, I heard Mrs. Temple tell her small daughter quite firmly, "No."

"But," began Shirley, her round eyes searching the horizon for an excuse.

"There are no 'buts' about it," replied her mother. Mrs. and Miss Temple have a healthy respect for each other.

Shirley is one of the most dependable of stars. There is no trial and error system about making her scenes.

I watched her run through a number of scenes. In one, she had to show how miserable a little girl can feel—or a little boy, for that matter—after taking a few puffs on a "peace-pipe." Shirley staggered from a doorway, dropped upon a step, hugged her tummy apprehensively and gazed forlornly into space. Arms over her face, she collapsed upon a convenient nail keg.

That was that. Her wardrobe mistress, approaching solicitously, brushed off the back of the fringed doe-skin trousers of Shirley's Indian outfit. "Never mind a little dust, Andy," Shirley said. "I'm a pioneer girl."

A group crossed the center of the stage, pushing and pulling a covered wagon, half burned away in the middle. Mrs. Temple's gaze fell on this grim vehicle. "The massacre scene!" she exclaimed to the director.

"The massacre scene coming up," he replied with a false cheerfulness.

In the massacre scene, Shirley represents the sole survivor of a wagon train of pioneers after the visit of a band of marauding Indians. She has escaped death by hiding under a barrel where she is discovered by the friendly Mounties.

A Mountie was standing nearby, giving a last polish to his boots. Perhaps he was the father of six. He reacted like one. "Don't take it too hard, my dear," he said. "I'll be standing by to cheer you up."

"Oh, no," Shirley told him firmly, "You mustn't do that. I *have* to be sad now."

Two prop men cautiously lowered an empty barrel over the little star. Studio lights blazed and the camera rolled. A red-jacketed Mountie lifted the barrel, while Randolph Scott "covered" it with his carbine. Shirley, revealed beneath the barrel, threw her arm over her face and cried out in terror. When Scott stepped toward her, she whirled like a wild animal, sought refuge beneath the charred wagon. Scott, kneeling beside the little waif, tried to reassure her.

"You're perfectly safe, now. We won't let anyone harm you." But pioneer Sue was seemingly beside herself after the long strain of hiding in the silence and darkness of the barrel.

Scott drew the panic-stricken child gently toward him and, too weary to struggle longer, she relaxed against his shoulder.

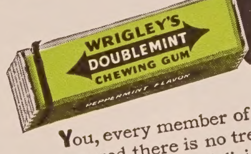
"Cut," said the director.

Shirley gave the almost military lift of her shoulders which is characteristic of her, shook her curls, smiled and hopped a wheelbarrow manned by a genial set-dresser who was going her way. We all took a deep breath.

There is nothing "cute" or amusing about watching Shirley Temple "act sad." She lives the part, just as a few really great ones of stage and screen do. Perhaps Shirley is a great actress, not in spite of being a child, but because of it. She is still able to tap at will the precious fountain of make-believe. Unhampered by the self-consciousness and self-censorship of adulthood, Shirley did not *play* the part of a terrified, solitary little pioneer girl—she became that little girl for those few minutes.

Enjoy this healthful delicious treat

DOUBLEMINT GUM



You, every member of your family and your friends can be assured there is no treat so inexpensive and yet so thoroughly satisfying as delicious, wonderful-tasting Doublemint Chewing Gum.

The hat which Doublemint Gum presents here is Lilly Dache's black and white polka dot. Smart, youthful, becoming. The ribbon serves to cup the head in the back and help anchor the hat against gay, gusty winds.

Doublemint Gum with its long-lasting, wholesome flavor is popular wherever smart people gather. You are sure to like it as do millions of others. The chewing aids your digestion and helps polish your teeth, making you more attractive.

Begin now to know the daily enjoyment of chewing healthful, delicious Doublemint Gum. Get several packages today. T-155

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NET WEIGHT ½ OUNCE
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DEODORANT
STOPS PERSPIRATION
PEARSON PHARMACAL
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a pure, scientific cream that does both. Tested and approved by American Institute of Laundering as *harmless to fabrics.* You will be ever so fresh and safe with DRI-DEW.

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safe • sure • long lasting
not greasy • non-irritating
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Dri-Dew (cream) 10c, 29c
Instant Dew (liquid) 10c, 25c, 50c

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TIRED EYES*
IN SECONDS!

Only TWO DROPS of this eye specialist's formula WASHES, soothes, CLEARS dull, tired eyes. Its special, EXCLUSIVE ingredient instantly clears eyes red and inflamed *(from late hours, fatigue, etc.).

Thousands prefer stainless, sanitary, safe EYE-GENE, because it is quickly EFFECTIVE in making EYES FEEL GOOD. WASH your eyes with EYE-GENE today. On sale at drug, department and ten-cent stores.

Tested and Approved
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Eye Drops

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EYE-GENE

FAN·CLUB EXCHANGE

My sincere appreciation to the following for the honorary memberships in their fine clubs.—Joan.

Eleanor Fitts, vice-president—Marie Wilson Club. ('Twas grand meeting you, Eleanor)

Helen Corrado, president—Andrea Leeds Club. (Good luck with your new Jane Wyman Club)

Marian Whitney, president — Norma Shearer Club. (Will comply with your request shortly)

Eloise Coats, president—Humphrey Bogart Club. (Thanks for photos—will use soon)

Marguerite Slaney, president—Deanna Durbin Club. (Deanna is so pretty off-screen)

Edward Lally, president—Frances Langford-Jon Hall Clubs. (I'm an avid tennis enthusiast, too)

Loretta Larclay, president-Norma Shearer Club. (Young lady, you owe me a letter)

NEW FAN CLUBS

Dick Hogan Fan Club—presided over by Miss Betty Stegall of Chicago, Illinois.

Tex Ritter Fan Club—with Miss Beulah Hobbs as prexy—a Texas gal.

For further information regarding the new clubs, please write me.

Please inform us if there is a fan club for Edward G. Robinson?—Vera and Robert.

I have a record of a club honoring Mr. Robinson which is headed by Mary June Russo. Please send me your address so that I may send your request to Miss Russo.

Do you know of a Tito Guizar Fan Club? I am very anxious to join a club for this charming singing star and will appreciate all possible haste.—Rita H.

Miss Virginia Haas is president of the International Tito Guizar Club, Rita, and I have rerouted your request to her. An interesting feature about this club is that they have an active branch in Mexico, with members in all the Latin countries. Also, inquiries may be written in either English or Spanish. Both Tito and Mrs. Guizar take active interest in the club, and it operates under their personal supervision. Tito offers an autographed photograph free to anyone who wishes it.

Heather Ferguson

If you know of a Bette Davis Fan Club, will you please give me a few details?—Ralph.

The young lady pictured here with "Lord Angus" is Miss Heather Ferguson, president of the Bette Davis Fan Club. The adorable Scottie is Heather's recent gift from Miss Davis in appreciation of her loyalty to the club. I am sending your letter to Miss Ferguson and she will gladly comply with your request for complete details.

I would like to join a Dixie Dunbar Fan Club. Please tell me how to go about it?—Ellsworth.

Send me your address and I will see that Mildred L. Smith, president of the Dixie Dunbar Fan Club receives your request. A recent letter from Miss Smith will undoubtedly interest you and all other prospective Dunbar members. "Our club for Dixie Dunbar celebrated its third anniversary in March, so you see we are a well established organization. We have two hundred members and several honoraries, including: Alice Faye, Michael Whalen, Marie Wilson, Joan Crawford, Florence George, Patricia Ellis, Craig Reynolds, Barbara Stanwyck and Alice Calhoun. Club dues are fifty cents per year and this entitles every member to an 8x10 personally autographed photo of Dixie, a membership card, list of members from which other members may select pen pals, and six issues of *The Rocket,* our official club journal. Last spring when Miss Dunbar toured the East she met many of the members. Dixie never fails to send every member a Christmas greeting and in more ways than one has shown her appreciation for her club and the loyalty of the members."

Are you interested in joining a Fan Club in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the numerous fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

records, Martha and her Dave are blissfully happy. She doesn't care who goes around with Buddy, as long as she has Davey. When someone asked Martha if it were true that she made faces at Miss Starr, she wrinkled her nose and said, "Make faces, my eye! Can I help it if I look like that!"

- The girls in Hollywood practically hung flags at half-mast when Rudy Vallee skipped back to New York. Rudy really played the field, and gave many a Hollywood gal a social whirl. In fact, he switched partners so fast, that someone suggested the Chamber of Commerce tours advertise, "See the sights of Los Angeles by day—dance with Rudy Vallee by night." Rudy left a cheering thought behind, however, in a hint that he may return to Hollywood for good. He instructed a real estate agent to scout for a big house for him.

- **You would think that being the escort of a cutie like Anita Louise was compensation of its own—but no, an extra gift gets thrown in! Ed Wilde, a non-acting friend, took Anita out for an evening of dancing and dining, ending up at Victor Hugo's for supper. As they sat down, he fished in his pockets. No dough. Not wanting to be caught short, he ran to the phone, called several friends to help him out. Finally, after a frantic half-hour of dialing, he came back to the table smiling. Money was on its way. Congratulating himself on his narrow escape, he called for the check. The waiter smiled smoothly. "When you're with Miss Louise," he purred, "there is no bill."**

- Glamor Note: Virginia Fields, at the Basil Rathbone party, wore silver dust in her blond hair. Paulette Goddard, at the same affair, had sprinkled gold dust on her brunette locks. Those two platinum streaks in Joan Bennett's dark hair make her look years older. Joan Blondell's repair job on broken finger nails: swab 'em with glue, paste tissue paper over them and then cover the whole thing with polish.

- **In your list of glamor girls, add the name of Barbara O'Neil. You know Barbara. You saw her as the charming matron in *Stella Dallas* and you'll see her as Scarlett's mother. Barbara isn't that way in private life. She's only 28, has oomph and gives Rogers, Dietrich, Sheridan and the others a run for their money. Proof lies in the fact that Miss O'Neil copped millionaire Tommy Wanamaker, Jr., from right under the noses of the S. A. girls, and are they greenish.**

CROSSWORD PUZZLE SOLUTION

M	I	D	N	I	G	H	T		D	O	U	G
O	■	E	A	C	H	■	O	L	I	N	■	E
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D	I	E	■	M	U	T	E	■	S	E	A	L
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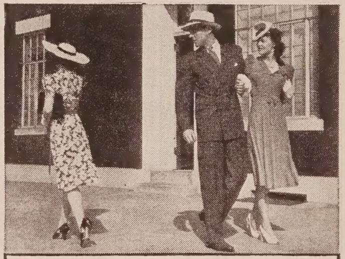
T	O	Y	■	C	A	R	R	■	N	O	V	
E	M	■	M	A	R	Y	■	T	A	K	E	S
R	■	P	A	T	S	■	N	O	S	E	■	P
S	I	D	E		H	U	M	P	H	R	E	Y

His many neglects were due to her ONE NEGLECT*

He never remembers anniversaries . . . *Why?*

He never pays her compliments . . . *Why?*



He praises other women . . . *Why?*

He's often "kept downtown".. *Why?*

* *She was careless (or ignorant) about Feminine Hygiene*

This one neglect may be the real cause of many divorces...Use "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene.

Let "Lysol" help YOU to avoid this ONE NEGLECT!

If there is any doubt in *your* mind about this important subject of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol". Let him tell you why, for a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of so many doctors, nurses, hospitals . . . *and wives.* Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Three sizes of "Lysol" are sold at all drug stores.

Lysol Disinfectant

1889—1939
50th ANNIVERSARY

What Every Woman Should Know
SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET
Lehn & Fink Products Corp.
Dept. S.B.-908, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.
Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name

Address

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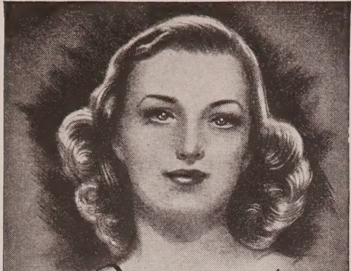
I've found THE face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. This exquisite powder looks and feels velvety . . . naturally lovely, even at night, and stays on unbelievably long! Delightfully scented. Go today and see what the youthful Skin-Tone shades of Park & Tilford Face Powder will do for you!

$1 and 50¢ sizes. Trial 10¢ size at ten-cent stores.

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SEND NO MONEY WITH ORDER

Yes, Your choice of a lady's or man's smart, new, guaranteed Jeweled, accurate Wrist Watch **FREE** of extra cost with every Simulated Diamond Ring ordered now and paid for on our easy credit plan. **Send no money with order.** Simply pay for Ring on easy payments of $1.59 first month and take a year to pay balance of $2.00—total only $3.59. **We trust you. 10 days trial.** YOU PAY NOTHING EXTRA FOR WATCH now or later. Just send name and address—no money. Your order will come by return mail in Special Gift Box. We even pay postage.

LADY'S OR MAN'S GIVEN WITH RING FREE OF EXTRA COST

Ring is 1/30th 14K Gold Plate set with Simulated Diamond and 6 Brilliants

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO. Dept. 827, Jefferson, Iowa

Lana Turner mixes a face mask in preparation for a big evening. Trust a movie actress to know how important smooth, clear skin can be to a girl

She applies the mixture in an even film to throat and face, leaving a half-inch clear space around eyes

Lana relaxes for ten minutes while the mask dries. Cotton pads soaked in eye lotion help rest the eyes

She wipes off the mask with lukewarm water and a cloth, then dashes on cool water as a finishing touch

"THE MASQUERADE IS OVER"

By JANET LYNN

COUNT on Hollywood to recognize a real beautifier . . . and to make good use of it! Lana Turner is doing just what most of the cinema stars do to help keep their skin lovely—she's using a beautifying mask. Because she is a popular featured player, Lana's skin takes a terrific beating. Her day-by-day schedule is a difficult one—full of long hours of working and waiting on the set, strenuous social duties and fittings for costumes—and yet she must keep her skin looking exquisite all the time.

Your schedule may not be quite so exciting and glamorous as Lana's, but I know from your letters that you have serious problems in presenting your best face to the world. So I'm sure you will be interested in knowing about a mask treatment that will go a long way toward solving them. It's especially good because it can be adapted to any type of skin. The basic ingredient is a pure vegetable product in convenient powdery form. If your skin is pretty average, but drooping with tiredness and beginning to show a large pore condition, with fatigue lines here and there—and you want to pick it up out of the doldrums, try this routine.

Mix three tablespoons of the mask with one teaspoon of cold cream and add enough milk to make a spready mask. Then cleanse your skin thoroughly, with soap and water or with cold cream. Apply the mask mixture evenly all over your face and throat, leaving the space around the eyes free. Now lie down with your feet hoisted on a couple of pillows so they are higher than your head—and let the world go by for fifteen or twenty minutes. During this time the mask hardens, and while it is doing so, it stimulates your facial circulation (which is the basis of all skin beauty) and exerts a slight pull on your sagging pores and on the tiny disfiguring lines that are a temporary result of overwork, overplay or worry. When your skin is tired, usually your eyes are also tired and in need of a pick-up—so take this rest period to apply saturated eye pads or masks that will rest and rejuvenate them.

After 15 or 20 minutes are up, remove the mask by rinsing it off with tepid water or a damp cloth. You'll have a bright new disposition *and* a firm, rosy-looking face for your patience. For a chronically sallow and dry skin, I advise you to mix the product with buttermilk; for oily skin with blackheads, try using the white of an egg plus milk. The rest of the routine is dittoed. Write to me if you'd like the name of the mask base and information on where this inexpensive product may be purchased.

I SUPPOSE you're wondering where you can get some of those eye "masks" saturated with soothing, beautifying lotion. Just drop me a note and I'll give you the name of an excellent brand. They come five in a jar for a dime, and each of the pieces of saturated cloth can be used over and over again. They feel wonderful when you press them gently on your red-rimmed eyes, and more than that, they do serve to banish tense lines, firm the skin and remove that bloodshot look. Use them before every important date, after your eyes have toiled all day over a typewriter or sewing, or after you've been outdoors in the sun and wind.

Speaking of sun and wind reminds me that I haven't told you about a marvelous suntan cream that will screen your tender skin from the irritating, burning rays of the sun—and at the same time, induce your skin to turn a smooth beige shade. Because it's a liquid "cream" it spreads evenly, without being the least bit sticky or greasy. I find it a grand base for powder when I'm outdoors. There's a dime size as well as larger ones. Interested?

ANYONE who swims and suns regularly knows that it's mighty important to have a lipstick that is both water-proof and non-drying. I'll be glad to tell you the name of one I'm partial to—it's creamy enough to keep your lips from chapping, and yet it's indelible at the same time. And best of all is the way your lips seem to have a new seductive appeal when you wear it. Comes in six dazzling shades—Gypsy Red is especially exciting with honey tans—and costs only a dime for a good sized stick.

You should be extra careful to use a good deodorant during these summer months when you perspire freely. There's nothing easier to do—once you get in the habit. I'll be glad to send you the name of a fluffy cream that you can apply in the morning after your shower, during the day or at night. But be sure you apply it once a day! It vanishes completely and quickly into the underarm skin, so you needn't worry about staining your clothes with it. I like this particular cream because it acts in several ways to check odor quickly and efficiently. Of course it is harmless to skin and clothes. You can buy a purse size for a dime, larger jars at 35 and 60 cents.

Did you leave off your girdle this morning? I know it was a temptation—but you shouldn't have yielded. Your figure needs just as much support in the summer as it does in the winter. More, because sheer clothes have a way of revealing your silhouette. If your winter girdle seems too heavy and confining these sultry days, why not write me for the name of a light-weight pantie girdle you won't know you're wearing. It's as porous as your new mesh stockings, and just as comfy. The crotch is specially constructed so that it won't ride up annoyingly, and it is equipped with detachable garters so you can wear it with socks and play clothes . . . The two-way stretch fabric molds your figure firmly yet gently into the newest streamlines. At budget prices, you'll be glad to know.

Do you know how to look cool and collected when the mercury soars? Janet Lynn can tell you, and give you help on your special beauty problems, too.

Write to me before August 15 if you'd like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with U. S. postage, please) for my reply. Send your request to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

I WANT A MAN!
WHY LIBBIE! WHAT A THING TO SAY!
BUT IT'S TRUE, GRANNIE! *I WANT A MAN TO ASK ME TO MARRY HIM*--AND NO ONE EVEN GIVES ME A RUSH!
WELL, HONEY, MAYBE I KNOW THE *REASON FOR THAT!* AND IF YOU'LL TAKE YOUR GRANNIE'S ADVICE, YOU'LL--WELL--YOU'LL GO SEE YOUR DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ... MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
YOU'RE A BOY AFTER MY OWN HEART, TOM--AND I'M MIGHTY GLAD THAT LIBBIE'S MADE UP HER MIND TO MARRY YOU!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HER SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY—PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

At Your Theatre Soon

[*Continued from page* 53]

This is the story of the naive and trusting Jeff Smith's adventures in the nation's capital when, for reasons he doesn't suspect until much later, he is appointed a United States Senator. Essentially it smacks of the flavor of *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* in that the young and apparently simple-minded hero redeems himself and confounds his detractors by drawing on his native wit and talents.

Like the picture whose title it so closely resembles, *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington* is top-flight entertainment. The popular Jimmy Stewart handles the comedy sequences and the more serious moments with characteristic fluency. Jean Arthur is decorative and delightful as the secretary who helps steer the youthful senator out of his dilemmas.

Probable critics' rating of *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington:* Excellent.

WINTER CARNIVAL

(United Artists)

Directed by Charles F. Riesner. Starring Ann Sheridan and Richard Carlson, with Helen Parrish, Robert Armstrong, James Corner and Alan Baldwin. National release date—July 10, 1939.

THE colorful, exciting background of Dartmouth College's famed winter carnival furnishes the title and the luscious Ann Sheridan supplies the *cause d'etre* of Walter Wanger's latest production.

The story of *Winter Carnival* is merely another variation of the boy-meets-loses-gets-girl theme. But happily any story would suffice to make grand entertainment out of this eye-filling spectacle. All the background shots and skiing sequences were filmed last winter at the 1939 Dartmouth winter carnival, with the undergraduates of the New Hampshire college and their girl guests acting as extras.

Cast as a dazzling American heiress who attends the carnival by mistake and winds up by having a marvelous time, la Sheridan has ample opportunity to display her undisputed charms. Richard Carlson, co-starred as a college professor, turns in a capable performance.

Probable critics' rating of *Winter Carnival*: Good.

SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES

(20th Century-Fox)

Directed by William A. Seiter. Starring Shirley Temple, with Randolph Scott, Margaret Lockwood, Martin Good Rider and J. Farrell MacDonald. National release date—July 18, 1939.

AMERICA'S biggest and smallest star, Shirley Temple, crashes through once again with a costume picture which certainly won't do any damage to her enviable reputation.

This time Shirley shows off her dimples and her other celebrated charms in a historical piece laid in the Canadian wilderness of 1884. The Canadian Pacific Railway is pushing slowly westward, with the famed Mounties offering protection against the raids of marauding Indians. Shirley, sole survivor of an Indian raid on a pioneer wagon train, is adopted by the scarlet-coated policemen and ultimately does her share in winning the friendship of the bloodthirsty Blackfeet. (See story on page 64.)

The capable little actress who has almost become the perennial "favorite star" of audiences from coast to coast, is at her dimpled best in this film. The romance is handled satisfactorily by Randolph Scott and Margaret Lockwood. All the way through it is first-class entertainment, filled with action and set against the breath-takingly beautiful mountain country of the West.

Probable critics' rating of *Susannah of the Mounties:* Good.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by Michael Curtiz. Starring John Garfield and Priscilla Lane, with Fay Bainter, Claude Rains, Donald Crisp, Gale Page, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane, Jeffrey Lynn, Dick Foran and May Robson. National release date—July 15, 1939.

IN SEEKING to duplicate the fabulous success of *Four Daughters,* Warner Brothers have turned out in *Daughters Courageous* a picture which, while not quite on a par with that screen triumph, still rates accolades as a distinguished film.

Like its predecessor, the picture handles the manifold interests and problems of the daughters, played with sprightly and deft charm by the Lane sisters. John Garfield, who first attracted widespread attention to himself with his performance in *Four Daughters,* plays the part of Gabriel Lopez, irresponsible but charming son of a Portuguese fisherman. The role will more than compensate for Garfield's unfortunate appearance in *Blackwell's Island.*

The naturalness of *Daughters Courageous,* the informal family atmosphere created by clever acting and brilliant directing, will put this picture among the leaders in 1939.

Probable critics' rating of *Daughters Courageous*: Very Good.

MAN ABOUT TOWN

(Paramount)

Directed by Mark Sandrich. Starring Jack Benny and Dorothy Lamour, with Edward Arnold, Binnie Barnes, Phil Harris, Eddie Anderson and Betty Grable. National release date— July 7, 1939.

THE comedy antics of Jack Benny and his faithful colored manservant, Rochester, plus the throaty warbling of songstress Dorothy Lamour, help make Paramount's *Man About Town* a tuneful, eye-and-ear-engaging show for summer seeing.

Benny is cast as the harrassed star of a musical playing in London. He gets himself involved in one mirth-provoking screen scrape after another, extricating himself through his own ingenuity and the resourceful talents of the ubiquitous Rochester. A houseparty in the country, at which Benny is accused of flirting with his hostess and the wife of another guest, culminates in an hilarious comedy sequence which should please even lukewarm Benny-Rochester fans.

The photogenic Dorothy Lamour supplies the romantic interest and several songs done

When Al Smith, former Governor of New York, visited the *Gone With the Wind* set here is what happened. The 1860 model topper worn by Clark Gable for his role of Rhett Butler caught the ex-governor's eye and Al's renowned derby intrigued Clark—so the exchange was natural even if the fit was bad

in the best Lamour manner. Edward Arnold plays the straight role of Sir John Arlington, with Binnie Barnes cast as his wife. Both are excellent.

***Man About Town* features numerous colorful stage spectacles, one of the most memorable being a Scheherazade ballet in which Benny plays the part of a turbaned Sultan.**

Probable critics' rating of *Man About Town:* Good.

EACH DAWN I DIE

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by William Keighley. Starring James Cagney and George Raft, with Jane Bryan, George Bancroft and Maxie Rosenbloom. National release date—July 15, 1939.

CO-STARRED for the first time, James Cagney and George Raft prove themselves a powerful dramatic team in Warner Brothers' latest picture of prison life, *Each Dawn I Die.*

Friends since their dancing days in New York many years ago, Cagney and Raft appeared together once before, in *Taxi,* produced in 1932. Cagney played the lead; Raft, making his screen debut, played a supporting bit part. The cinema "tough guys" had one fist fight in *Taxi,* two in *Each Dawn I Die.*

Most of the exciting action crammed into *Each Dawn I Die* takes place in prison, is highlighted by a convict riot which took more than two weeks to film, involved 500 prisoners, 100 guards and a company of national guardsmen. Meticulously authentic, the picture presents aspects of penitentiary life never before revealed in the movies.

Though cast as convicts both Cagney and Raft play sympathetic rôles. Ably supporting them is Maxie Rosenbloom, former world's light-heavyweight boxing champion, who suffers the humiliation of being kayoed by 145-pound Cagney during one fight sequence. Most difficult moment for Rosenbloom came when the script required him to cry. For days he worried about the sequence, doubting his ability to weep. Night before the scene was shot Rosenbloom's Hollywood restaurant was robbed. Next day he wept profusely for the camera.

Probable critics' rating of *Each Dawn I Die:* Very Good.

GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS (M-G-M)

Robert Donat, Greer Garson. Poignant, moving saga of an English school teacher. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

YOUNG MR. LINCOLN (20th Century-Fox)

Henry Fonda, Marjorie Weaver, Alice Brady, Richard Cromwell. Little-known facts about a well-known man. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Excellent.*

SECOND FIDDLE (20th Century-Fox)

Sonja Henie, Tyrone Power, Rudy Vallee. Drama by Henie and Power, songs by Vallee and Irving Berlin. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

6,000 ENEMIES (M-G-M)

Walter Pidgeon, Rita Johnson. Prison story. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Fair.*

MUSIC SCHOOL (Samuel Goldwyn)

Jascha Heifetz, Joel McCrea, Andrea Leeds. Mediocre story distinguished by Heifetz's superb violin playing. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS (Columbia)

Cary Grant, Jean Arthur, Richard Barthelmess. Daredevil pilots in the tropics. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Very Good.*

THE KID FROM KOKOMO (Warner Brothers)

Pat O'Brien, Wayne Morris, Joan Blondell. Prize fight comedy. Previewed in July SCREEN BOOK *Magazine. Critics' rating: Good.*

GOLDEN BOY (Columbia)

William Holden, Barbara Stanwyck, Adolphe Menjou. Prize fight drama. National release date—July 15, 1939. Critics' rating: Excellent.

GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS (Columbia)

Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas, Walter Connolly. Sophisticated fun. National release date—June 30, 1939. Critics' rating: Very Good.

ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER (M-G-M)

Mickey Rooney, Lewis Stone, Cecilia Parker, Fay Holden, Ann Rutherford. Judge Hardy's family carries on. Critics' rating: Very Good.

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS (Paramount)

Irene Dunne, Fred MacMurray. Fred MacMurray fights for the heavyweight title, his wife and son. National release date—June 16, 1939. Critics' rating: Very Good.

MILLION DOLLAR LEGS (Paramount)

Betty Grable, John Hartley, Jackie Coogan. Beauty contest to music. National release date—July 14, 1939. Critics' rating: Fair.

MR. MOTO TAKES A VACATION (20th Century-Fox)

Peter Lorre, Virginia Field. More Oriental sleuthing by the ubiquitous Mr. Lorre. National release date—July 7, 1939. Critics' rating: Good.

THE GIRL FROM BROOKLYN (20th Century-Fox)

Alice Faye, Warner Baxter. National release date—June 23, 1939. Critics' rating: Good.

THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD (Paramount)

Akim Tamiroff, Lloyd Nolan. Melodrama in the tropics. National release date—July 21, 1939. Critics' rating: Good.

CAREER (RKO Radio)

Anne Shirley, Edward Ellis. Success story. National release date—middle of July, 1939. Critics' rating: Fair.

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THE POSTMAN RINGS

Joan Bennett is shown with her sister Barbara Bennett Downey as they rode in a rolling chair during a recent visit to the New York World's Fair. Joan is currently appearing in *The Man in the Iron Mask*, a United Artists production

$15.00 Prize Letter

Mickey the Mugger

DEAR EDITOR:

Recently I went to see the latest in the series of the Hardy Family pictures. I went to the theatre in high hopes of an evening of good entertainment since it was labeled as the best in the series to date. Instead, I emerged from the theatre thoroughly disgusted.

The Hardy family is no longer typical of the average American family. They no longer have the same simplicity, the same down-to-earth problems that continually vex other families. The producers of this series seem to have drifted away from their original purpose and now build the film mainly to show us the Rooney face in different stages of mugging. Young Andy Hardy has turned from a lovable, troublesome young man, into an egotistical and snooty character. That the picture is built mainly around him is a great compliment to his acting ability which no doubt is quite good. But for the sake of the theatre-going public, let us have a little more Hardy family and a little less Rooney.

I enjoy the Hardy series and would hate to see them drop from popular favor because of a youngster's attempt to steal scenes from others more gifted than he.—*Edward Buelna, 2355 Bush Street, San Francisco, California.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!! 100 words or less.

$10.00 Prize Letter

Let's Found An SPCC

DEAR EDITOR:
Since we have a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, I do wish that some one in Hollywood would found a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children by ambitious Hollywood-minded parents.

I am a receptionist in a dancing and elocution school, a fine school for talented children, but it is heartbreaking to see youngsters, without one iota of talent or interest in what they are doing, spend hours practicing voice, elocution and dancing, just because mama thinks she has another Shirley Temple.

It isn't fair that money-mad and fame-crazed parents should be allowed to sacrifice the most precious hours in a human being's life, and unless producers and directors put a stop to it, it will just go on and on.—*Mrs. M. Smith, 1550 East 63rd St., Chicago, Ill.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Blasting "Confessions"

DEAR EDITOR:
I am an American. I love my country and I would fight any nation that attempted to attack it. I believe in loyalty and allegiance. I am happy to take off my hat when my flag passes by. I am in accord with the present Hollywood attempt to build up our nationalistic pride with movies that point out our great heritage of freedom and liberty, but I hate and detest such a film as *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* which was cheap sensationalism and outright propaganda.

I do not doubt that spy rings do operate in our country, for our courts have found it so. However, I do not believe it is Hollywood's task to single out these nations and point an accusing finger at them. The motion picture, I have been led to believe, is an entertaining medium. Has the time come for Hollywood to take the place of our State department?

I have no quarrel with Germany or the German people. They have their kind of government, we have ours. I may not like their form of government but it is not for me nor any other true American to tell them how to run their nation.

I am an American. I love my country, and I hate the thought of my nation drifting into the sloganeering madness that gripped us in 1917. Surely such films as this lead toward none but that tragic path.—*Thomas Nathan Pappas, 5336 Summer Avenue, Memphis, Tennessee.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Bette "Oscar" Davis

DEAR EDITOR:
The other evening I went to see *Dark Victory* for the main purpose of seeing my favorite, Bette Davis. I went with the assurance that I was going to see a very great actress give a splendid performance. I came out of the theatre knowing that splendid was a small word for Bette's acting. From the moment she came on the screen as the spoiled, ill-fated Judith Traherne, I knew, as others in the audience knew, that Bette Davis had captured another "Oscar." For a few moments, Bette, in her characterization of this girl soon to die, gave to the world a performance unequaled by anyone of her sex on the screen. I say, highest honors, to you Miss Davis, for playing your roles so true-to-life. It is little enough that you should be rewarded with a little figure symbolizing achievement.—*Skippy Davis, 16 Wentworth Street, Dorchester, Mass.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Better Background Shots

DEAR EDITOR:
I held my own private "quiz" on pictures and reached some interesting conclusions.

Take *Trade Winds* for example. I went to see that picture because it sounded South-Sea-Islandish and co-starred two reliable players, Fredric March and Joan Bennett. I expected to be enthralled but what was my reaction? I came away filled with admiration for the excellent work of Ralph Bellamy as a big, dumb detective and Ann Sothern as a loyal, if frivolous, little pal. She did a "tipsy" scene that was a honey. As for the lovers, I just couldn't believe in them. March was too slick and lacked spontaneity. Joan Bennett just didn't convince me she was running away from the police.

My main peeve, however, was with the cameraman for making the backgrounds at Colombo and Shanghai, etc., so fleeting. The atmosphere was much more engrossing than the story. But could I make Hollywood believe that?—*G. Rayne, 1131 Barclay Street, Vancouver, Canada.*

ANDREA LEEDS IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S "MUSIC SCHOOL"

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light . . . ☐	Blue . . . . . ☐	BLONDE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Fair . . . . ☐	Gray . . . . . ☐	BROWNETTE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Creamy . . . . . ☐	Green . . . . ☐	BRUNETTE Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Medium . . . . . ☐	Hazel . . . . ☐	REDHEAD Light . ☐ Dark . ☐
Ruddy . . . . . . ☐	Brown . . . ☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Sallow . . . . . . ☐	Black . . . . ☐	
Freckled . . . . ☐	LASHES *(Color)*	
Olive . . . . ☐	Light . . . . ☐	
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark . . . . . ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

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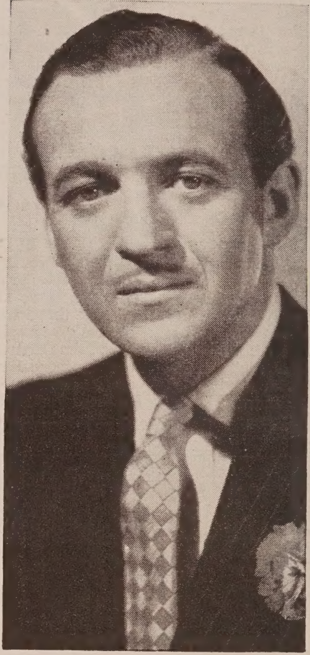
INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS,
Associate Editor

Would you please tell me what Bonita Granville's latest picture is? How many Nancy Drew pictures has she made and the titles? Will she make anymore of this series and which one has Frankie Thomas appeared in?—Noreen S.

Bonita's next picture will be Warner Brothers' *The Angels Wash Their Faces.* She has appeared in two of the Nancy Drew series, *Nancy Drew, Detective* and *Nancy Drew, Reporter.* She is scheduled to appear in *Nancy Drew, Trouble Shooter,* followed by *Nancy Drew, and the Hidden Staircase.* Frankie Thomas played the role of Ted Nickerson in the first two pictures and is scheduled to appear in the remainder of the series.

Could you please tell me when and where Charles Boyer was born, and also if his real name is Boyer? Where would I write to obtain a picture of him?—Renee G.


David Niven plays the masculine lead opposite Ginger Rogers in his latest assignment, *Little Mother*

Charles Boyer (real name) was born in Figeac, France, on August 28th. The year is a secret. You may obtain his photograph by writing to D. Weber at 9423 Wilshire Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California. Please do not forget to enclose 25c to cover the costs of mailing.

Please tell me if *Wuthering Heights* was Laurence Olivier's first American picture? If not, what was the name of the first? Will he make any more pictures here? What are the titles of some of his English pictures. Has he returned to England and will he play in another picture with Merle Oberon?—Catherine E. L.

Friends and Lovers was Mr. Olivier's first American film. He will, of course, make more pictures here, but at present, he is thrilling New York audiences with his brilliant acting in the new Katharine Cornell play, *No Time For Comedy. Her Strange Desire, No Funny Business, Conquest of the Air, Natacha, Fire Over England, As You Like It* and *Divorce of Lady X* are the pictures he made in England. United Artists, the studio to which he is under contract, can not say, at this time, whether or not he will appear in another picture with Merle Oberon, but after those superb performances in *Wuthering Heights,* I'd be willing to wager that we'll be seeing them as a team in the near future.

Would you kindly give me the heights of the following actresses? Janet Gaynor, Jean Parker, Ida Lupino, Deanna Durbin, Sonja Henie, Jane Wyman, Ruby Keeler and Anne Shirley?— R. M. Lee.

Janet Gaynor is the shortest of the group mentioned and Ida Lupino the tallest; Janet is 5 ft. and Ida is 5-6. Deanna, Sonja and Anne are 5-2, with vivacious Jean Parker and Ruby Keeler an inch taller.

Please give me the cast of *The Singing Fool,* and please name the songs in the picture, *St. Louis Blues.*—Maude E.

Al Jolson as Al; Betty Bronson as Grace; Josephine Dunn as Molly; Reed Howes as John Perry; Edward Martindel as Marcus; Arthur Housman as Blackie Joe; David Lee as Sonny Boy and Robert Emmett O'Connor as Cafe Manager. The songs were: *Blue Nightfall, I Go For That, St. Louis Blues, Junior, Let's Dream in the Moonlight, Kinda Lonesome, Dark Eyes* and *Loch Lomond.*

Have you a question about the stars? Each month Joan Votsis will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Please tell me if Margaret Lindsay had a role in the picture *Cavalcade*? Also, who was her leading man in *Song of the City*?—R. G.

Miss Lindsay portrayed the role of Edith Harris in *Cavalcade*. Jeffery Dean was Miss Lindsay's leading man in *Song of the City*.

Will you please inform me what the birthplaces and birthdates of Lewis Stone and Samuel Hinds are?—Louise P.

M-G-M's popular Judge Hardy was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, on November 15, 1879. Mr. Hinds was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 4, 1875.

Does Annabella have a child by a former marriage? What was John Payne's name in *Garden of the Moon*?—Mississippi.

Annabella has a five-year-old daughter by her first husband who is now dead. John's name was Don Vicente.

Where may I obtain pictures of John Garfield, Priscilla and Rosemary Lane, Ann Sheridan and Don Ameche.—Jean L.

Don Ameche's photograph may be obtained by writing to 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California. The others you mention may be reached at Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

May we have a brief biography of David Niven? Also, please tell us what his next picture will be?—Leota and Doris.

David Niven was born in Kirriemur, Scotland. He is the son of the late General William Graham Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt. He has worked as a lumberjack in the Canadian forests. At the time prohibition was repealed, he entered the business world, acting as New York representative of a London wine house. From this venture, he moved on to Atlantic City to join a company in the promotion of indoor horse-racing. This failed, so Niven went to Bermuda for a short while and then to California. At a dinner party he was offered a screen test by Samuel Goldwyn. That the test was a success is attested by Niven's work in *Splendor, The Charge of the Light Brigade, Beloved Enemy, The Prisoner of Zenda, Dodsworth, Four Men and a Prayer, Dawn Patrol* and Samuel Goldwyn's production *Wuthering Heights*. He plays the lead role opposite Ginger Rogers in RKO's *Little Mother*.

Chosen to represent Hollywood at the Memphis Cotton Carnival, Yvonne Duval (left) received her invitation from Alice Louise Hall, Cotton Carnival Queen. The invitation was in the form of a cotton scroll. Miss Duval received the honor at Earl Carroll Theatre

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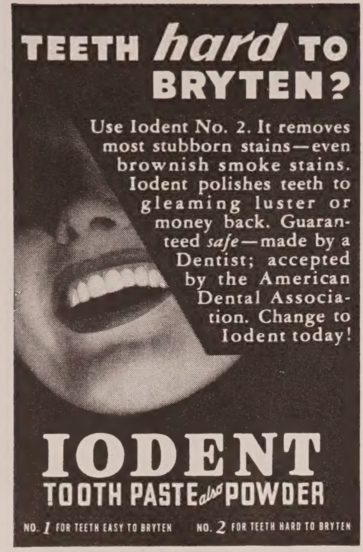
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SUMMER SHORTENINGS

By
MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

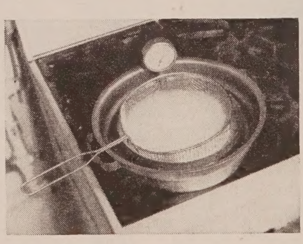
NOW—it can be fried!
NOW—is the time to switch to summer shortenings!
NOW—is the season of crisp-coated fried chicken, French fried potatoes and a host of deliciously crisp and appetizing foods for the table and picnic hamper!

WHAT could be more delicious than a crisp, crunchy morsel of fried chicken, a piping hot delicate fried fish fillet, a golden croquette crusty outside but creamy as a chocolate within, toothsome clam fritters, or a feathery doughnut, topped off by a cup of coffee? Stop, *please stop,* it's still three hours until dinner and it isn't fair to arouse an appetite that long in advance!

Fried foods taste GOOD, and equally, are good for you! Not only is frying a speedy method of food preparation, but fried foods are wholesome, juicy, and richly delicious. Of course when we say "fried foods," we mean foods cooked by the "deep-fat" or total immersion method, in contrast with the "pan-fry" or shallow fat method familiarly used when frying the breakfast eggs, hamburg cakes, or sliced onions to garnish the porterhouse.

Southern fried chicken and vegetables make popular blue plate

Ham turnovers are delicious morsels for the picnic or lunchbox


This unusual shallow frying kettle provides perfect fried food

In the "deep-fat" frying method a quantity of shortening is melted in a deep skillet, and allowed to reach a high temperature. Then the foods, raw potato sections or chips, croquettes, fritters, pieces of fish, or batter mixtures such as doughnuts and crullers, are slowly lowered into the hot fat. This sudden and uniform immersion on all sides, at the same moment, quickly sears or coats the outside of the food so that juices are kept in. The result is, that while the exterior becomes pleasingly crisp, brown and toothsome, the interior remains unusually full of moisture and flavor. That's why "French fried" are the most popular form of potatoes, and why all well fried foods have a special taste appeal.

But to fry successfully, two things are required: suitable shortenings, and a properly constructed fryer kettle. A suitable shortening is one which, despite the fact that it is raised to such a high temperature, nevertheless does not "smoke" or send off blue vapor, and does not change the food's own natural or true flavors. A suitable shortening, moreover, must remain sweet through successive fryings, which means that it can be economically used over and over again. Last, a suitable shortening is one which will fry foods so that they are crisp but tender, wholesome and digestible.

Several of these suitable and satisfactory summer shortenings are marketed in a solid form—creamy white shortenings which look good enough to eat right out of the can. Others are put up in a liquid or oil form, such as corn oil, cottonseed, olive or peanut oils. All have the point in common that they are neutral, bland, all-vegetable fats.

Now for the properly constructed fryer kettle: a revolutionary kettle has just been perfected which has many advantages. In this new fryer, the shallow pan is made of heavy steel, with convenient handles; an inner and unique "safety-ring" fits right into the pan and prevents any possibility of the "fat getting into the fire"; a cleverly simple thermometer fits into the special groove of the safety ring, and is accurate and easy to read, which means you can't go wrong on your temperature; the accompanying wire basket in which the foods are lowered before, and drained after cooking, is equally well fitting, so that there is no possibility of the fryer tipping, or of the fat sputtering or boiling over. In short, this new shallow fryer spells extra-good fried foods all summer long.

All set? You've switched to suitable summer shortenings, you have your improved shallow fryer kettle on the range and the melted fat rising up to 375°F., (or whatever special temperatures is required by that special food), and now slowly lower your wire basket of food, being sure not to overcrowd the pieces. You may go straight ahead and fry slices of eggplant, so delicious at this summer season; or you may fry French Fried potatoes, or Potato Chips, or prepare tasty Salmon or Chicken Croquettes, or turn out a batch of delicious doughnuts. Or, you may prefer to treat the family to tasty Southern Fried Chicken —fry it in the morning or even the day previous, wrap in wax paper, and make it the mainstay of the picnic hamper.

CRISP-COATED SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN

3-pound frying chicken cut into serving pieces
1 cup milk or buttermilk
Seasoned flour
Cream Horseradish Sauce

Dip pieces of chicken in milk, drain, and roll in seasoned flour. Fry in hot deep shortening held at 375°F., until each piece is brown and crisp on both sides (7-10 minutes). Serve with Cream Horseradish Sauce made by adding ½ cup drained grated horseradish to 1 cup thin white sauce.

Or try this variation for *Batter Coated Chicken*: Mix 1 cup flour with ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1 cup milk, and 1 tablespoon melted butter. Beat with rotary beater until smooth. Dip each piece of chicken in batter, then in hot deep fat as above.

If you like picnics, or even if you stay home, you will find the following recipe a novel and hearty filler for the summer meal. The recipe can be varied, too, and the combination of tasty soft interior with crusty pastry exterior makes these turnovers big favorites. Here's the trick:

TASTY PICNIC TURNOVERS

FILLING:
1½ cups minced cooked ham, chicken or tongue
¼ cup mayonnaise
1 teaspoon dry mustard
½ teaspoon onion juice
2 tablespoons minced dill pickle

PASTRY:
2 cups sifted flour
3 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
5 tablespoons all vegetable shortening
⅔ cup milk
5 thin slices cheese

Combine all filling ingredients, and mix well. Mix pastry, cutting in shortening until mix is like fine meal. Roll out, cut into 4-inch squares. Brush squares with melted butter. Place triangle of cheese on half of dough, heap with 1 tablespoon filling, fold over and press edges together with fork. Fry in hot deep fat at 375°F., for 5 minutes, until golden brown. Drain on paper. (Makes 10 turnovers.)

Here's another appetizing and most economical vegetable main dish via the shallow-fryer route:

EGGPLANT EXOTIC, WITH CHEESE TOMATO SAUCE

1 large eggplant
Salt, pepper, flour
1 egg
2 tablespoons milk
Sifted fine dry breadcrumbs
Cheese Tomato Sauce

Pare eggplant, cut crosswise into ¼ inch slices, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dredge in flour. Dip in beaten egg and milk. Roll in crumbs to completely cover. Fry in hot deep fat 380°F., for 2-4 minutes, until uniformly light brown. Drain on paper. Arrange on very hot platter and pour over *Cheese Tomato Sauce*: Combine 1 can Condensed Tomato Soup with 1 can water. Season with 1 teaspoon Worcestershire, salt, pepper, and add 1 cup grated sharp cheese. Heat, stirring to melt cheese, then pour over.

Deep-fat fried foods are easy to digest, more economical, and doubly delicious, when the right shortenings are used. Switch to summer shortenings, and add wholesome richness to your menus.

Space prevents including many additional important recipes such as, "Crispy French Fries," "Vegetables Made Different," "Jiffy Jam Puffs," etc. But these are all included in the FREE leaflet "DOUBLE FEATURE FRYING" which also includes frying tips and a frying temperature guide. Just send the coupon below and we'll do the rest.

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Ribber, Keep Away from My Door!

[*Continued from page* 61]

composer to return the following day to hear the waxed recordings of the score. "Thank you very much," Friml smiled happily. "It will be so much smoother then. It is rough, now, I admit, but tomorrow you will like the music."

Before Moreno returned the next day Director Leonard got in his dirty work to keep the hoax alive. It might be, Leonard whispered slyly, that if Moreno was presented with a gift—however slight— he might relent and okay the score. Friml finally agreed on this and awaited the censor's arrival.

Moreno listened to the wax recordings without much enthusiasm. He frowned deeply at times. Finally he arose and walked around the room, muttering angrily to himself. "It iss no good that music! Still no *sapotolas,* no *carritas.* And no *glicknobs!"*

This last term appeared to be a stunner to the gentle-souled composer. A wild look gleamed in his eyes. When he was sure the occasion presented itself, he presented the "censor" with a check for $200. Moreno looked at it and immediately flew into a rage. "You have given me ze bribe!" he shouted. "Me, ze Spanish musical censor! I shall cable my office in Spain at once! Your music, it is banned for good in my country! Now I shall leave! Bah!"

Rudolph Friml grabbed Moreno by the coat and shoved him into a chair. He broke his baton in two. He pulled his hair. "It is I who shall leave!" he shouted. "You who shall stay! I am known all over the world and so is my music. I am through with you! Banned or not, t'hell with Spain and all Spanish censors!"

With that blast, Composer Friml left the recording room. It was three hours before anyone on the lot was able to find him. That "rib," Morin says, cost M-G-M more than $1,000 in loss of orchestra time alone!

Like Robert Leonard, Director Henry King loves his jokes. When the *Stanley and Livingstone* opus first went before the cameras, King introduced Morin (in the cast as an African slave trader) as an African correspondent. Walter Brennan, surprised to know that Africa had newspapermen in Hollywood, accepted the introduction as the truth. Pleased that he was to be interviewed by this member of the foreign press, Brennan sat down with him in his dressing room where, under gentle promptings, he recited the story of his life. Morin made a pretense of taking notes, interjected words of praise over Brennan's acting talents and then asked, as though the query had just occurred to him, "A very disgusting habit, my friend—but why do you choose to chew and spit tobacco in all your pictures? Brennan said he used licorice, not tobacco. "Ah," was the African's verbal comeback to that, "but does the audience know that? And if they do not know it, why not chew tobacco in the first place? You have the tobacco mouth, much like our ignorant African natives, my friend."

Mr. Brennan didn't like the comparison, nor the inference that he wasn't regarded as a good actor in Africa. His comedy was of a low order. He was, what we call it, "lousy." He should employ the *arristas* method of conveying humor. Brennan had never heard of the *arristas* method and he listened patiently while the African gentleman called him lousy, no good, and a cheap burlesquer. He listened because he couldn't quite believe his ears.

At last he jumped from his chair in a wild frenzy. "Get this damned African outta here!" he exploded. "He called me a bum! The *arristas* method of humor! *Will somebody get this African crackpot outta my dressing room?"*

Director King came in to find Brennan so excited he couldn't go into a scene. Afraid that the actor might sulk all day, King revealed Morin's identity. Brennan refused at first to believe he'd been duped. When finally he was convinced he enjoyed the rib even more than the cast.

Morin was introduced to Comedian Jack Benny during a radio broadcast rehearsal as Albertino Mortineo, a wealthy South American seeking talent for his string of radio stations. The Señor from South America wore a Van Dyke beard, a pair of spats and twirled a cane. He was accompanied by two beautiful girls. "My secretaries," he explained.

Benny was impressed and after the usual haggling over terms agreed to go to South America and broadcast. One secretary produced a pen, another a contract and Benny signed up then and there. At this point, the Señor consulted with his beautiful secretaries. Then he insisted that Benny give him an audition. That was okay. Benny spotted himself in front of a mike and "gave out" for ten minutes with a liberal dish of good old Bill Shakespeare!

"You are nossing but a third-rate funny man," the South American shouted. "You're too dumb and ignorant to please us Latin peoples. You are not funny. You are only foolish!" And with that, the señor tore up the contract.

"You can't do that!" Benny cried, seeing a fortune slipping away. "I'll—I'll sue. A contract's a contract in this country!"

"To you I say—what you call eet—ze NUTS!" said the South American. And Benny's reply to that was to draw back his arm and start a blow he hoped would land on the Señor's button.

Like all the rest, Benny, when the deception was revealed, took it like a man.

When Clark Gable was making *Too Hot to Handle* he was having more than ordinary troubles trying to act like a newsreel cameraman. He wasn't helped much by a persistent young extra who kept trying to coach him. The young extra said he had been a newsreel cameraman in the Orient.

Clark believed him and sought his advice. But the young extra finally got in the actor's hair. One morning he grabbed the expensive camera out of Clark's hands and began to take it apart. That might have gotten by, but when he dropped it Clark went to town in a large, verbal way.

"Listen, pal," he whispered through clenched teeth, "I don't mind having you around, because I'm easy-going. But now that you've broken this expensive camera, I'm fed up. See, pal?"

The young extra was mighty sorry about the accident. He had hoped, so he said, to teach Clark how to act less amateurishly. It wouldn't cost the famous actor a red cent. "Give me 15 minutes and I'll make you the best actor in the world."

That was the last straw. Clark gave a jump, a wild yell and reached out to grab the startled young extra who immediately beat it away from there. He was introduced five minutes later as Albert Morin. They claim Clark's laughter was heard clear to Santa Monica.

Balancing the Books on Tyrone Power

[*Continued from page* 56]

boy of *Rose of Washington Square*. Mr. McFee may have been thinking of *Suez*, which was fair neither to its hero, Ferdinand de Lesseps, nor to the actor who portrayed him.

These pictures all have been big. They all have been good, except for *Suez* and even that had millions of admirers. Each hit makes a star's position stronger. Tyrone Power has appeared in nothing but hits. Because they are big pictures, often spectacular, they are often remembered by name rather than as "Ty Power's last picture."

But they are remembered. So is the name of the man who had the top role in them. There are no failures associated with Tyrone Power's name. He has no embarrassing flops to live down. Moviegoers have learned that a Tyrone Power picture is usually a big picture and almost surely a hit picture. That is an enviable record for anyone, especially for an actor who has spent little more than three years on the screen.

Tyrone Power has played characterizations from the start. *Lloyds of London* began it, when Darryl Zanuck took a chance on an unknown, almost untried actor with plenty of stage experience, an old theatrical name and Irish good looks. Mr. Zanuck ignored the good looks. He gave his new star characters to play, tough characters sometimes and occasionally parts bordering on the heavy. Men like Tyrone's pictures. They don't object to his good looks. They are too interested in what he is doing.

The girls have noticed the good looks. Tyrone Power wasn't voted "King of the Movies" for nothing. Mr. McFee would have you believe that means little, only that "he has more ardent fans than any of his rivals." That seems to mean quite a bit, if you stop to think about it. In three years—and those three years take in even his first bit parts—Tyrone Power has been built up to stardom so solid that fans took the trouble to vote him higher than any other male star. Mr. McFee complains that Tyrone does not lead the box-office ten, merely ranks tenth. He points out that three juvenile stars are ahead of him—Shirley Temple, Jane Withers and Mickey Rooney. But juvenile stars are the despair of most actors. They have, for the few years of their flowering, an appeal all their own. Theirs is an all-inclusive audience of children and grown-ups of English-speaking people and of foreigners too, for you do not need to follow dialogue to understand a child.

Tyrone Power has never been treated as a glamor boy. His career and his publicity have been dignified. Both have been designed to keep Tyrone on the screen a long time, for all his life if he likes. People tire of pretty faces. But Gary Cooper, by stepping from one kind of picture into one exactly contrasting, by starring in both *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer* and a comedy about Mr. Deeds, has kept going a long time. So has Clark Gable, who plays near-heavies as often as he does straight romantic leads.

Tyrone's parts have always been romantic, whether he's robbing banks in *Jesse James* or trying to rescue Norma Shearer in *Marie Antoinette*. Each has required him to act. He has never played the same part twice. And how many actors can say that? Most stars are forced to repeat the characterization that brought them stardom, until that day when the public refuses to see them even once more.

His parts are never monotonous. Instead of tailoring pictures for the Power personality, his studio has asked Tyrone to adapt himself to each role. Genuine actors can keep their popularity a long time. The years can wear down glamor but ability never loses its freshness. This changing of parts has kept Tyrone from being stamped as a light comedian or a heavily romantic lover.

Mr. McFee admires the glamor boy, the career that depends upon charm. But I think the public, once it has taken a liking to a personality, is grateful for a good picture too. It is going to think a star charming just so long as that star offers them entertainment. And Tyrone Power's name so far has meant entertainment, from *Lloyds of London* right down to *Rose of Washington Square*, with high hopes held out for that Irving Berlin musical, *Second Fiddle*.

If his studio keeps up this record, Tyrone Power's star should shine long as well as bright. Instead of placing full responsibility for a film upon his young shoulders, his employers have surounded him with sound stories, million-dollar productions, important players. So long as a star's name is associated with hits, he will continue to be a star. And that, Mr. McFee, is a lot more important than a brief whirl as this year's biggest movie sheik.

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Gingham Gal Goes Glamorous

By
HELEN HOVER

Little Jean Parker has become glamorous. The reason? She's tired of calico and has what she calls a satin soul. The photo above shows her with bangs rather than the usual curls

IT WAS at one of those afternoon parties in Hollywood where most of the women were hatless and wore sport clothes. Then she walked in, and you felt the buzz of attention. She was in black, dripping silver foxes and wearing one chunky bracelet on her arm. For one brief moment she stood at the door, surveying the guests with all the grandeur of a leading lady making her entrance in a play. Guests turned around to stare at her, and almost dropped their highball glasses when they recognized the "mystery woman" as Jean Parker! Little Jean Parker who has been known as the "Elsie Dinsmore of the films!"

"I never realized," commented Felix Weiss, internationally known sculptor and one of the guests, "that Jean had such a dramatic face. Why, she's all the glamor girls rolled up in one. She has the cheekbones of Dietrich, the lips of Crawford and the eyes of Garbo. But this was the first time I had ever noticed them."

Of the incident, Jean said later, "I did it deliberately. I had to. I've been kept in ginghams, but I have a satin soul.

"Actually, I loathe silver foxes. But if I wear simple tailoreds all the time, no one will notice me. Every now and then I dress to the hilt. It's good for the morale."

Good for the career, too. Jean Parker realizes now that while the lisping little ingenue may be a mother's dream, actually the box office crowd find a more lasting fascination in the gals who have a dash of salt and pepper.

By switching to this more sophisticated personality, Jean is actually reverting to type. In real life, she no more resembles the coy ingenues she has been portraying than Johnny Weissmuller does the ape-man.

From the time Jean was first spotted by an M-G-M scout when she was the Spirit of something-or-other in a Pasadena float, she has pranced on the screen as a grownup Shirley Temple.

It's difficult to say exactly when the rebellion began. Probably when she was in London where she had gone to do *The Ghost Goes West* with Robert Donat. Donat, cultured and urbane, introduced Jean to the cosmopolitan society of London. Exposure to this adult group heightened certain qualities already inherent in Jean. Her background, after all, has Bohemian overtones. The daughter of an artist father and a French mother, she had been brought up by an English housekeeper when her parents separated. Practically self-sufficient from childhood, Jean has the precocity native to most youngsters who have had to fight for themselves. In Hollywood, these traits were blanketed because it was considered good business to be the wide-eyed sheltered little girl she portrayed on the screen. Away from the movie colony's influences, her true personality had a chance

COURAGE

to develop, and she emerged an alert, independent young modern.

London was the first step in Jean's metamorphosis.

Her marriage was the second.

She met George MacDonald in New York on her way back to Hollywood and eloped with him. This marriage was probably the first manifestation of her new independence. For she knew that the last thing in the world her film bosses wanted her to have was a husband. And how right she was!

When the news broke, a yip and a yammer was heard clear up to Santa Barbara. The Perfect Ingenue a wife! If Clark Gable had been caught riding a kiddie car, it wouldn't have been more disillusioning.

It had a direct effect on her film career. Jean fell from grace. Relationships between her and her studio were strained and finally broken.

With no studio to watch over her, she placed her fate entirely in the hands of her agent. But he, too, continued to think of her as a sugar valentine incapable of anything but those everlasting coy parts.

"I played so many of them," Jean remembers. "I felt like the Sixth Little Pepper."

It was after she finished *Girl of the Limberlost*—a little nifty in which she trotted through the picture in bare feet and calico—that she decided to work out her own destiny.

"IT HAPPENED accidentally at first," she explains. "I had lightened my hair for photographic purposes. But somehow or other, it altered my features a bit, made me look gayer, less demure. I rather liked it and decided to get a haircomb to fit it."

She cut bangs across her forehead and brushed her hair to make it straighter. (See photo.) It was a far departure from the little girl curls she had previously worn. The bangs emphasized the serenity and depth of her eyes. The straight hair framing her face sharpened her dramatic high cheekbones, and emphasized the slight hollow just beneath them. The curls had made her face childishly round; now, with the more severe arrangement, the triangular plane of her facial structure was emphasized and gave her a vixen quality.

"By this time, I was in an experimental mood and I wanted to see how far I could go in creating a new person. I took voice lessons, aimed particularly at making my voice more flexible, deepening its range.

"I found myself wearing different clothes. Black instead of pastels, severely simple lines instead of dirndls, and dashing little hats that balanced on one eyebrow.

"A few months ago I was at a portrait sitting wearing one of my new dresses. It was a svelte white satin. I was smoking a cigarette, when the photographer clicked. It turned out to be a rather sultry pose, different from any other I've had. People who saw it wrote me that they had to look twice before they believed it. What was more, most of them liked it! It renewed their interest in me.

"By this time, something had happened to me. This isn't unusual, because every girl experiences a strange change in her morale when she changes the color of her hair or wears a new hat. Somehow it made me more confident, gave me the courage to try things for myself."

This psychological point is best illustrated perhaps by Jean's decision to make the "Dodge City" trip. A year ago, she might not have gone on it. She might have thought it over a dozen times and decided against going on tour for a picture in which she didn't appear, and for a company to whom she was not under contract. But now she grasped the significance of such a trip.

On the train, no matter how tired she was, she bounced out on the platform at station stops and put on a show for the crowds. An enormous amount of vitality surges through her small body, and it radiated to the crowds. They cheered her long and enthusiastically, and among the entire trainload of stars, the one who got the biggest hand was the girl who had no real reason for being on it!

THIS was the most visible approval any movie player can receive. News like that has a way of drifting back to the head offices. When Jean returned with the tired troupe she was greeted as a "new discovery," and offers were dangled before her.

Now this is the part of the story which is the most amazing. Among all the offers proferred, Jean accepted the part in a Republic picture known as *The Fighting Irishman.*

I asked her why, when she had received an offer from Warners to appear as one of the genteel ladies in waiting in their epic *The Lady and the Knight*—why, in heaven's name, she put it aside.

Her answer was ready, as though many others had asked her if she had suddenly gone out of her head.

"Because I would still be a Gingham Girl in the others. In personality, if not in actual dress. Don't you see—" she was talking patiently now, "in this picture I play a girl who is modern. She's independent. She's a little nuts. She has a sense of humor. She's not sweet. She wears beautiful dresses. Twenty-four of 'em. *And she doesn't go near* gingham. That's the chance I've been waiting for all this time. Why should I turn it down just because it isn't a million dollar epic?"

It seems that even the fates are contriving to surround Jean with glamor. Recently she made a discovery. She hired a new maid. After working two weeks, the girl came to her and asked for a few days off.

"All right," said Jean. "But why?"

"Well, there's a circus reunion and I want to be there. You see," she said shyly, "my mother was the original Little Egypt!"

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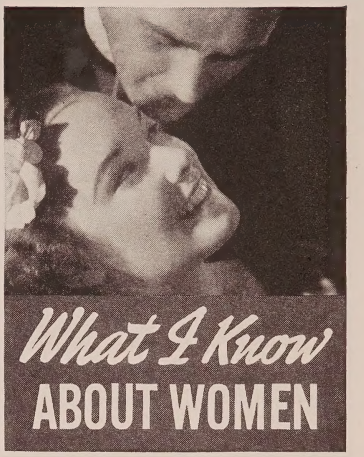

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BERT LAHR—
HAMLET OF BURLEYCUE

By DUNCAN UNDERHILL

SURVEYORS were charting the acreage in Coldwater Canyon, Beverly Hills, where the new Bert Lahr residence will raise its head among the vine-clad villas of Myrna Loy, Bette Davis and James Cagney.

"Two houses are going up on this little rancho," Landlord Lahr confided. "A modest shack—I call it the slave quarters—for me. And a big chateau, with a built-in golf course, for my agents. Wonderful things, those agents. I've got three of them—one to find me jobs, one to lose me jobs and one to stand aloof. That standing aloof is what gets me; so aristocratic."

After a two-year hitch in Hollywood during which he made six pictures for four different studios and finally hit the jackpot with a top-character part in *Zaza,* the freckle-faced Broadway buffoon is finally staking a permanent claim in Gold Dust Gulch, the fireside area where the quiet rich reside.

Right up to the last moment he held out against sinking his roots into the California soil. But when the previews of M-G-M's *The Wizard of Oz* confirmed his earlier suspicion that he was doomed to a life sentence in the film studios, he not only splurged on a tract for a homestead but bought himself $560 worth of Hollywood haberdashery, the kind nobody but a confirmed inmate of the town would dare to flaunt in public.

The *Cascart* role in *Zaza* marked the final emergence of a 30-year veteran from the muggery and gaggery of rubberface, puttynose slapstick. Not until the critics' reports were in would Bert believe the studio verdict that he had made the grade in a creative character part. Even then he wouldn't take the reviewers' raves at face value until they had been confirmed by his eagle-eyed old Pop, who is still his Number One counselor and faithful fault-finder.

Of the six seasoned players who tried out for the part—one of them John Barrymore—Lahr, judged on previous performances alone, seemed the most illogical choice. Yet the public, the producer, and the professional wise guys hailed his performance as the coming-of-age of a well-rounded dramatic

SUCCESS STORY

actor. And Pop voted with the majority, making a recount unnecessary.

Scanning a review of his performance written by a precious New England commentator, Bert quoted:

"*'But it is to be hoped that this neophyte in the nuances of the drama will not be tempted to overreach his talents. On the record I should not yet entrust Hamlet to his interpretation.'*

"Hamlet!" Lahr snorted, ripping the clipping into confetti. "Bring on Hamlet. I'll murder the bum."

On this, his second hegira to Hollywood, he has been far happier than on the first. That was eight or nine years ago and the chore was the film version of *Flying High,* a musical in which he had made a sensational Broadway run.

The ways of the studios were strange to him: the magnates seemed maniacally irresponsible and the standing-around-and-waiting unendurable. He finished his stint at 7 o'clock one night and by 8 he was on a New York-bound rattler, his wardrobe and chattels left behind and his ego hanging in shreds.

To rinse the stigma of celluloid off him he plunged back into the Broadway revues, achieving runs of ten, twelve, twenty-five months and doubling profitably on the radio. Further, to prove to himself that he could make as much money in New York as in Hollywood he made movie shorts on the side and jacked his gross up to astronomical heights.

"If Hollywood wants me," he declared in an ultimatum of 1936, "it can send a gold coach for me—a gold coach stuffed with money."

As things turned out, all that was needed to tempt him back to the studios was a simple plea from an old pal turned producer, Bud DeSylva, who wanted him for a carnival of clowns called Merry-Go-Round. This extravaganza turned out to be one of those things that was an intemperate yell in production but something less than a cold cake in the projection room.

With the best intentions in the world, Bud permitted Bert to be cast in what the story department deemed a typical Lahr part, replete with facial contortions, low-comedy business and the wounded-animal cries of, "Ung-gung-gung."

After this he floundered around in the sloughs of miscasting, landing eventually with Bernie and Winchell in *Love and Hisses.* Ben had taken a course in dramatics to fit him for his speaking role and whenever Lahr ribbed him about muffing a line of dialogue, the Old Maestro would haul out his dramatic school diploma and say, "Youse amateurs can't squawk—you didn't even graduate."

"Those producers don't mind making me win the hard way," Bert says. "In *The Wizard of Oz* they handicap me with a 60 pound costume and five pounds of false jowls and a part called *The Cowardly Lion.*"

The *Lion* role has proved to be a protean undertaking.

"A line in the script will give you a rough idea of what a cinch I had.

"*'The Cowardly Lion,'* he quoted, *'seems to walk on all fours standing up.'*

"Trim that. Also, I have to register a silly expression through a make-up that would make Leo the Lion tear up his union card. When a little girl slaps my face I have to shriek and shudder and cry hysterically. After a couple of weeks of that I'm qualified to do a sister act with *Ferdinand the Bull.*"

If Hollywood proved a tough opponent for a while, Lahr can console himself with the reflection that in his 30 years in show business nothing has come easy except laughs. They started in his school days in Yorkville, the fabulous East Eighties of New York, the hothouse of theatrical talent that also germinated Jim Cagney, the Marx Brothers and the Ritzes.

Jimmy Durante claims that he is Bert's cousin on the grounds that everybody born in a New York tenement house is related.

"In our classroom," Bert relates, "there was one kid smart enough to play hookey without getting caught. He used to hang around vaudeville theatres. One day he met a guy that was forming a juvenile act. My smart classmate was my first agent and before I knew it I was playing Fort Lee, N. J. in a classroom skit.

"Being the youngest kid in the troupe I was chosen, by that old reliable vaudeville logic, to be the teacher. I wore a gray wig, a false forehead, cheaters and face lines that looked as deep as the Grand Canyon. But my voice was two degrees north of falsetto.

"We played Fort Lee and White Plains and Yonkers and Mt. Vernon and all the trolley stops in Brooklyn and the Bronx. When we finished the route we got paid off with a pat on the head and sent back to school. It developed that what we thought was work was a form of pastime known in vaudeville as a 'tryout.' That was my first experience with an agent and it was typical. But I never learned to steer clear of them."

Trapped by his family, he was sent forcibly to Morris High School. But it didn't take. Afternoons he wrote dialogue and rehearsed comedy business with some other juvenile delinquents and before they had their first long pants they were booked in another kid act. This time they worked for pay, but it was so small as to be hardly distinguishable from zero. The Hebrew comic in this troupe was Bert Gordon, latterly The Mad Russian of Eddie Cantor's radio program.

By the time he achieved the dignity of owning a trunk, Bert was working with girl acts—tabloid musicals, they'd be called today—that traveled, in theory, all over the East. Too often the tours stopped with a jolt in towns labeled Woonsocket, R. I., Troy, N. Y., and Waterbury, Conn., where the citizens' hearts were made of flint. Other tours, miraculously, stretched across the country. At various times Bert, the Boy Comedian, was a peon in the variety chain gangs of such lordly slave-owners as Bert Levey, Sullivan and Considine, Poli, Keith, Proctor, Pantages, Gus Sun, Orpheum, Interstate and Martin Beck.

Having stored up slight sums of money and self-confidence he struck out as a single, equipped with a brash German dialect and a trained dog purchased for $7. He showed his act to the bookers and got 40 weeks' time.

At the opening show the comedy went well with the audience. The dog was trained to disobey every command Lahr barked at him in mangled English.

The second show was a veritable triumph for man and beast. But when the time came for the third show, the dog had disappeared. "Some agent stole him away from me," the comedian insists to this day. "Offered him more bones, or better billing."

High and clear over the rumble of Times Square Bert heard the siren call for a form of depravity called burlesque. A famous writer of sketches, Billy K. Wells, offered to equip him with deathless laugh material if he would sell his soul to a burleycue producer named Blutch Cooper. Bert took the bait and served a six-year hitch in baggy pants and fright wig.

Despite the frisky connotations of the name, in that era as well as this, burlesque before the war was as innocuous as a Burton Holmes lecture. The strip-tease was unknown. The chorus girls were compelled to

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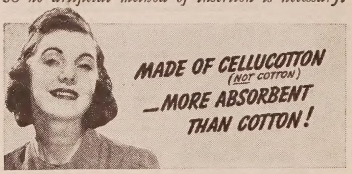
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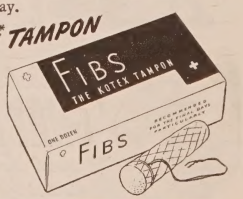

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wear tights and as many layers of protective covering as an artichoke. Hokum and dialogue were scrupulously clean. Notices backstage threatened instant dismissal of any performer using "hell" or "damn." Matinee audiences were composed mostly of women.

Among the notable burlesquers of the period were Leon Errol, Ethel Shutta, James Barton, Clark & McCullough, Fannie Brice, Jack Pearl and Ben Bart, the last now proprietor of a vastly prosperous dramatic school in Hollywood.

Playing in burlesque for Blutch at a theatre on 125th Street, Bert was accosted in his dressing room by a wild-eyed thin man who had the job of playing piano in a louse-trap honky-tonk in the basement of the house, a place called the Alamo.

"I gotta song," the feverish musician announced. "You innaduce it for me and we'll ride right up to the zenith with it. Beyond the zenith, even."

Lahr had the guy play the thing over. It was a strictly senseless cryptogra, with lyrics that didn't rhyme or match the music. But the tune had an undeniable tinkle and the ensemble of words and melody exerted the undeniable appeal of a sick Airedale pup. Bert agreed to launch the number.

Titled *I've Got My Habits On,* it had its first and last performances simultaneously that night. But the composer, one Jimmy Durante, and his mouthpiece formed a friendship that has endured a hundred campaigns in the theatre, the music halls, the movies and on the air. When The Nose is in Hollywood he joins Lahr's "Grub and Gab Society" for daily meetings. Others in the outfit are Bud DeSylva, a Marx or two and Bobby Connolly, the dance director. Deanna Durbin has an Annie Oakley membership; otherwise the troupe is strictly stag.

Now that he's a hot commodity on the Hollywood slave market, Lahr sees to it that the asking price is adequate. His position now is much the same as on the morning after the premiere of his first musical on Broadway, *Hold Everything.* There had been hair-pulling dissension among the backers about Bert's suitability for the star comic part.

"The guy isn't revue material," the dissenters insisted. "He's been knocking around vaudeville and tab shows and burlesque. He's simply not geared up to $6.60."

But after the opening Bert was part-owner of Broadway. Later on they said he couldn't do anything but meat-axe comedy. But for two years he held up his end in a daily rapier duel with the devilishly subtle Bea Lillie in *The Show Is On.*

He stuck around Broadway long enough to make it say "Uncle." Not without some setbacks, however. There was the interlude of *Delmar's Revels,* for instance, a pretentious revue that undertook to contract for the services of Lahr, Frank Fay, Winnie Lightner and other high-priced performers, on a short bankroll. When the shoestring got frayed around the edges, Lahr and Fay stepped forward to play hero with their own dough.

The first bill rendered to them was from one Billy Rose, a song-writer who had the effrontery to ask for $400 cash royalties. Lahr went to the bank, drew the money in pennies, and lugged it all over town looking for Rose. And when he found the little fellow he learned from him with chagrin that copper wasn't legal tender in big amounts. So he had to lug the hardware back to the bank.

Simultaneous with the ground-breaking ceremonies on the Lahr plantation in Coldwater Canyon will be the unveiling of Bert's new pompadour, he promises. Some dame with a formula undertook to make long red tresses flourish where only a high brow bloomed before. Already there is a soft Titian fuzz breaking out on the hitherto naked expanse. By the time his house is started Bert threatens to have a mop of curls as red and bushy as Harpo's wig. Judging by delivery on past promises, don't bet against it.

SCREEN BOOK presents Hollywood's latest screen idol. Or perhaps he'll follow in his dad's footsteps and become a director. Mother Farrow, (Maureen O'Sullivan) is pictured with her firstborn, Michael Damien

As Nigel started to draw me away, Bob's jaw set with swift anger

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VICKI DAVIS wins a beauty contest and a trip to Hollywood. Unable to find a job in the movies, she becomes private secretary to Fred Lord, ace director of Allied-Apex pictures. In Lord's office she meets handsome Bob Linden, movie star, and Nigel Smith, orchestra leader who has come to Hollywood for a series of Allied-Apex broadcasts. She feels herself attracted to Linden. Sonia Petrova, glamorous star of Allied-Apex, secures the leading role in Song Of The Soul *opposite Bob Linden by threatening Lord and Vicki with a scandal. She also is attracted to Bob. At a party held by Fred Lord, Vicki goes into the garden and meets Nigel Smith. Just as he kisses her, Bob Linden appears.*

MY TONGUE seemed to be frozen stiff and I felt both sick and frightened at the situation building, swift-paced as a nightmare, between the two men. A curious sense of shame filled me because Bob had seen Nigel kiss me; yet I was not bound by any pledges to Bob. I had been spurred on by some reckless, half-born defiance at Fate for the minor role in which I was cast here.

SCREEN BOOK SERIAL

"You rate a swift punch in the nose!" said Nigel.

"Why?" asked Bob, amused, suave. "I had no idea I was barging in on a raid. Vicki," he added lightly, "is my heart throb."

"You're a damned snooper!" snapped Nigel. "I don't like people who pop up silently."

"My apologies," interrupted Bob. "I wasn't sneaking. You were just too busy to hear me. Oh, come out of it, Butch! Why create a . . . ?"

"Stop it!" I stormed.

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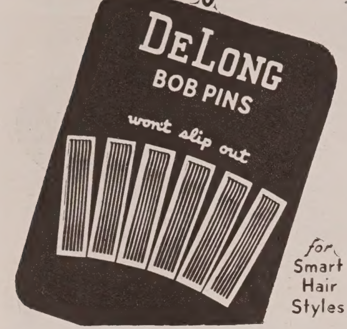

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"Have you both gone completely crazy?"

I turned and walked back swiftly to the house, and both young men went with me, one on each side. What miracle had happened? Were these two prominent young men actually quarreling over *my* favor? For a moment my heart raced exultantly; and yet shame blew through me when I thought of Nigel's lips on mine. Bob had seen that. What must he think of me? Still, in Hollywood, a kiss meant nothing. It was counterfeit coin. Everybody kissed everybody else as naively as children might. A quaint Hollywood custom!

Still I had made a subconscious dedication to Bob on an inner altar, and I felt uneasy. Neither man said anything as we came up on the terrace and entered the brilliantly-illuminated room. The crowd was all on the other side, being entertained by someone at the piano, and I paused on the threshhold, blinded momentarily by the lights.

Bob said lightly, "Shall we get a drink, Vicki?"

Nigel laid a strong brown hand possessively on my arm. I could hear Bob draw in his breath. His jaw set with a swift anger but his voice was still quiet.

"Look, Nigel," he said patiently. "In the language of Shakespeare—scram! Enough is enough. Vicki's coming with me."

"That's what you think," rasped Nigel. "Maybe the lady has something to say about that! I'm damn tired of you Hollywood great lovers and your lordly assumptions."

"Cut it!" broke in Bob. "You heard me!"

"For heaven's sake!" I gasped. "Are you both crazy? What do you want to do—start a fight here, in Lord's house? You might consider me, too! Stop it!"

They glared at one another over my head, like fighting cocks. Suddenly, Fred Lord was at my side. His schooled, ironic eyes probed mine, flashed over the two angry young men, and something whispered in me that he knew what it was all about.

He took my arm and interposed himself easily between the two men.

"Break it up, you two," he said, quietly. "This is a party, and the entire press of the country is here. Come on, Vicki, let's find ourselves something to cool us off."

He guided me to one side and Bob and Nigel were left standing at the door, silent. Lord waved to a servant who was carrying a tray, and we both were served cocktails. Lord motioned me to sit down on a small love seat. I sat down, my hands trembling slightly, my throat hot and dry.

"What's wrong with those two billy goats?" he asked sharply.

"Oh, nothing!"

His eyes smiled faintly, but his face did not. He said, "Vicki, why try to fool me? I'm 35, and I've been around. They were glaring at each other like two roosters about to do battle!" He shook his head slightly. "Careful, youngster! It's dangerous to play Nigel Smith against Bob."

"I'm not!" I burst out hotly. "I wouldn't do a thing like that."

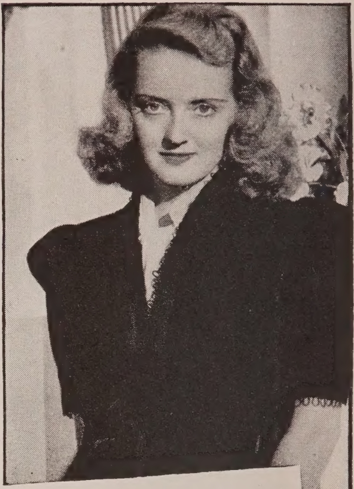
"Not deliberately, perhaps," he cut in wearily, "but getting angry at Bob, perhaps, and using Nigel as a weapon might be bad business—touching dangerous emotional springs."

"But, I'm not!" I retorted; yet it seemed to me that a cold wind was blowing through me. "There's nothing between Bob and me—just friendship; and Nigel—Nigel. . . ."

"Yes?" he prompted softly. "What about him?"

"He's just another friend, that's all!"

"Friendship covers a multitude of meanings," he said, "from complete zero to bell, book and candle. It's easy to see that you've got Nigel Smith punch-drunk."



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"You make me sound like one of those screen vamps!" I said stiffly. "I'm sorry, Mr. Lord."

"You can classify me as a friend, too," he said, his mouth straight and his eyes hard, "and I'll presume on that friendship to tell you this, Vicki. Nigel is a disillusioned, dangerous young man. He's been fouled three times and he makes his own rules where women are concerned." His voice sharpened. "You're only 21, Vicki, and Nigel's not good for you."

He was cut short by the arrival of two young women writers from important fan magazines. They swooped down on him, demanding inside information on *Song of the Soul*. While he was busy answering, I slipped away.

At the door, I stopped and looked back a moment. Bob was talking eagerly to a group of people and Nigel had gravitated to the piano. He was playing an insidious melody, his last hit song. A group of intent people stood around him, listening. I slipped back into the garden, where the moonlight cast black-lace shadows on the thick grass. My eyes filled all at once and my mind was a race track of disturbing thoughts.

What a mess! What a bizarre situation had been catapulted upon us by a mere, meaningless kiss! And, Lord's warning—the strangest thing in all that strange evening. I recognized now that Nigel was dangerous. He had some quality that crashed all the barriers. I wasn't interested in Nigel, however. What made my pulses sing was Bob's desertion of Sonia, to come and look for me. A swift, impetuous happiness swept through me.

I walked down to the pool again and sat on the marble bench in the shadows of a lacy pepper tree. A green light lay on the garden and there were earthy odors of growing things. Stars and a segment of moon floated on the surface of the pool, glittering with the touch of a soft breeze. Then, I saw Sonia Petrova coming toward me and my heart raced with a thrill of impending trouble.

She was like some elusive moon sprite in her silver lace. Her eyes were dark caverns as she came up and stood looking at me. I could almost *feel* the enmity that held her rigid as I looked at the white oval blur of her face. What did she want, I wondered.

"Miss Davis," she said, in a voice husky with a controlled hatred, "I am going to ask you to stop playing your little game with Bob Linden. You've got Fred and now you also want Bob. Well, I warn you—stop it!"

Her words, her tone, blew some restraining fuse in me and I was suddenly as primitive and direct as she. Challenges like that are contagious. I wanted to slap her face, tear her clothes off her slim body. Anger completely blanketed the surge of pure amazement I had felt at her astonishing insolence.

"You need to be taught manners!" I said hotly, "before you are allowed to mix with civilized people, Miss Petrova! This is America, not Central Europe. Fred Lord is nothing to me but a very kind employer—and as for Bob Linden, he's old enough to know what he wants!"

"If you do not stop trying to entice him," she cried wildly, "I will tell him about you and Fred and that night at Arrowhead Lake! I will tell the press! I will get that telephone girl and the hotel to support my story. I will run you out of Hollywood!"

I was stunned. I had no experience with highly temperamental people. She was like a spitting cat, beyond reason, claws unsheathed—a desperate woman in the grip of a cataclysmic hysteria of jealousy and hate. And I was trembling with a desperate fury. So she had marked Bob for herself! Well, she wasn't going to get him!

"Listen to me!" I cried, harshly. "Bob left you this evening to come and look for me because he saw me go into the garden. Does that look like he wanted you? Bob cares about me and I'll do everything in my power to hold him. And if you so much as mention one word of your dirty imaginings about Fred Lord and me, Fred will run you out of Hollywood! He's pretty well fed up with you now. You'll never play in *Song of the Soul* or anything else!"

She backed up a step. Her voice was harsh. "Oh, no! He'll protect his little mistress at all costs! I know Fred! I told him what I would do if I didn't play India Jamison. You and he may halt my career but not before I drive you both out of pictures! Allied-Apex won't stand for any scandals!"

"You bet they won't!" I flashed hotly. "And Fred Lord understands now the price you were willing to pay for stardom."

Her face was contorted with fury. "You—*you* talk to me like this? You, a common little stenographer?" Her rage was stifling and breathless, and a vitriolic superiority colored her words, an ungovernable venom. "I can't stand this!" she wailed wildly. "I—can't—stand—this!" Suddenly, before I could guess her action or move, she flung herself into the pool.

I stood there, frozen, after the splash and stared foolishly at the green water. It was deep at this end. I saw the flash of the sequins on her gown as she went down. The water glittered and she did not come up. Yet I stood there, hardly breathing, silent, and the thought raced through my mind that it would be a good thing for all concerned if she drowned.

What instinct possessed me I will never know, but I went in after her, answering some subconscious urge to save life. She was a dead weight, but I dragged her out and lay gasping with the terrific exertion. Then I heard voices and saw Fred Lord and Bob and Nigel running toward me. I hardly gave them a glance. My eyes were on the white face of the silent Sonia.

She stirred and coughed as Fred raced up. He picked her up and turned her over, letting her hang limply over his left arm. Nigel said, "My God!" and Bob helped me up and held me. I was shivering and dizzy. Suddenly, meaningless laughter came from my lips. I felt the steady strength of Bob's arms around me. Then I lay sobbing bitterly against his heart and he murmured over me, words I did not hear.

I heard Sonia gasp and whirled around and I was glad that she was alive. I had felt death close to me in that cold water.

"What happened?" snapped Lord, sitting Sonia on the bench.

"I was sitting here," I began, my teeth chattering violently, "and Miss Petrova came down to the pool. Her heel caught and she fell in. That's all. I went in after her and dragged her out."

"Hm!" muttered Fred Lord, and I knew that tone of voice! "Very careless of her. Fine of you to fish her out, Vicki. She doesn't swim, unfortunately." He turned to Sonia. She was sobbing silently, saying nothing. She accepted my version. Fred Lord barked, in his take-a-letter voice, to Bob and Nigel:

"You two will shut up about this, d'ye hear? You, Nigel, get your car. Miss Petrova's going home. She's indisposed, understand? There are a bunch of news hawks in there who would give their right ears for a story like this and they're not going to get it! Bob, hold her up."

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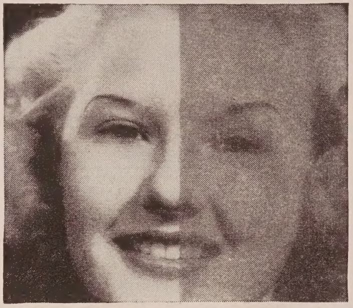

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Nigel nodded and left without protest. Sonia sat like a statue, with Bob's arms around her.

"Pull yourself together," ordered Lord. "After all, it's a warm night and all you did was take a ducking, Sonia—it won't kill you. Thank God, Vicki was here! Go home, Sonia, and pull yourself together. I'll see you Monday. Vicki, go up the back way and change clothes. And thanks for saving our star of *Song of the Soul.*"

I looked at him and so did Sonia. His face was haggard, his hair askew, his voice biting. There was no telling how much he had guessed, but he was telling her that she was still the star of the year's biggest picture at Allied-Apex. Lord's gaze raked me and Bob.

"No use in telling you two, of course, that this is between us," he rumbled. "We're not upsetting any schedules because our star falls into a swimming pool, but I want her out of the way. These news hawks are sharp and they think up different constructions."

"I won't go home!" began Sonia, but the big man turned on her like a tiger.

"You will—and like it!" he snarled. "No temperament for me, please! I'm just not having any!"

Nigel came across the shadowy lawn and I could see that his car stood in the driveway. "There she is," he said quietly and waited.

Lord growled. "Good! Bob, take Sonia home in it. Come on, step on it! I don't want her seen like this. I'll see you both Monday. Get going!"

Bob hesitated a moment, then took the silent Sonia's arm and guided her to the roadster. As it whirled off, a burst of laughter came from the brilliantly-lit house. Lord grunted.

"Your cue, Nigel," he rumbled. "We'll account for their absence by saying they left the party together—maybe they wanted to spoon, eh? They're in love, you see, officially. That will fit. And in their excitement to get away and be alone, they took the wrong car, yours." He snorted derisively. "That will be good for a full column anyway. Now, come on, young lady, upstairs with you and change clothes. You'll catch cold."

My teeth were still chattering but a new strength was flowing in me. Nigel chuckled, "Okay, Chief! Boy, you think fast!" And he strode off.

Lord did not answer. He took me to the side entrance and I got to my room without meeting any of the house party.

"Send for some brandy and some hot water bottles," he said bruskly, "and go to bed until the chill stops. You sound like you're playing castanets!"

"My—t-teeth w-won't s-stop," I chattered.

"Shock," he nodded. "You'll be all right in an hour. What happened?"

"She fell in."

"Come, Vicki! It's possible, but damn improbable! You know me better than that. And you forget that I know her pretty well."

"She said a lot of things about me—about. . . ."

"About the night we spent in Arrowhead Lake, eh?"

"Y-yes. She said she'd tell the press, and Bob."

"Oh!" he bit off. "I see! So, you pushed her in?"

"Of course not!" I cried, in horror. "She went crazy. She jumped in!"

"And you pulled her out?" His face was bitter. "That's like her—irresponsible, headstrong fool! I had hoped that you pushed her in! Why didn't you let her drown?"

I stared at him. "How could I?" I cried.

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He grinned. "So, you risked your own life."

"It was no risk in a pool," I flared. "Only I ruined my only evening dress!" I knew that was foolish and I don't know why I said it. Fred Lord grinned crookedly.

"That's better! Well, we'll get you another one and give you a raise." His eyes went around the room. "We seem to have run into a lot of trouble here, lately, Vicki," he went on slowly. "It might be an idea to pack up and go down to Ensenada for the location shots."

I didn't answer.

"Yes," he went on, "that's what we'll do. As soon as the introductory broadcast is out of the way, we go on location. Nigel Smith can carry on the program without Bob for awhile."

It flashed over me then, in a curious stab of insight, that he wanted to get me away from Nigel Smith.

"Come down later, if you feel like," he said abruptly. "Just to be safe, maybe you'd better." He nodded and left.

I changed clothes, mourning over my ruined evening gown, the only one I possessed, and forgetting it quickly when I thought of the astounding debacle of the evening. Somehow Fred Lord was always around to pick up the pieces; issuing orders, bossing us all. I owed him no explanations for my actions, I thought, resentfully. I could quit and get another job. I didn't have to conform to this bitter-faced, self-appointed guardian. Hollywood, I thought . . . and a girl in love with a potential star . . . and what a cruel, senseless pattern it was all weaving! My thoughts were all mixed and my emotions all upset, and I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

THE new series of Allied-Apex broadcasts was to start Monday night and Lord was appearing to be introduced as the director of the forthcoming feature, *Song of the Soul.* Bob was to make the presentation speech. We put in all day Sunday getting this in shape and perfecting the plans for the company's departure for location work in Ensenada.

I didn't get much time to think of the happenings of Saturday night, or of Sonia or Bob or Nigel. Lord kept me busy relentlessly, and I had only time, Sunday evening, for a dip in the pool. Bob did not return to the house party, but he phoned Lord from Hollywood and Lord told me nothing. I got the impression, however, that Bob was staying in town to humor Sonia. That gave me a few moments of rebellion but the work kept my mind off my personal matters.

When I went into the pool Nigel joined me.

"We're the only two sane humans here, Vicki," he said, "and we have no business around these high-strung crackpots. Why do you stick around with these maniacs?"

"Oh," I said lightly, "maybe they'll let me play Scarlett O'Hara. I'm from the south, you know."

"That's enough to kill your chances," he said. "What really happened to the prima donna? Did she fall or was she pushed?"

"Don't be an idiot!" I said, tartly. "She fell in accidentally. And, shut up! Here comes the press!"

Two of the young women writers swam up to us. Most of the guests were returning to Hollywood, in the evening, after dinner; all in all, the party had been a grand success. Lord said we would get hundreds of columns of publicity on the new picture.

Nigel and I sat on the pool edge at the far end, kicking our feet in the water.

"Will I see you in town?" he asked me, low.

"Maybe," I compromised, remembering the scene in the garden last night. Nigel was the type that swept you off your feet, the type that was dangerous.

"Look," he said, swiftly, "I've hardly had a chance to talk to you since last night—since Bob swiped my car. I do want to see you, Vicki. Why can't we be friends? You like me a little, don't you?"

I had let him kiss me and hold me in his arms, and there was something that had been established between us, as there must be between a man and a girl who have kissed and liked it. I didn't know exactly what to answer, so I decided to keep my replies on the light side.

"Mm!" I said. "I'm going to enter you in my diary—'Dear Diary—I have met *him!*'"

"Mr. Him," he said gravely. His audacious eyes went over my bare limbs, the brief bathing suit until something prickled my skin and I turned away. Nigel added, "Lord, but you're a knockout, Vicki! You make these movie stars look apathetic!"

"Hardly!" I objected. "What is this—Boy Wants Girl?"

"And—suppose?" he challenged. "Look at them," he insisted. "A lot of beautiful faces and only a few that look as if they were being lived in! Well, I'll see you at the broadcasts anyhow. The first one goes on tomorrow night."

We went back to town that night and I didn't see Nigel until the broadcast. Lord dropped me at my house with a brief, "See you in the morning, Vicki."

I went to bed that night with a million thoughts crowding for admission and classification, but weariness held me like a weight and I slept the deep sleep of mental and physical exhaustion.

MONDAY was a busy day. Due to Sonia's indisposition, which still seemed sufficient to keep her home, all shooting was called off on *Song of the Soul.* Bob didn't come in either and Lord said he was busy on the radio script, for he and Sonia were to give a scene from the picture—one of the key love scenes. That was to awaken public interest in *Song of the Soul* and Sonia was to sing Nigel's new song, which she also sang in the picture.

We worked hard that day, and Lord and I ate in the studio cafeteria. I had to remind him about the broadcast.

"Okay," he said absently. "Take your notes and come along, Vicki. I'll stay long enough to see Bob and Sonia through their scene and then we'll get out. I don't like Nigel's brand of music."

There was to be no studio audience for the first broadcast of this series, featuring Nigel Smith's orchestra. We got to the studio a few minutes ahead of time and Lord and I sat on the outside of the glass barrier and watched the stage where Nigel's men sat, ready and waiting. Bob stood at the microphone. He grinned down at us and held his hand up, pointing to his wrist watch. Through the glass his lips shaped the words, "Two minutes." Exactly on the stroke of eight, Bob stepped to the microphone. Nigel, baton poised, watched for the light that would signal, "On the air." Then the baton swung and the show was on!

An announcer made the opening announcement and Bob followed, then the orchestra went into its second number. Lord grunted.

"Looks very pretty, waving a stick in front of the band," he snorted derisively. "He can't sing for peanuts, but whatever it is he uses for a voice, it makes a million dumb dames' hearts bump a little faster."

I was surprised. Lord seldom said any-

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thing derogatory about anyone, but Nigel had penetrated his armor of reserve. He certainly did not like him.

But the big event was coming!

While one of Allied-Apex's famous screen comedians was at the microphone, arguing a scene with Nigel, Bob came hurrying to us.

"Judas!" he said to Lord. "We're in it now! Sonia just now phoned that she can't come! What'll we do, F. L.?"

"What?" rasped Lord. "Why, that sketch goes on the air in 15 minutes! She did that on purpose! Hm! Quite neat, that!"

"You're telling me?" said Bob. "Her secretary says she's still too ill—too nervous! Mammy! What'll we do, Chief?"

Lord muttered under his breath. "The little vindictive devil!" The program director appeared and joined us.

"We'll have to cancel, apologize and fill in, somehow," he stuttered.

Between scenes of Monogram's *Stunt Pilot*, Marjorie Reynolds, John Trent and Milburn Stone discuss SCREEN BOOK's Double Feature Poll which all Hollywood is watching

"Haven't you got some girl who can read those lines?" demanded Lord. "Someone with a bit of experience."

"Lots of them but we can't just pick them out of the air at a minute's notice, Mr. Lord!" His gaze flicked to me, held a moment. "Who is this young lady? Perhaps she can read the lines? She doesn't have to be an actress, you know—just put a little feeling into the reading."

Lord's eyes turned to me. Bob stood looking at me, his face frozen. I was too stunned to talk.

"Why not?" Lord snapped suddenly, before I could voice a protest. "Why not? All you have to do is read the lines from the script, Vicki! They're self-explanatory. You don't have to act the scene—just read! It's a short piece and Bob does most of the work."

"But," I objected, desperately, "I never saw the lines."

"You wanted to be an actress, didn't you?" demanded Lord. "Here, Bob, give her the script. You'll have 12 minutes to read it over and grasp the situation. You know the scene. You just talk as if you were in your own home and Bob was proposing to you there. Just read the answers. Go ahead, Vicki—don't let us down. We'll look like fools if we don't give the scene, after all the publicity it has had!"

"But they'll all know it isn't Petrova!" I cried, frightened now. "I'm not an actress. I don't know how."

"Sure, you do!" insisted Lord. "Bob'll help you. Here, look the script over. Nothing to it—there's no audience. And that song—you know it—everbody knows it. You told me you'd had some voice."

Bob grinned. "Take a chance, Vicki," he begged. "We'll have time to read it over, once or twice. It only runs four minutes."

What came over me then I'll never know. My heart was pounding but I fought it down. I felt the old familiar thrill of recklessness and courage. I suddenly wanted to do it, for it meant a lot to Bob. "Let's go!" I said. I picked up the script and followed Bob.

The next ten minutes were as swift-paced as some fantastic dream. I read the lines I was supposed to speak in the playlet, and they didn't seem so difficult to say. Since I was allowed to retain the script, there was no chance to forget. And as for the song—Nigel's new hit—I guess everybody in America knew it.

And, suddenly, Bob and I were standing at the microphone and the time had come. I could feel a pulse throbbing at the base of my throat and my hands were like ice. Lord smiled encouragement to me. He was to come on immediately following us for a few words.

Strange visions flashed before me of the times I had wished for a chance, when I had tried to crash the studio gates, thinking myself an actress. The orchestra sighed through an introduction, and Bob took the opening speech. The studio hush was intense. I took as firm a hold of my humming nerves as I could and responded. It was just Bob and me, I made believe, and we were alone in the world, and what he was saying was true. I read the lines as if this was actually happening—to me. I saw the man in the control room hitch his chair forward and Lord's eyes were screwed tight. Somehow, we got through. I guess there was more real emotion in my throat than mere shamming. Bob had the closing lines and then Nigel's hand flashed and the orchestra crowned the effort in a burst of melody. Bob took me by the arm and guided me out.

In a small room, off the stage, I sank into a chair as if my knees had melted. I was trembling now and it was all over!

"That was swell, Vicki!" Bob gloated again and again. "A swell job—and it gave me my chance! I'll get you a glass of water. You're all right. Just mike fright! It gets us all!"

Then Nigel came in. He ignored Bob.

"You're singing my song," he said. "Do you know it?"

"I know the words," I faltered, "but my voice isn't much."

"Listen," said Nigel. "Here's a copy of the song. Just speak the lines if you find you can't sing them—recite! Low—don't shout. As if you were singing to yourself, in the house. Forget about us. I'll motion and you take it on the down-beat."

Again I was in front of the mike and I hadn't the faintest idea how I got there. But it was easy to sing with that orchestra. They carried me along. I sang softly. My voice is low and husky anyway. After the first lines my confidence returned, in a measure, and I did the best I could, giving it all the feeling I had.

I hurried back to the front when the song was over. Lord eyed me quizzically. He said bruskly, "Damn good job, Vicki! Frankly I'm surprised. Much better than I expected. And thanks for the helping hand. Ready to go?"

I was. I wasn't interested in the balance of the broadcast. I wanted to get home and close the door on everyone in the world. Lord took me home and dropped me at my door.

"Get a good night's rest," he said, "and pack a bag. We're leaving for Ensenada in the morning."

"For how long?" I asked.

"Several weeks, Vicki. Good night."

When I got upstairs, my phone was ringing. It was Nigel Smith.

"Vicki?" he said. "Glad I caught you! Say—the calls are coming in! You clicked! How about chucking the secretary's job and coming into radio?"

"Not tonight," I said, "and quit kidding me. It's getting late and I have to pack. We're going to Ensenada in the morning, on location."

"But don't you understand? You clicked!" He paused. "I'll run down to see you and we'll talk it over. It's your big chance, Vicki. Still like me a little?"

"Do I have to answer that?" I asked.

Nigel chuckled. "Okay, honey, I'll see you in Ensenada. Good night."

I hung up slowly, puzzled. What did "clicking" on the radio mean for me? If anything? I was too disorganized then, to give it much thought.

Failure was Vicki's portion when first she arrived in Hollywood. But now she finds herself face to face with success—a brilliant future as a radio star! What will this chance mean to her? How will it affect her life, her work with Lord and above all, her heart? Can she desert Lord, turn to Nigel Smith and a radio career? And Bob Linden and Sonia. . . . How will they fit into the pattern of Vicki's future?

Don't miss the next installment of Vicki's amazing story. You will find it in the September issue of SCREEN BOOK Magazine.

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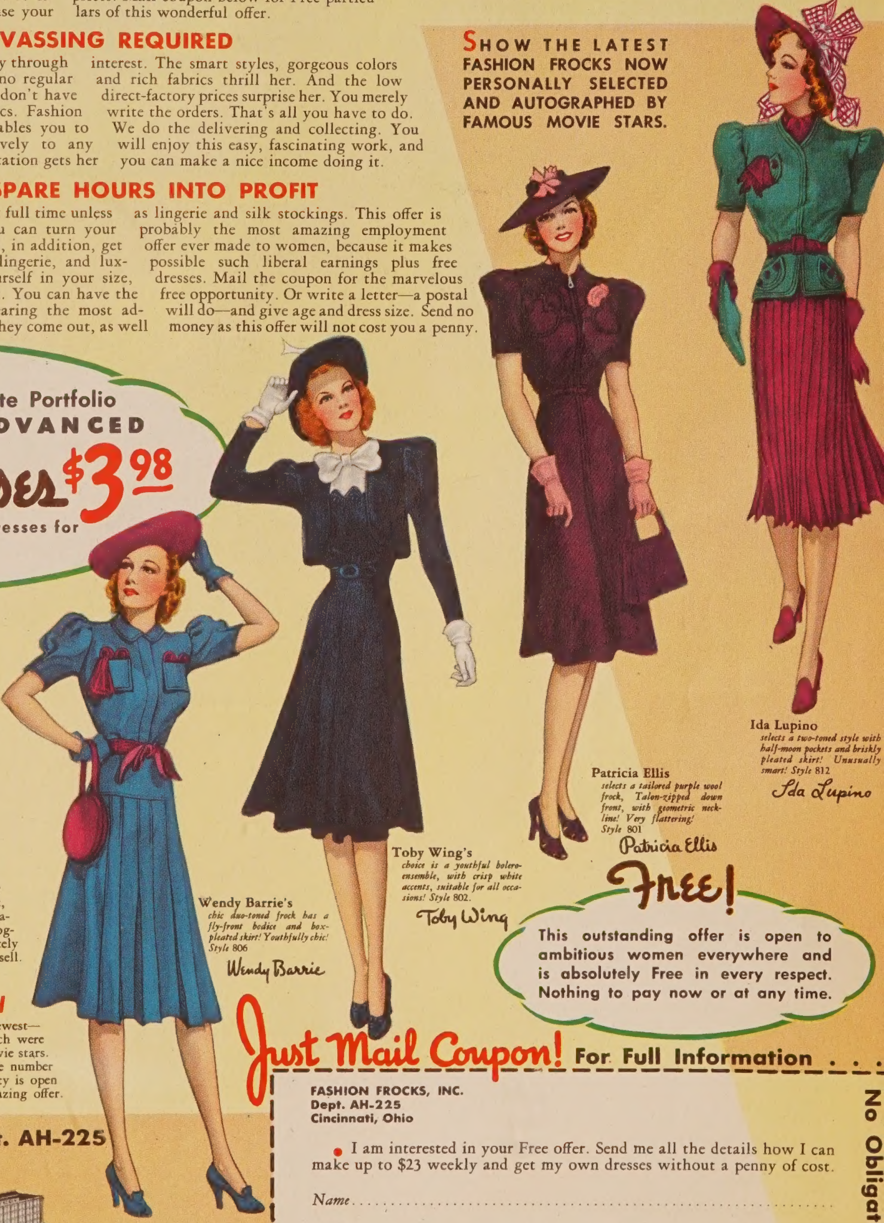

Ida Lupino
selects a two-toned style with half-moon pockets and briskly pleated skirt! Unusually smart! Style 812
Ida Lupino

Patricia Ellis
selects a tailored purple wool frock, Talon-zipped down front, with geometric neckline! Very flattering!
Style 801
Patricia Ellis

Toby Wing's
choice is a youthful bolero-ensemble, with crisp white accents, suitable for all occasions! Style 802.
Toby Wing

Wendy Barrie's
chic duo-toned frock has a fly-front bodice and box-pleated skirt! Youthfully chic!
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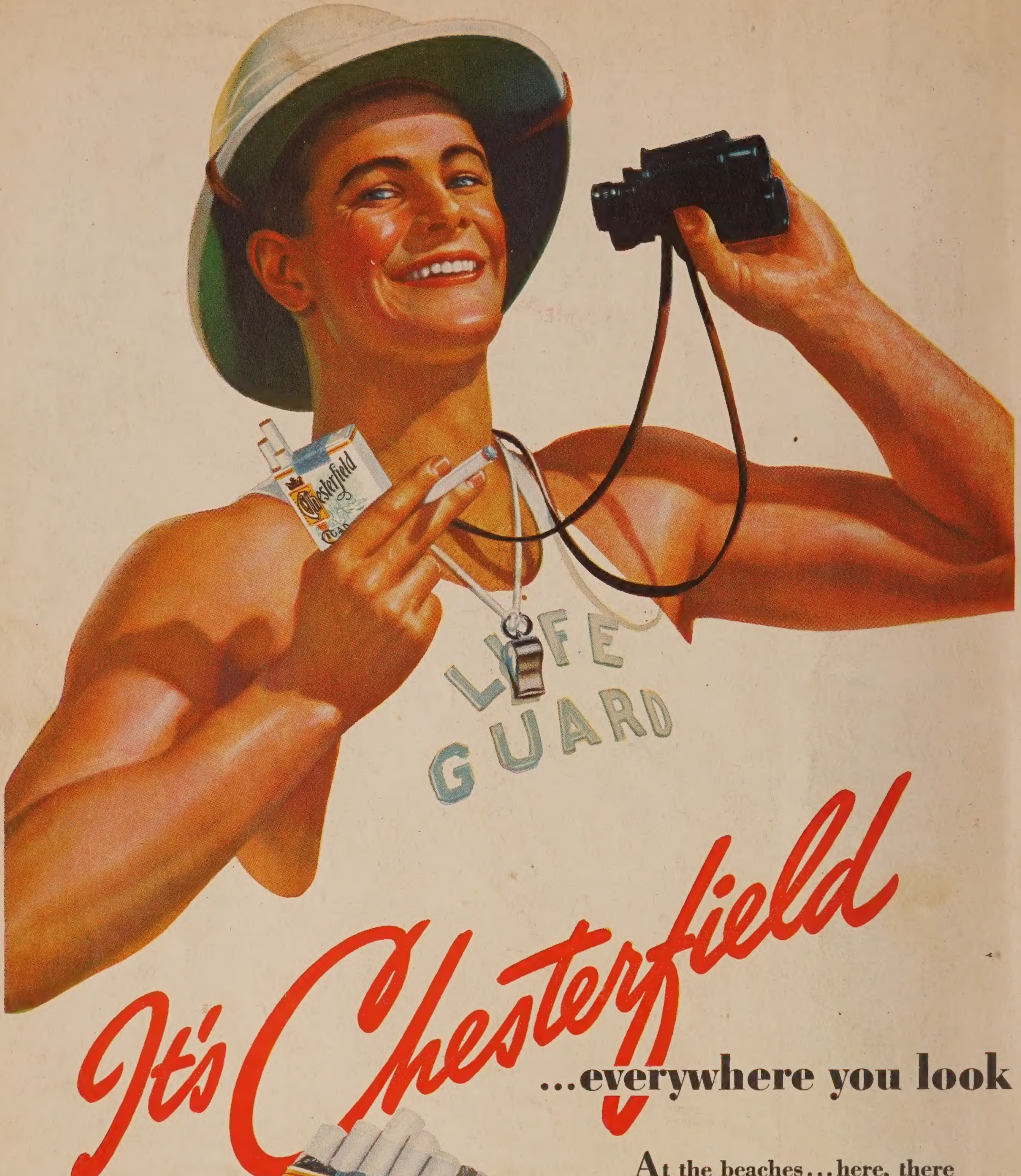
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Screen BOOK

HOLLYWOOD LIFE IN PICT

SEPTEMBER

A FAWCETT PUBLICATION
SCREEN BOOK
10¢

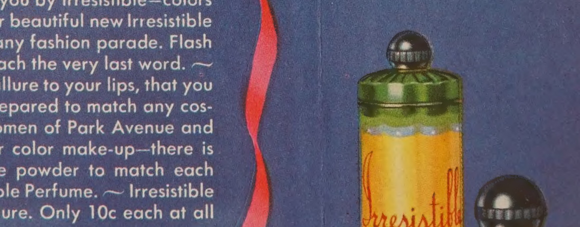
PAULETTE GODDARD—
Why Is She Called
MYSTERY WOMAN?

COMPLETE SCENE STILLS FROM "LADY OF THE TROPICS"

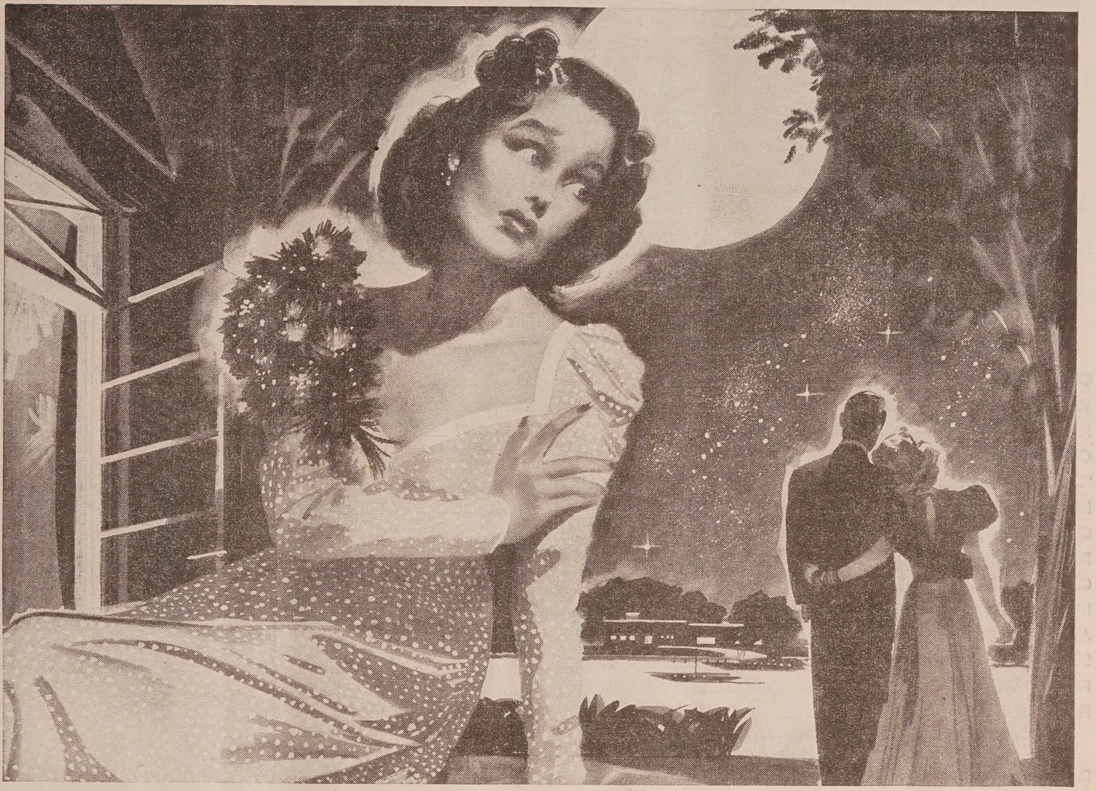
ROBERT TAYLOR, HEDY LAMARR FILM

Irresistible

Here's a thrilling new make-up idea brought to you by Irresistible—colors to match your lips to your every costume! ~ Four beautiful new Irresistible lipstick shades that will put you at the head of any fashion parade. Flash Red—Blue Pink—Fuchsia Plum and Orchid . . . each the very last word. ~ They add such chic—such flattery—such untold allure to your lips, that you really ought to try them. Buy all four and be prepared to match any costume in your wardrobe—just as the smartest women of Park Avenue and Paris do. ~ And remember—to complete your color make-up—there is the same shade of Irresistible rouge and face powder to match each shade of lipstick, all scented with exotic Irresistible Perfume. ~ Irresistible preparations are laboratory tested—certified pure. Only 10c each at all 5 and 10c stores.



Romance is always "Just around the corner" for Jane!



No need for a girl to spoil her own chances when MUM so surely guards charm!

A GAY PARTY—a pretty new dress—and so becoming! For months Jane had dreamed that this would be *her* evening, *her* night to win romance! But when it came, it was the *other* girls who got the masculine attention. Romance seemed everywhere—why couldn't it come to Jane?

Romance *can't* come to the girl who is guilty of underarm odor. This fault, above all faults, is one that men can't stand. Yet today there are actually thousands of "Janes" who court disaster... girls who neglect to use Mum!

It's a mistake to think a bath alone will protect you from underarm odor! Realize that a bath removes only *past* perspiration, that Mum *prevents* odor... then you'll play safe. More women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls who know that underarms need *special* care—not occasionally, but *every day! You'll* like this pleasant cream!

MUM IS QUICK! It takes 30 seconds—practically no time at all—for Mum!

MUM IS SAFE! The Seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply it *after* you're dressed. And even after underarm shaving Mum soothes your skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops underarm odor. Get Mum today at any druggist's. Remember, *any* girl can lose romance if she's guilty of odor! Make sure of *your* charm! Play safe —guard your popularity with Mum!

AVOID THIS EMBARRASSMENT! Thousands of women make a habit of Mum for sanitary napkin use. Mum is gentle, safe... frees you from worry of offending.

MORE MOVIE STARS, MORE NURSES, MORE WOMEN, USE MUM

SIS SAYS A BATH ALONE IS NEVER ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS, SO I'LL TRY MUM, TOO.

TO HERSELF: SIS WAS RIGHT —MUM KEEPS ME FRESH. TO-NIGHT BILL'S ASKED FOR EVERY DANCE.

MUM TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCREEN BOOK

Incorporating SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE
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NO. 2
SEPTEMBER • 1939
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WILLIAM HARTLEY, Editor
RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor
AL ALLARD, Art Director
GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager

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Lady Esther says—

"The wrong shade of powder can turn the RIGHT MAN away!"

Don't ruin your close-ups. Make the test I urge, and find the powder shade most flattering to you!

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For powders and powder shades can be very deceiving, and unless you compare many right on your own skin and with the help of your own mirror, you may never know the shade that flatters you most—*that makes you most alluring*—that brings you the greatest of luck!

Right at this moment you may innocently be using a shade that's all wrong for you—a shade that clouds your beauty—a shade that suited you four months ago but which is *all wrong* for you now.

Don't risk it, please. It's a shame to take such chances. For there is, among my *ten thrilling new shades* of face powder, one that is *right* for you—one that will bring you luck.

Your Lucky Shade. So I urge you to try *all my shades* which I will send you free. Don't skip even one. For the shade you never thought you could wear may be the one that's really right for you.

And the minute you find it, your eyes will know—*your mirror will tell you.* Other women will tell you that you look younger and fresher... and men will murmur to themselves—"She's lovely."

A True Beauty Powder. When you receive my ten shades—and make your "Lucky Shade Test"—you will find two amazing qualities in this superfine powder. It's free from the slightest hint of coarseness. *And it clings four full hours!* If you use it after dinner, you will be free of powder worries until midnight.

So write me and find *your luckiest shade.* Let it flatter your beauty always—help you win more luck in life and love.

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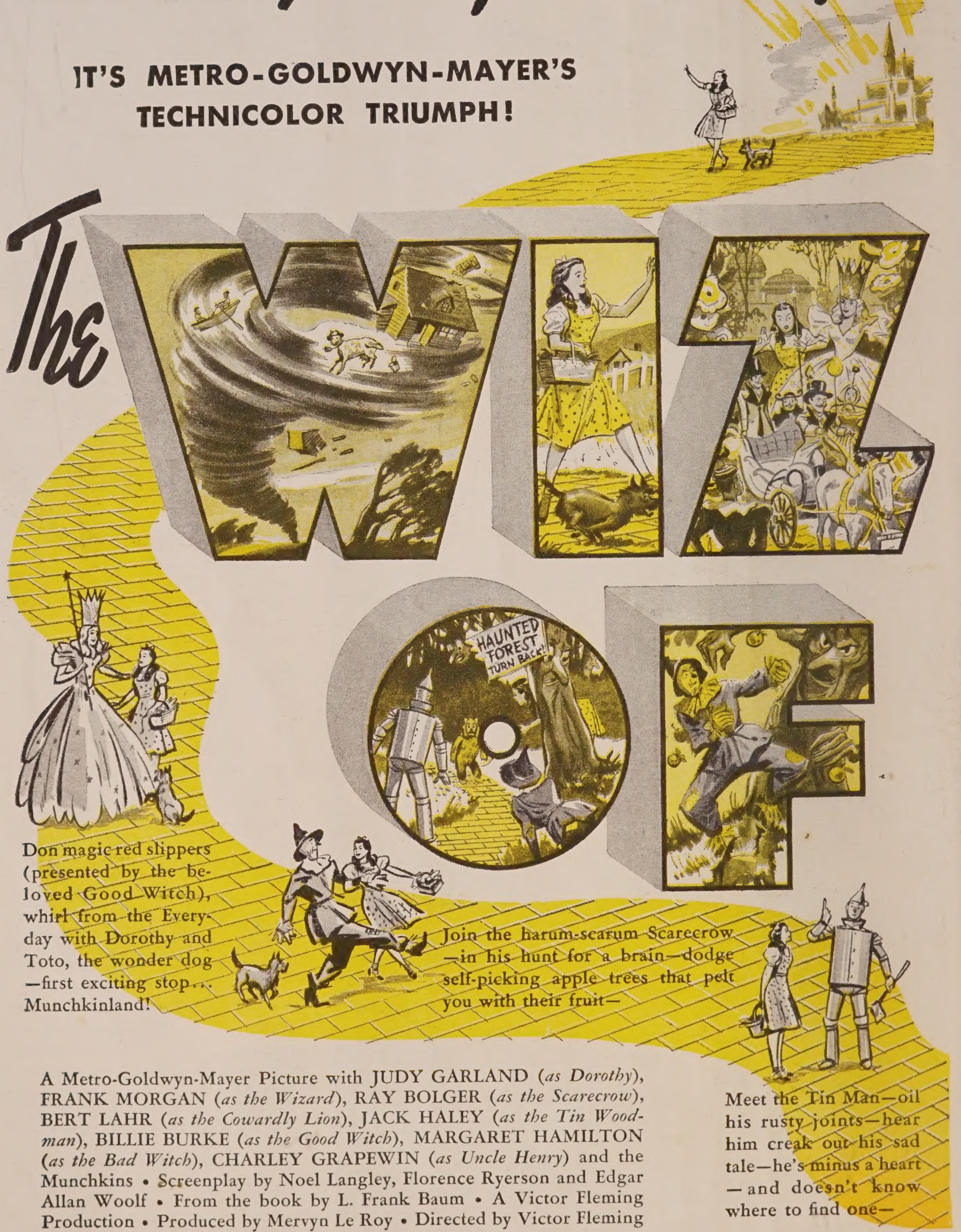
IT'S METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S TECHNICOLOR TRIUMPH!



Don magic red slippers (presented by the beloved Good Witch), whirl from the Everyday with Dorothy and Toto, the wonder dog —first exciting stop... Munchkinland!

Join the harum-scarum Scarecrow —in his hunt for a brain—dodge self-picking apple trees that pelt you with their fruit—

Meet the Tin Man—oil his rusty joints—hear him creak out his sad tale—he's minus a heart —and doesn't know where to find one—

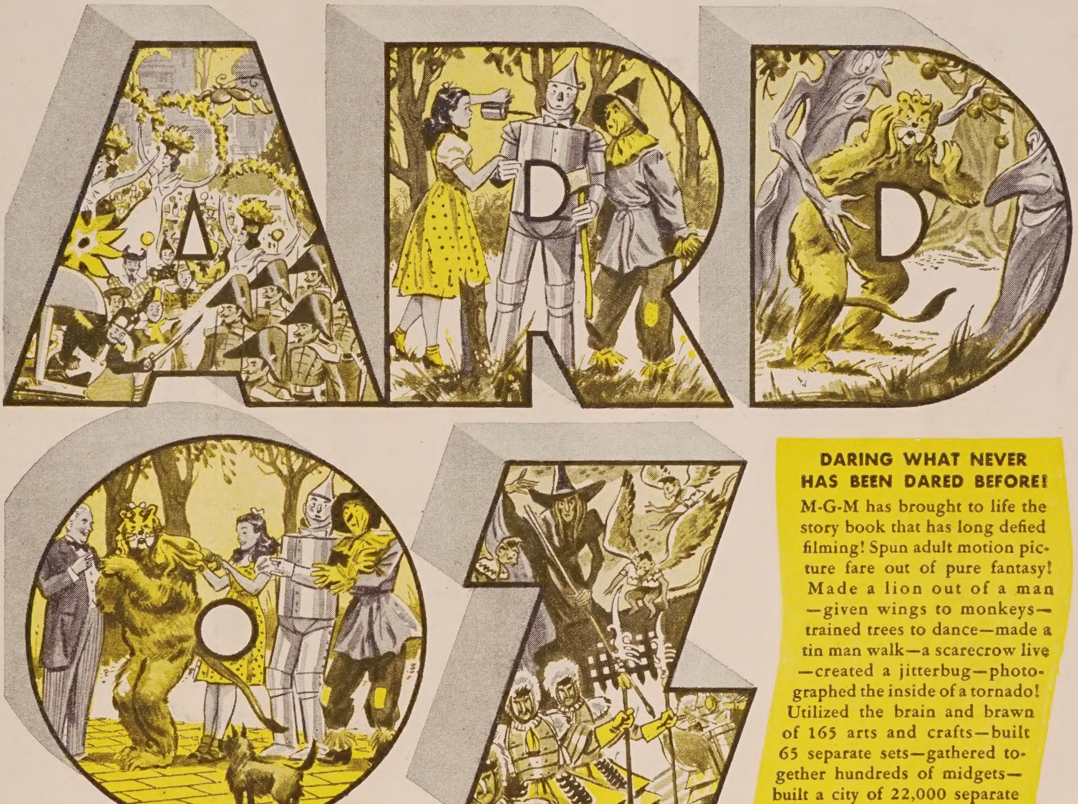
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture with JUDY GARLAND (*as Dorothy*), FRANK MORGAN (*as the Wizard*), RAY BOLGER (*as the Scarecrow*), BERT LAHR (*as the Cowardly Lion*), JACK HALEY (*as the Tin Woodman*), BILLIE BURKE (*as the Good Witch*), MARGARET HAMILTON (*as the Bad Witch*), CHARLEY GRAPEWIN (*as Uncle Henry*) and the Munchkins • Screenplay by Noel Langley, Florence Ryerson and Edgar Allan Woolf • From the book by L. Frank Baum • A Victor Fleming Production • Produced by Mervyn Le Roy • Directed by Victor Fleming

Glamour

Magic Music

BY HAROLD ARLEN AND E. Y. HARBURG

"Over the Rainbow"
"If I Only Had a Brain"
"We're Off to See the Wizard"
"The Merry Old Land of Oz"
"Ding Dong"
"If I Were King of the Forest"



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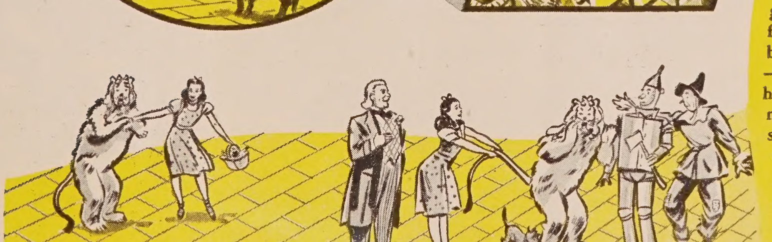
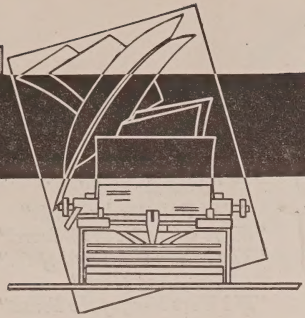
M-G-M has brought to life the story book that has long defied filming! Spun adult motion picture fare out of pure fantasy! Made a lion out of a man—given wings to monkeys—trained trees to dance—made a tin man walk—a scarecrow live—created a jitterbug—photographed the inside of a tornado! Utilized the brain and brawn of 165 arts and crafts—built 65 separate sets—gathered together hundreds of midgets—built a city of 22,000 separate glass objects—built a haunted forest—made 40,000 poppies bloom where none were before—used 35 make-up experts, headed by the dean of plastic make-up—created 212,180 separate sound effects—introduced a symphony of 120 musicians, a chorus of 300! Employed a total of 9,200 actors—rehearsed for months—solved engineering and photographing problems never before encountered—took two years to bring you one hundred minutes of scintillating, fascinating screen entertainment!



Coax along the Cowardly Lion—so utterly lacking in courage your adventures will fairly set his tail on end—

Don't let the Winged Monkeys or the Winkies head you off—keep going—marvel at the Emerald City—hail the Wizard of Oz himself.



UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

WE'RE not feeling very well today, and it's all because of Elsa Maxwell and a man named Frink. Elsa is the rotund wit who brings happiness to the hearts of the idle rich. This she does by organizing parties.

Mr. Frink is one of the idle rich. He owns a yacht and four immense houses, a string of polo ponies, seven imported automobiles and 30 blocks of slums in lower New York. Those slums certainly bring the money in! But Mr. Frink isn't happy. He has a peeve.

"Where is Elsa Maxwell?" he sobs. "We members of the Four Hundred can't get along without her. How am I going to entertain my friends with Elsa out in Hollywood?"

Well, Mr. Frink, we don't know. But we can hear your cry ringing from Long Island to Bar Harbor, caught up by 399 voices. "Where is Elsa?" the voices sob. And back comes the grim refrain, "Out in Hollywood making pictures."

Elsa, we wish you all sorts of luck in the movies—pahdon us—the cinema. But don't stay too long. Our heart aches for all those society folks. And when you can't stand their agony any longer, don't worry about us. We'll make out—somehow.

The *New* SCREEN BOOK offers you

TWO MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

The Picture Magazine begins on page 19.

The Story Magazine begins on page 58.

Tell your friends about this issue of

The *New* SCREEN BOOK

WE DON'T like to be a thorn in the side of the Lion. We have a great respect for Leo and the quality of the pictures his company usually turns out. But when we read that **M-G-M HAS PERMANENTLY SHELVED THE SINCLAIR LEWIS NOVEL, "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE,"** we feel that Leo has some explaining to do.

The announcement in the trade papers was notable for its vagueness. *Variety* said that Metro had shelved the story "after giving careful study to films recently made involving similar political and social equations." We don't doubt that "careful study" business. It must take plenty of "careful study" to shelve a $75,000 property. But *why? Why?*

For those who don't remember, *It Can't Happen Here* deals with the coming of an imaginary fascist dictatorship to America. It pictures with remarkable clarity the seeds of fascism, and the manner of a dictatorship's growth.

DOES M-G-M FEEL THE PROBLEM OF FASCISM IN AMERICA DOESN'T EXIST? We suggest they read the papers and consider the activities of groups promoting intolerance and racial discrimination. The problem is certainly as alive today as it was when Lewis wrote his novel.

Or does M-G-M believe that the situation has been presented too many times, that public interest is lacking? If that's true, why do newspapers devote headline space to Nazi activities in America? Newspaper editors don't make a practice of publishing news people don't care to read.

Metro says that careful study was given to films recently made. That study resulted in the decision to shelve *It Can't Happen Here.*

We haven't the figures at hand, but we feel reasonably certain that Warners' *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* didn't lose money. Did Metro decide that *It Can't Happen Here* would show a loss? *Why?*

Or is Metro afraid of the foreign markets? *Why?* Certainly the last few years have proved that foreign markets are more of a headache than an asset.

Can't Metro find actors with enough courage to play *It Can't Happen Here?* Warners managed to locate such people as Edward G. Robinson and Francis Lederer for *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.*

Once again, we don't like to annoy the Lion. But we feel that an explanation is due. Metro may argue that it's no one's business what they do with their properties. To that, we can only say that certain novels and certain plays become public property because of their importance. A clergyman of our acquaintance has a neat way of putting it. "Who owns the beautiful organ behind my pulpit?" he says. "Does it belong to the man who built it, the man who bought it and gave it to this church? Or does it belong to the people who listen to it and appreciate its great beauty?"

LEO, DOES "IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE" BELONG TO YOU AND LEWIS? OR DOES IT BELONG TO THE PEOPLE OF THIS NATION WHO WOULD SUFFER UNDER A DICTATORSHIP?

This column is open for an answer. We trust that our friends at M-G-M see fit to reply.

WE SEE we've been praising Warners left and right in this column. And that is as it should be. But we'd like to ask Warners a question. Why in the name of the seven sons of repetition do you make poor John Garfield do the same job over and over again? Sure, we know all about his role as *Diaz* in *Juarez.* But strip off the costume and Garfield of *Diaz* is the same Garfield we saw in *Four Daughters, Daughters Courageous* and *They Made Me a Criminal.*

We liked those pictures, but we also like Garfield. Maybe we don't know what we're talking about, but he seems to be a fellow who shouldn't be typed. There must be roles for Garfield which wouldn't require him to be a cross between Leslie Howard and Jimmy Cagney.

We are delighted with your response to the New SCREEN BOOK. Your letters have poured into this office during the last few weeks and we know now that you have been waiting for a magazine such as the New SCREEN BOOK.

As this is being written, the editors of SCREEN BOOK are gathering unusual pictorial material for the October issue. We know you will like it every bit as much as you liked the August issue and the one you are reading at this moment.

—The Editor.

CAGNEY

MEETS A RAFT OF TROUBLE!

For the first time—Jimmy and George crashing head-on—outblasting each other with a brand of dynamite no screen has offered before! Thrills beyond measure! Excitement beyond all precedent! . . . *It's the picture that tops 'Angels with Dirty Faces' and it's made by* WARNER BROS.

"EACH DAWN I DIE"

with

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Directed by *WILLIAM KEIGHLEY* • Presented by WARNER BROS.

Screen Play by Norman Reilly Raine and Warren Duff • From the Novel by Jerome Odlum • A First National Picture

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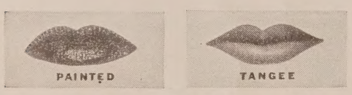

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

By HELEN HOVER

LATEST reports on Garbo, indicate that a two year absence from the screen hasn't changed her at all. A Swedish electrician on the set of *Ninotchka* tried to ingratiate himself in his fellow-countrywoman's good graces; did small favors for her and practically treated her like a queen. Finally he gathered up enough nerve to ask her for an autograph. Said Garbo: "When I first came here I said I wouldn't give autographs to anyone. If I gave one to you that would make me a liar, wouldn't it?" Mumbling sadly about the logic of her argument, the disillusioned electrician walked away. He felt a little better the next day when he learned that Garbo had also turned down Hedy Lamarr on her request for an autographed picture. This time Garbo's refusal was honey-coated. "How unattractive my photograph would appear after you looked in your own mirror." Greta must have been taking lessons in diplomacy while she was away.

Buddy Rogers' decision to disband his orchestra was due mostly to the fact that Mary Pickford was heartily sick of the business of being a touring bandleader's wife. Mary, whose great delight is entertaining, discovered that there wasn't much fun in having company if her husband wasn't home to "host" for her. With Mary feeling as she did, Buddy decided that this was as good a time as any to pick up his acting career again. While he and Mary are vacationing in England, he will look around for a film role there, and you can place high odds that when they return Mary may star him in one of her own film productions.

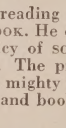
● While most of the Hollywood lovebirds have gone and done it this year, it seems that nothing less than a stick of dynamite will move a trio of long-standing twosomes. Janet Gaynor and Adrian still go together, but aren't any nearer the whiff of orange blossoms than they were months ago. The temperature of the Garbo-Stokowski romance is still desert heat, but no wedding plans are in sight. And Kay Francis who said she would give up her career for the Baron Barnekow, seems to have changed her mind. All hope is not lost, though. One established romance is practically at the altar—Cary Grant and Phyllis Brooks. Before Cary left for England to meet Brooksie, he denied that they would be married overseas. But he just smiled when someone asked him if he was holding out for an American wedding.

Vivien Leigh made no secret of the fact that she was teddibly lonely while working in *Gone With the Wind*. What with her five-year old daughter in England and her Laurence Olivier in New York, she didn't have much heart to enjoy herself. But things will be different soon. She hopes to have both Suzanne and Olivier with her in Hollywood. She will vacation in England, straighten up her personal (and marital?) matters, and bring her daughter to these shores. Olivier will have finished his highly successful Broadway engagement and come here to do another picture. The only one who is unhappy about the whole thing is the Telephone Company. What bills Vivien used to ring up with her long-distance phone calls to New York!

New
Different

Errol Flynn is shown reading the August issue of new SCREEN BOOK. He commented "I think the new policy of SCREEN BOOK Magazine is excellent. The pictures and editorial comments are mighty interesting. You have a grand book."

JEANETTE MacDONALD and Gene Raymond are convinced that they can't please everyone. At a preview one night, Gene hustled Jeanette into the theatre before the photographers could get a picture. The cameramen grumbled so much that the next time the Raymonds put themselves out to oblige the boys. One of the cameramen found himself out of flashbulbs. "Wait here till I get some more," he yelled, and ran to his car. Gene and Jeanette agreeably waited in front of the theatre after curtain time to help him out. Next day, a columnist criticized the obliging film pair for being "hammy" and courting publicity!



WE TRIED to congratulate Leo Gorcey after he and his young bride returned from their honeymoon. But Leo only grunted. How come? "Well, Kay and I spent four days of our two week honeymoon in the hospital, I fell down a hill into a lake on the very day that her head went through the car windshield. Then we went fishing, and her hook got caught in my lip. The doctor gave me three stitches. How would *you* feel?" Think Leo has something there.

[*Continued on page* 12]

"SCRAM, BIG BOY...
AND DON'T TRY TO TELL ME
GINGER'S MY MUMMY. I SAY SHE
AIN'T...AND I OUGHT TO KNOW!"

We believe you, Junior, but the boy friend doesn't, the landlady doesn't, the boss doesn't — and the boss' son doesn't. And this little difference of opinion develops into one of the biggest comedy hits in years! . . . How Ginger wins her man by losing the argument rouses as much hilarity as a tankful of laughing gas. Try either one if you want some fun!

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ROGERS · NIVEN
DAVID

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There's a laugh born every minute!

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Directed by Garson Kanin, Produced by B. G. DeSylva
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WOMEN all around you—some of them your best friends—are using Tampax regularly. Clubwomen, socialites, business women, housewives, actresses are enjoying the new freedom that goes with the use of Tampax. Over 150,000,000 have been sold in 63 countries. Don't let another month pass without discovering this modern, *civilized* sanitary protection for women!

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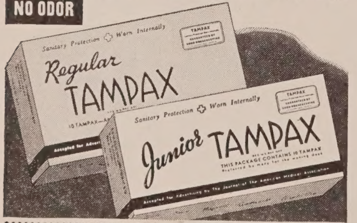

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 10]

Bing Crosby still rates the title for being the most nonchalant actor in Hollywood. Saw him at Paramount while he was going through a piece with Linda Ware in *The Star Maker*. Bing was reading: "You're going to be a big star. You'll grow up to shine and twinkle in the skies so that everyone will look at you. You're different. And if I could remember the rest of this blankety-blank speech, I'd keep on talking."

WAS Bob Burns happy to be a poppa again? Well, listen to this: Bob took a full page ad in several papers to announce the Blessed Event. He wrote the ad himself, in true Burnsian style. "I regret that I have but one life (a year) to give to my country." Does that mean he's planning to rival friend Bing in yearly output of heirs?

Add Glamor Notes: Joan Crawford in Cafe Lamaze wearing a black dress, black fingernails, black lipstick and black wig.

WE LOVE Cesar Romero. We always did. Now we know why. Gay and regular, Cesar never puts on a "movie star" act. Typical of him was a certain incident at Earl Carroll's glamor spot. He was with "Oomph" Sheridan, when a girl approached him shyly. "I have a bet with the people at my table that you'll dance with me." Cesar got up from his chair instantly. "Lady," he said, tucking his hand under her arm and leading her up to the dance stage, "that's the easiest money you ever made."

That's a cute idea the Hollywood swains have to tell the other guys to leave their girl friends alone. Cary Grant presented Phyllis Brooks with an anklet engraved: "Phyllis Brooks. If lost, please return to Cary Grant." Matter of fact, it was Walter Wanger who really started the fad a few months ago. His was in the form of a slave bracelet with the inscription: "Joan Bennett. If lost, please return to Walter Wanger."

● When Virginia Field goes back to New York, she's going to make a dash for the El Morocco night club. On Virginia's recent visit there, she and her New York boy friend, Herbert Klotz (honest, that's his name!) were voted the most photogenic couple there. Prize was a $100 credit check on the house. But next morning Virginia was on a fast train, rushing back to Hollywood. In her hand was the unused credit receipt. "It would have to happen on my last night in New York," wailed Virginia.

● That slave bracelet hasn't prevented Miss Bennett from straying. Fly in the ointment for Wanger is Woolworth Donahue, Barbara Hutton's cousin and five-and-ten heir. When Wanger persuaded Joan to accept the invitation to sail on the William Leeds' yacht to Acapules for a few weeks, how was he to know that his girl would come back with a new boy friend? "Woollie" really has it bad for Joan, and she isn't exactly disinterested. Wanger feels morose about the whole thing; tried to date Ann Sheridan in an effort to forget, but Annie was cold, prefers radio announcer John Conte. Have a hunch, though, that Joan will be back with Walter again. A romance of their long duration manages to get pieced together again, in spite of third-party interruptions.

ALL this about Jean Parker and husband George MacDonald dissolving isn't just talk. The two kids have been having a tough marital time of it and have been trying their darndest to adjust their problem. George quit a promising newspaper career in New York to stay in Hollywood with his wife, but he hasn't been doing too well here. Being an independent sort of guy, this situation has irked him. It's the same old story—the famous movie wife and the less successful husband. Recently, George went to New York for six weeks to try to connect with a publishing house and become the Hollywood representative of the firm. If it goes through, all will be lilacs and doves for them. If he doesn't—well, that might make him throw up Hollywood completely. The divorce rumors have been buzzing like mosquitoes around a swamp. Jean keeps her head through it all. She told me, "They're linking me with a half-dozen leading men in Hollywood. Why, my George is 14 times handsomer than any actor here." And that seems to be that.

● Mary Healy has discovered that being hailed as a "second Alice Faye" and having Edgar Bergen for a boy friend is no guarantee of recognition. She was stopped by an autograph scout at a preview. "You don't know who I am," blushed Mary. "Sure I do," said the pad-and-pencil girl. "You're Nancy Kelly's secretary."

WHAT a rabid Donald Duck fan Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is! Lucky for him, too, in a way. Helped him duck a crowd *that* big. At the preview of *The Sun Never Sets* at Hollywood's Pantages Theatre, Doug and his bride and David Niven were walking out of the theatre at the finish of the picture. As they were practically out of the door, Doug suddenly turned around and spotted the next feature. "Donald Duck," he whooped, and grabbed Mrs. F. and Niven by the hand to lead them back. "But darling," interrupted his wife, "we have a date and we're late as it is." Doug would hear none of it, so the three trooped back to their seats and laughed their heads off. Meanwhile, the autograph hunters outside thought Doug had sneaked out through a side entrance and left their posts. When Doug emerged, there was just a newsboy and two stubborn fans waiting, and he made the exit with no difficulty at all.

> *All was darkness on the set of* Lady of the Tropics. *Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr were wrapped up in a sultry love scene.*
>
> *Miss Lamarr: "Do you love me?"*
>
> *Mr. Taylor: "I'll tell you later."*
>
> *Miss Lamarr: "No, no, tell me now."*
>
> *Suddenly a voice shattered the smoldering episode. "What a dope! He has Hedy Lamarr in his arms and he can't make up his mind."*
>
> *The lights went on quickly and Groucho Marx was caught red-handed at the kibitzing.*

● Sir Walter Raleigh has his modern duplicate in more ways than one. Vincent Price, who plays Raleigh to Bette Davis' Queen Elizabeth, was disappointed when he learned that the famous incident where Raleigh lays his cape in the mud for the queen to step on wouldn't appear in the film. Said Price, a gallant and a Davis admirer: "I would be delighted to throw my cape down for Bette Davis any time!" Long live chivalry.

JACKIE COOGAN and Betty Grable have done a staunch job of finger-crossing since their reunion and put up a loud wail when Paramount ordered them on separate personal appearance tours for *Million Dollar Legs*. Jackie was sent to the South, Betty headed for Chicago and points East. When I saw Jackie he looked glum. "The papers will probably have us divorcing again," he muttered.

> *How to Stay Happy though Married Note: Whenever there's a spat in the Clark Gable household, the one who considers himself in the wrong sends the other a stuffed dove of peace. Score for the first month is: Carole sent 3; Clark 9.*

● Height of consideration has been achieved by Gene Autry. When he goes to London this summer, with Champion, he will take an extra horse along to keep Champion company. Critics were quick to pounce on this gesture, crying that it's a shameless luxury to pamper a horse when there are people starving. Animal lovers, however, defend Autry's action as being humanitarian. Horses require company, and a six-day ocean journey in the confined quarters of a boat could kill an animal as sensitive and high-strung as Champion.

Now that Greer Garson has flashed along the horizon as the dramatic find of 1939, everyone wonders why she was kept in complete inactivity last year. I hear she was originally supposed to have appeared with Luise Rainer in *The Toy Wife* but she was so good in her tests, she out-acted Rainer

[*Continued on page* 14]

Which Odor in Bath Soap is Lucky for You?

Before you use any soap to overcome body odor, smell the soap! Then instinctively, you will choose a soap with the fragrance men love!

SUCCESS in love turns on such unexpected things! Just when you feel victory is yours, your luck deserts you—something happens to transform your confidence into confusion.

Nine times out of ten you blame the you that is deep in you. Your whole personality goes vacant and hopeless.

But, such disillusionments should only be temporary. Too bad, most women take them deeply to heart, when the trouble can be so easily avoided. It's too big a price to pay for ignoring this secret of arming yourself with loveliness.

Yes, go by the "smell test" when you buy soap to overcome body odor. Trust no soap for body odor until you smell the soap itself for daintiness.

Instinctively, you will prefer the costly perfume of Cashmere Bouquet. For Cashmere Bouquet is the only fragrance of its kind in the world, a secret treasured by us for years. It's a fragrance men love! A fragrance with peculiar affinity for the senses of men.

Massage each tiny ripple of your body daily with this delicate, penetrating lather! Glory in the departure of unwelcome body odor.

Thrill as your senses are kissed by Cashmere Bouquet's exquisite perfume! Be radiant, and confident to face the world!

You'll love this creamy-white soap for complexion, too! Its gentle, caressing lather removes dirt and cosmetics so thoroughly, and leaves skin smooth and radiant.

So buy Cashmere Bouquet Soap before you bathe tonight. Get three cakes at the special price featured everywhere.

3 *for* 25¢ *Wherever finer soaps are sold*

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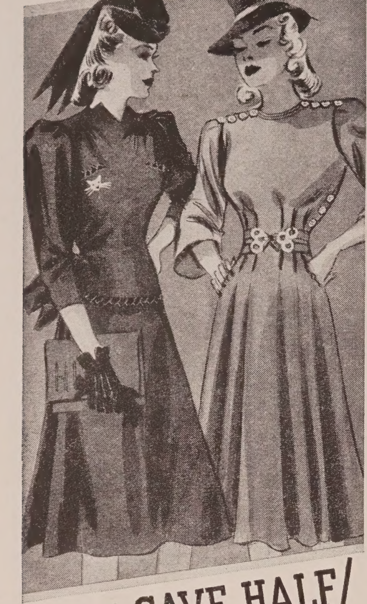
Cashmere Bouquet SOAP
The Fragrance Men Love

Dress with
SOPHISTICATED SMARTNESS!



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■ In addition, we include the newest creations of BETTY WALES, the famous designer, and head of our Personal Fashion Service. If you want to become the best dressed woman in your set, send today for our MAGAZINE OF FASHION FOR FALL . . . it's **FREE!**

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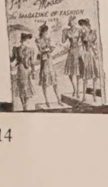

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 13*]

all the way. Well, at least she was saved in cellophane for *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.* And that is something to be grateful for.

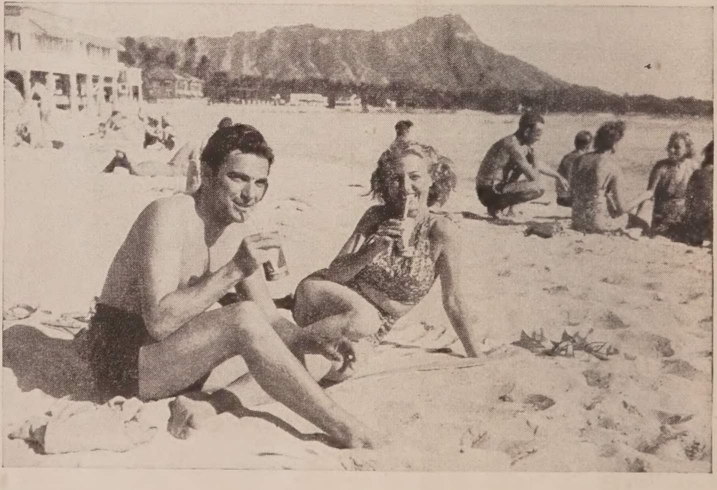
THE American hat manufacturers have a peeve against Annabella. It was all right for her to go hatless when she was just Annabella—but now that she's Mrs. Tyrone Power, the effects are disastrous. Girls all over the country are doing without hats, reasoning that if Ty likes it that way, they'll step right into line. Now the milliners are appealing to the French girl to wear a topper over her blond windblown. Such are the responsibilities which fall upon a screen idol's wife.

FOR the umpty-umpth time this year, Joan Blondell has heard that she's going to have a baby. I asked her. The answer is—at the moment—no. "Don't know how or why the rumors start," laughed Joan. "I don't say I won't have a large family, but why do people insist that I'm on the verge of having another. At that, I guess I'm luckier than the other girls who have gossipers separating them from their husbands. I'd rather have baby rumors than divorce rumors any day."

● The most touching human interest story in town is that of Wallace Beery and daughter Carol Ann. When Wally was afraid that his wife's divorce would deprive him of Carol Ann's company, he walked around with such a long face, you could have hung pictures on it. Now Wally has what practically amounts to full custody of the little girl, and he looks like a new man. His whole life is wrapped up in the child, and he's seriously considering adopting two more youngsters about her age so that his happiness can be tripled. Met Beery and his "best girl" at the Brown Derby and they were chattering away like mad. Wally looked up and winked. "I'm taking Carol Ann to New York with me, and we're talking over plans. What a shopping bender she's going on. I feel sorry for my pocketbook already."

Bumped into Ken Murray at Marcels' one night and he told me he was building a 15-room home in Brentwood. "That's a pretty big place for one guy," I said. "Don't be silly," said Ken, "you don't think I'm going to live in it alone." Coaxing and pleading—and even a bribe of Harpo Marx' red wig—wouldn't make Ken come across with the lady's name. "It's taken me two years to get her to say yes, and I won't risk it by talking too much now." The next four nights Ken was seen with Andrea Leeds. What's your guess?

● Una Merkel may look like a clinging Southern dumbbunny, but actually she's a girl of action. She went to a small night club with several friends, and a glaring light directly over the table blinked in everyone's eyes and bothered them. No one knew what



Honeymooners Florence Rice and Robert Wilcox, popular Hollywood actors, take time out between swimming and surfing at Waikiki to sun and sip a cool drink to do about it. Not even the waiter. They were all blinking uncomfortably when Una quietly removed her shoe. With a perfect aim, she pitched her shoe at the offending bulb and knocked it for a bulls-eye. There was an audible gasp. Then Una nonchalantly put her shoe on again and purred, "Oh, yes, what were you saying," and everything was hunky-dory again.

THAT silent little feud between Jackie Cooper and Mickey Rooney now has a romantic injection. She's Sheila O'Sullivan, Maureen's kid sister, who recently arrived in Hollywood from Ireland to do some movie work here. During her first month in town, Jackie and Mickey fell over each other in efforts to date her. No wonder she wants to stay in Hollywood. You'll probably see her in the next *Tarzan* picture, playing her real role of Maureen's sister. Maureen would like to quit the *Tarzan* series, and Sheila may inherit the female role.

● Kay Aldridge, the "perfect model" from New York has been leading such a decorous life in Hollywood where she went to play in *Hotel for Women* that the Studio Club voted her the epitome of perfect deportment and elected her to its house committee. This caused Gregory Ratoff to gasp in wonder, "I never saw a girl with more virtue and bigger appetite!"

APPARENTLY Edna Best came to America for the sole purpose of making *Intermezzo* and not to give Herbert Marshall his freedom to marry Lee Russell. Seems as though English audiences are persnickety about the private lives of their film favorites and don't go for a divorcee like they do for a gal who holds on to the marriage bonds.

Sorry we can't resist the temptation to give you another Ratoff Goldwynism. It's our favorite. It's about our friend, Miss Aldridge, too. Kay laid down the law to the studio on her publicity buildup. "I don't care what you do with me as long as you don't make me dye my hair, use phony eyelashes or too much make-up shellac." Ratoff, as smart a showman as they come, seconded her. "Good," he said. "That'll be terrific. It will make you famous. Don't use any make-up at all. Garbo has her silence, Dietrich has her pants. You be the girl without a face."

MARLENE DIETRICH isn't the only clothes-mad woman in Hollywood. You remember, Marlene went into a huff and walked out of a New York night club when she noticed a woman there wearing an identical gown. When Mrs. Jack Benny walked into Cafe LaMaze and saw a necklace like her own on a woman at the next table, she glared hard enough to melt the stone. Her jeweler had told her the bauble was created especially for her, and he heard plenty from her the next day.

Behind the announcement of Cissie Loftus' engagement by Warner Brothers to play Leo Gorcey's grandmother in The Dead End Kids at Military School *is the fine hand of Bette Davis. Bette met the elderly Miss Loftus eight years ago when she first came to Hollywood from Broadway, a slightly frightened kid. Cissie, a veteran performer, took Bette under her wing and kept her from running back to New York in defeat. Taught her some histrionic tricks which later rated her as the leading film actress of the day. Time passes, and times change. Bette is now considered the great film artist, and she has the various powers and influence that go with this prestige. Miss Loftus has had rough sailing. Bette sent for her to come to Hollywood, and began a one-woman campaign to get her a good break in the films. Bette is convinced that Cissie is another Marie Dressler, and is button-holing many a producer and director to sell him on her. Bette suits her words to action, too; backed Miss Loftus in a recital and sold tickets so that the movie big shots would see her white-haired friend in action.*

Ninety-nine per cent of the nation's husbands would have given everything to change places with Leslie Fenton. He was directing wife Ann Dvorak in *Stronger Than Desire* when she walked in with one

[*Continued on page* 16]

Fresh charm, new beauty — **can come with a Lovelier Skin!**

READ CHARMING MRS. CONNORS' BEAUTY ADVICE:

Camay helps my skin look its very best—and I can't ask more than that of any beauty care! If you want to help your skin look its loveliest, just be faithful to Camay!

Weehawken, N. J. (*Signed*) MARGARET CONNORS
April 28, 1939 (*Mrs. Vincent J. Connors*)

WOULD you expect to help bring out the hidden beauty of *your* skin without giving it expert care—a *beauty* care? Of course not! Nothing is more important, according to charming Mrs. Connors, than thorough, but gentle cleansing—and *she* recommends Camay!

You'll like Camay, too! For Camay's searching beauty bubbles cleanse skin completely . . . yet their caressing *mildness* makes even sensitive skin grateful for such gentle care! *For your beauty bath, too,* you'll find Camay a wonderful help in keeping skin on back and shoulders lovely—a refreshing aid to daintiness! Yet Camay costs so little! Get three cakes today! Watch *your* skin respond to its gentle care!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

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French Women Bathed in Strawberries

Favorites of Napoleon's court made natural loveliness more entrancing with baths in crushed strawberries.

Glamour Girls Use DJER-KISS

The intoxicating scent of Djer-Kiss Talc makes the modern girl enchanting, weaves for her a spell of glamour.

Start your day the Djer-Kiss way! Bathe your entire body with this delightful talc each morning. Djer-Kiss is refreshing, helps you begin the day dainty and cool. Clothes feel more comfortable. Your skin seems soft as satin . . . you are alluringly fragrant from head to toe. Use plenty of Djer-Kiss, for the cost is small. 25¢ and 75¢ sizes at drug and toilet goods counters. Generous 10-cent size at all ten-cent stores. Get your Djer-Kiss talc *today!*

The same exquisite fragrance in Djer-Kiss Sachet; Eau de Toilette; and Face Powder.

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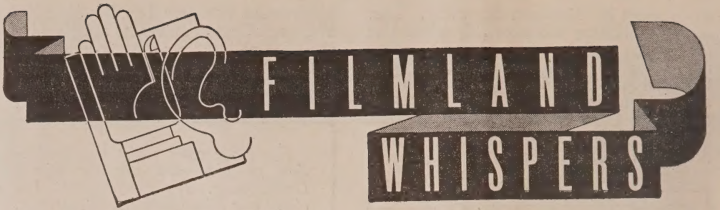

FILMLAND WHISPERS

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of those eyepatch hats. You know, the kind that husbands squirm at. Leslie took one look, and then a victorious gleam came into his eyes. "Go to wardrobe and get another hat! As your husband I can't do anything about it, but as a director—boy, I don't have to look at it."

NO GAY summer vacation for Patsy Kelly or for Mary Livingston. Patsy is spending her vacation at Cedars of Lebanon where she will undergo a stomach operation. Jack Benny's partner will spend her time having a cyst in her eye treated. The cyst had been bothering her for quite a time, but Mary blithely postponed the day of the ordeal, observing, "I'll let it grow real large. Then I'll be able to take a long time recuperating!"

When Dottie Lamour visited New York, she found chorus girls at the International Casino wearing sarongs. She is shown autographing one of the garments she made famous

EARL CARROLL is really burning at the wholesale thefting of his beauties by the film producers. The flickers' most recent acquisition is showgirl Susan Paley. Susan is a Junoesque, green-eyed blonde who was one of the reasons Jimmy Stewart hung around the place. But to get back to Carroll's complaint: "Many of these girls have been in Hollywood for years," he protests, "and couldn't get a movie break. Then after I put in so much work training them, the producers step right in and grab my finished products. It may be flattering but I'm not running a training school and I'm getting a little tired of replacing my girls with new ones every month!"

CONSTANCE BENNETT'S friends are trying to dissuade her from going through with all those lawsuits she is piling up. One intimate pointed out to her the fact that a minor lawsuit can stray from its original purpose, and develop into dangerous headlines. Remember the disaster which befell Clara Bow and Simone Simon when they started lawsuits against their respective secretaries. So much dirty linen, which had absolutely nothing to do with the case at hand, was brought out that it backfired on the girls and almost finished their careers.

DAVID NIVEN had his English poise ruffled when he was working with baby Elbert in *Bachelor Mother*. David had to carry the baby, but just couldn't get the hang of it. The infant bawled every time he saw David and take after take had to be shot. Finally, after struggling all morning with

the five-months-old, the scene was shot. A visitor on the set walked over to the perspiring Niven and asked: "What part do you play in the picture." Niven cast a frightened look at Elbert cooing in his cradle. "The title role!" he answered wryly.

MAYBE this is one reason why Bette Davis is considered the greatest actress in pictures. At Warner Brothers, I heard her arguing with make-up man Perc Westmore. She was trying to convince him that she ought to play the role of Queen Elizabeth in *The Knight and the Lady* with a shaven head! She intends to follow history by wearing a wig, but in one scene where she removes the wig, Bette wants to reveal the Queen as being practically bald. Wonder if any other actress in Hollywood would be willing to sacrifice her vanity for authenticity?

CREDIT Nancy Kelly with a neat bit of "Columbusing." One night at La Conga, Nancy heard a girl do a bit of impromptu vocalizing. Nancy thought the voice was rich with charm and color and asked to be introduced to the young singer. When she learned that the girl was Martha Burnette, a non-professional from Oklahoma City who knew few people in town, Nancy immediately phoned Mrs. Kelly to tell her of her discovery. Mrs Kelly, who did a pretty successful job of managing her own daughter, promptly took the girl under her wing and is grooming her as a new vocal bet. So far, Nancy has managed to get her own studio, 20th Century-Fox, interested in the girl to the point where they will sign her for one of their many musicals.

CHEER up, girls. Even though Gable, Fairbanks, Eddy, Power and Taylor have gotten themselves attached this year, there still remains a free, white and over-21 Hollywood eligible who is itching to get married. And to make things even brighter, he's not looking for a glamor girl but "a short, non-professional brunette." Edgar Bergen's the guy. And about those specifications? Well, Edgar likes 'em vivacious. And he says that's where the peppy half-pinters have it all over the languid girls of clothes-horse proportions. Ditto on the brunette qualification. As for the non-professional angle. "I've been in show business all my life," says Edgar wistfully, "and I've never yet met a girl in the theatre who wasn't more interested in making a name for herself than a home for her husband." Don't be fooled by the rumors which connect Edgar with singer Kay St. Germaine. Kay is a hearty, wholesome girl who is a good friend of his—that's all.

This is the new SCREEN BOOK. Enjoy the pictures beginning on page 19. Then turn to the stories on page 58.

LIFE'S darkest moment came to Jackie Cooper when he learned that his heavy picture schedule would prevent him from taking to the road this summer for a 12-week personal appearance tour with his swingy "Clambake Cats." The kid is really an expert stick-slinger, and he holds noisy jam sessions Sunday afternoons at his home which draw the cream of Hollywood's swing fans. The loyalty between Jackie and the boys in his band is something to cheer about. Because he realizes that the band won't get bookings without their leader, he solves their idle lapses neatly. Insists that they be given parts in his pictures! The whole crew was scattered about in *What a Life*, and are raising a rumpus in *Seventeen*.

A FAMOUS movie prop was forever removed from circulation with the decision of the Clark Gables to preserve their privacy. When Clark and Carole moved into the white farmhouse they bought from Raoul Walsh, they decreed that the house could not be rented out as a location setting. Walsh had always been obliging about renting out his Early American farmhouse located on a hill for film scenes. Maybe Clark was afraid that a roaming camera might get a shot of him from the rear as he ploughed the grounds. Yes, Clark has really gone in for the rural life. Even rides into town in his own station wagon.

"I WAS A LEMON IN THE *Garden of Love...*"

LISTERINE
LAMBERT
Tested and Approved
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"For several unhappy years I was a lemon in the garden of love.

"While other girls, no more attractive than I, were invited everywhere, I sat home alone.

"While they were getting engaged or married, I watched men come and go.

"Why did they grow indifferent to me so quickly? What was my trouble?

"A chance remark showed me the humiliating truth. My own worst enemy was my breath. The very thing I hated in others, I myself was guilty of.

"From the day I started using Listerine Antiseptic*. . . things took a decided turn for the better.

"I began to see people . . . go places. Men, interesting men, wealthy men admired me and took me everywhere.

"Now, one nicer than all the rest has asked me to marry him.

"Perhaps in my story there is a hint for other women who think they are on the shelf before their time; who take it for granted their breath is beyond reproach when as a matter of fact it is not."

* Listerine Antiseptic cleans and freshens the mouth, halts fermentation of food particles, a major cause of mouth odors, and leaves the breath sweeter, purer, and more agreeable. Use it morning and night, and between times before business and social engagements. It pays rich dividends in popularity.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

In the Social Whirl —IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

Both thrilled over the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care they can give their skin today*

Before Her Guests Arrive—Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III, busy member of Philadelphia's young married set, steals a moment for an interview.

Yachting Enthusiast—Mrs. Drexel enjoys cruising in southern waters off Nassau. The family's palatial yacht is known around the world.

Belle of Masquerade—Mrs. Drexel's regal costume holds every eye. After hours of dancing, she still looks fresh and charming.

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Do you have to spend a lot of time and money on your complexion, Blanche?

ANSWER:

"No, I can't! I haven't much of either. But thanks to Pond's two creams, it isn't necessary. I cream my skin with their cold cream night and morning and when I freshen up at lunch hour. After this cleansing, I always smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Mrs. Drexel, how do you ever find time to keep your skin so smooth and glowing?

ANSWER:

"It takes no time at all. To get my skin really clean and fresh, I just cream it thoroughly with Pond's Cold Cream. Now that it contains Vitamin A, I have an added reason for using it! Then to smooth little roughnesses away, I pat on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—one application does it."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

Don't sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER:

"Not when I protect it with Pond's Vanishing Cream! Just one application smooths little roughnesses right away."

QUESTION TO MRS. DREXEL:

Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your cold cream?

ANSWER:

"Because it's the 'skin-vitamin'—skin without enough Vitamin A gets rough and dry. So I'm glad I can give my skin an extra supply of this important 'skin-vitamin' with each Pond's creaming."

QUESTION TO MISS BREWER:

What steps do you take to keep your make-up glamorous all evening?

ANSWER:

"Before I go out on a date, I get my skin good and clean with Pond's Cold Cream. That makes it soft, too. Then I smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream so my skin takes make-up evenly—holds powder longer."

---

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

POND'S
COLD CREAM FOR Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM FOR Finishing

Landed Gov't Job—Blanche Brewer of Clarksdale, Miss., keeps books. Starred in recent beauty "survey" among capital employees.

Sunday Afternoon Canoe Trip—Blanche flashes a winning smile at her admiring escort as he talks to her across the paddle.

After the Movies—Blanche says a lingering "good night" on the front steps. She and her sister share small apartment in Washington.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 6-CVJ, Clinton, Conn.

Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name__________

Street__________

City__________ State__________

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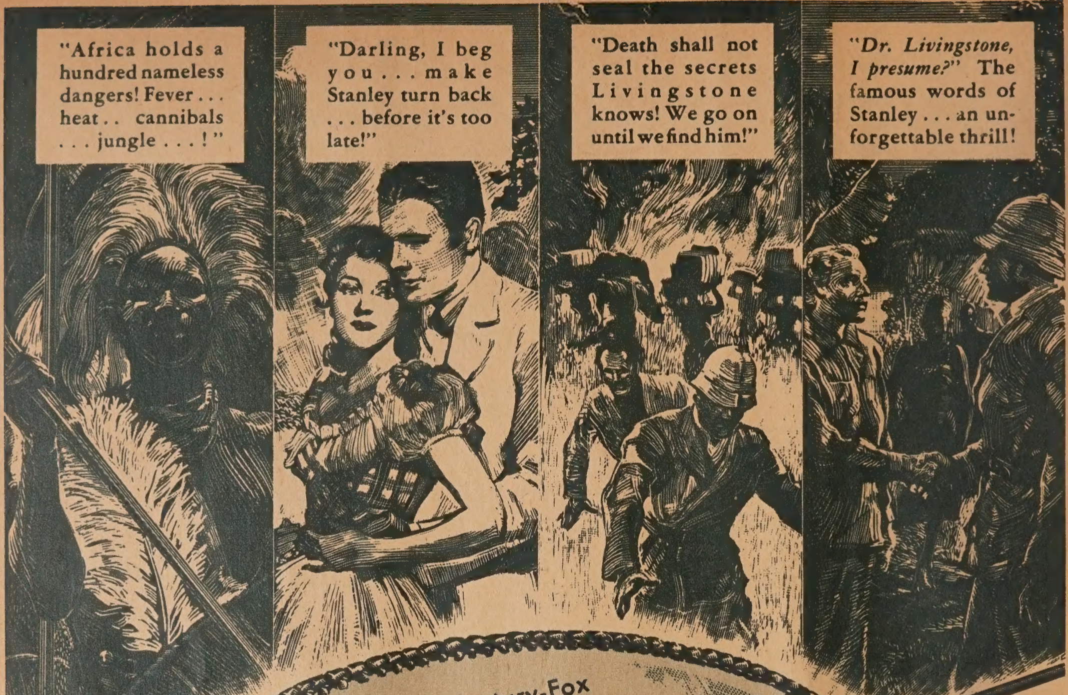
This is Screen Book's Picture Section Stories Begin on Page 58

CHARLES BOYER

Appearing in Universal's "Modern Cinderella"


"Africa holds a hundred nameless dangers! Fever . . . heat . . cannibals . . . jungle . . . !"
"Darling, I beg you . . . make Stanley turn back . . . before it's too late!"
"Death shall not seal the secrets Livingstone knows! We go on until we find him!"
"*Dr. Livingstone, I presume?*" The famous words of Stanley . . . an unforgettable thrill!
MATHIEU

Twentieth Century-Fox
presents
Darryl F. Zanuck's Production
of

STANLEY *and* LIVINGSTONE

with the finest acting cast
ever assembled!

Another masterful performance by SPENCER TRACY *. . . twice winner of the Academy Award!*

starring

SPENCER TRACY · NANCY KELLY · RICHARD GREENE

Walter Brennan · Charles Coburn · Sir Cedric Hardwicke · Henry Hull · Henry Travers

Directed by Henry King

Associate Producer Kenneth Macgowan · Screen Play by Philip Dunne and Julien Josephson · Historical Research and Story Outline by Hal Long and Sam Hellman

THE GREATEST ADVENTURE KNOWN TO MAN!

What Dictates Your Movie ENTERTAINMENT?

HOW does a studio decide what kind of picture to make? What happens when Warners or M-G-M plan the yearly production schedule? Do the executives gaze into a crystal ball, consult a fortune teller? Do they lock themselves up in a dark room, wait hopefully for a bright thought and suddenly cry, "We'll make a Western?"

Facetious critics of Hollywood sometimes feel that the methods of decision are as careless as those suggested above. But the fourth largest industry in the country can't afford to gamble. Million dollar productions are not made because of someone's hunch. There are certain sources of movie material, certain amusement trends which dictate the type of picture you'll see tomorrow and next year.

As the consumer of Hollywood's product, your voice is important. Studios try to make pictures you'll like, and the subjects of these pictures are founded on an analysis of current public interests. On these pages SCREEN BOOK points out some of the sources which dictate your movie entertainment. First among them are. . . .

CURRENT BOOKS

Popular best sellers are purchased by the movies because the public has demonstrated interest in them. Thus, *Gone With the Wind* and *The Rains Came* are being made into movies. The photo at far right shows Myrna Loy and George Brent in a scene from *The Rains Came*. The popular books of yesterday also furnish studios with material. *Little Women, Kidnapped, Les Miserables, Tale of Two Cities, Huckleberry Finn* and *Wuthering Heights* were all based on famous novels. Studio inventories list hundreds of stories which might be turned into pictures

GONE WITH the WI
The Rains Came
LOUIS BROMFIELD

SUCCESSFUL PLAYS

Hollywood watches Broadway with an eagle eye, for a successful play can usually be made into a successful movie. The tastes of the general public differ only slightly from those of the playgoing public. When *The Women* (far left) clicked on Broadway, M-G-M bought the rights, will release it in several months. Arrow points to a scene from the movie version. *On Borrowed Time, Dead End* and *Idiot's Delight* are a few of the plays picked up by Hollywood

CONTINUED

CURRENT NEWS

During recent years Americans have become aware of the menace of Fascism. Newspaper headlines describe the brutality prevalent in Germany, the constant pressure of Hitler on Europe. Because of this interest in current news, some studios have made pictures which stem directly from the headlines. Warners made *Confessions of a Nazi Spy* (left) because of an awareness of those who wept in Germany beneath the heavy hand of the world's ace madman. Headlines dictate movie entertainment

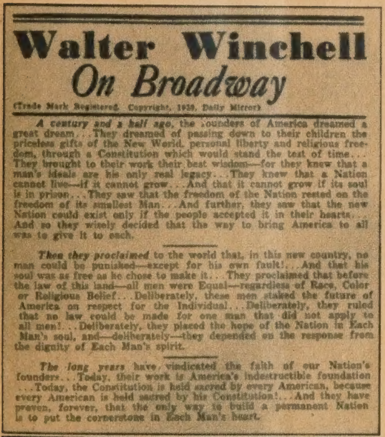
SUCCESSFUL OLD PICTURES

The movie industry shares the attitude of every other industry toward success. Certain pictures made during the silent era were eminently successful. Then why not make them again—this time in sound? The three stalwarts at right, Ralph Forbes, Ronald Colman and Neil Hamilton, thrilled movie audiences in the first *Beau Geste.* Now, in 1939, Paramount is remaking *Beau Geste* (lower photo). *The Hunchback of Notre Dame* is to be remade within a few months. *Robin Hood* was so successful that it was done again

RECENT HIT THEMES

Your movie entertainment is dictated by the success of current movies—those which proved profitable to the studios during recent years. Hollywood doesn't like to take chances. A successful Western will start a series of Westerns. *It Happened One Night* started a run of pictures based on the same theme. The past year has been marked by a series of super Westerns — *Stagecoach, Union Pacific, Dodge City, The Oklahoma Kid* and others. *Mr. Deeds Goes To Town* was a successful picture. It starred Gary Cooper in a role which everyone enjoyed. At present Columbia is making *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington.* Photos are from these two pictures

REVIVED INTEREST IN AMERICAN HISTORY



Walter Winchell
On Broadway

(Trade Mark Registered. Copyright, 1939, Daily Mirror)

A century and a half ago, the founders of America dreamed a great dream . . They dreamed of passing down to their children the priceless gifts of the New World, personal liberty and religious freedom, through a Constitution which would stand the test of time . . . They brought to their work their best wisdom—for they knew that a man's ideals are his only real legacy . . .They knew that a Nation cannot live—if it cannot grow. . .And that it cannot grow if its soul is in prison . . .They saw that the freedom of the Nation rested on the freedom of its smallest Man. . .And further, they saw that the new Nation could exist only if the people accepted it in their hearts. . . And so they wisely decided that the way to bring America to all was to give it to each.

Then they proclaimed to the world that, in this new country, no man could be punished—except for his own fault! . . And that his soul was as free as he chose to make it. . . They proclaimed that before the law of this land—all men were Equal—regardless of Race, Color or Religious Belief. . .Deliberately, these men staked the future of America on respect for the Individual. . .Deliberately, they ruled that no law could be made for one man that did not apply to all men! . . .Deliberately, they placed the hope of the Nation in Each Man's soul, and—deliberately—they depended on the response from the dignity of Each Man's spirit.

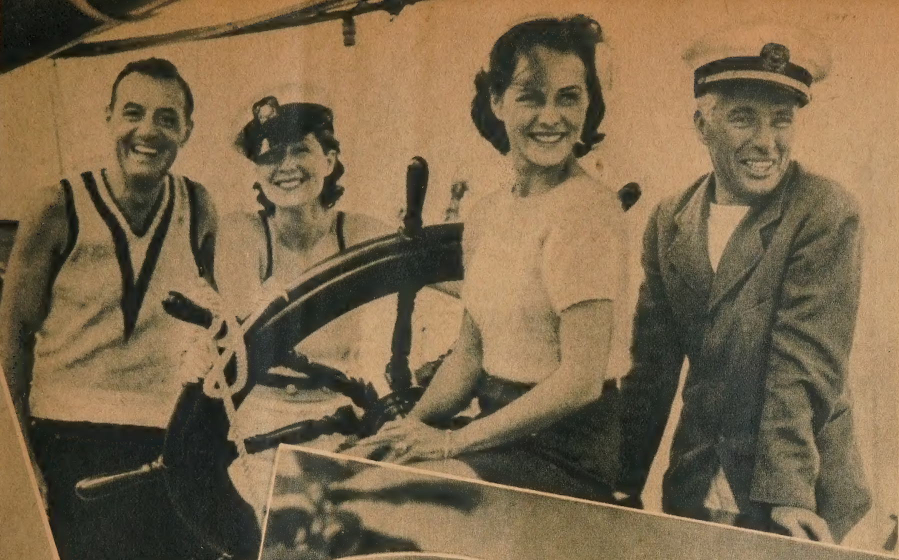
The long years have vindicated the faith of our Nation's founders. . .Today, their work is America's indestructible foundation . . .Today, the Constitution is held sacred by every American, because every American is held sacred by his Constitution! . . .And they have proven, forever, that the only way to build a permanent Nation is to put the cornerstone in Each Man's heart.

Significant during recent years has been the renewed interest in Americanism. Much of it is due to the influence of Walter Winchell. His column has helped make Americans conscious of American history, ideals. The movies, consequently, have produced pictures based on American history. Photo above is from *Young Mr. Lincoln*

PAULETTE GODDARD—

WHY IS SHE CALLED HOLLYWOOD'S MYSTERY WOMAN?

From the moment her star first blazed across the Hollywood heavens, vivacious, beautiful Paulette Goddard has been the subject of constant rumors, gossip, speculation. Her title as "Hollywood's Mystery Woman" originated from her alleged marriage to Charlie Chaplin, never publicly announced by either. On these pages, for the first time, SCREEN BOOK tells the whole story about Paulette Goddard, dispelling once and for all the mystery aura which has enveloped her slim, shapely body. Paulette is now appearing in Paramount's "The Cat and the Canary," and M-G-M's "The Women"



The mystery of Paulette Goddard stems from the question of whether or not she is married to Charlie Chaplin. According to Hollywood gossip, the couple were married aboard Chaplin's yacht *Invader* sometime in 1933. At left, Goddard and Chaplin are shown on the *Invader* with Franklin Ardell and Norma Shearer. There has even been a mysterious change in Paulette's appearance since she first arrived in Hollywood. In the early days she was a buxom blonde (circle) but now she's the svelte brunette shown below. Much of her working time has been spent in the Chaplin Studios (bottom), which resembles a row of private homes

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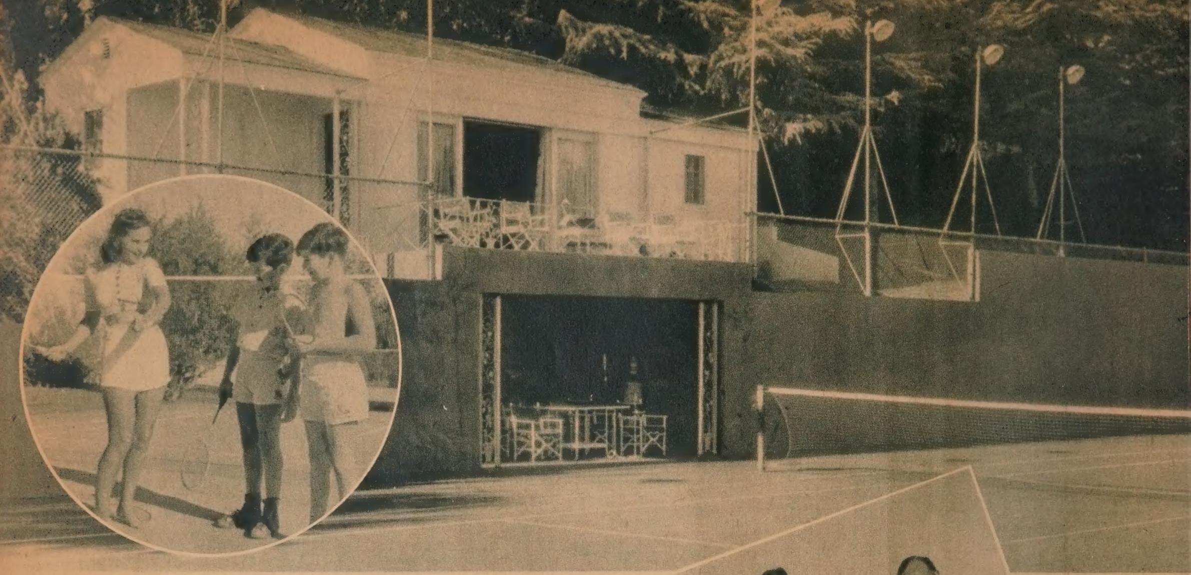


People often wonder how Paulette gets along with the Chaplin boys. She plays tennis, golf with them; idolizes them as they do her. Photo above shows the trio on the tennis court at Chaplin's home

Paulette is popular, but few people know her well. She is shown above with Charles Farrell, Ralph Bellamy, Spencer Tracy, Rudy Vallee and Charles Butterworth at a Hollywood tennis club

The photo below should dispel any doubts about Chaplin-Goddard domesticity. Part of the mystery is due to rumors created by Paulette's appearance with other men. Chaplin urges her to go out and have fun when he is too busy to go along

You may not recognize her, but the girl at left, below with Eddie Cantor, is Paulette. When she first came to Hollywood she was a blonde. She had a long term contract with Hal Roach, but no one can recall any pictures she made during that period

Paulette has a beautiful figure, as these photos demonstrate. She weighs 110, is five feet four inches tall and 28 years old

The magnificent Chaplin estate is shown in the airplane view at left. Goddard and Chaplin hold many parties which are attended by the "bluebloods" of filmdom. At these functions, Paulette is gracious—and a little reserved

One of Paulette's closest friends is Jinx Falkenberg, shown in the swim suit at left. Part of the Goddard mystery is that despite her popularity she has very few intimate friends

Russian Dressing—or how the man of the Auer puts on a dressing gown. It's done for the benefit of dear old Publicity

Study of a man who holds five aces—and is ready to defend 'em with his life. Mischa's next picture will be Universal's *Unexpected Father*

ONE AUER OF MADNESS

MADDEST of all professional Hollywood madmen is Mischa, the Auer. Mischa is the Nabob of nuttiness whose acrobatic eyes have rolled him straight up the road to movie fame. Most of the time he works for Universal, racing around in their pictures, filling hospitals with hysteria cases and posing for publicity stills such as the ones shown here.

No discussion of Mischa, the Pischa, would be complete without the question: "Is the guy really *sane*?" We can only answer regretfully that in his non-professional moments the Pischa is sane to the point of solemnity.

The solemnity may be due to Mischa's early childhood. Born in Russia of an aristocratic family, Mischa and his mother were forced to flee the Bolsheviks in 1917. He was 12. His father had been killed during the Russo-Japanese war. Separated from his mother during the flight, Mischa joined a band of wild, parentless children. Later he found his mother, escaped from Russia and came to the United States to join his famous grandfather, Leopold Auer, the music master. Stage success brought him a ticket to Hollywood and movie fame. The Pischa is married, has a son, and is mayor of Universal City.

"Oh, how I Mischa tonight," sings our Auer, while kittenish Joan Blondell does a bit of fancy rug cutting

Here's how a well-dressed man makes a left-hand turn on his way to the studio. The vehicle is a cross between an outboard motor and a scooter

MISCHA PISCHA

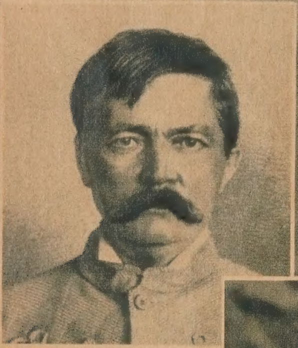
And Mischa Pischa, the mad Russian, contemplates a 5-K electric globe. When Mischa appears, it's a field day for the still cameramen

The drummer is Jack Powell, the drum, of course, is Our Hero. Mischa's amazing eyes are the secret of his funniness

How to bedevil the doctor, or razzberries for Horton. Mischa is funny before the camera, solemn when in conference with the press

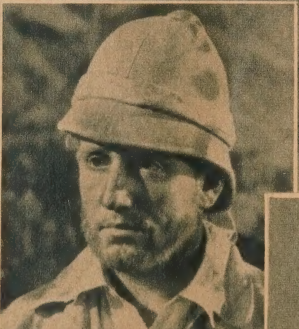
In 1870 Henry M. Stanley, reporter for the New York *Herald*, was given an assignment to find the missing African explorer, Dr. David Livingstone. Twentieth Century-Fox has filmed the amazing story, with Spencer Tracy as Stanley, Sir Cedric Hardwicke as Doctor Livingstone. Right, the assignment

"DR. LIVINGSTONE,



THE REAL

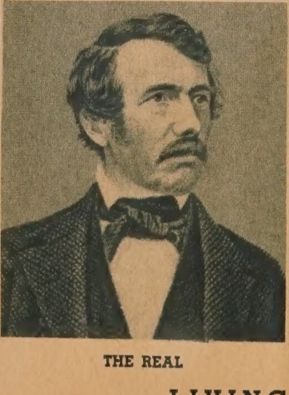
STANLEY



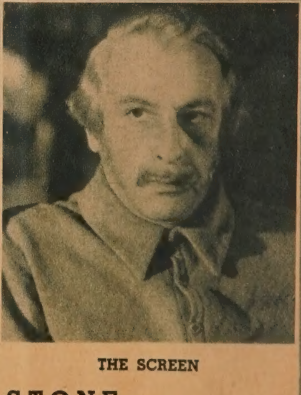
THE SCREEN

STANLEY

Pictures of the real men are shown here with the screen characters created by Tracy and Hardwicke. Stanley, a newspaper man of great ability, had probably the toughest assignment any reporter ever was given—a journey from New York to the heart of unknown Africa in search of the missionary-explorer. When at last he found Livingstone, he was so impressed by the doctor that he later returned to Africa, and took up Livingstone's work



THE REAL



THE SCREEN

LIVINGSTONE

A trip through darkest Africa is no pleasure jaunt today, was 100 times harder in Stanley's day. Natives such as these (filmed in Africa) provided innumerable difficulties

I PRESUME?"

After unbelievable hardships, Stanley found Livingstone (right). The first words spoken between them made history. Stanley, who had traveled thousands of miles to find the fever-sick Livingstone, merely said, "Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" He presumed correctly

COMPLETE SCENE STILLS FROM "LADY OF THE TROPICS"

CAST

Manon de Vargnes
HEDY LAMARR

Bill Carey
ROBERT TAYLOR

Pierre Delaroche
JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT

Governor
ERNEST COSSART

Nina **GLORIA FRANKLIN**

Dolly Harrison
MARY TAYLOR

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

The scene is Saigon in French Indo-China. To this Oriental port comes a yachting party which numbers among its members Bill Carey, American playboy, and his wealthy fiancee, Dolly Harrison. The party goes ashore to see the sights

Visiting a night club, Bill and his friends meet Manon de Vargnes, a beautiful half-caste girl who longs to leave Saigon. She is accompanied by Delaroche, a wealthy native millionaire who wishes to prevent her from leaving, wants her to live with him

Carey and Manon are attracted to each other, visit a native cafe where Nina, Manon's friend, sings. Manon realizes she is in love with Bill but knows that tomorrow she must travel inland to marry a native prince. She hates the plan but can't prevent it

The couple say goodbye and Bill returns to the yacht while Manon starts inland on a river boat. She has decided that the only escape from Saigon is marriage to the prince who will take her to Paris, show her the white world she longs to see

Bill follows Manon on the boat and tells her he loves her. She doesn't want to marry the prince. Bill asks her to marry him

Bill and Manon are married. A little while after the marriage ceremony, Delaroche calls on Manon, hints of his fury at her marriage

CONTINUED

Bill and his beautiful half-caste wife visit the American consul, ask for passports. They are told that Bill's marriage to Manon doesn't help the situation. Manon must still obtain a passport

Desperate wires to the United States bring no help. Bit by bit their money vanishes. Bill is faced with cable and hotel bills. His love for Manon has changed him, made him more thoughtful

Impoverished, Manon and Bill sink lower and lower. They take a cheap native house, Bill begins to drink and Manon knows she must solve their problem. She goes to Delaroche, asks his help, agrees to pay his price for a month

Bill is given a job on a rubber plantation, says goodbye to Manon. He is to return in a month. He doesn't realize that Delaroche has arranged his job; that his wife, Manon, has sacrificed herself

Manon waits for Bill's return, is forced by her agreement to see Delaroche frequently. She believes Delaroche will keep his part of the bargain and help them

At last Bill returns. Delaroche makes certain Bill will learn of Manon's sacrifice by planting a note beneath their door. Bill asks Manon what has happened

Furious at what appears to be wanton infidelity, Bill denounces Manon, swears he will kill Delaroche

Manon knows Delaroche has tricked her, realizes she must kill Delaroche and save Bill from committing murder

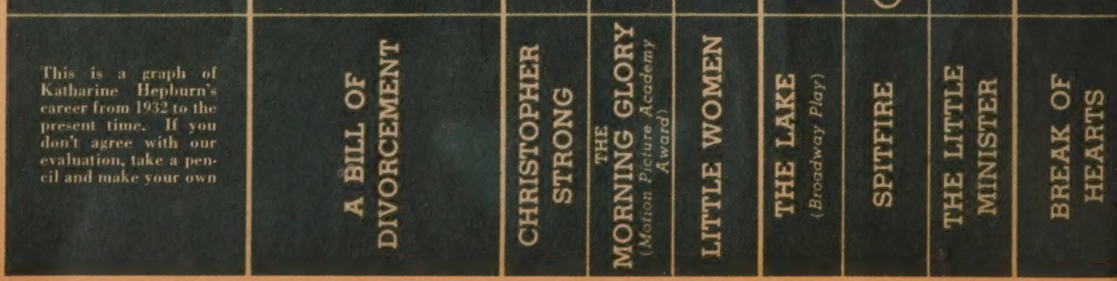
Manon goes to Delaroche, kills him and wounds herself seriously. Bill learns the true story and forgives Manon as she dies in his arms

OVER the BUMPS

MAYBE you hate Katharine Hepburn—or hated her. Many did. She was hated so much that even good pictures in which she appeared were box-office failures, simply because Mr. and Mrs. Public turned thumbs down on the Connecticut Garbo. In 1933 Hepburn won the Academy Award. In 1939 RKO refused to renew her contract and no other Hollywood producer wanted any part of the gal who howled at interviewers, slapped at photographers with a tennis racket. Six months ago Hollywood said she was dead, through, finished. But producers will change their tune and beg her back to the film city because Katharine is again a star. She is a flaming success in *Philadelphia Story* on the Broadway stage. She still wears slacks, bawls out policemen, gets arrested for speeding and chases burglars out of her Manhattan apartment with a direct frontal attack. Personally, SCREEN BOOK approves of Hepburn. We like her independence and hope she returns to Hollywood for as big a comeback as she has made on the legitimate stage.

Katharine made her first picture, *A Bill of Divorcement*, with John Barrymore. RKO had spotted her in the play *The Warrior's Husband*. They brought her to Hollywood, gave her a chance

Morning Glory brought Hepburn fame and fortune. Hepburn brought *Morning Glory* vitality of performance and a type of face new to movie-goers. The girls tried to imitate her high cheekbones

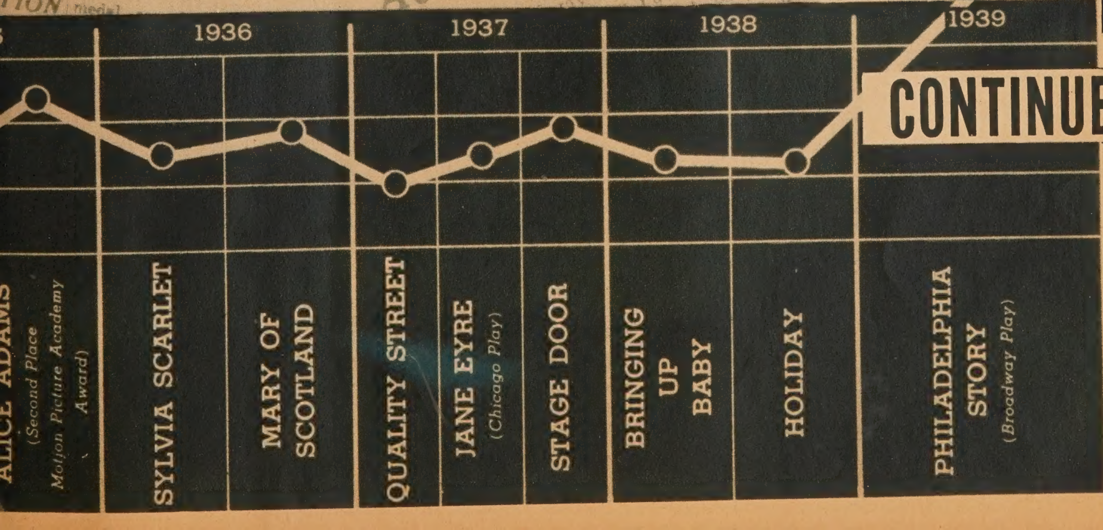


This is a graph of Katharine Hepburn's career from 1932 to the present time. If you don't agree with our evaluation, take a pencil and make your own

with KATHARINE Hepburn

Little Women was based on the famous sentimental novel of the same name. The sultry Hepburn brought to it a depth missing in the novel itself. Theatre attendance records were broken all over the country

Deserting Hollywood for Broadway, Katie took a crack at *The Lake*. It was one of the low spots of her career. Photo above (riding breeches) shows her in this play. Breeches, slacks and overalls (far right) have always been her favorite costume. Back to Hollywood again, Katie clicked in *Alice Adams* (circle)



CONTINUED

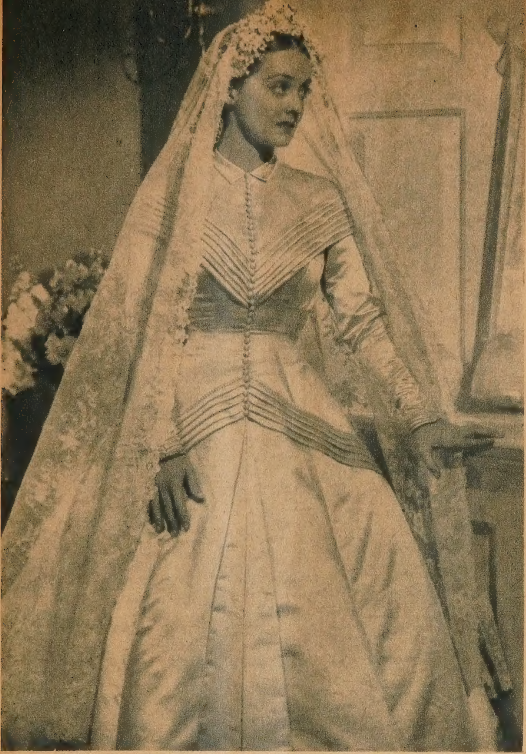
Bringing Up Baby was one of Katharine's last Hollywood pictures. With Cary Grant, she performed crazy antics, drew a fair number of laughs from audiences

Stage Door preceded *Bringing Up Baby* and clicked with the moviegoers. Hepburn, some say, is at her best when portraying a stage-struck girl

In 1937 Hepburn went to Chicago to play in *Jane Eyre*. It proved a mild success but was far from being a hit. Below, a scene from this play

Howard Hughes' name has been linked to Hepburn's. When Hughes ended his world flight, newspapers screamed a romance. But no one knew how the flier (circle) felt

The large photo on this page shows Katharine in a scene from *Philadelphia Story*, her current hit play. Since her appearance in this show Hepburn's stock has soared. But no one but Katie knows what she'll do next

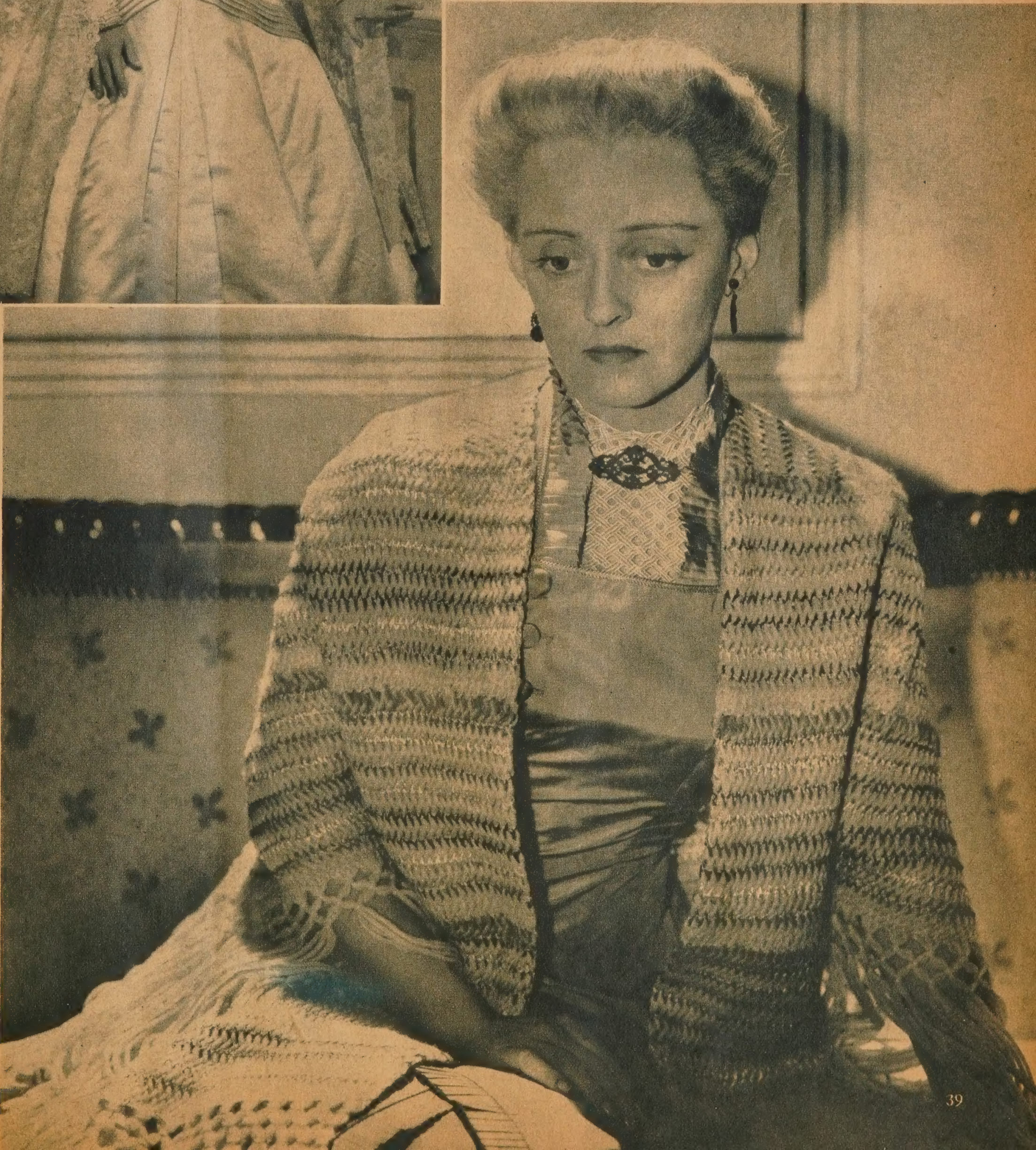


BETTE DAVIS TRIES

OLD AGE

Most Hollywood stars would be afraid to appear in a picture showing them growing old. Not Bette Davis! In her newest Warner Bros. picture, *The Old Maid*, Bette undergoes a cinematic transition from youth to old age. Photo at left shows her as a young girl; below, as a middle-aged woman. In real life Bette is 31 years old. She has been married once. Current romance rumors couple her name with that of her present co-star, George Brent.

Don't miss SCREEN BOOK's Bette Davis story on page 80



CARY GRANT—CAROLE LOMBARD

in RKO Radio's "The Kind Men Marry"

MEET RUDY VALLEE'S GIRL

1. Susan Ridgeway keeps Rudy's picture beside her bed. Rudy gave her that portable phonograph

2. Susan has an attractive figure, keeps fit by skipping rope in the morning. She weighs 115, is 5' 2½" tall, has a 24" waist and a 36" bust

3. Modest as any working girl, Susan drapes herself carefully with the shower curtain. She's afraid of the Hays office, refuses to expose "too much"

SOMEONE once said that a star is an extra who had a lucky break. And truly, the line between stardom and oblivion is a faint one to those whose names are filed at Central Casting. Overnight an extra may be swept to stardom, catapulted toward fame and fortune. That's why extras are interesting people, and why SCREEN BOOK brings you, from time to time, picture stories of extras who seem to merit your attention.

This month's selection is Susan Ridgeway, girl friend of Rudy Vallee. Three weeks before Rudy left Hollywood for New York, he met Susan. They went out together every night Rudy had free. He invited her to visit his summer camp in Maine, accompanied by her mother. At this writing, Susan hasn't announced her decision. All Hollywood wonders whether or not she will go. Her regular boy friend, Bill Ferella, told her to decide between marriage with him, or a chance at fame under Rudy's guidance. Recently she broke her engagement to Bill.

Susan was born in Los Angeles. She got into the movies by walking into LeRoy Prinz' office, telling him she wanted a job. She dances well, is classified as a "dress extra."

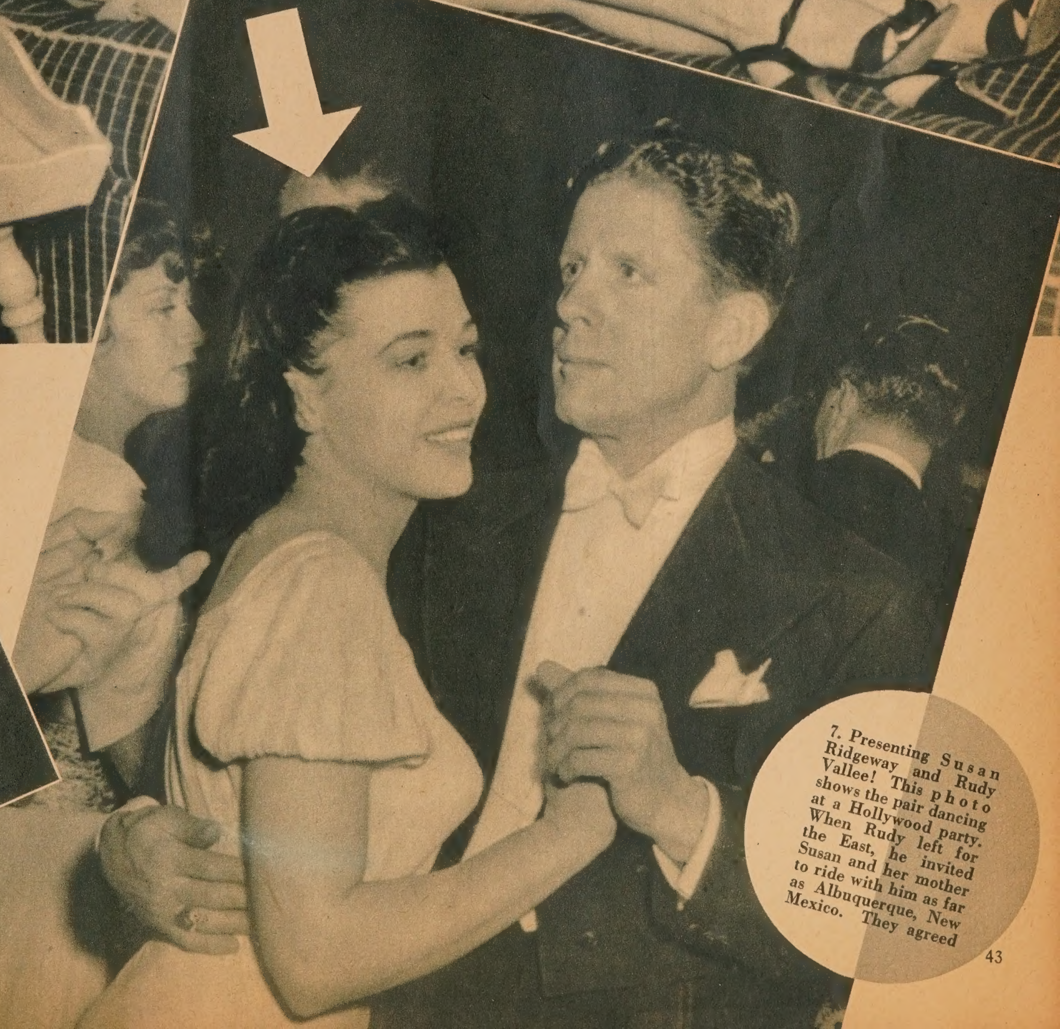
CONTINUED

4. One of Susan's claims to fame is the invention of a dance. This high kick is part of a Rhumba that helped her on the road to recognition. High-spirited Susan probably reacts to a phone call from Rudy in a manner somewhat like this

5. This is the first scene in which Susan ever appeared. Two years ago, during his feud with Warners, Cagney made a few pictures for Grand National. *Something to Sing About* was the name of the picture

6. Scene at left might be a phone call from Rudy. Truth is that Susan is calling Central Casting to check on job for next day

—Photos by Charles Rhodes



7. Presenting Susan Ridgeway and Rudy Vallee! This photo shows the pair dancing at a Hollywood party. When Rudy left for the East, he invited Susan and her mother to ride with him as far as Albuquerque, New Mexico. They agreed

May Robson has the distinction of being the best-loved person in Hollywood. She is shown looking over her back patio

Surrounded by the souvenirs of many years of acting, May Robson reads in a quiet corner of her lovely Spanish style home

This is May Robson's library. At this desk she answers her fan mail, attends to her numerous investment projects

At Home With

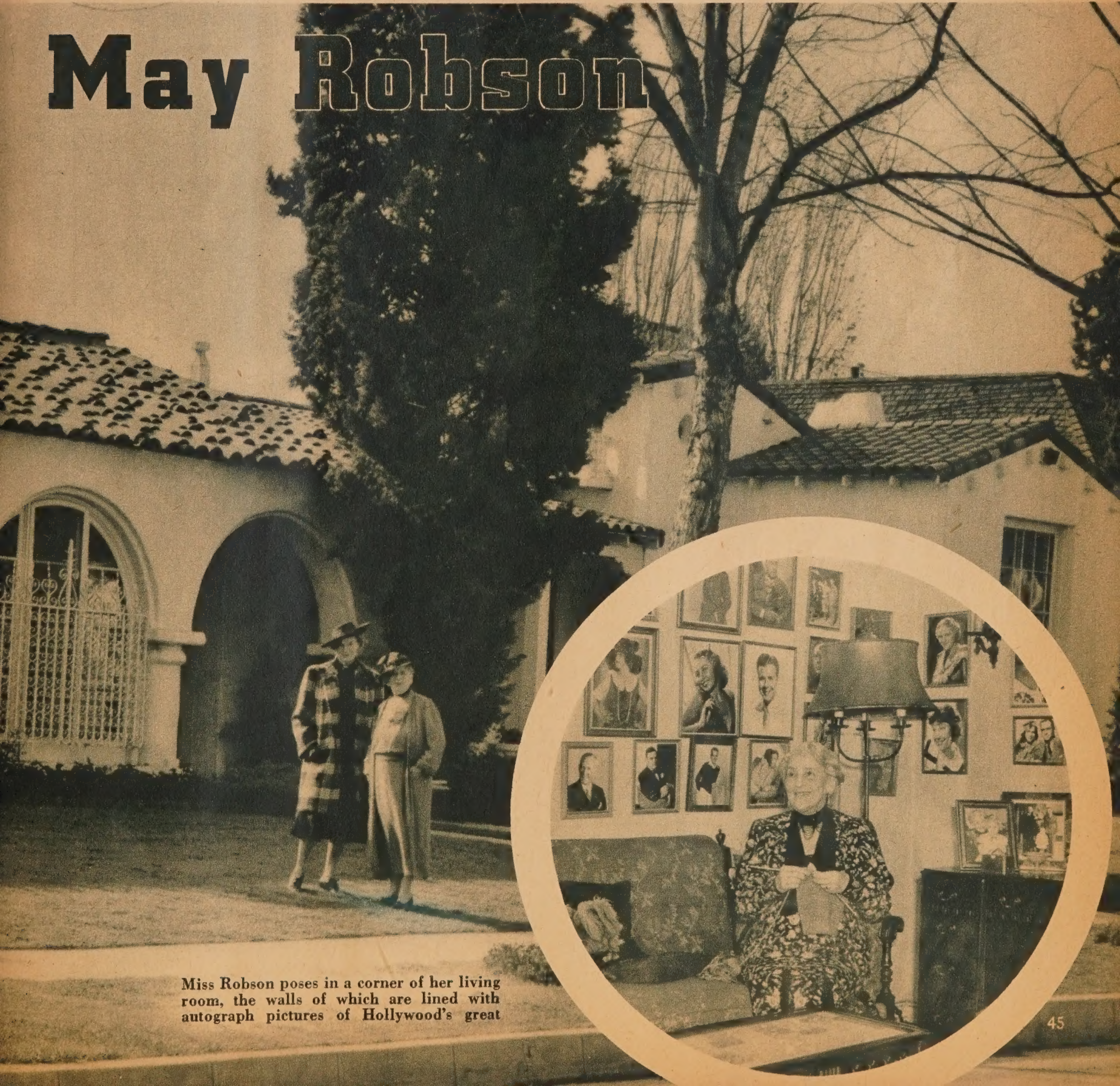
Circle shows one of the houses Miss Robson has built. Her own home is pictured above

The Warner Bros. star examines some of her rare china. Her next picture will be *Case of the Dangerous Dowager*

This is the dining room. Miss Robson is pouring tea for her friend, Lillian Harmer

With Lillian Harmer, Miss Robson looks at plans for one of her building projects. She conducts a real estate business

May Robson



Miss Robson poses in a corner of her living room, the walls of which are lined with autograph pictures of Hollywood's great

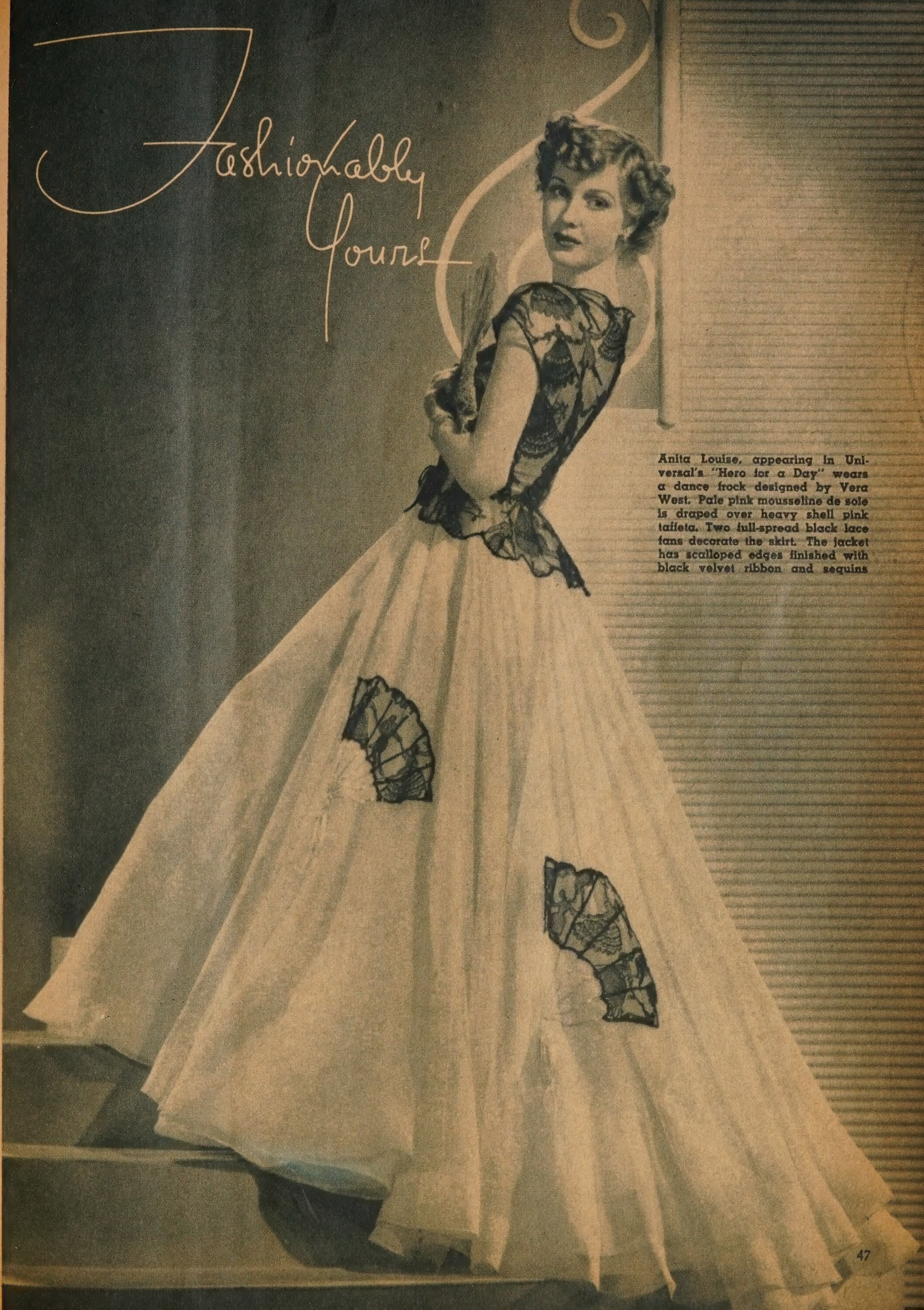
SUMMER SNOW

Ann Sheridan is the star of Walter Wanger's *Winter Carnival*, a cold weather picture for hot weather consumption. Story is based on Dartmouth's famous winter sports carnival

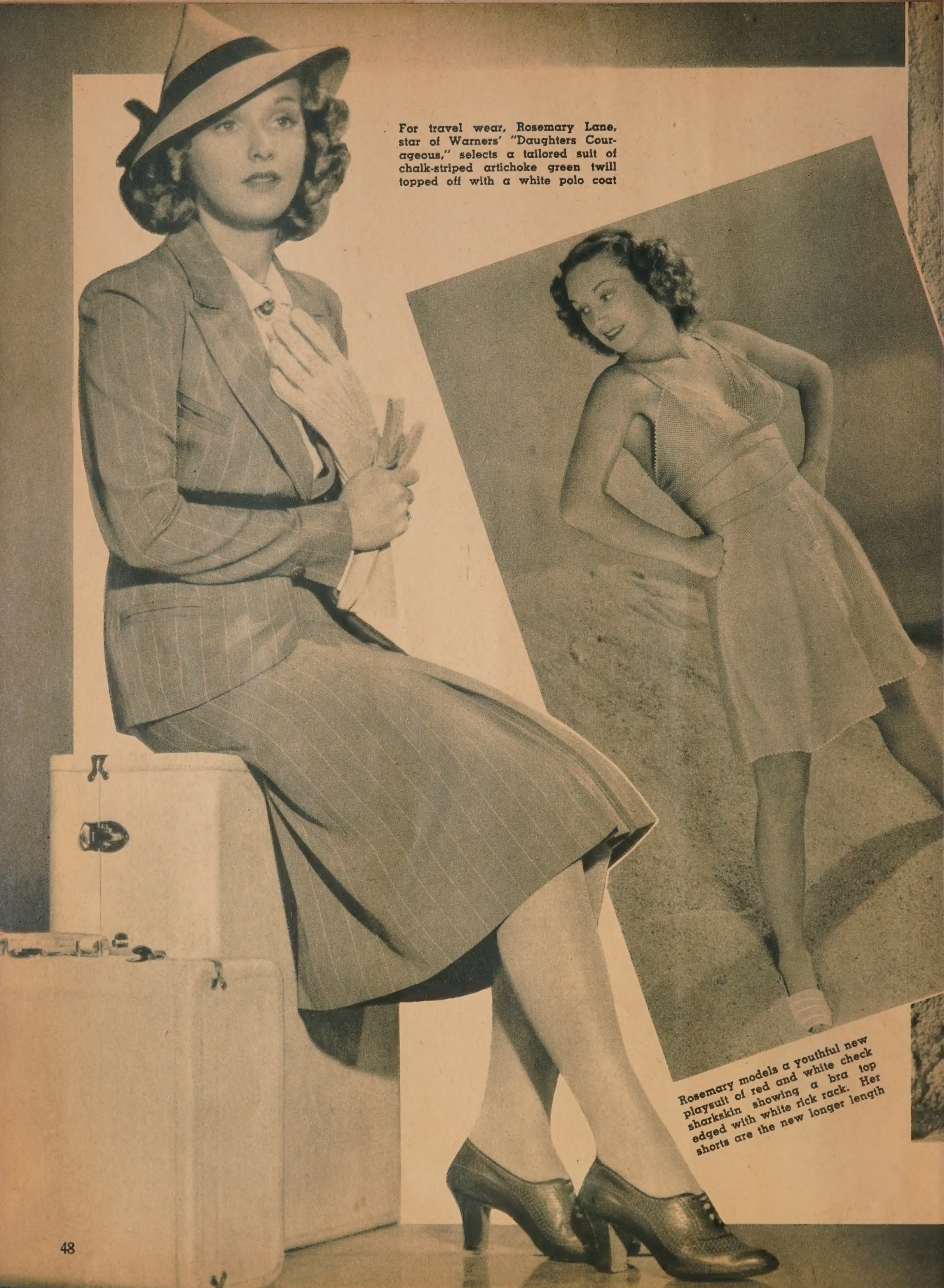
Helen Parrish is pictured above with James Corner. Skeptics, commenting on summer release of a winter picture, comment: "Will the audience feel hot when they look at snow suits?"

"Clear the track! Mickey Allen of Dartmouth coming down!" This is the beginning of a jump. Ski jumper releases rope, flies down steep slope and out into space

Fashionably Yours

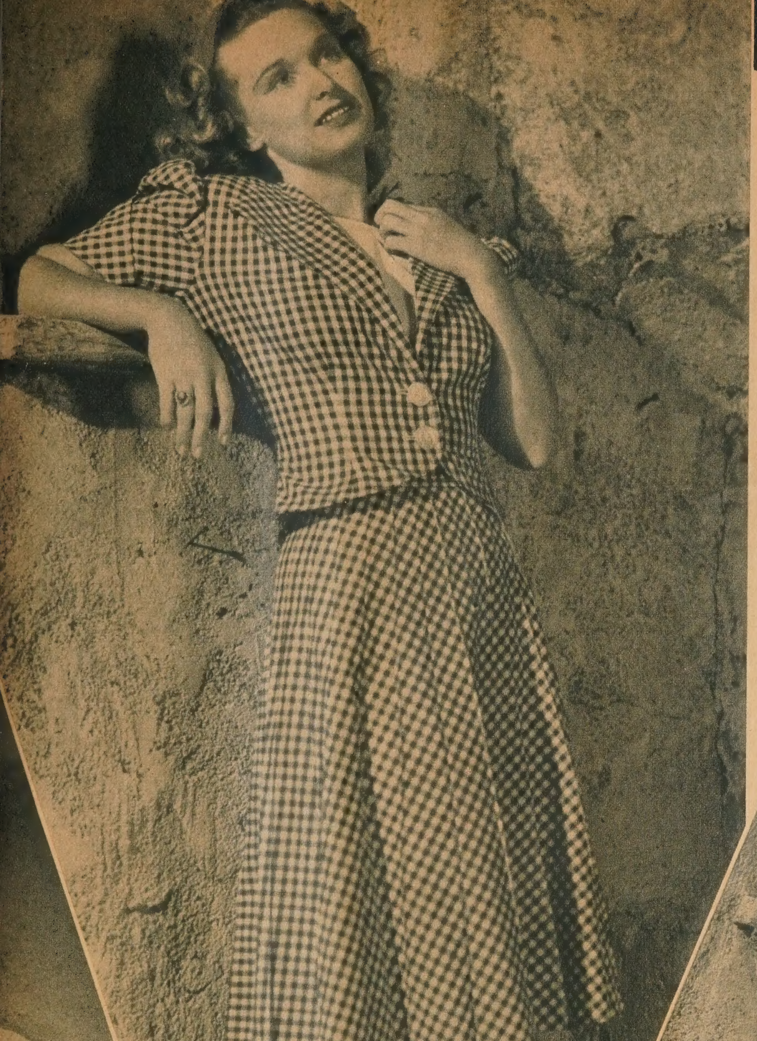


Anita Louise, appearing in Universal's "Hero for a Day" wears a dance frock designed by Vera West. Pale pink mousseline de sole is draped over heavy shell pink taffeta. Two full-spread black lace fans decorate the skirt. The jacket has scalloped edges finished with black velvet ribbon and sequins



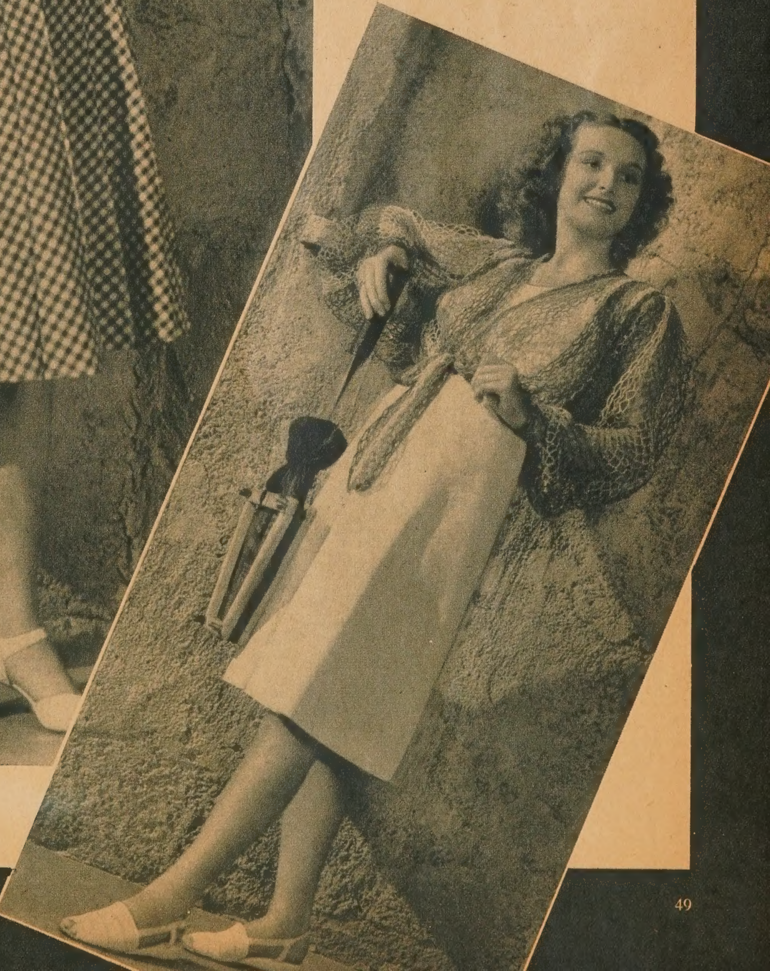
For travel wear, Rosemary Lane, star of Warners' "Daughters Courageous," selects a tailored suit of chalk-striped artichoke green twill topped off with a white polo coat

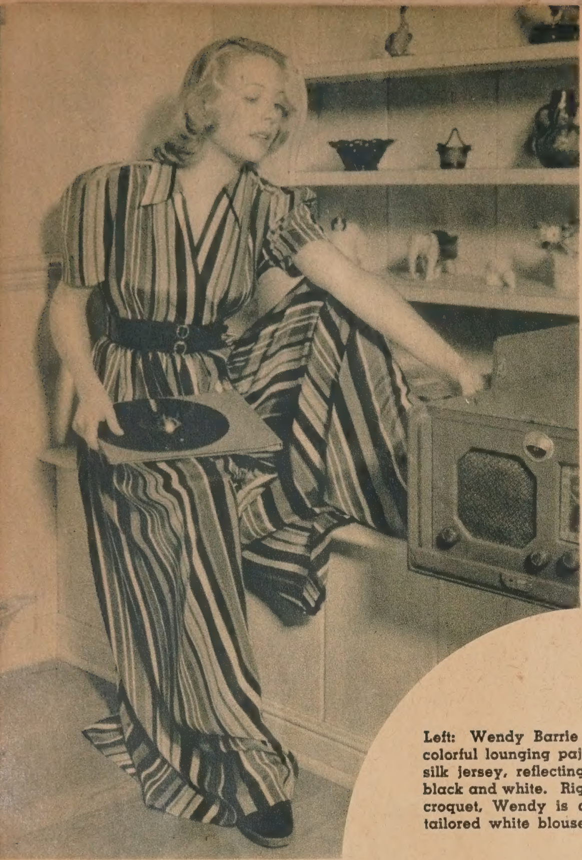
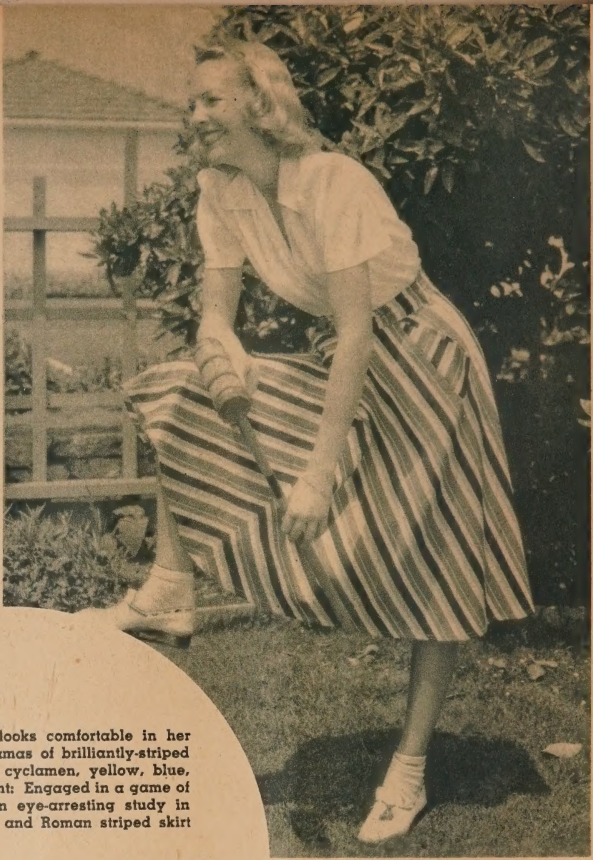
Rosemary models a youthful new playsuit of red and white check sharkskin showing a bra top edged with white rick rack. Her shorts are the new longer length



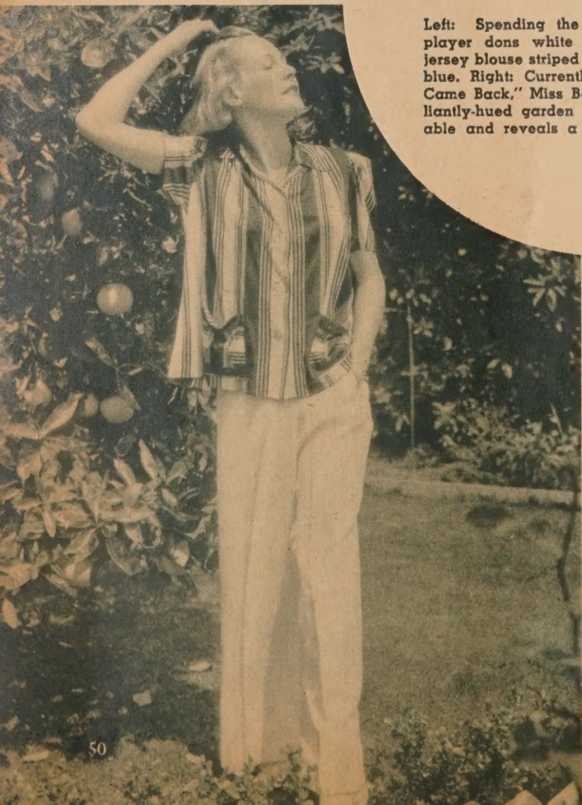
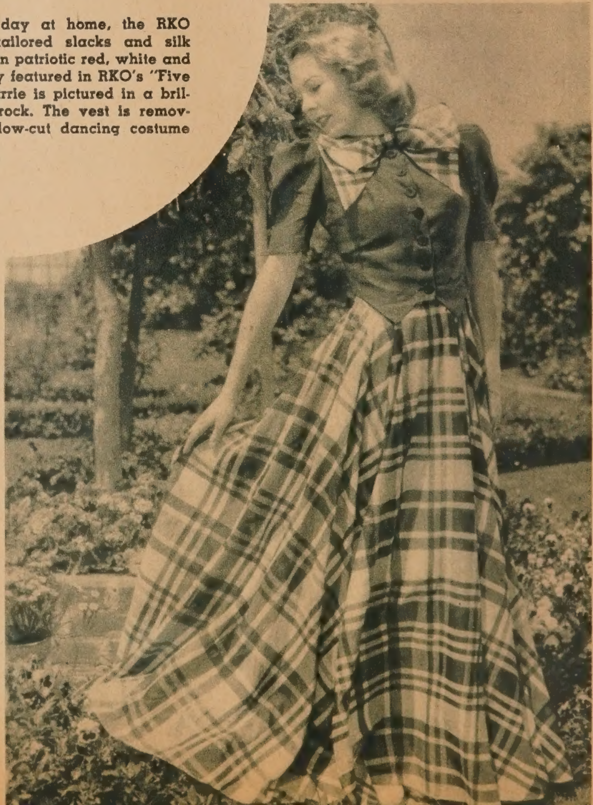
This is the gingham season and Rosemary keeps in step with the fashion trend. The two-piece gingham dress features an umbrella pleated flared skirt and brief jacket

Something new in tennis costumes is Rosemary's selection from the Broadway Hollywood. A smart white sharkskin dress topped off with a fishnet jacket in watermelon, ivory and green



Left: Wendy Barrie looks comfortable in her colorful lounging pajamas of brilliantly-striped silk jersey, reflecting cyclamen, yellow, blue, black and white. Right: Engaged in a game of croquet, Wendy is an eye-arresting study in tailored white blouse and Roman striped skirt

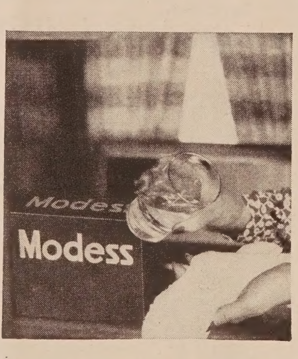
Left: Spending the day at home, the RKO player dons white tailored slacks and silk jersey blouse striped in patriotic red, white and blue. Right: Currently featured in RKO's "Five Came Back," Miss Barrie is pictured in a brilliantly-hued garden frock. The vest is removable and reveals a low-cut dancing costume

My "fair" friend told me . . .

"Say—isn't this a gorgeous day for sightseeing!" the woman from Arizona called from her trailer window . . . "Not for me!" I grumbled. "I just ran over to tell you that I can't tramp around any Fair Grounds with you today. My last day, too—and so many things yet to see!" . . . She asked a sympathetic question, and before I knew it I was telling her my troubles and ranting about the woes of womankind. "My dear," she smiled, "you come right in here. I've got just what you need!"

So in I went—and thank heaven I did. Otherwise, I might never have learned about Modess. And to my way of thinking, that's one of the most important things I learned during my visit to the Fair.

My, but she was a grand person! She said she used to suffer from chafing at "certain times" herself . . . until she discovered Modess. "You see," she said, "there are two types of napkins —*fluff-type* and *layer type*. Modess is *fluff-type*." Then she cut a Modess pad in two so that I could see the fluffy, downy-soft filler.



"And Modess is safer, too . . . as well as softer," she said. Then guess what she did! She got a glass of water, took the moisture-resistant backing out of a Modess pad . . . and dropped water on it! Yes, actually. And not one drop went through! "My goodness," I said, "I never knew *that* before—and it's certainly something worth knowing."

Well—she just insisted on giving me some Modess. And that was what saved my last day at the Fair. We walked miles . . . how I *did* appreciate the comfort and safety of Modess!

Next day, before we left, I went to the store to buy my trailer-friend a new package of Modess . . . and was I surprised and pleased! I found that this soft, "fluff-type" napkin cost no more than those layer-type pads I'd been in the habit of buying!

Get in the habit of saying "Modess"!

(IF YOU PREFER A NARROWER, SLIGHTLY SMALLER PAD, ASK FOR MODESS JUNIOR)

AT YOUR THEATRE SOON

NOTE: Here you will find the first reviews of all important pictures BEFORE THEY ARE PUBLISHED BY ANY OTHER FAN MAGAZINE. These reviews are prepared by the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, usually before the picture itself is previewed in completed form. In order to get these reviews in advance of all other movie publications the Hollywood staff of SCREEN BOOK Magazine spends much time observing production and filming on individual sets, reads the entire script and observes the day's rushes in the projection room at the studio. Thus an intelligent appraisal of the picture can be given you in these columns before or at the same time the picture is first shown in your community. Release dates given are NATIONAL RELEASE DATES. If the date given is August 15, that does not mean the picture MUST play in your city on August 15. It will play some engagements on that date, however, and will be in your city on that date or as soon after as your local exhibitor can arrange the showing. For reviews of pictures now playing local theatres consult Topper's Review Chart.

BACHELOR MOTHER

(RKO Radio)

Directed by Garson Kanin. Starring Ginger Rogers and David Niven, with Charles Coburn, Frank Albertson and Ernest Truex. National release date—August 4, 1939.

SUPPOSE you are a young bachelor girl living alone in the city and working in a department store. One day on your way back from lunch someone thrusts a new-born baby in your arms and hurries off. From then on, no matter what you say or do, everyone thinks the baby is yours, that you are what the newspapers call an "unwed mother." What would you do?

Well, that's what happens to Ginger Rogers in *Bachelor Mother* and the things that are said and done thereafter make for one of the most amusing pictures of the season. Co-conspirator in the hysterical histrionics sandwiched between slices of straight dramatics is David Niven, cast as the son of the owner of the department store in which Ginger works.

Seven-months-old Elbert Coplen, Jr., who plays the baby of mysterious maternity, inadvertently set RKO Sound Stage 12 in a dither during shooting when he was suspected of having swallowed a lucky charm fob lost by David Niven. Doctors, nurses and a fluoroscope were en route from a nearby hospital when the trinket was located . . . in baby Elbert's diapers. The youthful trouper causes almost as much of a sensation in his screen role.

Probable critics' rating of *Bachelor Mother*: Very Good.

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

(RKO Radio)

Directed by Herbert Wilcox. Starring Anna Neagle, with Edna May Oliver, May Robson, ZaSu Pitts, George Sanders, H. B. Warner and Gilbert Emery. National release date—August 15, 1939.

ONE of the most intense and gripping episodes of the World War was the trial and summary execution by the Germans of Edith Cavell, an English nurse in charge of a Belgian hospital. Declared guilty of helping wounded Allied soldiers escape from the German-occupied war zone into neutral Holland, Nurse Cavell was executed in 1915.

In bringing to the screen the story of events leading up to her death, RKO has done a superb job in casting, direction and production. The picture establishes several significant "firsts," the most notable being the American film debut of English-born Anna Neagle. (The star's name rhymes with "eagle," that of the title role she plays with "travel.") Miss Neagle is superb in the most important role of her career.

Directed and produced by Herbert Wilcox, head of RKO's British Imperadio Productions, the picture is the first to be produced wholly

Ginger Rogers and David Niven are pictured here in a scene from their RKO-Radio film, *Bachelor Mother*

in Hollywood by any foreign production concern. It also marks the first appearance of fluttery-handed ZaSu Pitts in a tense, seriously dramatic part.

Brilliantly photographed, excellently played by an almost wholly British cast, *Nurse Edith Cavell* will probably go down as one of the best pictures of 1939.

Probable critics' rating of *Nurse Edith Cavell*: Excellent.

MIRACLES FOR SALE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)

Directed by Tod Browning. Starring Robert Young and Florence Rice, with Henry Hull, Lee Bowman, Astrid Allwyn and Frank Craven. National release date—July 28, 1939.

MURDER most mystifying, in an eerie setting of spiritualistic seances and cabalistic sleight-of-hand, is the theme of M-G-M's *Miracles For Sale,* based on Clayton Rawson's novel, "Death From a Top Hat."

Cast in the role of Mike Morgan, an ex-stage magician latterly engaged in manufacturing trick props and in exposing fraudulent mystics, is Robert Young. With ingratiating dexterity he works amid a maze of magical apparatus, solves a baffling murder and wins the girl, Florence Rice.

The veteran Henry Hull handles the role of Duvallo, the handcuff king, with his usual expertness. His part called for three unusual make-ups, one of which actually changes the color of his eyes. Maestro of *Miracles For Sale* was Director Tod Browning, whose megaphoning of many notable mystery successes, including the late Lon Chaney's *Dracula,* have earned him the title of "The Edgar Allan Poe of the Screen."

Probable critics' rating of *Miracles For Sale*: Good.

THE KIND MEN MARRY

(RKO Radio)

Directed by John Cromwell. Starring Carole Lombard and Cary Grant, with Kay Francis, Charles Coburn, Nella Walker and Helen Vinson. National release date—August 15, 1939.

IN ANOTHER of the full-fledged, dramatic roles which, beginning with *Made for Each Other,* she proved she could handle even more capably than her celebrated "screwball" parts, Carole Lombard gives a memorable performance in *The Kind Men Marry,* ably aided and abetted by co-star Cary Grant.

Briefly, the plot is this: Cary Grant,a rich man's son, is married to the social and unresponsive Kay Francis who, he soon discovers, became his wife solely for the money and position she derived as such. Cary meets a beautiful young widow,

[*Continued on page* 57]

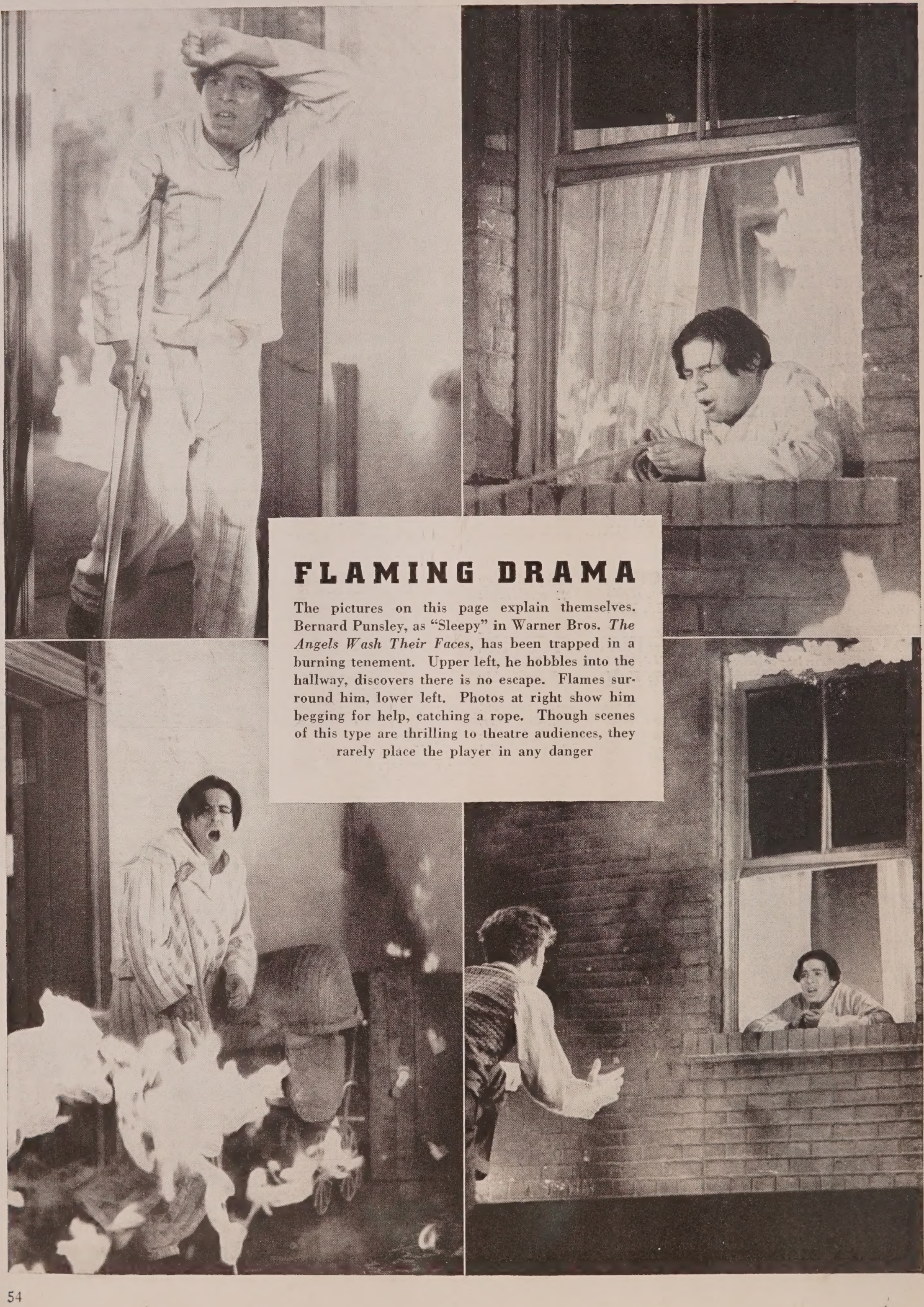
Winfield
SPECIAL

Ann Sheridan plays John Payne's fiancee in the Warner Brothers' auto racing thriller, *Indianapolis Speedway*

Bing Crosby is shown here in a scene from his new Paramount picture, *The Star Maker*

***Nurse Edith Cavell* stars Anna Neagle, England's foremost dramatic star. Herbert Wilcox is directing her in one of the scenes at RKO Radio studios**

Ralph Bellamy, Frances Dee and Randolph Scott are featured in Columbia's picture, *Coast Guard*. Here they are on location



FLAMING DRAMA

The pictures on this page explain themselves. Bernard Punsley, as "Sleepy" in Warner Bros. *The Angels Wash Their Faces,* has been trapped in a burning tenement. Upper left, he hobbles into the hallway, discovers there is no escape. Flames surround him, lower left. Photos at right show him begging for help, catching a rope. Though scenes of this type are thrilling to theatre audiences, they rarely place the player in any danger

A Test for "Model Wives"

Beware of the ONE NEGLECT* that sometimes kills Romance!

Are you a good housekeeper?

Do you take care of your looks?

Are your meals appetizing?

Do you avoid nagging?

Are you economical?

Are you always careful about Feminine Hygiene?

* Carelessness (or ignorance) on this question means that you "flunk" the test.

"Lysol" can help you make a perfect score

A GIRL can take courses that teach her how to keep a house. But how to keep a husband seems to be left mostly to guesswork.

There *are* women who neglect their husbands and still hold their love. But the woman who neglects *herself* is apt eventually to live alone, whether she likes it or not. Neglect of intimate personal cleanliness, of feminine hygiene, may spoil an otherwise happy marriage.

Many thousands of women have solved the problem of feminine hygiene . . . with the help of "Lysol" disinfectant. Probably no other preparation is so widely used for this purpose. Here are some of the important reasons why—

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol" in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs*.

4—Economy . . . "Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . . "Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. S. B.-909 Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

Name____________________

Street____________________

City__________ State__________

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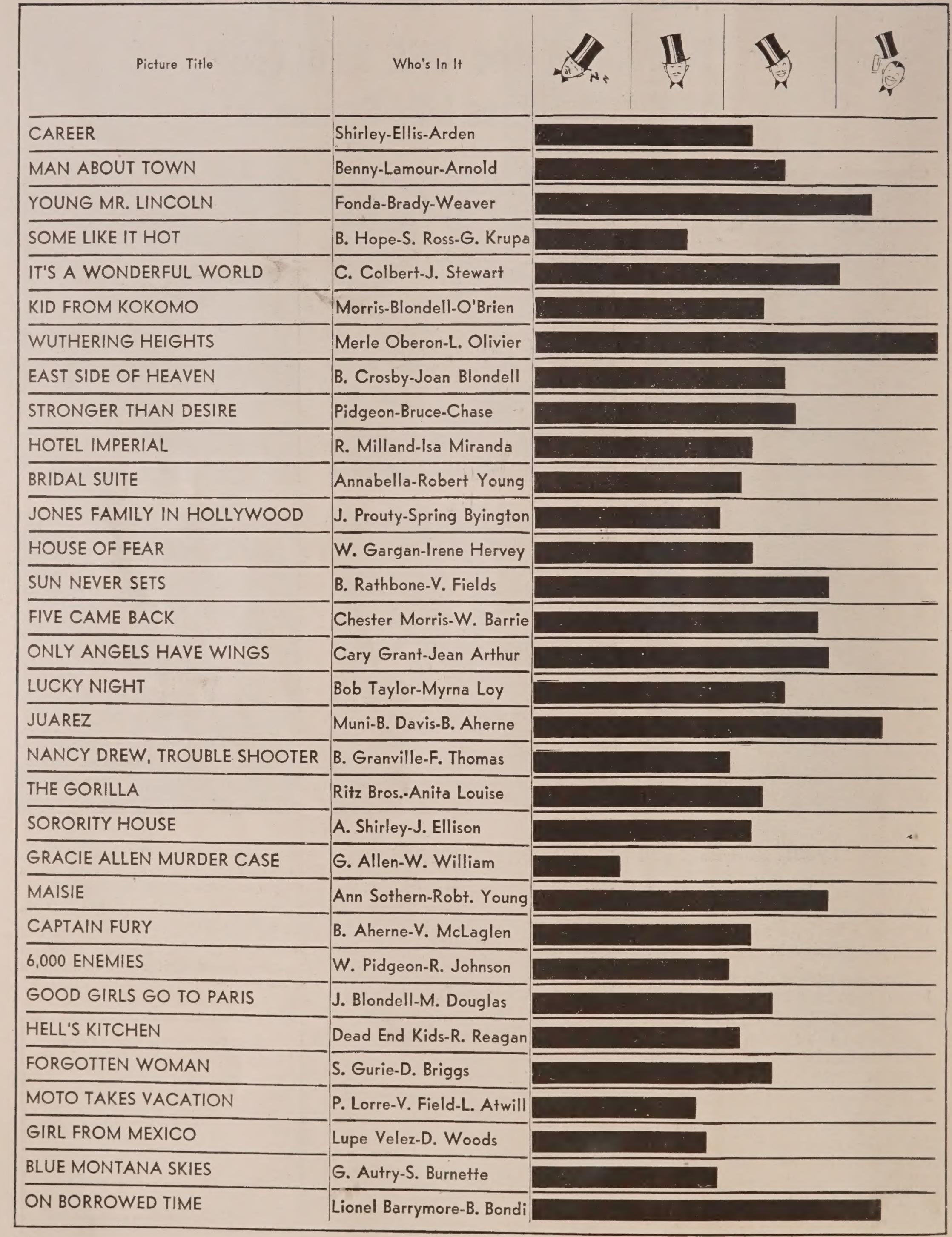
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)



Picture Title	Who's In It
CAREER	Shirley-Ellis-Arden
MAN ABOUT TOWN	Benny-Lamour-Arnold
YOUNG MR. LINCOLN	Fonda-Brady-Weaver
SOME LIKE IT HOT	B. Hope-S. Ross-G. Krupa
IT'S A WONDERFUL WORLD	C. Colbert-J. Stewart
KID FROM KOKOMO	Morris-Blondell-O'Brien
WUTHERING HEIGHTS	Merle Oberon-L. Olivier
EAST SIDE OF HEAVEN	B. Crosby-Joan Blondell
STRONGER THAN DESIRE	Pidgeon-Bruce-Chase
HOTEL IMPERIAL	R. Milland-Isa Miranda
BRIDAL SUITE	Annabella-Robert Young
JONES FAMILY IN HOLLYWOOD	J. Prouty-Spring Byington
HOUSE OF FEAR	W. Gargan-Irene Hervey
SUN NEVER SETS	B. Rathbone-V. Fields
FIVE CAME BACK	Chester Morris-W. Barrie
ONLY ANGELS HAVE WINGS	Cary Grant-Jean Arthur
LUCKY NIGHT	Bob Taylor-Myrna Loy
JUAREZ	Muni-B. Davis-B. Aherne
NANCY DREW, TROUBLE SHOOTER	B. Granville-F. Thomas
THE GORILLA	Ritz Bros.-Anita Louise
SORORITY HOUSE	A. Shirley-J. Ellison
GRACIE ALLEN MURDER CASE	G. Allen-W. William
MAISIE	Ann Sothern-Robt. Young
CAPTAIN FURY	B. Aherne-V. McLaglen
6,000 ENEMIES	W. Pidgeon-R. Johnson
GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS	J. Blondell-M. Douglas
HELL'S KITCHEN	Dead End Kids-R. Reagan
FORGOTTEN WOMAN	S. Gurie-D. Briggs
MOTO TAKES VACATION	P. Lorre-V. Field-L. Atwill
GIRL FROM MEXICO	Lupe Velez-D. Woods
BLUE MONTANA SKIES	G. Autry-S. Burnette
ON BORROWED TIME	Lionel Barrymore-B. Bondi

At Your Theatre Soon

[*Continued from page* 53]

Carole Lombard, who supports herself and small daughter, Peggy Ann Garner, by fashion designing. Cary and Carole fall in love. He asks his wife for a divorce; she agrees, then refuses, being unwilling to give up her social position and wealth. Eventually, of course, the difficulties are straightened out, the divorce secured, and Cary, Carole and Peggy Ann settle down in a flower-covered cottage to l. h. e. a.

There are poignant, powerful scenes in *Memory of Love* which will stir you. Thanks to adroit acting and direction, the heavily dramatic scenes are tempered by contrasting comedy sequences handled with the familiar expertness of Miss Lombard and Mr. Grant. Helen Vinson is at her most menacing best as the designing female who tries to lure Mr. Grant from the straight and narrow highway of true love. The rest of the cast is excellent.

Probable critics' rating of *The Kind Men Marry*: Excellent.

COAST GUARD

(Columbia)

Directed by Edward Ludwig. Featuring Randolph Scott, Frances Dee, Ralph Bellamy and Walter Connolly. National release date—July 31, 1939.

HIGHLIGHTED by spectacular scenes of rescues by water and in the air make Columbia's latest picture *Coast Guard* one of that studio's most exciting offerings in recent months. Based on the courageous activities of the United States Coast Guard Service, it is authentic and frequently spine-tingling.

Once again the plot centers around the friendly triangle theme which dominates so many service pictures. Randolph Scott is cast as Speed Bradshaw, devil-may-care aviator and pal of the steady-going and sea-going Lieut. Ray Dower, played by Ralph Bellamy. Speed and Ray both love Nancy Bliss, portrayed in comely and appealing fashion by the lovely Frances Dee. As usual both men make gallant sacrifices in their efforts to hand each other the girl's hand. And, as usual, the "right guy" finally gets her, to everyone's satisfaction.

Walter Connolly, playing the role of a tramp steamer's skipper and Frances Dee's grandfather, is at his bluff, blustering best. The rest of the supporting cast, headed by the inimitable Warren Hymer, turn in first-rate performances.

Probable critics' rating of *Coast Guard*: Good.

THE STAR MAKER

(Paramount)

Directed by Roy Del Ruth. Starring Bing Crosby, with Louise Campbell, Linda Ware, Ned Sparks, Laura Hope Crews and Walter Damrosch. National release date—August 25, 1939.

BING CROSBY'S well-known fondness for sprouts and moppets stands him in good stead in Paramount's *The Star Maker*, built around the life story of Broadway's celebrated Gus Edwards, who developed many a sprout and moppet into a top-flight

[*Continued on page* 64]

"My neighbors used to razz me—*behind my back!*

"**It used to make me wild**—all that eyebrow-raising and chatter. But I don't wonder they whispered about me. The baby's clothes, my clothes, everything that came out of my wash screamed tattle-tale gray. Goodness knows, I rubbed till my arms ached, but no use! My things looked foggier than a storm cloud and I couldn't imagine why, until . . .

"Now they say nice things —*to my face!*

"**I found out I was using** the wrong kind of soap. It just didn't have pep enough to wash out *all* the dirt. So, quick as scat, I got some Fels-Naptha Soap at the grocer's, and glory, what a difference! There's so much honest washing energy in this richer *golden* soap and active *naptha* that dirt has to let go—every last speck of it! My clothes are so white, they shine like snow. Take it from me, I don't get the razz any more—it's compliments I'm hearing."

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station

DANGER! HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

By HELEN HOVER

Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell are starred in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's new production, *The Women,* in which 135 women are cast—and no calamities reported yet

Paulette Goddard and Rosalind Russell go in training for their big battle scene in *The Women.* The film was adapted from the successful Broadway stage play of the same title

HOLLYWOOD put its fingers to its ears when work started on *The Women.* Juggling dynamite, they figured, wouldn't create half the explosion due when you mix 135 beautiful, skittish, temperamental actresses in one picture!

That was risky enough. But when you put four stars against each other, two of whom are supposed to be at dagger's points, then the very worst can be expected.

Here is the lineup:

Norma Shearer—ambitious, considered the queen of the screen, putting everything into this, her first modern comedy picture since *Riptide.*

Joan Crawford—rumored feuding with Norma Shearer, fighting desperately to make her brief showing in *The Women* the most remembered of all her screen roles.

Paulette Goddard—spectacular, dynamic, resourceful and enigmatic; an unknown quantity.

Rosalind Russell—less spectacular, but an earnest actress who will give no quarter when thrown headlong into a furious feminine battle for acting honors.

Add to that 131 women of all ages, temperaments and tempers, ranging from veteran Mary Boland to little Virginia Weidler.

In the middle of this studio-full of potential dynamite was plunked George Cukor, nerves frayed from the short tussle with *Gone With the Wind.*

Cukor was a very wise choice. Tactful, sensitive, he is considered a "woman's director," and is probably the only man in Hollywood able to keep the situation in hand.

"Each star needed personal handling," he explains. "I had worked with Miss Shearer in *Romeo and Juliet* and knew her best of all. She thinks in a logical, direct way, and all I had to do with her was point out the objective of the story. She gets the grasp of situations instantly, and co-operates readily.

"Joan Crawford is essentially feminine and she must be handled with kid gloves—not because of temperament but to draw out all the shadings of her intense emotions.

"Rosalind Russell I was most sure of. Roz has a saving sense of humor which comes in handy any time.

"Paulette Goddard I knew personally, but I had never worked with her. I knew that she had enthusiasm and spirit but both qualities had to be harnessed or there would be havoc.

"I talked with each star individually, explaining the dangers involved, and we determined upon a conspiracy to fool the scoffers."

Cukor even fortified himself with a set of rules, especially prepared for him by a sympathetic psychology professor:

1. All women must be at work at least 15 minutes early.
2. No woman may bring her dog. Pet dogs cause fights.
3. Ban all bridge games.
4. Refrain from giving individual compliments.

GLAMOR

5. Prevent formation of cliques.

In spite of this, there were difficult moments from the very beginning.

Norma Shearer, who had seen the play, was reluctant to appear in it. "It holds women up in a brutal light," was her reason. The studio tried to win her over, finally convinced her by showing her the movie script. "It removes some of the bite, makes it more human," Norma said later. "Fighting to hold a husband is every woman's problem."

On the other hand, Joan Crawford had begged for the role of Crystal Allen, to the surprise of her friends, because the part of the unscrupulous husband-snatcher is a small and thankless one. M-G-M was fearful, at first, to risk one of their top actresses in the role. But the strength of Joan's persuasions finally landed it for her.

There was great curiosity when Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford first met on the set. Here was an historical moment. The two girls came toward each other, bystanders held their breaths, and then. . . .

"How wonderful you look, Joan!"

Miss Crawford smiled and put her arm through Miss Shearer's. "And so do you, Norma. I love your hair in the short bob." The two walked off the set together, probably laughing secretly at those who had been expecting a hair-pulling battle.

Mishaps on the set were frequent. Joan experienced the first one. Somebody made a mistake in permanent waving her hair and three inches fell off. The accident took on the aspects of a minor crisis.

News of the disaster brought hair experts scurrying to the scene. Sydney Guilaroff was called into conference. There was only one thing to do—cut Joan's hair and even it up. Joan shed more than one tear when she saw her locks snipped.

Each star had three attendants—a maid, a hairdresser and a wardrobe girl. And the 20 principals all brought personal maids. The stars and their mob scene of attendants created such confusion that it was enough to drive any director hysterical. Cukor once took a startled look at the maids scurrying around and yelled to an assistant, "Clear the set of the grasshoppers!"

Norma and Joan have only three scenes together. But their final scene, where they confront each other in the powder room and battle over one man, is the dramatic high spot in *The Women*. Each star was determined to make the most of it. A delicate problem was posed. Being of equal importance, either one might resent more attention to the other in the closeups. What to do?

"I knew that the public would resent emphasis of one over the other," said Cukor. "Besides, if I gave a long closeup to Miss Shearer, Miss Crawford might feel let down, and the other way around. That certainly wouldn't help the scene at all. The result was practically no closeups at all."

Adrian was another guy who was put on the spot. He knew that a squabble would result if one girl thought her sister performer was getting a lovelier gown, so he laid down a firm rule to his army of fitters: "No girl is to know what any of the others is to wear until they are all on the set." Sketches for each player were guarded with great secrecy and individual groups of needlewomen were engaged to work on each wardrobe so that there would be no leakage.

The inevitable happened, however. All of the stars wanted a striking evening ensemble which Paulette Goddard wears in the picture. It's a flesh colored, form fitting chiffon, the skirt of which is slit beyond the

[*Continued on page* 66]

"Bill Henry, you'll spank this child over my dead body!"

A modern wife finds a modern way out for her child

1. But, Mary . . . I tell you I'm tired of pampering him. He needs it and I'm going to give him some if I have to ram it down his throat—or else . . .

2. Oh, no, you're not! He hates that nasty-tasting stuff and I think it's a crime to force him to take it just because it's around the house. You just wait a minute while I call the doctor!

3. Oh, I see! Yes, doctor . . . uh-huh . . . WHAT? . . . Heavens! I didn't know that! Yes, indeed, I'll do it right away! Thanks so much, doctor.

4. There, Smarty! The doctor said never to FORCE a child. He said to give him a GOOD-TASTING laxative. But NOT an "adult" one. He said a grown-up's laxative might be TOO STRONG for a tot's delicate "insides" . . . and could do more harm than good.

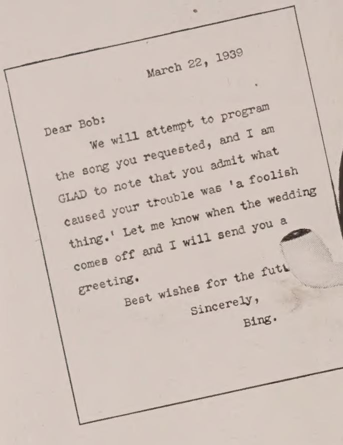
5. He said to give him a *modern* laxative made especially for children EVEN TO THE TASTE. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria because it not only tastes good—it's *safe*, too. It has no harsh drugs, and won't gripe. I'll get a bottle now.

6. Wow! Will you look at him go for that Fletcher's Castoria! Thank heaven, we won't have any more fights over a laxative in *this* family.

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

MEET "LONELY HEARTS" CROSBY



March 22, 1939

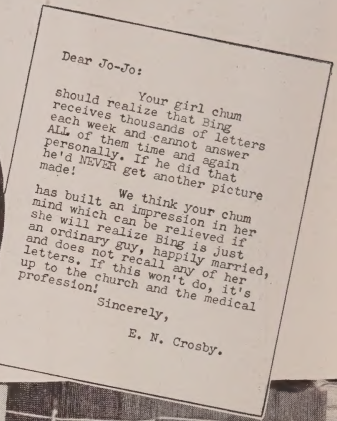
Dear Bob:

We will attempt to program the song you requested, and I am GLAD to note that you admit what caused your trouble was 'a foolish thing.' Let me know when the wedding comes off and I will send you a greeting.

Best wishes for the fut

Sincerely,

Bing.



Dear Jo-Jo:

Your girl chum should realize that Bing receives thousands of letters each week and cannot answer ALL of them time and again personally. If he did that he'd NEVER get another picture made!

We think your chum has built an impression in her mind which can be relieved if she will realize Bing is just an ordinary guy, happily married, and does not recall any of her letters. If this won't do, it's up to the church and the medical profession!

Sincerely,

E. N. Crosby.

Sample letters sent by Bing and his brother are pictured at top. Above, Bing's attractive secretary selects a batch of "advice" letters for him to answer personally. Bing believes in answering mail

By GRACE SIMPSON

BING CROSBY could bat for Beatrice Fairfax any day. He probably gets as many piteous pleas from the love-lorn as the noted columnist. And as far as he can, Bing answers them.

Many of the lyrical letters inform the young singer that he is the object of the writer's undying affection. Others are from young men wanting to know what they can do about their girl friends who have fallen in love with Bing's voice or face.

A great many boys and girls—and older men and women, too—lay their personal troubles right in Bing's lap with, of course, the aid of Uncle Sam's post office department. The mail is especially heavy immediately after he finishes a picture in which there is a particularly entrancing love song.

Bing isn't like the average male. Letter-writing comes easy to him. He doesn't believe in ignoring any writer who writes in for his advice. He's no Solomon, but he answers as best he can. When swooning young ladies voice their unrelenting passion, he tries to kid them out of it. When uneasy Romeos mention that he is stealing their girls, he tells them not to be quitters and to fight back.

"Dear Bing," wrote a young man, "*Pardon me for addressing you so familiarly, but I have followed your career so long I feel that I know you. I am in a pickle. In fact, Bing, I am having trouble with my girl over a foolish thing I did (was sorry immediately afterwards) and now our engagement is off. But—here's where you come in—she is crazy about your films, radio programs and records, and her favorite song is ———. If you could just sing this over your program and let me know so I could say I got you to do this personally for her, I'm sure I could fix things up again. And I'd be eternally grateful to you. Best ever!*

Sincerely,
Bob ———."

Bing's answer to Bob is shown on this page at upper left.

A young woman wrote:

"Dear Bing: *What are three of your 'pet rules' for keeping a man good-natured? I'm not kidding; I mean it. You see, I'm thinking of taking the fatal leap this autumn and I don't want to do things to make the one-and-only mad right off the bat, so to speak! So, do help me out.*

Love,
Marjorie M———."

"Dear Marjorie M:" Bing replied. "Three of the best cautions, I think, are those that follow:

1. Never interrupt a man while he is reading the paper. True love will weather anything but that!
2. Never oppose an opinion of his with a mere opinion. It is the average man's failing to believe that his own opinions are the only ones that hold any weight!
3. Don't present him with a dish and then stand over him, daring him to make a face or complain! Be humble and contrite about your early cooking. Though he may be near prostrate with indigestion, he will forgive anything if you adopt the proper air! Will these do, Marjorie?

Yours for happiness,
Bing Crosby.

P. S. I'm not kidding; I mean it, too!"

BEHIND THE MASK

A school lad wrote as follows:

"Dear Bing Crosby: *What can I do to cure bashfulness? My girl threatens to give me the air because I am so self-conscious nearly all the time. As if that wasn't enough, I find I must play a role in our senior class play—on the stage—before hundreds, mind you! I'll* *die. Were you ever in a stage play? Then you know how I feel—or do you?? Hope you answer.*

Cordially,
Leonard ——————"

Bing did answer.

"Dear Leonard,

I'll say I was in a stage play—my one and only, too! It was in my youth and I had a death scene in 'Julius Caesar.' I was scared plenty. When I yelled 'Friends, Romans, Countrymen,' not only my knees but the whole house shook. Came my death—a scene so dangerous it drove me from Shakespeare to crooning! You know, where Marc falls on his sword and dies? Well, I tumbled and was doing my best. My eyes were shut.

'Hey, Bing,' someone whispered from in back. 'Look out!'

I opened my peepers and saw the curtain coming straight down at my dome. I could either let Marc die or I could get Crosby out of the way of an awful knock on the head. I decided to cater to Crosby! I raised up on 'all fours' and crawled frantically out of the way just as the curtain came down 'kerplunk!'

I trust you have better luck with your play. As for curing self-consciousness, about the only way is to try and forget 'self' and take a REAL interest in those with whom you come in contact.

I hope you succeed.

Bing Crosby."

A maiden from Boston wrote:

"Dear Bing—

Do you believe in settling down before or after marriage? When did you? I am a young girl of 19, just got engaged. I have a lot of boy friends—should I give them up?

Most sincerely,
Arline ————"

"Dear Arline:" Bing replied. "If I were you I think I'd concentrate on the ONE. Of course, it's nice to have friends, but don't let them come between you and your fiance.

About Crosby personally—he settled down just before he got married. You see, I fell in love with my wife the first time I saw her. But she didn't like gadabouts and I was pretty much of a one at the time. I didn't know the value of the REAL things or rather, didn't care. But seeing the future Mrs. C. changed that. To get her, I HAD to settle down. I did and instead of becoming a tramp singer on a two-bit circuit or worse I began to really get somewhere. Dixie finally gave in, married me and I'm still settled!

Sincerely,
Bing."

A different type of letter was this:

"Dear Bing:

Herewith is a song poem I submitted to a music publisher and, as you see from their attached reports, it has great possibilities and for $40 they will set it to music. With their connections in radio and pictures, they will undoubtedly make me a fortune with this song, but here is the rub: I don't have the $40. My wife is expecting a baby next month and I have been on WPA for two years. If you will advance the $40 I'll give you half interest in the song. Please do this as soon as possible because we are destitute.

Sincerely,
——————"

[*Continued on page* 67]

Realize Your Dream of Thrilling Hair!

An amazing new cleansing-agent in Halo Shampoo brings lovely sparkle and manageability to even dry hair, with *no scalp irritation!*

GLANCE around you where smart people gather, and see why today many women with plain features are actually considered beautiful!

Hair can do wonders for a woman if she gives it a chance. It can seem to make a round face take on lines of classic beauty. Give fullness and youth to faces that may be a trifle too angular. Yes, hair can reflect exotic over-tones in your eyes and your complexion.

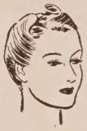
But to reap this reward you must let the natural beauty of your hair come forth. You see, many old-style shampoos so often leave an unrinsable film of soap or oil to actually dull the hair and cover up its natural brilliance. That's why women used to need a lemon or vinegar rinse. Why your hair so often looked dull and dead, stringy and unmanageable.

How lucky for all women that a scientist made this discovery now in Halo Shampoo—a way to make rich, creamy shampoo lather without the use of either soap or oil.

Here at last is the ideal shampoo for dry, oily or normal hair. One shampoo with Halo demonstrates perfectly how it removes all trace of dull film left by those old-style shampoos. How radiant and full of luster it leaves your hair, eliminating any need for lemon or vinegar rinse. How silky-soft and manageable it leaves even "wild" hair. How clean and fragrant your scalp, without irritation. In fact, even loose, flaky dandruff is safely removed.

So buy Halo Shampoo from any drug, department or ten-cent store in the 10c, 50c or $1.00 size. It is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau. If a trial doesn't bring thrilling beauty to your hair, return the empty bottle to Colgate, Jersey City, N. J., and we will gladly return every penny you paid for Halo.

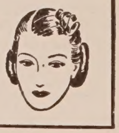
If—



Your Face is Full
here's an up-do that leads the eye back to the exposed hairline, elongates the face and lengthens the neck.

HALO SHAMPOO
Good Housekeeping Bureau

Your Face is Thin
this modified up-do is slightly away from the face, barely covers the tips of the ears, shows fullness around the neckline to soften sharp features.



HALO SHAMPOO

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

WHY DO SO MANY OF OUR FRIENDS USE FIBS* FOR SUMMER DAYS ?
BECAUSE IT'S THE KOTEX* TAMPON. SO IT MUST BE GOOD !

FIBS*

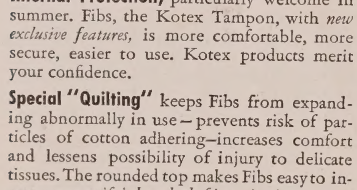
THE KOTEX* TAMPON
IT'S QUILTED

for extra comfort . . . extra safety!

Internal Protection, particularly welcome in summer. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

Special "Quilting" keeps Fibs from expanding abnormally in use—prevents risk of particles of cotton adhering—increases comfort and lessens possibility of injury to delicate tissues. The rounded top makes Fibs easy to insert, so *no artificial method of insertion is necessary!*

This Surgical Cellucotton (not cotton) is many times more absorbent than surgical cotton, that's why hospitals use it. Yet Fibs cost only 25c for a *full dozen.* Mail coupon with 10c for trial supply today.



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FIBS—Room 1455, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c for trial supply of FIBS, the Kotex Tampon, mailed in plain package.

Name ______________________________

Address ______________________________

City ____________________ *State* ____________

STAR OF VALOR

Lionel Barrymore is pictured above with Bobs Watson and Una Merkel in a scene from M-G-M's *On Borrowed Time.* Illness has never broken Barrymore's spirit

By JAMES REID

MERELY because they can look heroic in the face of make-believe danger, some of Hollywood's choicest "hams" are stars. Yet Lionel Barrymore, one of the few great actors on the screen today, wouldn't be there if he didn't actually have real courage.

Hollywood has heard, off and on for the past five years, that Lionel has worked under physical difficulties. There have been rumors that he was crippled with arthritis. But that only proves how thoroughly the inside story has been kept secret. Lionel Barrymore hasn't known, for *twenty-five years,* what it is like to be without pain. And he has never had arthritis.

Twenty-five years ago he was on the Broadway stage. But he wasn't too proud to work on the side in pictures then being made in studios around New York. Unlike some of his Broadway buddies, Lionel thought movies had possibilities. Besides, he could always use the extra money. Knowing this, Director George Fitzmaurice offered him a role in a certain action picture. At that moment, Lionel was desperately short of funds. He seized the offer.

At that time, he was capable of action pictures. He was an agile man. Six feet tall and built in proportion, he went in for strenuous athletics. Wrestling, in particular. He practically lived at the New York Athletic Club. He worked out with professionals who trained there. He could give them some competition. The night before he was to start the picture he was proving this to Zbysko, the Polish Pachyderm, in a friendly mat tussle, when something snapped in one knee.

COURAGE

Despite the torture of the broken bone, he refused to go to a doctor to have it set. A doctor would put his leg in splints, Fitzmaurice would find out about the injury and somebody else would get his role. And he needed that role. After the picture was finished, he'd see a doctor. Meanwhile, he taped his knee tightly and went to work.

For half the picture, he was on horseback, his knee bent. The broken bone didn't have a chance to mend. Water-on-the-knee developed. Lionel grimly said nothing; just taped the knee more tightly. When the picture finally was finished and he felt free to get medical attention, his doctor said, "You must have been crazy to let this go so long." Neglect had made his injury permanent.

He has limped from that day to this. Constantly, for 25 years, his knee has been giving him twinges of pain, reminding him to favor it. To have an acting career, he has had to disregard such reminders. The roles of men-with-limps are few and far between. More often than not he has had to walk like a man whose legs are of equal length, equal strength.

But this has been only one small test of the Barrymore courage.

During the making of *Washington Masquerade,* he broke the fingers of one hand, pounding a desk. Ever since, he has tried to remember to keep that hand inconspicuous. The fingers are permanently, stiffly straight.

They have been responsible for some of the arthritis rumors. Rheumatism has been responsible for the rest.

There is a subtle difference between arthritis and rheumatism. Arthritis is a painful inflammation of the joints. Rheumatism is a shifting paroxysm of pain that affects not only joints but muscles and nerves. While they last, both are crippling.

For years Lionel's life has been one of constant rheumatic torment. He would be fairly free from it for two weeks at a time. Then, three or four days at a time, his whole body would be knotted with it. And pain is no respecter of picture schedules. To keep on with his career, Lionel has had to act both when in torture and when free from it.

A couple of years ago, on one of his days off, a friend came across him in a corridor at M-G-M, leaning weakly against the wall. He was half-paralyzed with rheumatic pangs. "What in Heaven's name are you doing here today?" asked the friend. "You ought to be in bed." Lionel shushed him. "They asked me to make a test with some young fellow who's looking for a job. Maybe I can help him get it. If I kept him from getting it by lying in bed, do you think I could be happy?"

That is typical of him. He has never been known to ask any special favors as a semi-invalid, never been known to ask for time off.

He hasn't cultivated a wan smile, emblematic of suffering. He freezes would-be sympathizers with icy glares, embellished with salty sarcasm.

Three years ago, a new calamity befell him. He was indulging in his hobby, painting. He tipped the easel forward to get a different light on the canvas. The heavy canvas slipped off the easel, crashed down on his foot. Involuntarily, he shifted his weight to his game leg. It gave way under him. He fell sideways heavily, broke his hip. That put him in the hospital for months. When at last he was up and around, he had to walk with crutches, then a cane.

Then, in *Saratoga*, the script called for someone to push him roughly. The push was harder than he expected. He lost his balance, fell again on the same vulnerable side, again broke his hip. This time, in knitting, the bone accumulated deposits of matter that only time could remove. No matter what his will power, he couldn't pretend to walk normally for months.

In *A Yank at Oxford*, he wasn't acting when he made use of his cane. In *You Can't Take It With You*, the script was changed to permit him crutches when he wasn't shown in a chair, his leg bound up in a simulation of gout. In *Test Pilot*, he sat at a desk when he didn't move slowly with a cane. Came the *Dr. Kildare* pictures—and the character he was to play was made a wheel-chair invalid, to save Lionel the struggle of walking.

All through *On Borrowed Time*, his latest picture, he is in a wheel-chair. But at the end there is a terrific punch. He gets out of his wheel-chair, walks.

Lionel will be doing that one of these days in real life. His hip is well again. He can walk. But—he admits it—he has a subconscious fear of falling. Two long bouts with invalidism have left him with that. But he's turning his will power loose on it. He'll conquer it.

He has finally beaten the rheumatism. Recently, one doctor succeeded—where scores had failed—in finding the cause. After that, the cure was easy.

First thing you know, Lionel Barrymore won't need courage. His life will be as easy as the lives of those stars who only have to feign courage.

Hollywood adores the Parisian smartness
OF **Paris Fashion Shoes**

says **SUSAN HAYWARD**
featured with Gary Cooper in Paramount's new production—"Beau Geste"

No wonder Susan Hayward acclaims PARIS FASHION SHOES. You'll adore them, too, when you see their Parisian chic, exquisite materials, fine quality, excellent workmanship and the flattering things these beautiful shoes do for your feet. Be as smart as Hollywood—wear PARIS FASHION SHOES (widths AAA to C). Write Dept. P-6 for Fall Style Booklet and the name of your dealer.
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Black or brown suede

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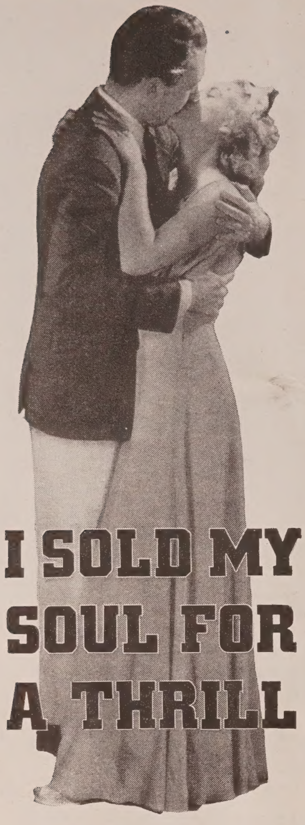

I SOLD MY SOUL FOR A THRILL

WHEN Carol Reeves decided to flaunt convention for a whim, she didn't know that a moment of ecstasy was going to change the course of her whole life.

Could she play havoc with other people's lives and not suffer for it? Don't miss this stirring story of a girl who couldn't tell her sin.

"I Sold My Soul For A Thrill" is only one of the thrilling stories from real life that you will enjoy in the new issue of—

10¢

ROMANTIC STORY
SEPTEMBER
I SOLD MY SOUL FOR A THRILL

At Your Theatre Soon

[*Continued from page* 57]

star between sessions of writing song hits which took the country by its ears.

Best of the fifty kids working in *The Star Maker* is 14-year-old Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Charles R. Rogers in an orphanage at Steubenville, Ohio, and hailed as a singing sensation. Although she has studied voice since she was seven, Linda has never before sung in public, makes her film and professional debut in the Paramount picture.

Also making a debut in the picture is 77-year-old Dr. Walter Damrosch, dean of American orchestra conductors, who in one scene conducts a 65-piece orchestra in a set representing the interior of Carnegie Hall. Dr. Damrosch also leads the orchestra in an accompaniment for one of young Miss Ware's solos.

Probable critics' rating of *The Star Maker*: *Very Good.*

HOTEL FOR WOMEN

(20th Century-Fox)

Directed by Gregory Ratoff. With Linda Darnell, James Ellison, Ann Sothern, Elsa Maxwell, Katharine Aldridge, John Halliday and Alan Dinehart.

PLUMP party-promoter Elsa Maxwell, who gained fame in New York City's cafe society by staging elaborate parties for moneyed but unimaginative socialites, emerges as a full-blown actress in *Hotel for Women,* which she co-authored.

The story is based on fact, concerns the comedy and drama in the lives of guests at a New York hotel whose patronage is exclusively feminine. Many of the girls living at the hotel are models and one of the leading roles in *Hotel for Women* is played by Katharine Aldridge, acclaimed as America's most photographed model. Miss Aldridge actually lived at the hotel which furnished the inspiration for the 20th Century-Fox picture.

Another screen newcomer playing an important part in *Hotel for Women* is Linda Darnell, daughter of a post office clerk in Dallas, Texas. Linda has the feminine lead opposite James Ellison, whose own break in pictures came several years ago when Cecil B. DeMille picked him from the "unknown" ranks to portray young Buffalo Bill Cody in *The Plainsman.*

Probable critics' rating of *Hotel for Women*: Good.

THE MODERN CINDERELLA

(Universal)

Directed by John M. Stahl. Starring Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, with Nydia Westman, Onslow Stevens and Fritz Feld. National release date—August 13, 1939.

THE romantic starring team of Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer, who scored such a huge success in *Love Affair,* makes Universal's *The Modern Cinderella* a dramatic highlight of the season.

This time, the lovely Miss Dunne is cast as a waitress in a small New York restaurant, who falls in love with a guest whom she suspects of being a labor spy. Subsequently she learns that he, Charles Boyer, is a famous French concert pianist, that he returns her love-at-first-sight but that he cannot marry her.

The ensuing action covers a period of 72 hours, exposes Dunne & Boyer to the drenching fury of a hurricane and the violent tempest of a hopeless love affair. The picture's end brings as surprising a climax as any seen in recent Hollywood history.

***The Modern Cinderella* was written by James M. Cain, who authored "The Postman Always Rings Twice," and will be published as a novel simultaneously with the release of the picture . . . Water scenes consumed an estimated 288,000 gallons of *aqua pura* . . . And ruined innumerable dresses, suits and pairs of shoes worn by the principals.**

Probable critics' rating of *The Modern Cinderella*: Excellent.

Believe it or not, Alice Faye is hiding beneath the custard pie. This scene, in which Alice is a target for the pie throwing of Buster Keaton, will appear in the 20th Century-Fox film, *Hollywood Cavalcade.* Compare these pictures of Alice with those on page 76

INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY

(Warner Brothers)

Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Starring Pat O'Brien, John Payne and Ann Sheridan, with Gale Page, Frank McHugh, Granville Bates and Charles Halton. National release date—August 20, 1939.

A QUARTER of a million dollars in racing cars, plus nine world-famed drivers, plus "Oomph Girl" Ann Sheridan, plus a story which is well-known to anyone who ever saw an automobile race picture, have been combined with satisfactory effect in Warner Brothers' *Indianapolis Speedway*.

Pat O'Brien and John Payne are cast as brothers in this latest saga of the roaring road. Bitterness develops between them when young-brother John leaves college to become a race driver against the wishes of champion pedal-pusher Pat. Exciting racing sequences, studded with masterful driving by some of the men who have won at Indianapolis, keep the action moving right up to the final reconciliation.

While the camera recorded Ann Sheridan taking a shower bath, five women and 32 men on the Warner payroll stood by to insure "privacy" for the star . . . Portraying a hypochondriac, comedian Frank McHugh swallowed 54 tasteless pills, drank 43 glasses of water, had his temperature taken 18 times during filming.

Probable critics' rating of *Indianapolis Speedway*: Good.

Thumbnail Reviews

EACH DAWN I DIE (Warner Brothers)

George Raft, James Cagney, Jane Bryan, Maxie Rosenbloom. Previewed in August SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Very Good.

CHICKEN WAGON FAMILY (20th Century-Fox)

Leo Carrillo, Spring Byington, Jane Withers, Marjorie Weaver. Itinerant rustics outwit city slickers. Critics' rating: Good. National release date—August 12, 1939.

STEEPLECHASE (Warner Brothers)

Edith Fellows, Granville Bates, James McCallion. Starring a remarkable blind horse. Critics' rating: Good. National release date—August 13, 1939.

STANLEY AND LIVINGSTONE (20th Century-Fox)

Spencer Tracy, Nancy Kelly, Richard Greene, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Picture spread in this issue of SCREEN BOOK. National release date—August 18, 1939. Critics' rating: Excellent.

OUR LEADING CITIZEN (Paramount)

Bob Burns, Susan Hayward. Mid-west drama of patriotism, with Burns in the title role. National release date—August 11, 1939. Critics' rating: Good.

LADY OF THE TROPICS (M-G-M)

Hedy Lamarr, Robert Taylor. Picture spread in this issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Excellent.

DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS (Warner Brothers)

John Garfield, Priscilla, Rosemary and Lola Lane, Gale Page, Fay Bainter, Claude Rains. Previewed in August issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Very Good.

WINTER CARNIVAL (United Artists)

Ann Sheridan, Richard Carlson. Previewed in August issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Good.

ON BORROWED TIME (M-G-M)

Lionel Barrymore, Bobs Watson, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Previewed in August issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Excellent.

THE MAN IN THE IRON MASK (United Artists)

Louis Hayward, Joan Bennett, Warren William. Previewed in August issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Excellent.

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (Columbia)

James Stewart, Jean Arthur. Previewed in August issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Excellent.

MAN ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)

Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Anderson. Previewed in August issue of SCREEN BOOK. Critics' rating: Very Good.

IRIUM HAS WHAT IT TAKES FOR A COME-CLOSER SMILE!

Only PEPSODENT Powder has IRIUM

THE COSTLIER INGREDIENT

to erase unsightly surface-stains from teeth . . . reveal their full pearly brilliance!

● Hearts beat faster under the spell of a dazzling "Come-Closer" Smile! . . . Start today the IRIUM WAY with Pepsodent Tooth Powder, and discover for yourself that IRIUM has *what it takes!*

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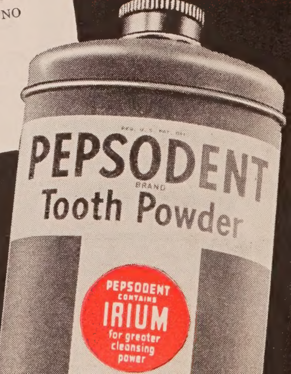
What's more, Pepsodent Tooth Powder is economical ...thorough...SAFE! It contains NO GRIT, NO BLEACH, NO DRUGS. Order Pepsodent Powder with IRIUM now . . . learn why already *over 40 million cans* have been bought!

25¢ and Larger Economy Size

For a *Come-Closer* Smile use PEPSODENT POWDER



I've found THE face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. This exquisite powder looks and feels velvety ...naturally lovely, even at night, and stays on unbelievably long! Delightfully scented. Go today and see what the youthful Skin-Tone shades of Park & Tilford Face Powder will do for you!

$1 and 50¢ sizes. Trial 10¢ size at ten-cent stores.

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Hush STOPS BODY ODORS

THREE SAFE WAYS

1 Hush CREAM for underarm perspiration
2 Hush LIQUID checks perspiration 1 to 3 days
3 Hush POWDER use on sanitary napkins

10¢ SIZES AT 10¢ COUNTERS
25¢, 50¢ AT DRUG, DEPT. STORES

Danger! High Explosives!

[*Continued from page* 59]

knee. Worn with it is a bizarre East Indian draped shawl hat. The outfit is so daring and unique only one of its kind could be made. Norma, Joan, Rosalind and Paulette all clamored for it for their personal wardrobes. Adrian was a good friend of each girl. Here was a situation which required a Solomon. It was solved patly. A coin was tossed. Joan was the winner.

The film required so many capable actresses that many now-obscure glamor girls were given small parts—Aileen Pringle, Gertrude Astor, Peggy Shannon and Judith Allen among them. But the most interesting off-screen drama took place when Dorothy Sebastian reported for work.

Miss Sebastian appears in only one scene, as a department store salesgirl. Strangely enough, she shares it with Joan Crawford. This is the first time the two had worked together since their *Dancing Daughter* days. When Joan saw Dorothy she rushed up and embraced her, and the two girls spent their lunch time together talking over the old days. Both Joan, with her new short bob, and Dorothy who had never forsaken the old windblown, looked exactly as they did during the Flamboyant Era when they were competing with each other as the most colorful young starlets on the screen. Here they were together again on the same studio lot—one a brilliant, glamorous star, the other, an extra.

Touchy moments during the filming of the picture were offset by enthusiastic trouping.

The bathtub in which Joan Crawford takes the famous dunking is a glass one, eight inches thick. Studio workers turned their backs when Joan shed her blue negligee and settled herself in it. In order to eliminate the transparency, it was decided to use a bubble bath to cover most of her. The foam was created by compression which pushes heavy air bubbles against the skin. Any girl who has ever taken one of these baths knows that it has reducing and de-vitalizing effects. The first day, Joan stayed in it seven hours; the second day, four hours. When she finally finished the scene, she had lost 11 pounds, and was so weak that she almost collapsed on the set. She was rushed home and her doctor delivered the final irony. He ordered her to take a *long hot bath* and stay in bed for three days!

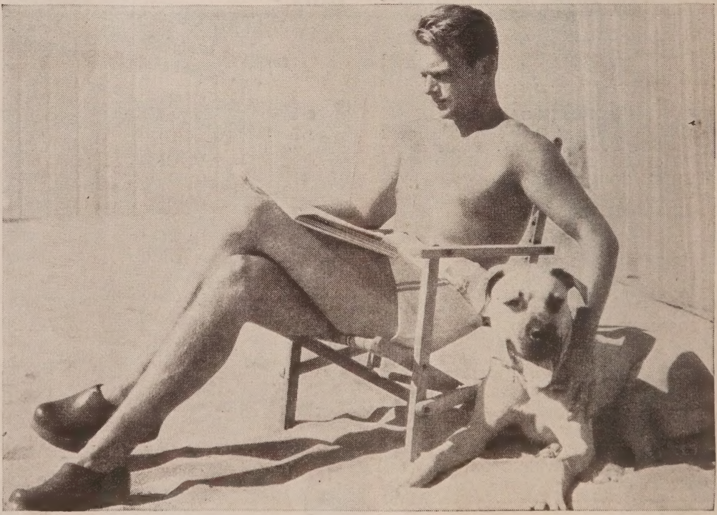
No less sporting were Paulette Goddard and Roz Russell during their hilarious "knock-down-and-drag-out fight." This is the part where Rosalind discovers that Paulette is the reason her husband wants a divorce. Paulette is seated on Jacob, the horse, when Roz pulls her down. Paulette's foot got caught in the stirrup and her leg was gashed open. She didn't whimper. She hauled off and smacked Roz in the face (it was all part of the script,) and the two girls tussled. Then they began to lam heavy crockery at each other's noggins. When it was over, Rosalind had a bruised face and a huge egg lump. Paulette's legs were swollen and bloody. But the last blow came when Paulette, bloody but unbowed, tried to stand up. Jacob, a little upset himself by this time, delivered a neat kick to her shapely south end!

Ordinarily, such didos would have worked on the girls' nerves and caused blowups, but they held their tempers.

When Rosalind Russell finished a particularly effective "gossiping" scene one afternoon, Norma rushed up and planted a kiss on one cheek. "That's wonderful!" she said sincerely. "Now I know who steals the picture."

That's Norma's opinion. And who *does* steal the picture?

Cukor knows, but he just smiles. The guy has tact. How else do you think he handled so many women without a walkout?



Recently Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., made the headlines by criticizing the current movie product and suggesting a national exhibitors' convention to discuss movie problems. Doug is shown sunning himself at the beach

Meet "Lonely Hearts" Crosby

[*Continued from page 61*]

At this time Bing was working day and night at the studio on a film, so his brother Everett answered for him.

"Dear ———:

Enclosed please find the song you so kindly sent Bing. He asked me to thank you for thinking of him in this regard and to tell you how sorry he is that he can do nothing with the song at this time. He suggests that you write to ASCAP for their pamphlet, 'Rackets and Roses,' and information on song writing.

Bing's radio sponsor insists that he make up his program from songs that are requested in the recent mail, as he feels that the public is more interested in those songs than to have Bing break in new ones.

In his picture work, the studio employs 4 or 5 song writing teams and for that reason we are unable to get any outside songs in pictures. Thanks again and wishing you lots of success, I am,

Sincerely yours,
E. N. Crosby."

"Letters on that order come in regularly," Bing's younger brother Larry told me.

"One time a woman wrote and wanted $50. She had a song and that amount would publish it and put her daughter through school. Bing was in a good mood so, for the fun of it, he sent her the $50. He never heard from the party again—not even the skinniest 'thank you' letter!"

A Chicago girl wrote:

"Dearest Bing:

Please forgive this if you think it's foolish, but I have heard how you have done many favors for others and my girl chum has been listening to your records so much that she is not herself anymore! She has no interest in school work and stays in her room all the time.

She says she has written to you and you answered once but you refuse to keep writing to her regularly. Can't you just write something which will make her feel better?

JO-JO."

You can see how brother Everett answered JO-JO by referring to the reproduction of the letter starting "Dear Jo-Jo."

Bing receives letters from all over the world to the tune of many thousands a week, year in, year out. On an average, Larry tells me, he, Bing and Everett bat out about 10,000 answers a month!

Of course, some of these are just notes or cards. There are lengthy ones, to be sure. Sometimes, Bing dictates his replies to one of his secretaries. Sometimes, he goes to work with the typewriter himself—or even with pen-and-ink.

Some months ago a young girl, who must, of necessity, be nameless, arrived in Hollywood, determined to see her hero. She was, she announced by phone, hopelessly in love with Bing.

Considerably embarrassed and not knowing quite what to do, Bing invited her out to his house. She had dinner with Bing and Dixie, was treated as a distinguished guest and then bundled off to her hotel.

She went home again, completely cured and an even more enthusiastic Crosby booster.

The oddest letter Bing ever received came from a man—Capt. Dash of Falmouth Foreside, Maine, who apparently can take his movie actors or leave them. In plain language he wrote:

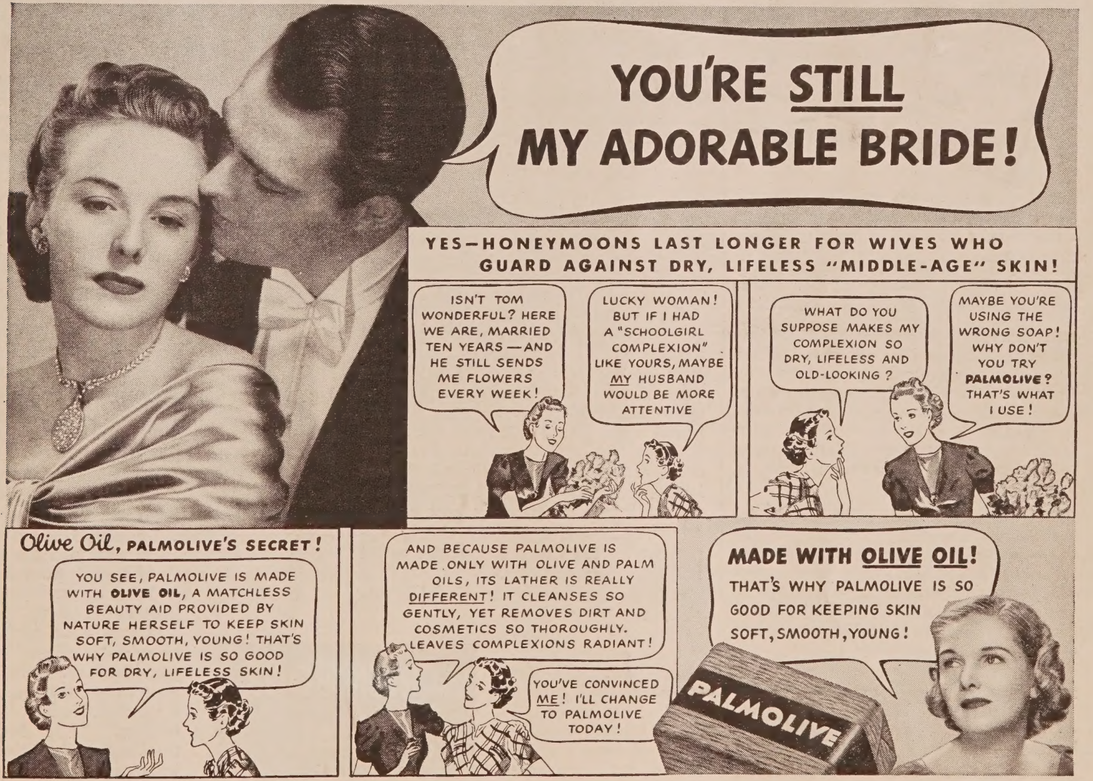
"Dere Bing:

I am captain of a fishing scunner running out of Casco bay. My son is 1st mate. He is a swell singer an sings base in the quoire. I askt him to rite you an tell you he an me always com up to Portland evry time they shows your fillums an we like you petes sake yes. Now my boy has took up with a gal, a flapper I gess you call em. Should he marry her or do you think she would try to reform him an make him stop drinkin an cussin an sich? He said it wasnt no use to rite you as you wouldnt answer. I supose he is rite. I rote to Dick Arlen once but the darn cuss wouldnt rite back an he can go plump to well you know where, so can you if you dont answer.

yours truly,
Your pal, Capt. Dash."

The brisk captain must have had a surprise. Bing answered and wrote, in part:

"Sure, let your son marry the girl. He probably will, anyway! And here's hopin' she reforms both of you! Your pal, Bing."


YOU'RE STILL MY ADORABLE BRIDE!
YES—HONEYMOONS LAST LONGER FOR WIVES WHO GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
ISN'T TOM WONDERFUL? HERE WE ARE, MARRIED TEN YEARS—AND HE STILL SENDS ME FLOWERS EVERY WEEK!
LUCKY WOMAN! BUT IF I HAD A "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS, MAYBE MY HUSBAND WOULD BE MORE ATTENTIVE
WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE MAKES MY COMPLEXION SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I USE!
Olive Oil, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE ONLY WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY. LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
YOU'VE CONVINCED ME! I'LL CHANGE TO PALMOLIVE TODAY!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

Last evening I dined with a Dentist
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE...
DENTYNE
CHEWING GUM
HELPS KEEP TEETH WHITE
5¢
MOUTH HEALTHY

My hostess seated me beside a famous dentist—he told me such interesting things.

He said, "This dinner's delicious! But it is bad for your lovely teeth—and we moderns need to give our teeth tougher exercise!

"Teeth were made to chew! Soft modern foods don't demand enough chewing! I'm constantly recommending a real workout on a good, firm chewing gum. It's a real tonic to the whole chewing apparatus. Vitalizes gums and tissues—aids prophylaxis. Dentyne is the gum I'm thinking of —extra-firm, chewy—a fine aid to healthier, brighter teeth!"

First thing next morning I rushed out for a package of Dentyne! I love its spicy flavor — brings back memories of Saturday mornings and Aunt Sally's cake batter. And it does help my teeth! The flat package slips so conveniently into my purse, I carry it everywhere. Do try Dentyne yourself — buy a package today!

DENTYNE
DELICIOUS CHEWING GUM

"Vicki," Nigel said abruptly, "I'm crazy about you. Why don't you sign that contract?"

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD SECRETARY

SCREEN BOOK SERIAL

VICKI DAVIS wins a beauty contest and a trip to Hollywood. Unable to find a job in the movies, she becomes private secretary to Fred Lord, ace director of Allied-Apex pictures. In Lord's office she meets handsome Bob Linden, movie star, and Nigel Smith, orchestra leader who has come to Hollywood for a series of Allied-Apex broadcasts. She feels herself attracted to Linden. Sonia Petrova, glamorous star of Allied-Apex, secures the leading role in Song of the Soul *opposite Bob Linden by threatening Lord and Vicki with a scandal. She also is attracted to Bob. At an Allied-Apex broadcast, Sonia fails to appear. Vicki fills in for her and "clicks" over the radio. As messages pour into the broadcasting office, Nigel Smith hints that he may offer her a contract. "I'll see you in Ensenada," he says.*

ENSENADA was a revelation to me. The sweeping coral beaches, the feathery palms, the sunshine all had the allure of the fabled South Seas. Our location company practically took over the largest hotel, and Lord had one room arranged for an office. Location was an island about four miles from the mainland, and fast launches were used to cover the distance. The technicians had been here a week before us and had set up a typical South Sea trading post on the Island. Here, the scenery closely approximated the South Sea locale called for in the famous novel.

The abrupt change from the high tension, the electrical crackle of life in Hollywood was, at first, startling. Gradually the dreamy, sun-shot quiet soothed my nerves. I worked hard, keeping track of Lord's many affairs, but there were times when I could walk on the white beach alone, when a salty breeze came across the water and the blue shadows of clouds raced over the sandhills. In this isolation, a universe of primary colors and primitive sounds, the busy world of Hollywood lost its importance.

A curious contentment came over me, and slowly it was born on me that I didn't like Hollywood. The old, inherent love of the wind and the sky and the earth came back, and I knew that I'd never be happy unless I could be myself; and I knew, suddenly, what I wanted most—a home and love and safety and children.

Sonia Petrova had a suite in the hotel. So did Bob. But I saw neither of them except in the evenings. I had dreaded meeting Sonia again, but she never spoke to me. Her eyes looked through me, as if I didn't exist. Most of the time she, Bob, Lord and the company were at the island, shooting the outdoor scenes, while I held down the office and the telephone. I went to the island only occasionally, when Lord asked me to come, to take dictation on changes in the script.

One noon, while I was walking on the beach, reveling in the clean wind that seemed to sift through me, I saw Lord coming toward me. I wondered if something was wrong. He motioned me to sit down in the shade of a scrub palm and sat beside me. He lit a cigarette and stared at the sea.

"Came in for lunch," he said. "Had an idea you'd be here. Vicki, I want to be fair to you." I wondered what was coming. "I've been thinking, since that broadcast, that you do have ability. You came to me as a secretary and you're the best one I ever had. But maybe that's not being fair. You have looks, youth, a fine figure, vitality. I think I could make an actress out of you, Vicki."

A little shiver raced over me. I stared at him, speechless.

"But first," he said, hastily, "let me tell you what it means. A year in the Allied-Apex dramatic school, learning how to act. You'd be paid, of course, while learning—about twice as much as you earn now. After a year you'd come to me and I would then teach you and guide you. I'd work you until you became what I wanted you to become. Every night you'd drop with fatigue; you'd probably hate me, but maybe, in time, we could create a miracle."

I was conscious of the thudding of my heart. The thought raced through my mind that this was what he had done with Sonia Petrova, according to Bob's story. His level voice went on.

"I'd tear you to shreds and rebuild you and you'd empty your life's blood for so much a picture—if you finally succeeded. You'd crucify yourself and you couldn't lead a normal life. You're young and fresh and clean and you have ability." His great bulk stirred, and he was looking at me now. "I could perhaps do many things with you, Vicki, if that's what you want."

I sat as if caught in some mesmeric spell. Stardom! Lord was offering it. I now knew only too well the hard road by which it must be attained. I wanted it, yes, I wanted it! For a glittering moment. Then I knew that there were other things I wanted more than the quick, vivid, crowded life of Hollywood, the fun and the fury, the counterfeit life and adventure of making pictures.

"My screen test," I said, "showed that I was not photogenic."

"Rubbish!" said Lord. "It's only that aristocratic little nose. I can lick that! But, think about it, Vicki, before you decide. It means dogged, exhausting work, month after month, because you're not the type who can make acting a matter of polished technique. With you it will have to be reality. You'd be stripped to the spirit, so the inner fire burned clearly enough for the camera to catch it. When that happened you'd be a star and have all that goes with it—good and bad!"

"I don't have to think about it," I said with a suddenly-born conviction. "That isn't what I want from life. I wouldn't be human if I told you it didn't appeal to me—it does! But I can't measure life by the Hollywood standards of success. I want other things more. I do appreciate your offer. I'll never stop thanking you and being grateful that you made it."

"What *more* do you want?" he asked, in a curious voice.

I don't know why I said it but I did, for some exalted spirit awoke in me. I waved a hand to the sea and the sky. "I want to play the feminine lead as it was written in the beginning," I said. "I want a home that will hold my husband, my heart and my children. Acting, making *believe* at love and life . . ." I shook my head.

Lord got up abruptly. He patted my shoulder. "'Out of the mouths of babes,'" he said. "You've got sense, Vicki. If only all people realized that life is lived once, they wouldn't miss so many of the things that count! I'm not quite sure your husband will ever deserve you, whoever he will be."

I didn't answer but my heart was singing.

"Let's go back to the hotel," said Lord, "and get lunch. I've some important letters to get off. Want to come to the island and see the shooting of the last clinch scene, Vicki? This afternoon?"

"I'd love to," I accepted eagerly. I hadn't seen much of Bob and I wanted to see him even though he was holding Sonia in his arms. "How are the scenes coming?"

"You'll see," he answered mysteriously. "We'll go back around two. Better get into slacks, Vicki. The brush is thick out there. Hello—look who's here! The claim jumper!"

I looked. On the hotel steps stood Nigel Smith!

"Hm!" snorted Lord. "Well, meet you in the dining room in half an hour, Vicki." He frowned. "Any offer Nigel makes you, Vicki, I'll double!" He called, "Hello, Smith! How's the Allied-Apex Hour doing?"

"Swell!" called Nigel. "Come down to consult you about a little matter. Hello, Vicki! You're looking fine!"

"Could have saved yourself a trip and used the phone," said Lord dryly. "Well, anyhow, I'll see you at lunch. Better have lunch with us." He nodded to me, to Nigel, and stalked into the hotel, leaving me startled and wondering what he meant about an offer. I soon learned.

Nigel said, "Let's sit down a minute, Vicki. Something I want to tell you. Lunch can wait a few minutes." His brilliant, audacious eyes blazed. "Glad to see me?"

"I'm palpitating," I answered lightly, "but hadn't we better get lunch? I'm going out to location this afternoon, and there is—"

"This is more important," he interrupted. "Vicki, coming here to see Lord about the

[*Continued on page* 70]

SH-H-H! NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH!
THAT'S WHY CAROL WAS UNPOPULAR
I WISH I'D NEVER COME ON THIS CRUISE! I HATE IT! EVERYBODY'S SO STAND-OFFISH--
NO, THEY AREN'T, CAROL --REALLY!
BUT YOU MAKE IT HARD FOR PEOPLE TO LIKE YOU, CAROL. I KNOW NOBODY MENTIONS BAD BREATH, BUT--WELL--WON'T YOU TALK TO THE SHIP'S DENTIST ABOUT IT?
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM
COME ON, TED--GIVE THE REST OF US A BREAK! EVERY MAN ON BOARD'S WAITING TO DANCE WITH CAROL, YOU KNOW!
BAD BREATH KEEPS ROMANCE AWAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
Tested and Approved 2273 Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

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✓ZONITORS kill germs at contact by releasing the same germ-killing element that makes liquid Zonite so effective.

✓ZONITORS are greaseless! No oil or fat! Not only odorless—but actually deodorizing!

✓ZONITORS are mild and safe—free from all harmful or irritating drugs.

✓ZONITORS are dainty, snow-white, and easy to use! No mixing—no fussing—no bother.

FOR YOUR DOUCHE:—Two tablespoons of Zonite to each quart of water provides thorough antiseptic cleansing and deodorizing.

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CREAM DEODORANT

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ANY COLOR
LIGHT BROWN to BLACK

Gives a natural, youthful appearance. Easy to use in the clean privacy of your home; not greasy; will not rub off nor interfere with curling. For 30 years millions have used it with complete satisfaction. $1.35 for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Name ____________
Street ____________
City ____________ State ________
GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR

Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

[*Continued from page 69*]

broadcast was a stall. I could have used the phone, as old ironsides said, but I wanted to see you."

"Why?" I asked.

"Why?" he repeated. "The mere simplicity of that question, Vicki! For one reason, I think a lot of you. The lowdown is that you clicked on the broadcast, Vicki! The fan mail is coming in and they want to hear you sing again!"

"Why?" I repeated, astonished. "Me? Why, Nigel, I can't."

"You can, Vicki! You did! You don't have to be a secretary any more. You can be a radio singer. Here's the idea. I want you to sign a contract with me. I'll pay you much more than Lord pays you and there's no limit to what you can get if the radio fans continue to like you. We'd tour the country. I've got a year's contract with a cigarette company following the Allied-Apex Hour and you'd be all set! Think of it—just two or three songs a night—"

"Wait, Nigel!" I gasped. "Let me get this slowly. You say . . ."

He talked eagerly while I listened, hardly believing my ears. It was simple enough. I had "clicked." They liked my low, husky voice. There had been fan mail. If I would sign a contract to appear with Nigel and his orchestra, there was hardly any limit to what I might eventually earn, providing the fans continued to like me.

In one morning I had been offered two passports to fame and fortune. But after six months with the Allied-Apex Hour, I would have to go back to New York with Nigel if I accepted. I could leap into radio immediately on the program of a famous sponsor, and leave Bob behind. I wouldn't see him and he would be in Sonia Petrova's rapacious hands. Was it foolish to refuse this offer, to stick to my cheap little Hollywood kitchenette, refuse a chance at making real money and a reputation, because of Bob? Something warm spilled over in my heart. I knew what I wanted from life or thought I did.

You are reading the only
Complete Movie Magazine!
34 Pages of Pictures plus
Exclusive Stories

"I've got the contract with me," urged Nigel. "Sign it, honey, and you can leave this petty job."

"Let me think about it," I said. "I have to think it over."

"Think it over?" he repeated. "What is there to consider, Vicki? You'll be tops! You'll make ten times what you're making now! And, we'll be together, honey."

"What have you got that gets you? I'll still have to think it over," I insisted stubbornly.

"You're a funny kid," he complained. "Don't you want big money, a reputation? Haven't you any ambition?"

"Yes, I want all those things, but I want other things more. I'd have to give up one for the other."

"Sometimes," he shrugged, "I think that you'll come to a bad end, Vicki." His face sobered. "Is it Bob?"

"Suppose it is?" I challenged.

"That guy?" grinned Nigel. "Maybe I ought to picket his house! In time, you'd be making as much as he does. You'd be tops in radio. Bob doesn't rate tops!"

"He will," I defended, "after *Song of the Soul* is released."

Nigel shrugged. "Here are the contracts, Vicki. Better think about it and sign up and mail me one of them. I have to go back to Hollywood this afternoon. How about coming out and spending next week end with you here? I can get back in time for the broadcast. Suppose you think about this until then?"

I nodded. "Come if you want to," I agreed, "but I can't promise that I'll sign up with you, Nigel."

Fred Lord came on the porch, washed and combed, rugged, dynamic.

"Let's eat," he said. "You can tell me what's on your mind while we're at lunch, Smith. I have an important scene to shoot this afternoon and I have to get back to location. Ready, Vicki?"

I was too excited to eat. I excused myself, ran to my room, thrust the contracts into my grip, powdered my nose, used a lipstick and went down to lunch. The two men talked of the Allied-Apex broadcast, and I listened without interest. I had other things to think about. Nigel left right after lunch, telling me that he would be down for the week-end, and Lord impatiently beckoned me to come along. I told him nothing of Nigel's offer.

The fast little speedboat danced out on the sea and we were soon on the location island. Lord snapped orders and things began to move. The cast had elected to eat lunch on the island because they didn't want to get out of costume and the hotel had sent them a great spread. Now they were all through and sitting around, smoking, gossiping. I saw Sonia talking to Bob and my heart raced. Bob waved a brightly social hand, called a greeting, but Sonia looked through me.

Soon the scene was set and I sat with Lord and the script girl, my fingers twisting with suspense. Lord waved his hand and a sudden hush fell. Lord had built it up with a shrewd eye for values. The young lieutenant was meeting the half native girl on the moonlit beach, and the bright sun would give the effect of moonlight on the film. Native guitars began strumming softly as a background.

"Ready?" asked Lord, tersely. "All right, roll 'em! Take it big—*this is the picture!*"

Sonia came strolling along the beach, much of her lovely, slim body revealed in the native costume, a vision of loveliness. In the harbor lay a replica of an American destroyer. On the beach was a dinghy. Bob stepped out of it, his eyes filled with some nameless wonder; then an avid flame licked up in his blue eyes and took possession of the girl. Her gaze flew to meet his. A timeless second hung suspended when his arms closed around her and she reached up a tiny hand to his face, her fingers tracing his cheeks, his lips.

"Darling!" said Bob and his eyes were dazzled, his handsome face passionately alive, savagely exultant. Sonia's eyes were sweet and humid with surrender. Some magic spell hung over the scene, something timeless and golden, some nameless sorcery these two had summoned. I stared, caught in the web. If I ever hated anyone, I hated Sonia then. Her slim body relaxed in Bob's arms. It was a great love scene, no question of it.

but I was ready to scream. The kiss held . . . a fade-out.

Lord waved his hand. The scene was over. I looked at him. There were beads of perspiration on his forehead, a vast excitement in his keen eyes. He knew that he had imprisoned a miracle on that few feet of rushing film; and so did I.

"We'll try the escape sequence next," he called; and grips, mixers, cameramen, juicers, the cast, everyone scattered; but I noticed that Sonia came out of Bob's arms slowly and she said something that made him grin. The village set was nearby, and we walked over while the cameras and sound equipment followed.

"Did you see it, Vicki?" Lord asked me. "Do they click or don't they?"

"Oh, they click, all right!" I answered shortly.

He shot me an oblique glance. "Vicki," he went on, "can you see what I see? Bob's stealing the picture from Sonia. He's making her look like support!"

"I know it," I said. "I saw it. She's not in his class."

He didn't seem to hear me. He went on, "He's doing it on purpose, too. That boy's clever!"

"Well," I said, "he can't help it if he's the greater artist. Sonia's your star. Why do you allow it?"

The inscrutable eyes searched mine briefly. "For one thing, I can use a new male star. I need one badly. And it won't do Sonia too much harm, because she's already been starred in four pictures. Again, I like Bob. He has a genuine flair for swashbuckling; and there may also be other reasons, Vicki."

"I see," I said, ill at ease.

"And shut up about what you know," he added. "I don't want anyone else even to guess what Bob's doing."

After that we were busy all afternoon shooting the escape scene in the native village.

I said nothing, of course. I was elated, in fact, that Bob could steal the picture from the exotic star. During the rest of the week I saw Bob every night. We went for walks or sat on the porch and listened to the Mexicans play their guitars. It was just like a scene in a play. Since Sonia Petrova kept pretty much to her suite when she wasn't working, I had Bob to myself. Added to this, the office work slackened considerably.

It was a radiant and enchanted week, and my happiness was complete when Bob's hand touched me, when we walked and laughed and talked in the moon-lit nights. Not a cloud on my horizon. I had a telegram from Nigel, reminding me that he was coming down for the week end, and asking me to have a signed contract waiting for him; but that didn't matter to me.

Bob had invited me to go fishing with him on Saturday afternoon. He had hired a small sailboat, with a cabin, and we were to spend the afternoon fishing for amberjack and grouper.

"We'll take a thermos with coffee and a raft of sandwiches," said Bob. "Do you like fishing, Vicki?"

"I love it," I said.

SONIA PETROVA watched us get into the sailboat. I saw her on the hotel porch. There was no shooting that afternoon, for all the outdoor shots were finished and the balance of the picture was to be

[*Continued on page* 72]

Ida Lupino gives a tip to the gals who would hide shapely thighs. A two-piece playsuit with jumper skirt fully flared gives a well-rounded appearance

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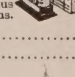

Confessions of a Hollywood Secretary

[*Continued from page* 71]

filmed in the studio. We were returning to Hollywood on Monday. I was both excited and thrilled at the prospect of spending the afternoon with Bob.

"Why not take one of the motor boats?" I asked.

"Have you ever sailed, Vicki?" he grinned. "I hate motor boats. They're all noise, grease and smells. Sailing is silent and you get the feel of the water."

After we'd sailed about two miles, I agreed with him. It was like flying over the top of the water, and I began to understand his love for sailing craft. Our first stop was near the location island, but our luck was poor.

Bob hoisted anchor. "There's a reef," he said, pointing, "out there. The boys have been telling me about it. It's a feeding ground for the big fellows. I'll go around that rough water—that's a hunk of submerged geography. Isn't this swell?"

I nodded. I settled myself comfortably on a cushion and watched Bob. He had shed his coat, and in white ducks, he was very handsome.

"You look like a real sailor," I said. "Are you?"

"Me?" he grinned cheerfully. "I should hope to tell you!"

The wind was brisk and sweet and the little ship danced out to meet the slight ripple. After the anchor went over, we sat and fished, laughing a good deal, utterly content with ourselves, the perfect day, the smiling sea. And the fish were biting.

The anchor must have dragged, for when, much later, I looked toward the shore, it was only a faint, low line.

"Bob!" I exclaimed. "Look how far out we are!"

"Huh?" he said. "By gosh! I hadn't noticed. I'll run in closer to shore. Got interested in the fishing and the anchor must have dragged."

And then the tricky Pacific coast weather conspired against us. The sun suddenly slid behind a cloud and a thick, white fog began to roll up. The wind died down to a whisper, and presently we couldn't see ten feet in front of us. I was frightened but Bob said easily, "Don't worry, Vicki. This is the regular Tuesday and Saturday Pacific fog you hear so much about. I'll head for shore. These things don't last long. I'll start that little engine in the cabin."

He went into the cabin and started the little auxiliary motor, then pointed the boat in the direction where we had last seen land. But the fog enveloped us fast. Hours passed and there was still no land in sight. It grew dark and Bob lit the two lamps forward. We plugged on, both of us now wordless with suspense.

We seemed safe enough, except that we couldn't find the shore in the thick fog, and I suddenly remembered that Nigel was coming down tonight for the week end. Sonia had watched us depart. What would she think if we didn't come back? What would Fred Lord, and Nigel—what would any of them think?

Night came. Bob said grimly, "It's no use, Vicki. I can't find the shore and there's no compass aboard this tub. We may be circling, for all I know! We'll just drift and save gas to get back to shore when the fog lifts. I'll stop that engine now. Why don't you go into the cabin and try to get some rest? We still have the thermos and the sandwiches if you're hungry. Go ahead, kid. I'll call you when we find America."

There didn't seem anything else to do. No one could see through that thick, swirling fog. We had no idea if we were heading for shore—or for China. I ate half a sandwich, drank from the thermos and sat down on the tiny bunk. I felt helpless. Fate was rushing me, blindly, laughing at me. I felt like crying but I didn't. I stretched out on the little bunk to relax, to think, and without knowing it, I slipped into a fast sleep.

I awoke with a feeling that something was wrong. My bed rolled gently and it all came back to me in a flash. A dim, watery sun was trying to pierce the opalescent fog. I hastily smoothed my hair, arranged my shirt and slacks and went out to the aft cockpit. Bob was still at the wheel. He looked haggard and white. Around us the Pacific heaved as if slowly breathing, and there was no shore in sight although the fog was lifting.

"Good morning, skipper," I said, as cheerfully as I could: "When do we dock?"

"First," said Bob wearily, "we'll try one of those sandwiches and take a shot at the thermos; then, we'll try to find the elusive shore. The fog is lifting, Vicki, and there's a breeze coming up. I'm terribly sorry about this."

"Don't be," I said. "It wasn't anything you could help."

We sat down and tried to eat, waiting for the fog to lift. Bob waved his sandwich at the surroundings.

"The beautiful, blue, double-crossing Pacific!" he said. "What a night—and me caught out here without a compass or a road map! Will we be razzed!"

"That," I agreed, "is putting it mildly."

He flushed. "Great Scott, Vicki, a blind man could see that we couldn't find it yesterday! You don't suppose they'll—"

"Think we stayed out on purpose?" I finished. "You know your Hollywood crowd better than I do. My reputation is gone with the fog."

The fog lifted with the freshening wind and we finally made out the dim shore line. Bob started the engine and soon we saw the white buildings of Ensenada. As the little ship breezed in, I made out a small crowd of people standing on the pier and on the beach. This, I reflected bitterly, finished my reputation. First Arrowhead and now, this! I knew what Sonia and her friends would think.

I saw her, as we came in, also Fred Lord, Nigel Smith and a lot of the cast. There were also a number of the magazine and newspaper people who had come down for the week end to get a story on the picture. My heart sank into my shoes and I could feel the hot blood heat my face.

As we stepped ashore, Bob called, in the general questions that greeted us, "Got lost in the fog and couldn't find the shore!" Swiftly he told Lord what had happened and they all listened. Here and there I saw quizzical glances and half smiles. Sonia's face was pallid with an unvoiced scorn, a biting skepticism.

"We tried searching parties," said Lord, "but no one could see in that pea-soup, so they called it off before they all got lost in it. Well, thank God you're both safe!"

Nigel bit off, "That sure was a dumb thing to do, Linden. You ought to know better than to go out without a compass—or go beyond the island in that peanut shell! What do you use for brains?"

Bob's usual good humor suddenly vanished. Perhaps the anxious night had worn it thin. He whirled on Nigel. "You can keep your trap shut," he gritted. "You need to be house broken."

Then, it happened in a flash. Nigel stepped forward swiftly and struck and Bob went down flat on the sand. There was a gasp from everyone. My heart was in my mouth and my tongue seemed swollen. Lord took the situation away from both of them. I saw the eagerness among the reporters. This was news!

"Stop it!" snapped Lord, to Nigel. "I ought to slap your pants for you!" He looked capable of doing it, too, huge and menacing and angry as some shaggy lion. He picked the dazed Bob up and stood him on his feet as if he were a child. "We'll have no more of this," he announced coldly. Then he whirled on the listening cast and the reporters. "If one word of this gets in any of your papers, I'll bar that writer from Allied-Apex for all time."

That day was a nightmare to me. No one said anything more about my night out with Bob, but I could feel what they were thinking. I saw Bob at lunch. He had a blue bruise on his chin but he was grinning.

"T'ell with 'em, Vicki," he said, "as long as we know we're right. For a guy who means well, I certainly get myself and my friends into a lot of trouble!"

Nigel came to my office before he left.

"Vicki," he said abruptly, "why don't you give this screwy outfit the air and come with me?" His dark eyes blazed, running over me like an intimate hand. "Sign that contract and cut loose. I'm crazy about you, Vicki. I'll give you every break. I'll make you a radio star. Why be Lord's secretary?"

I was emotionally adrift. Things had happened too fast for me to orient them, or myself, or my feelings. "Let me think about it a while, Nigel," I stammered. "Just now I don't know what I want."

"Okay!" he shrugged. "I'll see you in town." He stooped, kissed me swiftly on the cheek and left.

The week that followed was dim with a sense of unreality to me. *Song of the Soul* was finished in an inspired blaze of effort at the studio, and naturally I saw little of Bob. He was working 16 hours a day on the set. And when I saw the rushes in Lord's private projection room, I knew definitely that Bob had stolen the picture from Sonia Petrova.

Lord said, "Vicki, that kid stole that picture knowingly! But he did it so cleverly, I haven't the heart to call him for his heartless selfishness. Also, I need a male star. When that picture is released, I'll have a new star of first rank. Yes, sir, that's a *picture*!"

I nodded. "It's beautiful," I said. "It makes my throat ache."

"Wait," he said, "until the preview! Sonia doesn't know yet what's happened. The fur will fly when she finds out!"

While the picture was in the cutting room, I worked hard. We were to pull a sneak preview in Ventura and Bob popped into the office one day, gay, eager, thrilled. He took my hand and kissed it.

"Honey," he said, "will you go to the preview with me?"

"I'm going with Lord," I deplored, "to take notes."

"Oh, yeah?" he snapped. "That's one night you're not working! I'm going in right now and tell that concrete mixer a thing or two." And before I could stop him, he had gone through the door into Lord's office. I sat there, alternately thrilled and frightened, wondering what was going on inside that office. But Bob came out in a few minutes, grinning in his impish, boyish way.

"It's all right, Vicki! Lord can't refuse his new star so, lady, put on something decorative and go with me! We'll see the preview and then hit the high spots for the balance of the night!"

Gradually, I was getting my bearings back after being plunged so suddenly into the inner circles of Hollywood.

Even so, I was hardly prepared for the strong dose of experience that the Fates had assigned to me. It came to me with such breath-taking swiftness.

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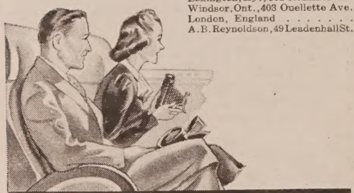

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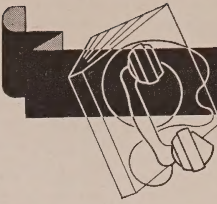

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS,
Associate Editor

Can you tell me what Laurence Olivier's next picture will be?—Ruth D.

Mr Olivier is scheduled for the lead role in *Rebecca,* a Selznick International production, immediately after his release from the Broadway hit he's been appearing in.

After that Oscar-worthy performance in *Wuthering Heights* Laurence Olivier will do Selznick-International's *Rebecca*

What is Errol Flynn's address? Who played the part of Joe in *Only Angels Have Wings*?—P. L.

Warner Brothers, Burbank, California, is Mr. Flynn's studio address, and Noah Beery, Jr., portrayed the role of Joe.

Will you please give me the cast of *Little Women* which was released some time ago?—Gladys S.

Little Women cast is as follows: Katharine Hepburn as Jo; Joan Bennett as Amy; Paul Lukas as Fritz Bhaor; Frances Dee as Meg; Jean Parker as Beth; Edna May Oliver as Aunt March; Douglas Montgomery as Laurie; Henry Stephenson as Mr. Lawrence; Spring Byington as Marmee; Samuel Hinds as Mr. March; Mabel Colcord as Hannah; John Lodge as Brooks and Nydia Westman as Mamie.

Will you please tell me who played the major roles in the picture *Forsaking All Others* released several years ago? Also, I read in the advance advertisements for *Juarez* that six academy award winners were in the cast. Who besides Bette Davis and Paul Muni have won 'Oscars?' —Jean H.

Colleen Moore and Cullen Landis portrayed the lead roles in the Universal picture released in 1922. There were actually eight academy award winners in the picture *Juarez.* Besides Muni and Davis were Gale Sondergaard, William Dieterle, director; Tony Gaudio, cameraman; Jack Sullivan, assistant director; Erich Wolfgang Korngold, musical director and Hal Wallis, producer.

I have been trying for a long time to find out how I may obtain stills from *Robin Hood, Dodge City, Girl of the Golden West, Last of the Mohicans* and *Jesse James.* Would you please tell me what I must do to obtain them?—Evelyn D.

Let's take them in the order they're listed, Evelyn. The first two pictures are Warner productions and the address is listed elsewhere on this page. The third is an M-G-M release and Culver City, California, is the address. United Artists Studio, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California, is the studio that produced the fourth, and *Jesse James* was a Twentieth Century-Fox film. This studio is located in Beverly Hills, California.

Will you please tell me where I can obtain an autographed picture of Nelson Eddy? Also, what is Katharine Hepburn's birthdate?—Marcia M.

Mr. Eddy is an M-G-M-er, address listed above. Miss Hepburn was born on November 8. Sorry, but the lady has never named the year.

Is Lionel Barrymore's wife still alive? —Cecelia McN.

No. Mrs. Barrymore passed away about two years ago.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month Joan Votsis will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

My friend and I had an argument about whether Errol Flynn sang "Funny Old Hills" in *Dodge City*. I say Bing Crosby sang the song in *Paris Honeymoon*. Who is right?—Tony W.

You are right, Tony. It was Bing Crosby.

May I have a complete list of all the pictures Bobby Breen has appeared in?—Rita H.

Let's Sing Again, Rainbow on the River, Make a Wish, Hawaii Calls, Breaking the Ice, Fisherman's Wharf, and *Way Down South.*

Please send me the cast of the picture *Nothing Sacred.*—Olivia O.

Sorry, Olivia, but due to the large amount of requests received each month it is impossible to send information through the mail. I hope the slight delay didn't inconvenience you. The cast is as follows: Carole Lombard as Hazel Flagg; Fredric March as Wally Cook; Walter Connolly as Stone; Charles Winninger as Dr. Downer; Olin Howland as Baggage man; Clarence Wilson, John Qualen, Maxie Rosenbloom, Sig Rumann as Dr. Eggelhoffer; Frank Fay as Master of Ceremonies; Alex Schoenberg as Dr. Kerchinwisser; Monte Wooley as Dr. Vunch; Alex Novinsky as Dr. Marachuffsky; Margaret Hamilton as Drug Store Lady; Troy Brown as Ernest Walker; Hattie McDaniels as Mrs. Walker; Katherine Shelton as Dr. Downer's Nurse; Ben Morgan and Hans Steinke as Wrestlers; George Chandler as Photographer; Claire DuBrey as Miss Rafferty and Nora Cecil as Schoolteacher.

Will you please tell me the titles of all the pictures Priscilla Lane has made to date. I would also like to know as many titles as possible of her forthcoming pictures.—Pat's fan.

Varsity Show, Men Are Such Fools, Love, Honor and Behave, Cowboy From Brooklyn, Four Daughters, Brother Rat, Episode, Yes, My Darling Daughter, Daughters Courageous. She is scheduled to do *Dust Be My Destiny,* next.

Are Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire going to make another picture together?—Ronald P.

Fred Astaire is now under contract to M-G-M and it isn't likely Ginger and Fred will make any more pictures together. Eleanor Powell will be his dancing partner in the future.

Would appreciate it if you could give me information in reference to a picture produced seven or eight years ago. It was called *Up the River* with Spencer Tracy. Did Humphrey Bogart appear in this picture? I believe it was produced by Universal.

The picture *Up the River* was produced by Fox Studios. Humphrey Bogart portrayed the role of Steve.

Will you please tell me who played the part of Joel in *I'm From Missouri*? Where may I obtain his picture?—Sandie B.

William Henry's photograph may be obtained from Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. The charge is 25c per photo.

Would you please tell me whether Walter Pidgeon appeared in the picture *Sweethearts?*—Carol G.

Walter Pidgeon did not appear in the MacDonald-Eddy picture.

Can you please give me the cast of *Roberta?*—T. Y.

Irene Dunne as Stephanie; Fred Astaire as Huck; Ginger Rogers as Scharwenka; Randolph Scott as John; Helen Westley as Roberta; Victor Varconi as Ladislaw; Ferdinand Munier as Lord Delvas; Claire Dodd as Sophie; Luis Alberni as Voyda; Torben Meyer as Albert; Adrian Roslet as Professor and Bodil Rossing as Fernande.

Due to technical difficulties, SCREEN BOOK'S star portrait request page could not be published this month. It will appear as usual in the October issue. Send your requests for pictures of your favorite stars to REQUEST PAGE, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Barbara Stanwyck
in Columbia's
"GOLDEN BOY"

This Powder really makes my skin look lovely

Your skin will look lovelier, too, the very first time you make up with face powder created by Max Factor, Hollywood. *First,* you'll note how your color harmony shade enlivens the beauty of your skin. *Second,* how the super-fine texture creates a satin-smooth make-up. *Third,* how well it clings and really stays on longer.

Blonde or brunette, brownette or redhead, there is a color harmony shade of Max Factor's Face Powder for you that will really accent the appeal of your type...$1.00.

Tru-Color Lipstick
The new, sensational creation by Max Factor, Hollywood. Note these four amazing features... (1)...*lifelike red of your lips* (2)...*non-drying, but indelible* (3)...*safe for sensitive lips* (4)...*eliminates lipstick line.* Color harmony shades for every type...$1.00.

Rouge.. The delicate, lifelike color harmony shades of Max Factor's Rouge add a touch of glamour to your complexion colorings. Creamy-smooth, it's easy to blend...50¢.

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MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.
Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*......FREE. 5-9-54

NAME
STREET
CITY STATE

COMPLEXIONS
Very Light ☐
Fair ☐
Creamy ☐
Medium ☐
Ruddy ☐
Sallow ☐
Freckled ☐
Olive ☐

SKIN Dry ☐ Oily ☐ Normal ☐

EYES
Blue ☐
Gray ☐
Green ☐
Hazel ☐
Brown ☐
Black ☐

LASHES (*Color*)
Light ☐
Dark ☐

AGE

HAIR
BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐

Max Factor
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Colorinse is a tested tint. It is not a bleach. See the Nestle Color Chart at your nearest toilet goods counter *today!* 10¢ for 2 rinses at 10-cent stores; or 25¢ for 5 rinses at drug and department stores.

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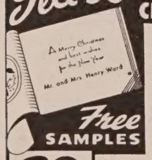
A Merry Christmas and best wishes for the New Year
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ward

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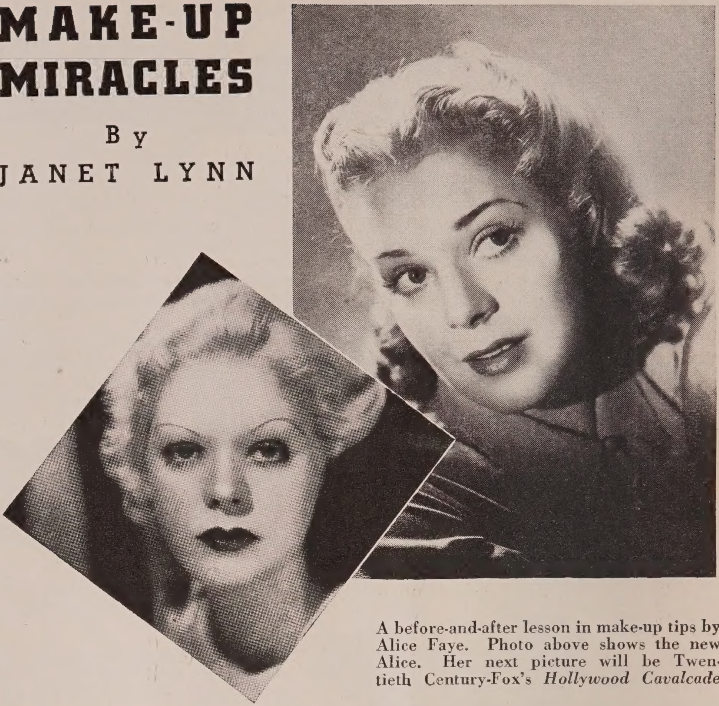
General Card Co., 400 S. Peoria St., Dept. P-612, Chicago, Ill.

MAKE-UP MIRACLES

By

JANET LYNN



A before-and-after lesson in make-up tips by Alice Faye. Photo above shows the new Alice. Her next picture will be Twentieth Century-Fox's *Hollywood Cavalcade*

THIS is the story of Alice in Movie Land. And those are *both* pictures of winsome Alice Faye—but did you recognize her beneath that bleached blond hair, behind those plucked brows and that painted mouth?

There's a lesson in make-up in these two pictures, so let's compare them and discover just what Alice has done to make herself over into the wholesomely lovely girl she is today.

Of course, her hair is the most startling change. And not only because she has stopped bleaching it. She's brushing the side hair up off her temples—and that automatically makes her face look more oval. Her "before" hairstyle, with fuzzy curls and maximum breadth at cheek level added unnecessary roundness to her face. Bleached hair and too much of it around her face gave her a dance-hall "cutie" look; soft, naturally blond hair swept off the face, curled casually low on the neck, immediately makes our Alice fresh, appealing and vibrant.

Look at those "before" eyebrows. They're nothing more than a pencil line, and a too-curved one at that. They rob Alice's pretty face of all expression, and *again* they make her face look round. Alice's own brows are too pretty to be shaved off! The second picture tells you that. The modified curve is right for her face, the heavier brows accent her eyes, make them more noticeable. Of course Alice plucks her brows a bit—to keep out stray hairs, keep the brows looking neat and clean.

If you're in any doubt as to how you should pluck your own brows, remember that easy does it. Hollywood is leading the parade back to natural looking brows. Open your eyes wide, and notice the curve of your eyelashes. Then use that as a guideline when you pluck your brows—that is the correct brow shape for your face.

BE SURE to darken your brows with mascara or an eye pencil if they are light. Short, quick strokes give a more natural look than a single line. Powder over the brows to set the color, then brush them the wrong way to get all the powder

FREE!

A specially designed new hairstyle, and make-up analysis are yours if you write Janet Lynn at once. Send your picture or description together with a stamped (U. S. postage, please), self-addressed envelope for this *free* service. Address: Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

out. And then brush them back into place again. A "baby" toothbrush, eyebrush or clean mascara brush will do the trick nicely.

Alice is wearing mascara in both these pictures—but one is the wrong way, the other the right way to wear it. She applied it too heavily in the first picture. She should *never* have applied it on the lower lashes. And she most certainly *should* have brushed out the excess mascara and separated the lashes with a clean brush before they were completely dry. She's followed the rules in the "after" picture. Don't her eyes look nice?

Eye shadow can give you a new pair of eyes. Apply it lightly over the entire upper lid if you want to make prominent eyes less so, use a colorless cream to highlight deep-set eyes, bring them back into the picture. Concentrate shadow on the outer corners of your eyes to make them look more widely spaced on the inner corners to bring them nearer the nose. Don't use shadow, mascara or pencil beneath the eye unless you want to look tired, cheap and hard.

Cupid's bows are out of style—and so is that obvious painted look. So today, Alice leaves off the exaggerated curves, rounds her lips softly, and blots off the excess lipstick. I'd be willing to wager her lipstick stays on better and longer today, too. When a film of color but no grease is left on the lips, it can't smear or fade very easily!

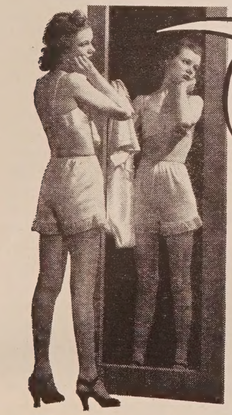
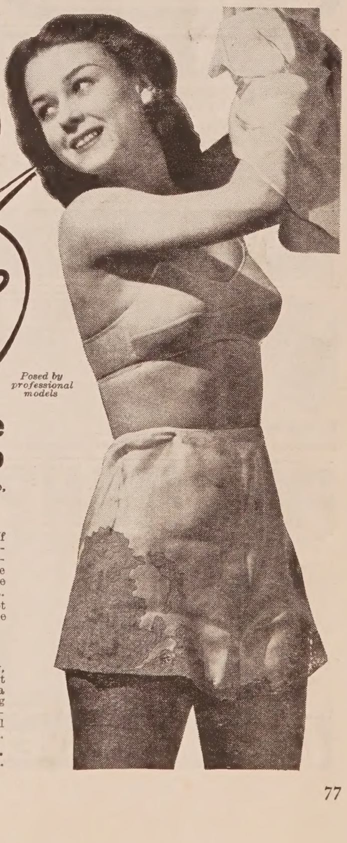
Did you notice that Alice's nose doesn't look so broad and buttony as it used to? That's because she applies twin shadows of a darker foundation on each side of her nose. They cast a shadow, make her nose look narrower and straighter. Try using a darker foundation or powder on the tip of your nose if it's long—it will lose a quarter of an inch!

DO YOU have more difficulty buying the correct shades of make-up than you do in applying them? Do you know how to get the right powder to go with your rouge and lipstick? How to select the proper shade of eyeshadow and mascara? I'll be glad to help you, and to tell you the name of an excellent brand of make-up, and how to select your shades. There are five items in the line—rouge, powder, lipstick, shadow and mascara—and they can't help looking well with each other and on you. An introductory set of all five costs—$1.10—and you can get larger sizes of the individual items, too.

Why not find out that a really good powder base will do a lot for you? Here are just a few of the things: It will hide occasional blemishes, dark circles, freckles. It will make your skin look smoother textured, finer. It will give make-up a velvety finish, make it last hours longer. It will remodel your face. (Remember that a light shade will fill out hollow cheeks, bring forward a receding chin or forehead, a dark shade will cast a concealing shadow over a prominent nose, jaw or even double chin.) You'll discover all this beauty goodness in an easy-to-apply wedge-shaped stick of foundation cream. Simply dab it on nose, chin, cheeks, forehead and throat, then spread lightly with your fingertips. A small size costs only a dime, so be sure to try it. There are several skin blending and flattering shades.

Stop worrying about superfluous hair. Write me, instead, for the name of a handy gadget that you simply rotate over the hair to erase it. The disc is pleasant and easy to use, and leaves the skin velvety soft and smooth. I can't say the hair will never come back—electrolysis is the only means of permanently removing hair—but continued use of the disc may tend to retard the growth. A good investment at a dollar because it lasts and lasts.

Be sure to write me before September 15th if you would like the names of any of these articles. Enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply. Address Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.


OH, DEAR—I GUESS I'LL NEVER GAIN. I'M JUST NATURALLY SKINNY
NONSENSE! I'LL TELL YOU HOW THOUSANDS HAVE GAINED 10 POUNDS QUICK


Read how hosts of thin, tired, nervous, rundown people have easily gained naturally attractive pounds, new pep

THOUSANDS of girls, and men too, who never seemed to be able to gain before, no matter what they tried, have put on 10 to 25 pounds of much more attractive flesh, with these scientifically prepared, effective little Ironized Yeast tablets.

What's more, they report wonderful improvement in health and pep. They enjoy their meals, they sleep like tops, their tired feeling and jitteryness seem to have entirely disappeared. Altogether they are like new people, attracting many new friends, getting real joy out of life once more.

And there's good scientific reason. Scientists have discovered that great numbers of people are skinny and rundown, often tired and nervous, simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without these substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

But now you get these exact missing substances in these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. That's why they've already helped thousands of thin, tired, rundown people to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new pep, popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy and life, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, here's a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 289, Atlanta, Ga.

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New *Under-arm*
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39¢ a jar

AT ALL STORES WHICH SELL TOILET GOODS
(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

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Amazing $1 seller. Costs you only 50c. Take orders for latest sensation. Beautiful GIFT BOX filled with 21 smart, newly designed Christmas Folders. Nothing like it on market. Tops all others in beauty, appeal, value. Ten other fast-selling assortments. Full line of **Personal Christmas Cards** with name imprinted. Low as 50 for $1. Just show samples--make big money. Write for samples today.
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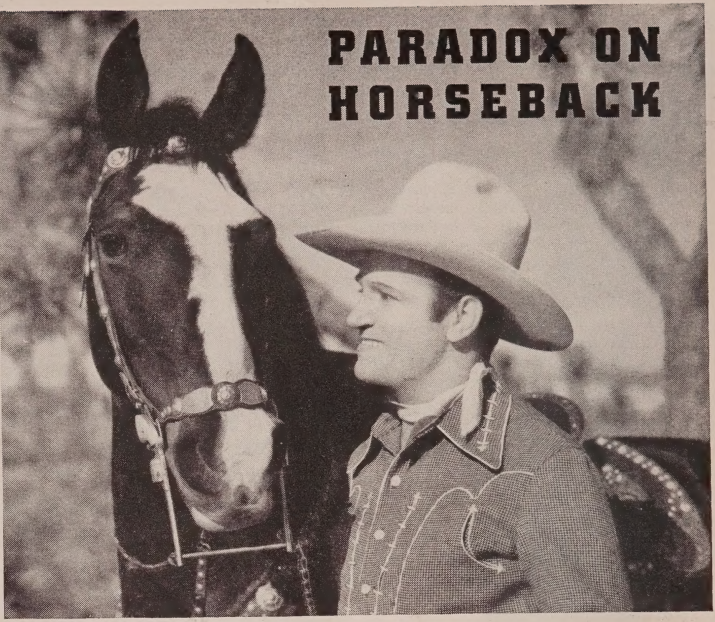
Look between your toes. If they itch, or if the skin is red, raw, cracked or peeling, watch out—it may be Athlete's Foot! Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. Relieves intense itching; kills fungi of this disease upon contact; helps heal and prevent spreading to other parts of the body. Liquid or Ointment. 50¢ at Drug, Shoe and Dept. Stores. Don't accept a substitute.

ATHLETES FOOT

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

PARADOX ON HORSEBACK



Gene Autry is pictured with his horse, *Champion*

By
ELLEN JAMES

THERE'S a star in Hollywood who draws more fan mail than Robert Taylor, Tyrone Power, Shirley Temple or Norma Shearer. The same star outsells Bing Crosby, Nelson Eddy or Dick Powell on his song recordings. He makes more money for his studio than Garbo, Gable or any of the other top-flighters, and breaks all attendance records on personal appearance tours.

He was the cause of a prosperity spurt in an American city merely because he loaned his name to one of its industries. And yet—he is the least-publicized, least-glamorized star in Hollywood. You probably wouldn't recognize him without make-up; his films don't rate gilt-edged premieres; he hasn't a valet or a private dressing-room.

This Hollywood paradox is Gene Autry, gentle singin' cowboy star whose birthplace, Tioga, Texas, is now planning to change its name to Autry Springs.

The miracle of Gene Autry might be unknown today if he hadn't gone on a strike last year for more money. The rebellion of the usually genial cowboy caused one wag to exclaim, "Aha! Hardening of the Autrys!"

Gene had been turning out horse operas for Republic Studios at a salary of $5,000 a picture. That's not peanuts, of course, but Autry knew that his pictures were making money for his studio far out of proportion to his own take. The studio held firm. They were from Missouri. They wanted to be shown. And did he show 'em!

Autry was suspended as a result of this rebellion, prohibited from making any personal appearance tours. Immediately his fans rose up in arms. The population of Terre Haute, Indiana, drew up a petition to the effect that they would boycott all movies until Gene was back. Hundreds and thousands of petitions, letters, cards and phone calls flooded the studios, demanding the return of their Cowboy Dream Boy. The sheriff of Nashville, Tennessee, once handed Gene an injunction preventing him from making a personal appearance there. The next day the poor sheriff was hissed on the street and his wife and children wouldn't speak to him for days! As a summation of all the wails, the inhabitants of an Oklahoma town wrote their Congressman, Jack Nichols, to use his political influence in giving them Autry again. Exhibitors began to have acute box office indigestion, and 1,000 of them gathered at Los Angeles to effect a reconciliation between Autry and the studio. That was enough to convince the studio.

Red around the neck by this time, they begged their Box Office Napoleon On Horseback to come home. They offered him not the $10,000 a picture he had asked for but $12,500!

Typical of Autry was the fact that during this entire period he looked for another means of livelihood. He had decided to become the owner of a little picture house in

PERSONALITY

Oklahoma! Many people have tried to fathom his tremendous popularity. Autry himself is stumped. "Lore, I'm no glamor boy and my actin' wouldn't get a Barrymore worried. Can't figger it out."

It was Harry Carey, the veteran cowboy star, who summed it up patly. Said Carey after he had seen an Autry film, "Know why that guy gets us? He's an eagle that sings!"

Although he's the most successful cowboy of them all, Autry was never a real cowboy. Son of a Texas horse trader, he moved to Oklahoma as a youngster. His mother had died when he was young, and a deep attachment grew up between Autry and his father. They went together on horse-trading expeditions and Gene lived in a covered wagon on these trips, close to the open plains. It was this early environment which bred in him a love of the West and a sympathy with its people.

Later, Gene became a telegraph operator. A stranger, who walked into the office one day, gave Gene his first idea of a Hollywood career.

The man noticed Gene's guitar and asked him to play it. Gene sang several Western ballads in his soft, wailing style, and the visitor seemed deeply interested.

"Play another." Gene looked at him, was puzzled at the man's familiar face. He played a lively tune of the plains country.

The song finished, the stranger said, "You belong in Hollywood. You can't lose with a wailin' cowboy song and a guitar. Here, take my message."

Gene looked at the signature and almost dropped. It was Will Rogers.

Five years later, Gene met Will Rogers in Hollywood. He decided to remind him of their first meeting, but it wasn't necessary. Rogers hadn't forgotten. He grabbed Autry by the hand, pumped it vigorously. "Well, I see you made it, cowboy. Just knew you would."

But in between that five-year period, much had happened to Gene.

"Doc Fields' Medicine Show had come to town sellin' a hair grower and a corn salve," he drawls. "I asked him could I join him and he agreed. I wore my cowboy suit, and I've been wearin' that getup ever since.

"When the good Doc's show closed because of the cold, I took my guitar and hit for the Big Towns like Chicago and New York."

Gene crashed radio, graduating from small programs to the more important shows—all rustic in character. Radio brought him several stage engagements and it was during this period that he married. His wife is Ina Mae Spivey, who rides a horse like a burr. Today she is ruler of his rambling San Fernando Valley ranch, wears slacks and Western clothes all day like any rancher's wife.

It was the Legion of Decency which brought Gene to the films. In 1934 the venerable League raised a yip and a yammer about the questionable morals of many current films.

Looking about for good, clean entertainment, several smart producers saw Western pictures as the answer. But no one wanted to take a chance on a shy radio singer in a ten-gallon hat. A singing cowboy! It was something new. Well, you never could tell. A small studio, which couldn't afford the big-name cowboys, took Gene.

A year later, all the million dollar studios would have willingly swapped six of their glamor babies for one Gene Autry! Recently 20th Century-Fox offered $100,000 for Autry's services in a Shirley Temple film.

So phenomenal has been his rise that Western pictures themselves have come into fresh prominence. Hollywood, once stubbornly unaware of Gene, now reluctantly concedes that he is not only the most popular Western actor but quite possibly the most popular actor in the world. Small theatre owners call him their mortgage-lifter.

Autry is very conscious of his obligation to his worshipers, and never lets them down. A likeable, rugged man's man, he doesn't smoke or drink because he knows the kids ape him.

One mother wrote: "Do you wash your neck? I have the hardest time getting my little son to do it, but he will if you write him that you do."

"I shore lather behind the ears now," Gene grins as he tells the story.

HE HAS never kissed his leading lady, fearing the jibes of his young followers at the "love stuff." For the same reason, Gene doesn't own a business suit, wears cowboy attire at all times. He is a magnificent figure in the all-white cowboy outfit he wears at social functions. Gene denies that he wears Western clothes to draw attention to himself, offers a more logical reason.

"Hoot Gibson was my idol when I was a kid. I once saw him walk down the street in our town when he visited there. He wore a business suit and I sure was disillusioned. I don't want to let down any of the kids who think of me as I thought of Gibson.

"Then, too, it's good showmanship and I ain't for a minute denying it. I think it's a good idea for me to keep in character all the time. The fans expect it of me."

Because of the elegance of his cowboy clothes—$50 sombreros, $75 boots and loud $25 shirts—he is occasionally singled out for badgering. On a personal appearance in St. Paul, someone yelled, "Look at the drugstore cowboy in his masquerade clothes." When the heckler showed no sign of letting up, Gene muttered softly, "Well, you asked for it," and let him have it. The crowd cheered him.

Even without his movie salary, Gene could retire very comfortably on the commercial articles which pay him royalties for the loan of his name. Hair lotions, cowboy suits, belts, shaving lotions, comic strips, sweatshirts, puzzle games, guitars and what-all are named after him.

Conversely, thousands have made money because of him. The town of Kenton, Ohio, started the manufacture of Gene Autry toy guns a few months ago. So heavy was the demand for them (1,000,000 in three weeks) that the factories were able to hire nearly all of the non-working townsmen, thus practically eliminating the unemployment problem. In gratitude, the Mayor invited Autry to Kenton and at a public demonstration said, "I wish to thank you personally for giving our citizens employment."

Autry, too, has enormous personal expenses. He keeps on his payroll four secretaries to handle his letters. Not all of his mail comes from kids and men. You'd be surprised at the number of girls who rate him their Dream Prince. He shells out more than $2,000 a month for his mailing and photograph expenses, and pays more than $1,500 a month for the upkeep of his famous horse, Champion, and his stables.

In Champion's trailer is a bed for Gene. Hotel owners who expect Gene in town build a special stall in the hotel lobby for Champion's use.

Autry bought Champion eight years ago for $100, and trained him himself. Today he has been offered as much as $25,000 for him. Of course, Gene wouldn't part with him for any price. If you're one of the millions who see them together on the screen or stage you know why.

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OLD DUTCH CLEANSER
Cuts grease quickly
Doesn't scratch!

As kind to your hands as to surfaces!

It's the ONE-TWO CLEANING ACTION of Old Dutch Cleanser that "zips" you through your work. 1, *Cuts grease quickly;* 2, *Makes cleaning easier.* That's why millions of modern housewives use it for bathroom, kitchen—all their cleaning. Have you tried it for cleaning painted surfaces? It works like magic!

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$1.00 VALUE for only
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Smart for a lapel pin or brooch. Each dainty flower is set with a brilliantly cut, imported simulated amethyst.

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Please send me______costume jewelry pins. For each pin I enclose 25c and the windmill pictures from 2 Old Dutch labels (or complete labels).

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DON'T suffer needlessly from painful corns. Just put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay formula gently loosens corn so it can be lifted out. By avoiding the pressure and friction that caused your corn you can prevent its return. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—only 25¢ for 6.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

BETTE DAVIS—STAR MAKER

By
RUTH
RANKIN

Bette Davis predicts a brilliant future for her young coloratura protegee, Pamela Caveness. Bette's next picture will be Warner's *The Old Maid*

PAMELA CAVENESS knows that miracles can happen. A little more than a year ago she was just another 14-year-old girl who aspired to be a dramatic actress. Today she is the protegee of Bette Davis.

Until January 15, 1938, Bette had never heard of Pamela. But Pam had heard all about Bette. She read practically every word printed about her; she fell upon persons who might know more, and wore them out with questions.

Pam's life had been a series of tragic misfortunes. First, her father died. Her mother married again, but soon she also died. Pamela's step-father felt she needed a woman's care, and Pam went to live with an aunt who adopted her legally.

The aunt, Mrs. Caveness, discovered Pam had a lovely singing voice and looked around for a teacher. The one she found with the right qualifications was located in Hollywood, 50 miles from her home in Pamona. So once a week she and Pamela made the long trip to Mme. Tetzlaff's studio where Pam had her lesson. Mrs. Caveness is not wealthy, and this lesson represented an unselfish sacrifice on her part. A voice as phenomenal as Pam's does not remain a secret very long. Soon dramatic and dancing lessons were added. People began to mention the talent of this gifted child.

One of them, an agent who was interested in Pamela, happened to mention her to Bette. In the course of a year, a good many agents mention a good many talented children to Bette. But this man said something which made Bette want to see and hear Pamela Caveness. He said, "She has the confidence born of desperation."

Bette knows a lot about that kind of confidence. She herself started out with it.

So that is how Bette Davis happened to find herself sitting in a big bare studio-room, waiting for an unknown child.

"The door opened suddenly," Bette says. "In walked this child. She had a brilliant and challenging little face, extraordinary green eyes: not pretty, but giving the promise of a subtle kind of beauty when she is mature. Her hair was a straight uncompromising brown bob, and she was rather on the

SUCCESS STORY

plumpish side—a good healthy athletic foundation for a lovely figure when she slims down.

"I think a *sympatico* was established between us from the first moment. She was scared stiff and I knew it. She knew I knew it. But she walked across that huge room with all the seeming assurance and bravado of an established success. She had a sense of showmanship. That takes nerve.

"She did not acknowledge my presence with so much as a glance. She was there to take her lesson—anything else could come later. Pam went straight to the piano, opened her music, the accompanist played and Pamela began to sing.

"I have never been more startled in my whole life. Goosepimples all over. Naturally I had been told she was talented. I went to the studio expecting to hear a good voice and see an interesting personality. But I was certainly unprepared to find a pink-cheeked school-girl bursting into an aria from *Mignon* with the clear, round tones of a Metropolitan coloratura!

"Of course, it was rather a light voice. It needed volume, more training, steadiness. The strides Pamela has made since that time are phenomenal."

Pamela finished her singing lesson. Then she read a short dramatic sketch, of which the less said, the better. Bette sat and suffered, yearning to make suggestions. Pam went through her dance routine, and the lessons were over.

And the showmanship was over, too. Bette liked that. Showmanship extended to private life becomes a trifle difficult. Pamela became a shy, awkward little schoolgirl with too many hands and feet. Bette took care of that. I know of no person in Hollywood who can so quickly put people at their ease. She seems instinctively to say exactly the right thing, without "reaching" for it.

Pamela said the first thing on her mind, which was an acknowledgment of her amateurish self-consciousness in dramatics. She explained, rather wistfully, how she could vocalize all right alone. One voice lesson a week was sufficient, but she couldn't seem to get the dramatics without a teacher. She was merely stating a sad fact. But Bette's response to it must have swept her completely off her feet.

Impulsively Bette said, "Why don't you come and live with me for a while?"

It would be futile to try to describe Pamela's excitement and her enthusiastic response. Bette's pleasure at having a sudden "daughter" was a good match for it. Pamela moved into a lovely guest-room in the Coldwater Canyon house and life began in a big way.

The "while" lasted until recently when Bette gave up the big house for one much smaller in Beverly Hills. Pamela had lessons nearly every day, she had a tutor, and she had valuable training in diction and dramatics from one of the most distinguished actresses of the screen. She became a poised and polished young lady of 15 who is well launched toward an important career.

Bette got out all the old scripts and plays in the library and they put on some rare performances. "I suppose you tore up the house for props," someone remarked.

"We did not," Bette denied, indignantly. "We didn't *need* props. We are *actresses*!"

Pam regards Bette as the last word, the law. She is a strong-willed impulsive child, as nearly all bright children are, and many times when she might not listen to others, Bette has stepped in and settled things with a glance.

How profoundly Pam has justified Bette's belief in her ability was proved in a recent series of broadcasts. A play: "Broken Prelude," was submitted to Bette. She accepted it. But when she asked for Pam to do one of the small parts, everyone was frankly dismayed.

They thought it was awfully nice of Miss Davis to have such touching faith in her protegee, but the child had never been before an audience, not to mention a *microphone*. The part was tragic and emotional and called for an experienced actress; furthermore, one who could *sing*. They said the whole idea was preposterous.

This went on for several days, but Bette was firm. Little by little, she wore down their resistance to the point where they would consent to hear Pam.

They heard her. Signed her. Rehearsals began and writers feverishly added to Pam's lines, until the part was built up almost to equal Bette's!

If you heard any of the broadcasts, you heard the triumphant debut of a young lady known to her intimates as "Pam, the Kid What Am."

Bette says Pam was the whole show.

She rehearsed one song, and then a week before the broadcast, it was changed. In that week, Pamela learned an aria from *Traviata*. If you heard her negotiate those high C's like a veteran, but in a sweet unmistakably young voice, you had a real thrill. And you should have seen Bette's smile after that song—it gave off a glow for blocks.

They "re-dressed" the show at the last minute, changed lines and cues. Bette, who had directed Pam at the rehearsals and bossed her like an anxious mother, was panicky. So what finally happened was little Miss Bette, so interested in watching Pam pick up cues with perfect timing, nearly forgot one of her own!

"One direction, and the child had it," Bette exclaims. "I never saw anything like it. Never missed a cue or a pitch. I asked the director not to instruct her about lines, and I did not either. She is a natural reader and all I gave was a word of advice on emphasis here and there.

"I had a line before her aria—she was supposed to be having an audition for a great impresario, her big chance—the line was, 'You've *got* to be good.' Put all I had into it. It was Pamela's big chance, too. Do you know what the monkey did? Gave me a great big impish grin! And sailed into it like a bird. Her knees didn't shake once.

"She was frightened enough to do a real job, because Pam is not a placid person. When it was all over, she had a *real* cry—just nerves, and the let-down. We all do it.

"Pam has that superb riding-high confidence born out of sheer desperation. In the beginning, she is sure she can't. But she does. Then she is perfectly positive she can never do it again. But she can—and will. Next, I want to do a picture with her."

Bette is sensible about Pam's future. She says, that it depends entirely on whether Pam wants a career enough to work for it. She does not want Pam to develop too suddenly. Pam is more than just another child star. Bette doesn't care if it takes one year or five years. She insists that Pam must not be pushed or hurried. And she adds, with a sincerity beyond question, that Pam will be a really great dramatic and operatic star.

Merola, of the San Francisco Opera Company, says Pam will some day be the greatest coloratura in the country!

What we, the public, will say remains for the future to reveal. At least some of us are already bombarding her with fan-letters after her first radio introduction.

Her performance was proof positive of how much the tender and affectionate interest of Bette Davis has done toward encouraging the natural talent of a lucky little girl known as "Pam, the Kid What Am."

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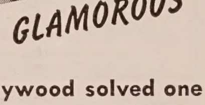

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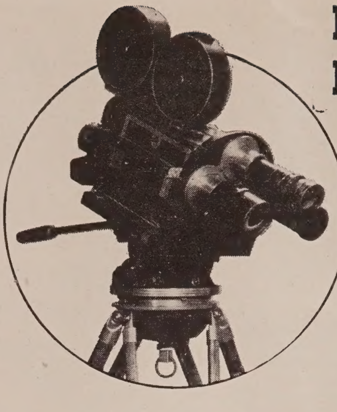

IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

In this exclusive department SCREEN BOOK gives you the real insider's view of Hollywood. Here, in "It Happened in Hollywood," you will find the amusing true stories one star tells another about a mutual acquaintance when they lunch together at the Brown Derby or in the studio commissary. Some of these stories are funny, some pathetic. All of them are "Hollywood." The author, Charles Samuels, is widely known as a script writer for the major studios. Look for "It Happened in Hollywood" next month.

By CHARLES SAMUELS

THE lady has been up in the big money for years now, her name in the biggest lights, her salary a staggering figure each year. But when she came out to Hollywood she was an unknown. She had a contract. Six months at $75 a week. It sounded like her big chance when she was made the offer in New York.

But for most of the six months she sat around, learning to walk and talk, how to move her eyes and her mouth to show surprise, passion, hate, disappointment.

It was the old story. All of the producers on the lot were afraid to take a chance on the unknown girl. When her contract was almost up she had not appeared in a single picture. Each night she cried herself to sleep in her hotel room.

But she did something more. She learned who the producers were, crashed their offices, pestered them in the studio commissary. It didn't help her a bit.

The girl didn't understand it. Hadn't she been sent out from New York to act? Didn't she have beauty, youth, talent, a willingness to work her heart out?

Fortunately for her, she consulted one of the town's best agents. He didn't want to see her at first. But she sat in his outside office until he agreed to give her ten minutes.

When he did see her, the agent liked the girl. It wasn't her beauty or her intelligence. Hollywood, then as now, was full of bright and lovely young things.

What captured his attention was her intense determination to get the chance for which she had quit a New York stage career.

"How can I get the attention of some producer?" she asked. "All I ask is one part. If I'm no good, I'll go home."

"Would you do anything for that chance?"

"Yes, anything."

"I've always had a crazy idea that a young, pretty kid like you could crash the picture business." Then he broke off. "But it's too crazy even for this dizzy business."

"Never mind," the girl said, "tell me about it."

"One of the top producers on your lot is giving a party for the important studio men. I can get you an invitation if you do as I say."

"Go ahead."

He told her. She gasped a little, then said, "Okay, I'll do it."

That night she arrived at the party wearing a long fur coat. She purposely made her entrance at an hour when everybody who was anybody would be there.

The well-mannered English butler at the door almost fainted when he saw that the lady guest hadn't a stitch on under the long fur coat which she handed him.

Calmly, the girl strolled into the room where the guests were. Strolled in and sat down. Nobody could believe his eyes. When the unhappy hostess recovered from her astonishment, she went over to the nude girl and asked her to leave at once. The girl bowed and departed.

She smiled as she did. The agent had predicted that would happen. But next day six producers on her lot offered her roles in pictures they were making. They reasoned—well, who can read the mind of six producers? Anyway, she got her chance and made good with a capital G.

She's been a great star ever since. But no girl could crash pictures that way today. This happened back in the Twenties. Even Hollywood has become more conservative since those wild days.

• • •

Nerve alone doesn't always land you at the top of the Hollywood heap. Sometimes, it trips you up, greases the ladder that leads down.

This happened to a Hollywood director who for five straight years stayed up there with the money boys. He over-reached himself just once. Oblivion has been his portion ever since.

He had been a ham producer on Broadway,

Watch for the next installment of "It Happened in Hollywood" in October SCREEN BOOK.

but he got a crack at a picture soon after landing in Hollywood. The crew on his set didn't like him. He was young and inexperienced and tried to hide it by being dictatorial. The cameraman, an old hand in pictures, particularly resented the high-handed methods of the newcomer.

But our friend was no fool. After looking at the first couple of days' rushes, he saw that the cameraman was shooting the scenes so amateurishly that he, the director, would be taken off the picture the moment the big bosses looked at them.

He called the cameraman aside.

"Don't be too smart, pal," the director said. "The front office knows I'm new at this game. If the shots aren't right, they'll fire you."

The cameraman grunted. But he shot the picture perfectly after that. The picture made money and the director was kept on. For five years he worked on cheap pictures. The studio didn't like him but he was energetic and got the work done. His pictures weren't smash hits but they made some money. He was tolerated.

Then, one day, after five years at the same studio, a new producer was placed over him. He was nervous about making good, just as the director had been, and fussed. That made the director wild!

One day, they were looking at the rushes of the picture which showed the officers of a Paris bank discovering a robbery.

"I want that scene re-shot," announced the producer.

"What's wrong with it?" the director demanded indignantly.

"When the president of the bank comes in and tells the cashier, the cashier doesn't stand up. Frenchmen are not like that. They're polite."

"He doesn't stand up because he's amazed. He's paralyzed by the news."

"I think he should stand up anyway. Being a polite Frenchman, he'd do that instinctively."

"You're wrong," said the director.

"I'm right," shouted the producer.

They argued about this trivial point all day. While they did, the company stood idle. Finally, the director got into such a rage that he walked off the lot, though he was under contract.

He figured that the studio heads would surely call him back. It would be easier to take an inexperienced producer off a picture than the director.

But he over-looked one thing. *He had quit in the middle of a picture*, cost the studio thousands of dollars over a silly argument. In addition, the head men didn't like him much.

The director has never directed a picture in a major studio since. He's a bit player now, and the bit parts that come to him are few and far between.

• • •

DON'T ever tell the postal authorities or the G-men, but one of our better movie scenarists has a mad habit that would interest them. Every time things are going badly at the studio he goes down to the Los Angeles Library with 50 postal cards.

Getting out the telephone book, he selects 50 women's names and addresses. Then he sends this message to each of the people, all of whom are unknown to him:

> Dear Mrs. Hethrington:
>
> I regret to inform you that I saw your husband last night in the company of a gorgeous blonde. I certainly think you should do something about this!
>
> (signed) A True Friend

It takes a couple of hours to write 50 cards like that but scenarist always feels better when the job is finished. You know, refreshed. The next day he eagerly scans the newspaper for stories of women who assaulted or murdered their husbands in a jealous rage.

He's never found any that resulted from his poison pen activities but he isn't discouraged.

"I guess women don't care any more what their husbands do. I expect a few of the women I write to be widows. But you'd think that one out of 50 would at least get mad enough to hit her husband with a frying-pan. However, I'm going to keep trying. When I'm blue, I like to think other people have troubles too."

• • •

Hollywood's favorite stock story is about the relatives certain producers keep on the payroll. The yarn has more variations than Hitler has "yes men."

The recession version was "things are getting so tough we're even laying off the relatives." Most of these stories relate to what extraordinary lengths—short of wrecking the studio—these producers will go to keep Cousin Edgar or old Uncle Pete on the payroll.

Yet, as far as I know, the most astonishing true story about a Hollywood relative has not been printed. It concerns a veteran executive who for years had employed in some very vague capacity his wife's brother whom we'll call Kabasky.

One day, this executive's chief, the big boss of the studio, complained to his assistant, "For years now I've seen this man Kabasky's name on the monthly payroll list. But I've never been able to find out what he does. Do you know?"

"No, sir," the assistant told him.

"Well take his name off the payroll then. And keep it off."

When the shocking news was conveyed to Kabasky's brother-in-law he was very grieved indeed. It meant that he, not the studio, would henceforth have to support Mr. Kabasky and his large family.

But one day, a great inspiration came to him. He called in Mr. Kabasky, and asked, "How would you like to take the name of John Stocktry?"

Mr. Kabasky shook his head: "I like Kabasky better," he said.

"Nevertheless, I christen you here and now John Stocktry. You're back on the payroll as Stocktry."

Next month, when the payroll list came in, the big chief looked it over, and murmured, "Thank Heaven we got rid of that Kabasky."

One of the three men is no longer with the studio. But Kabasky is not the one who's gone. He's still there as Mr. John Stocktry. The man who isn't in the picture business any more is the big chief himself.

• • •

An ace Hollywood director, a former pro boxer, recently had an amazing problem on his hands.

One of his best friends was a little English actor who, when sober, was the mildest creature in the world. But if he drank even one Scotch-and-soda, he suffered from the curious obsession that his good pal, the big, two-fisted director was his worst enemy who was forever plotting to ruin his life by some fiendish trick.

The director, a kind-hearted man, would have let the matter rest there if the pint-sized actor had been satisfied to denounce

[*Continued on page* 86]

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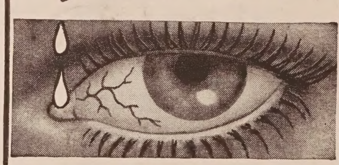

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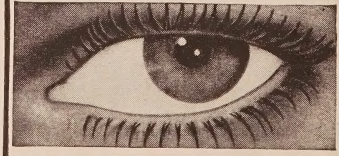

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GLASS COOKERY

Glass dishes cook milk and egg desserts to perfection

Mushrooms creamed in glass are time-saving and delicious

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

"WHAT, fry eggs in a glass pan? No, I never tried it, and this isn't April first either, so I won't bite."

But frying eggs in a glass skillet is a little trick practiced daily by hosts of young women in business who find that cooking in glass is not only more fun, but time-saving and easier on their manicures. Here's how:

Glassware for top-of-stove cooking and also for baking is made in such attractive functional shapes that the pan can be carried right from range to table. Score 1! This means of course, that there are no dirty pots and pans to wash up afterwards—and is *this* important to the girl who considers her skin and nails! No "dishpan hands" for the lass who has merely to rinse the smooth beautifully rounded surfaces of the glass baking dish. Being so smoothly polished, foods don't stick and burn to it, and hence need no unpleasant gritty "scouring" with harsh cleansers.

Next, the five-to-seven cook *must* save minutes! Even if the business girl must eat, she has precious little time in which to remove her neat office frock, change to a housecoat, and have dinner on the table in the proverbial jiffy. The chances are that if she is forced to spend too much time on cooking, she will go without dinner or merely fix up a hasty and often unsuitable "snack," when she should sit down to an appetizing meal.

Glass utensils, especially those designed for use on the top of the range, definitely save cooking time. One may start heating the water for vegetables before removing wraps, and it will be at a bubbling boil almost before you have taken off your hat. Indeed, when merely warming foods, such as a canned soup, you will have to step on it, to beat the glass saucepan! It can be said sincerely, that if glass cooking utensils are used, between 10 and 20 minutes actual time will be saved in getting a meal together and on the table. Score 2!

Possibly this time-saving has something to do with the fact that in using any glass cooking dishes, one can always see how fast things are going on—the cooking is "visible," and you can see right through the dish or saucepan and watch the foods boil or simmer while you set the table and mix the salad dressing. In other words, you can keep your eye on the ball, and time the job—with no extra effort whatever. Instead of pulling open the oven door a half dozen times, or piercing the potatoes with a fork "to see if they're done," you can see the cooking process at work. Score 3!

Another point, there's something about using these well-designed utensils that make a special appeal to the five-to-seven cook. They are easy to stir foods in, particularly the cream sauces so popular with the short-order hostess, and never "tippy" or likely to tilt over and spill their contents. They lend themselves to informal but always smartly simple dishes which really let you eat alone and like it, or better yet, urge you to share your dinners with cheerful companions. Score 4! For example, here's a recipe that sounds like the Ritz but which costs little and which takes less than 10 minutes to serve from skillet to table.

MUSHROOMS IN LEMON SAUCE

4	tablespoons butter
1	cup canned mushrooms, or 1 pound fresh
1	tablespoon lemon juice
½	cup cream or top milk
	salt and pepper
	grains cayenne
	hot buttered toast
	watercress

Melt butter in glass skillet over low heat. Add mushrooms, cover, and saute 3 minutes in their own juices. Add lemon juice and cream, and continue cooking slowly until just tender, turning frequently.

Season, serve on hot toast, and garnish with cress. (Makes 3 portions.)

Or if fish is your meat for Friday or any other day, you can follow the oven glass baking route with this delicious casserole recipe:

BAKED CHICKEN HALIBUT

1½	pounds chicken halibut (Cut 2 inches thick)
2	tablespoons lemon juice
4	tablespoons anchovy paste
¼	cup butter
½	cup fine dry bread crumbs
½	cup chili sauce
¼	cup tomato catsup
1	tablespoon Worcestershire
1	tablespoon minced onion

Pour lemon juice over fish slices and let stand 15 minutes. Spread fish first with anchovy paste, then with butter. Arrange slices in oblong glass baking dish and cover with crumbs. Bake moderate oven (325°F.) for 20 minutes, or until fish flakes. Combine chili sauce, catsup and seasoning, and heat together. Pour over fish, and serve immediately. (Makes 6 portions.)

Many other dishes of an easy, short-order type exactly suit the needs of the business woman, or for that matter any homemaker who likes to come out of the kitchen and have time for other interests. Some of these unusual dishes are the familiar "scalloped type," or combinations of canned fish, left-over meats, etc., blended with a sauce and topped with crumbs and grated cheese. Called "au gratin" by the hotel chef, these quick oven specialties are tasty, thrifty, and time-saving!

"YES, but what about desserts—can you follow the glassware route in making sweets?" Yes! Glassware is ideal for all dessert mixtures which often contain eggs and milk—the two most trying and trick foods to cook perfectly. Milk separates and eggs likewise, if subjected to too high temperatures. But cooked or baked in glass, they are less liable to "curdle." That's one good reason for preferring a glass double boiler in making boiled dressings, boiled custards, and creamy smooth sauces and frostings.

Baking too—if the boy friend simply dotes on hot biscuit or revels in a pan of crusty cornmeal spoon bread—is guaranteed of success when performed in a glass utility dish, or in the newest round deep glass cake pan which is so convenient for everything from a practical hamburg up-side-down pie to a fancy fruit souffle. Sizzle his steak on a glass platter, make coffee in a flavor-conserving glass coffee-pot, top the meal with delicious cup custards, the only thing wrong with the picture will be that you will find him standing on your doormat every dinner hour! Make the custards this way:

BAKED PEACH CUSTARDS

*12	canned peach halves
12	pecan meats, chopped
1	cup milk
2	eggs
1	tablespoon sugar
⅛	teaspoon salt
¼	teaspoon lemon extract

Use glass custard cups, grease with butter, place 2 peach halves in each cup, and sprinkle with nuts. Scald milk. Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, salt and extract. Add hot milk slowly. Pour custard mixture around peaches. Bake slow oven (300°F.) for 25 minutes, or until set. (Makes 6.) *Substitute canned apricots or pears, and use seedless raisins in place of nuts.

And if you would like more of these specialties for the business girl, write me and send for the latest leaflet. It's called MEALS FOR THE FIVE-TO-SEVEN COOK.

FREE!

Mrs. Christine Frederick,
c/o SCREEN BOOK,
1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Dear Mrs. Frederick:

Please send me the leaflet on MEALS FOR THE FIVE-TO-SEVEN COOK, which includes "Meal-in-one-Macaroni," "Pie Plate Spoon Bread," "Five O'Clock Lamb Patties," etc.

(This offer expires October 15, 1939.)

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Nancy E——'s story could have been yours! Left with two little children to support . . . not much money to depend upon . . . unable to leave the children to work in shop or office—even if she could have been sure of getting a job! Yet, today Mrs. E— is making $30 a week as a C. S. N. graduate and plans to establish a rest home for convalescents! Those magic letters "C. S. N." are responsible for her success. They stand for:

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*City*______________*State*__________*Age*____

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

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A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

It Happened in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 83]

him only verbally. However, it was the Englishman's cute habit to rush out, when in his cups, to the director's sedate Beverly Hills home, throw rocks at the window and loudly challenge the ex-pugilist to a fist-fight.

Having the belligerent little thespian arrested would have been a simple solution. But that isn't the director's way. He was more interested in curing the man's odd complex than in avoiding annoyance.

After much thought, he figured out that if the actor put on boxing gloves with him each time he flew into one of his wild alcoholic rages, he might get over the crazy brainstorms.

Thereafter, each time the half-pint mummer came out to Beverly in a roaring, rock-throwing mood, the director went out, picked the man up like a baby and carried him to his basement gymnasium.

Warding off the furious Englishman's blows was a cinch for the burly director. He never hit the little fellow back, just let him fight himself sober.

The system worked, but it took six months of fortnightly bouts in the director's basement.

• • •

A woeful thing happened to one of your favorite stars not so long ago.

His wife whom he adored had just left him and he was carrying the torch as though he were not the idol of millions of women, but an ordinary jilted male.

One night he telephoned his wife from his apartment hotel, imploring her to return to his much-photographed muscular arms. When she refused in the face of his most earnest arguments, he said, very melodramatically:

"If you don't come back to me tonight, darling, I'll kill myself. I'll take poison, that's what I'll do!"

"Stop acting, you ham, and go to sleep!" she snapped and hung up the receiver.

Solemnly, he strode to the medicine chest. There was a small bottle of iodine there but he didn't touch it. Instead, he took some aspirin tablets out of a bottle, swallowed a couple and placed half-a-dozen more and a glass of water at his bedside. Wife or no wife, he had to get some sleep. He was due on the set early next morning.

Within ten minutes, the iron knuckles of a Los Angeles police sergeant were hammering against the great star's apartment door. The sleepy actor opened it and the Emergency Squad rushed in, grabbed him, threw him roughly on a cot and hurried him in an ambulance to Cedars of Lebanon Hospital.

"What's the idea of this horseplay, you dopes?" indignantly howled the star.

"Commit suicide, will ya?" snorted the sergeant. "You're not taking poison and getting away with it while I'm on the job."

"Lemme go," stormed the actor. "I never tried to commit suicide." He tried to rise from the cot.

"Don't try and hand *me* that line," the officer told him, "I saw them little white pills near your bed. We're gonna pump your stomach out."

And that's what they did when they got him into the hospital. All of his threats to sue the police, the City of Los Angeles and the hospital fell on deaf ears.

When he was released early next morning,

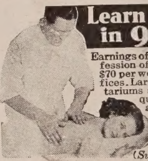
"THE WOMEN"

THIS month you can preview in MOVIE STORY, *The Women,* the picturization of the play which had New York talking for two years. It stars Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford, with Rosalind Russell and a cast of 135. The all-star program includes Robert Taylor and Hedy Lamarr in *Lady of the Tropics;* Ann Sheridan and Richard Carlson in *Winter Carnival;* Bing Crosby in *The Star Maker;* Charles Laughton's exciting new picture, *Jamaica Inn;* Mischa Auer and adorable baby Sandy Henville (of *East Side of Heaven*) in *Unexpected Father*—19 big hit stories and features in all! The stories are all full-length and complete, and they are generously illustrated with beautiful scene stills from the movie itself. Here's your chance to preview, in the comfort of your own home, all the new, exciting hit pictures of the month—weeks before they are shown at your local theatre! Best of all, this grand entertainment will cost you

10c

only ten cents! Stop at your favorite newsstand today and get your copy of the new MOVIE STORY Magazine!

MOVIE STORY
MAGAZINE



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BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN

Of Tired Kidneys—How To Get Happy Relief

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait. Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

the still enraged star returned to his apartment hotel. Entering the lobby, he was baffled when the telephone operator ran from the switchboard to greet him.

"I'm so happy they saved your life," she half-sobbed. "I'm one of your fans, go to see every picture you make. I just happened to overhear you telling your wife last night that you were going to kill yourself. I couldn't bear the idea so I called up the police department and asked them to stop you."

The star these days is always careful to use his private phone.

• • •

A crack New York reporter who quit the city room some time ago to write for pictures had an unusual experience recently. He had just left one studio and joined the staff of another.

The story editor of the first studio called him up and said, "Joe, are you my pal or aren't you?"

"What are you collecting money for now?" asked Joe.

"This has nothing to do with money," the story editor declared. "You can save a human life."

"Whose life?"

"Mine."

"Personally," Joe told him, "I think all story editors should be taken to the pond in the public park and drowned. But go ahead."

"Do you mean that?" asked the editor in a frightened voice.

"Of course not. Where's your sense of humor?"

"Well, here's what it is, then. A racketeer came around here asking for you. He read your book on crime and he's got a manuscript, a script he's written. When I told him you'd left the studio he asked me to read his story. I did. It's terrible but he's such a tough looking mug that I'm afraid to tell him."

"Now I know how to sell stories to you," laughed the writer. "What do you want *me* to do."

"Agree to see this gangster."

"Send him around," said the writer, whose knowledge of the underworld once made him America's outstanding crime reporter.

That afternoon, the plug-ugly called. He had his story under his arm. As the writer read the yarn, the gangster sat with his hands in his pockets.

"Well, what about it?" he asked.

"See that basket there?" the writer pointed as he handed the script back. "Take my advice and drop it there."

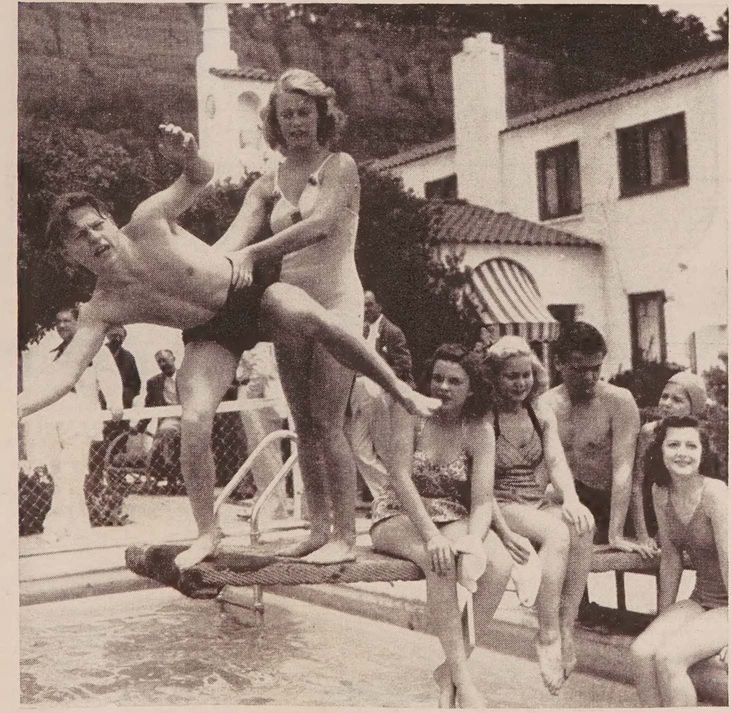
"You mean it's no good?"

"It's terrible. You'll never sell."

Slowly a smile spread over the scarred, blunt features of the gangster. "Gee, t'anks. Me girl's been driving me nuts. She says I ought to quit the rackets and write stories. But now, when I tell her what you said, she'll lay off me and let me get back to business. That other fellow wouldn't tell me that."

He held out his hand. As he was leaving, he said, "Dere's no one in dis town whose legs you want broken or anythin', is dere? I'd consider it a pleasure to do a favor like that for a regular guy like you."

The writer said no, there wasn't anyone whose legs he'd like to have broken. Not at the moment, anyway.



A "sweet sixteen" birthday party for Judy Garland was attended by Hollywood's younger set. Pushing mugger Mickey into the water is Marjorie Gestring. Those seated on diving board include Judy, June Preisser, Jackie Cooper, Virginia Weidler and Ann Rutherford

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FOR YOUR LIPS AND HIS!

NEW GIANT SIZE and quality usually sold for $1

Actual size

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Newest Costume Shades
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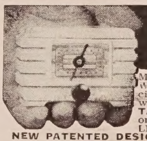

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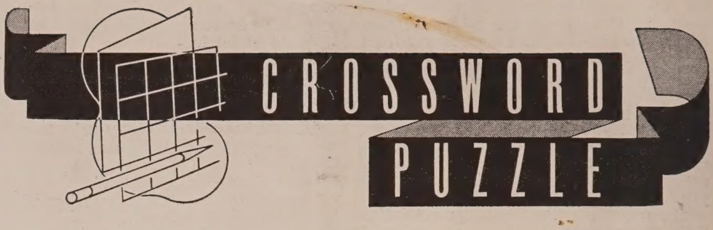
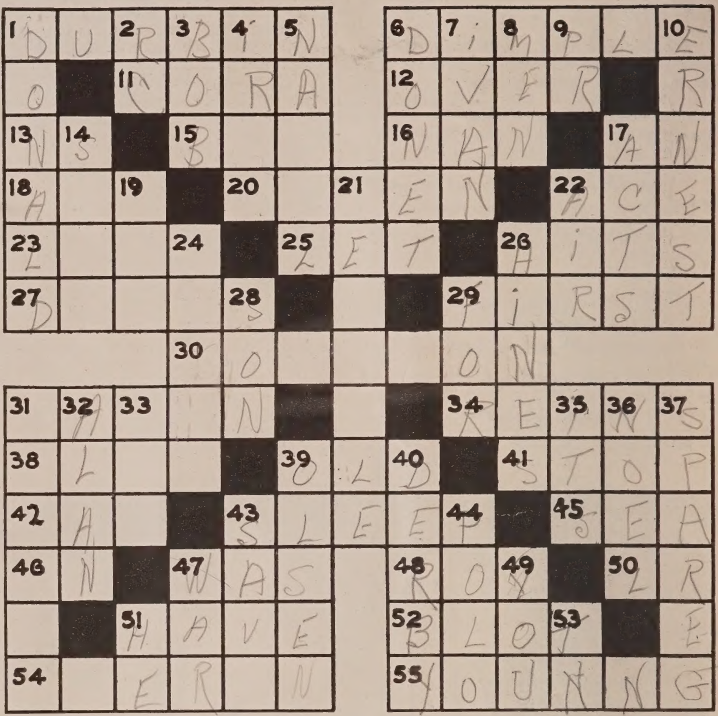


CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Star of *Three Smart Girls Grow Up.*
6. What Shirley Temple shows when she smiles (sing.).
11. First name of Miss Witherspoon.
12. *Storm ——— Bengal.*
13. Miss Shearer's initials.
15. *——— Town Czar.*
16. McLaglen's screen daughter in *Ex-Champ.*
17. *You Can't Cheat ——— Honest Man.*
18. Oriental actor.
20. Emile Aubel in *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle.*
22. Canine performer in *The Rookie Cop.*
23. Whose role is that of Joseph in *Wuthering Heights?*
25. *——— Freedom Ring.*
26. Successful motion picture productions.
27. Stoney in *Some Like It Hot.*
29. *——— Offenders.*
30. Mrs. Allison Hamilton Crispin in *I'm From Missouri.*
31. First name of an actor born in Mexico.
34. Cowboy stars guide their mounts with these.
38. Attorney Culpepper in *Zenobia.*
39. *The ——— Maid.*
41. What players do when director yells "Cut!"
42. First name of Mr. Terhune.
43. What Disney's Sleepy liked to do.
45. *North ———* is a British film.
46. Initials of actor once wed to Ann Sheridan.
47. *The Girl ——— Young.*
48. First name of Director Del Ruth.
50. Lynn Roberts' initials.
51. *Only Angels ——— Wings.*
52. Mickey Mouse would be obliterated by this.
54. Alexander Korda's bride.
55. A star of *Bridal Suite* (poss.).

DOWN

1. First name of a Disney character.
2. Initials of actor wed to Benita Hume.
3. What 55 Across is called for short.
4. Feminine lead in *Spoilers of the Range.*
5. Joan Fontaine's most frequent escort.
6. Star of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.*
7. Kretsky in *Never Say Die.*
8. *Street of Missing ———.*
9. Director Rosen's initials.
10. Billy Bradley in *Boy Friend.*
14. Oscar O'———.
17. Performs in a screenplay.
19. Month in which Nancy Carroll was born (abbr.).
21. He directed *Union Pacific.*
22. *Secret Service of the ———.*
24. French actress famous for her pout.
26. Remember Johnny ———?
28. *Tarzan Finds a ———.*
29. *Beauty ——— the Asking.*
31. Lopez in *Return of the Cisco Kid.*
32. Beery's screen son in *Sergeant Madden.*
33. He rode Tony in westerns.
35. *——— a Wonderful World.*
36. His last name is Madison.
37. Dead-pan comedian.
39. Buck Russell in *Rose of Washington Square.*
40. Chaplin's famous film headgear.
43. You saw this comedian in *Once in a Blue Moon.*
44. Spencer Tracy likes this game.
47. What you see in newsreel shots of China.
49. *Sing ——— Sinners.*
51. *——— Loved an Actress.*
53. Tom Neal's initials.

(Solution on page 90)

FAN·CLUB EXCHANGE

I am starting a fan club for Vivien Leigh and wish you would announce it on your page.—Beverly L.

Beverly, you failed to mention whether you received Miss Leigh's sanction for a club in her honor. If you have, okay, let's have more details. If not, please write her at once and let me know the results.

NEW FAN CLUBS

Stanley Brown Fan Club—Alice Karpies, active president, from Bedford, Ohio.

John Payne Fan Club—presided over by Miss Ruth Mayo of Crestwood, New York.

Anne Shirley Fan Club—Steered by Blanche Sewell of Buffalo, New York.

Joan Fontaine Fan Club— M. H. Ferguson, prexy, Columbus, Ohio.

Richard Carlson Fan Club—with Miss Reba L. Brewer of Muncie, Indiana, presiding,

Robert Donat Fan Club—Bill Collins of Toronto, Canada, at the helm.

(Please write me for further information regarding the new clubs.)

Quite some time ago I wrote to the president of the Alice Faye Fan Club, and was told the studio did not permit a club and it had been discontinued. Can you tell me if there are any other Faye Clubs and whether this ruling applies to all of them.—M. W.

Sorry, M. W., but Alice is under contract to Twentieth Century-Fox, the studio which places thumbs down on all fan clubs for its stars. There are no other officially sanctioned clubs for Miss Faye in operation.

I'm a regular reader of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, and I like your Fan club corner very much. I have had a fan club for Lanny Ross for almost five years. We have 130 members from all over the world. Lanny has always been most helpful and co-operative and much of the success of the club is due to his assistance. A most hearty welcome awaits all Lanny's fans and friends. CHIT CHAT the club publication is issued bi-monthly, and Lanny personally autographs photos of himself and sends to members.—Mary Munger.

Thank you for your nice letter, Mary. Here's hoping SCREEN BOOK'S offices get snowed under with requests for your Lanny Ross Club. Will forward all requests to you when received.

Dorothy L. Pinnick

Please tell me if there's a fan club for Gene Autry. If so, I would like some information.—Elsie L.

Yes, Elsie, Mr. Autry has a fine club headed by Dorothy L. Pinnick of East Gary, Indiana. Dot's letter will undoubtedly enlighten you and all prospective Autry members. "The Gene Autry Friendship Club celebrated its first anniversary in March. A club journal, *Diamond Dot Ditties*, is issued every other month. We have over 150 members. Members receive the usual membership cards, privileges, photos and snaps. Mr. Autry is especially nice to all of us and his secretary is extremely helpful."

I am a sincere admirer of Geraldine Fitzgerald and would like very much to form a fan club in her honor. To whom shall I write?—Ruth Woolten.

Write to Miss Fitzgerald at Warner Studios, Burbank, California. Good luck to you and let's have an official notice from you when and if the club is formed.

I would like to know if there is a Claude Rains Fan Club. If so, who is the president? If not, how do I go about starting one?—Jean Hoffman.

I have no record of a Claude Rains Fan Club, Jean. Try writing to Mr. Rains at Warner Brothers Studio, address above. Good luck to you, and let me have full details when and if your club is organized.

Are you interested in joining a Fan Club in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the numerous fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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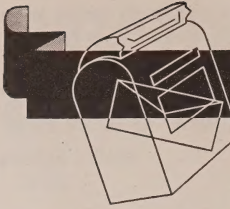

THE POSTMAN RINGS

$15.00 Prize Letter

Simpler Plots Wanted

DEAR EDITOR:
In the past year or two I have seen so many pictures built around great "spectacles" that I am beginning to tire of them. I've seen hurricanes, earthquakes, volcanoes, floods, fires, train wrecks, airplane accidents, shipwrecks, and many other catastrophies of every description. I've seen so many of these spectacles on the screen that I feel I would be bored by the real thing.

Aren't there any stories about simple events in ordinary peoples' lives which could be made into movies? The Hardy Family series should show the movie makers how people enjoy seeing pictures about things that happen to average American families. Let us have more simple plots about average people, and I bet the movies will enjoy prosperity more than ever before.—*George H. Williams, 400 E. 4th N. St., Morristown, Tennessee.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Gag The Gag Writers

DEAR EDITOR:
I believe that gag writers and scenarists are well paid. But why? Lately the wisecracks in pictures have gagged me about the way a wet towel might.

On one double bill the same middle-aged wisecrack appeared in both pictures, with no more than a few words altered. It was none other than Bing himself in *Paris Honeymoon* who murmured, "If I go to the electric chair, I'll save a place for you on my lap!" I felt really cheated when a tough guy in *Charlie Chan in Honolulu* said the same thing from the corner of his mouth 40 minutes later!

The gag boys reached back even further in their files for a scene in *Never Say Die*. They dug up an old joke and shaved off its whiskers to feed to a gullible (?) public. That was when Bob Hope jumped around in bed with the explanation that he had just taken his medicine and forgot to shake the bottle. My earliest recollection of that one dates back 13 years.

Considering the attractive salaries and contracts scenarists receive, isn't it about time they threw away their files of stagnant gags, and exerted their brains long enough to put some fresh, original humor into the motion pictures of today?—*A. W. Dawes, Box 112, Highland Park Station, Los Angeles, California.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

My Bill

DEAR EDITOR:
I go with a nice young man . . . a young man who has hopes someday of being somebody in the newspaper world. He's an earnest young man who's terribly interested in getting his facts straight and in writing what he calls a zippy lead. But he doesn't seem to meet anyone important and takes in only routine events. He isn't the sort of reporter I've seen dozens and dozens of times on the screen. And there are times when I'm rather tired of his routine write-ups.

And so, when I want to meet a typical reporter—you know the kind—morose, self-centered, cynical, who calls the boss a "so-and-so"—and gets away with it—I go to the movies and see him in the person of Fred MacMurray, Robert Taylor or Fredric March. I come out of the theatre that much more in love with my Bill. I've been out on a wild spree with one of the glamorous screen-reporters and am, for a long time, content to trudge along with Bill on his not-so-interesting assignments.—*Mary Donner, 6220 37th Ave., N. W., Seattle, Washington.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Paradoxical Ponderings

DEAR EDITOR:
When at long last the great day arrives, and we see the premiere of the great American novel, with O'Hara, Butler and company in all their Southern glory, we shall sit on the edge of our chairs, with teeth gritted, anxious to learn whether Scarlett, Rhett or the producers have sinned beyond redemption or repair; whether the original story or only the title has done gone and survived The Wind.—*C. L. Armstrong, 34 Second Avenue, N. E., Hazelton, Iowa.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Glamor Battle Rages On

DEAR EDITOR:
You ask your readers to decide which of the luscious ladies, Ann Sheridan or Hedy Lamarr, is the better contender for the title of America's "Number 1 Glamor Queen." The dictionary describes glamor as "delusive fascination or enchantment; a magical or fictitious glory or beauty."

Ann Sheridan's "oomph" title is a publicity stunt to compare her with Jean Harlow, whom she remotely resembles. It is also reminiscent of Clara Bow who made America "it" conscious. Call this quality "oomph," "it," or what you will—it all means super sex appeal to me.

Hedy Lamarr was a problem on the producer's hands until she unexpectedly hypnotized the public in her first American film, *Algiers*. To say that the public is Lamarr-conscious is an understatement. Witness more famous actresses, such as Joan Bennett and Joan Crawford, with shoulder-length black hair parted in the middle, in recent pictures. It is even said that Vivien Leigh got the coveted role of Scarlett O'Hara more for her resemblance to Hedy than for any other reason.

To my knowledge, no similar attempts have been made to produce a horde of Ann Sheridans. Hedy is an enchantment in her own right. There has never before been anyone like her, but there are probably plenty from now on who will attempt to catch that indefinable "something." Hollywood still doesn't know her potentialities.

I ask you which of the two ladies the definition of glamor best fits. Whether the movie public realizes it, the decision has already been made.—*Cleora Ewalt, 518 North C Street, Herington, Kansas.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

No More Angels, Please

DEAR EDITOR:
Verily, verily, nothing succeeds like success. After the big stage success *I Married an Angel*, we are being deluged with cinema titles with "angels" in them. *Angels With Dirty Faces, Only Angels Have Wings, The Angels Wash Their Faces*, etc.

But come to think of it—even though it might be getting slightly monotonous having a flock of angels fluttering around in every title, it's still an improvement on all those sizzling hot titles reeking with sin and suggestiveness, that usually have no bearing whatever upon the picture. At least this new sanctimonious trend in angelic titles is much better for the morale of the younger generation.—*Linda Lawrence, 2142 East 5th Street, Charlotte, North Carolina.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

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Screen Book

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OCTOBER

Joan Crawford

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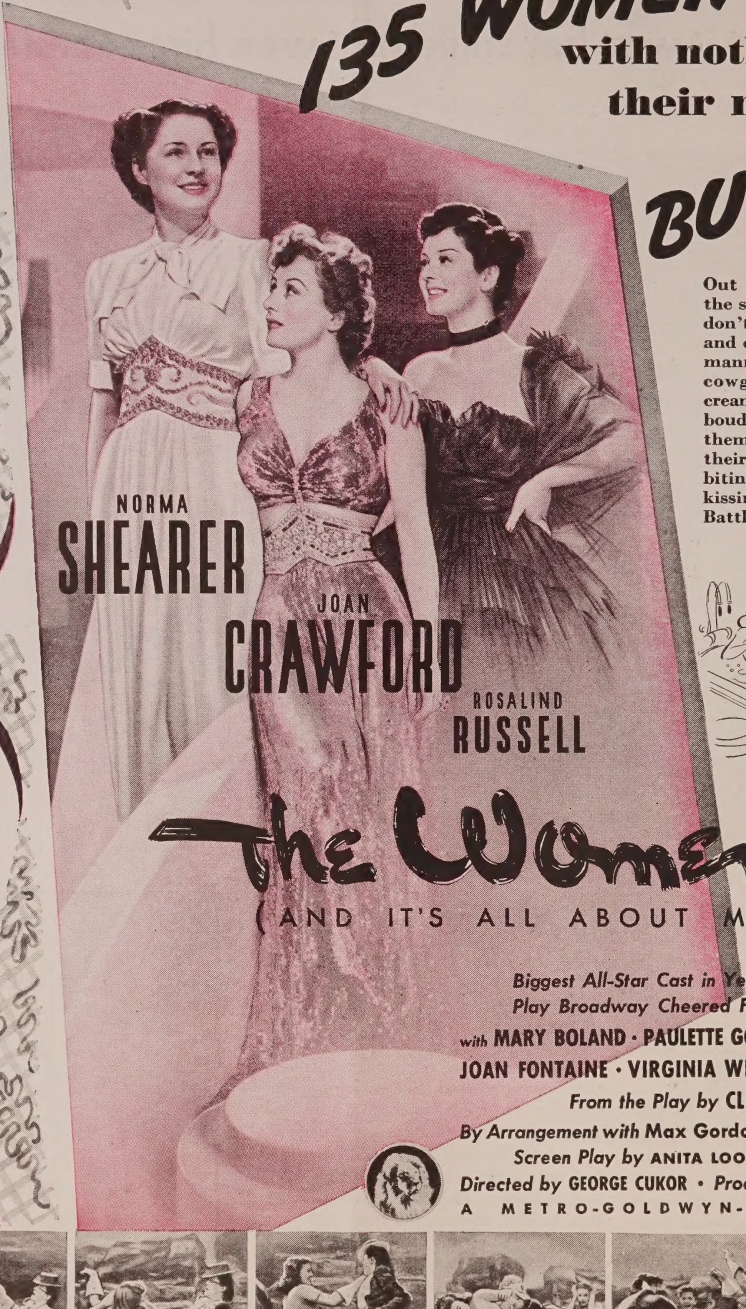

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Screen BOOK

Incorporating SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXII
NO. 3
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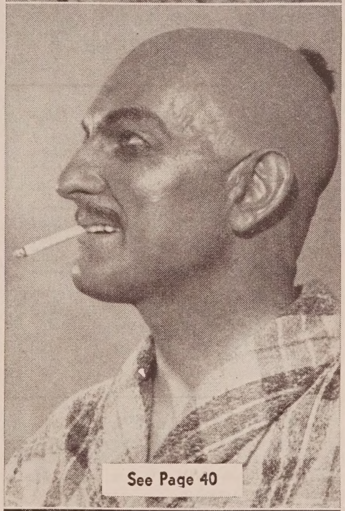

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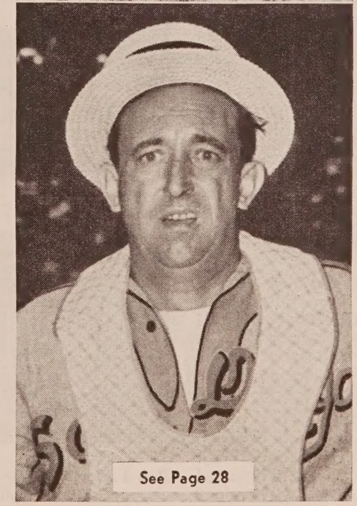

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

By HELEN HOVER

○ At the moment, the star who seems to be nailed to the wall most often is Norma Shearer. Most people who envy her position are whispering that she has become high-handed and gets special privileges. Even heard that Norma insisted upon being given better lighting than her sister-players in *The Women.* This is all a little silly, particularly in view of this fact: Norma's contract provides her with sole star billing in any of her pictures. When *The Women* was completed, Norma called for the contract, nixed that particular clause. "Joan Crawford and Rosalind Russell are just as important as I am in the picture," she said. And that's why you'll find the three girls sharing starring honors in the film.

The quaint sartorial custom of the girls and their boy friends dressing alike reached an exotic peak when Janet Gaynor and Adrian showed up at the Cocoanut Grove one night in bright red taffeta jackets. What an eye-stopper they were! Everyone put down their soup spoons to gape. Janet's was waist length and ruffled. Don't jump at conclusions—Adrian's was cut along conventional tailored lines. Come to think of it, the jackets looked darned attractive, and we for one would like to see the fad become a popular one.

The lack of males in Hollywood's bachelor ranks hasn't bothered "Oomph" Sheridan one bit. Ann has gone to fields outside of the movie confines for her heart. He is John Conte, a radio announcer, and he looks like the most serious throb Ann has had since she lifted her skirts above her knees for a photographer. Ann is so serious about her dates with Conte, that she turned down Walter Wanger when he sought her company during his temporary rift with Joan Bennett.

★ ★ ★

SIMONE SIMON is sorry she was a bad girl, and is doing everything to get another chance in Hollywood. Writes Simon to a friend who has been pleading her cause here: "I'm just a little girl trying to get along and not the temperamental artist people accuse me of being."

We have always been the last to boo-hoo the sad fate of the movie darlings who find that their lush jobs sometimes entail a certain loss of privacy. However, we feel that movie star crucifixion reached a high—or is it a low?—when William Buckner, Jr., was convicted in the Philippine rail bond case. Loretta Young, who had stuck by Buckner when he first got into trouble and braved criticism by appearing in public with him, received no such gallantry from him in return. Instead of trying to spare her any further publicity, Buckner dragged her name into it even further. Immediately after his conviction in court, Buckner smiled, turned to the newspaper reporters, and in a loud tone, proclaimed: "I must call Miss Young now, boys. She's very much interested, you know." Loretta had to discontinue her phone service for a week! Oh, chivalry!

◕ Martha Raye will never go down in history as being an astute business woman. Martha recently turned down a one-shot guest appearance at the San Francisco Fair which would have fattened her bank account by $3,500. "Too tired," said Martha. "Working too hard." The next night she turned up at the opening of Little Eva's, a new supper club, to watch her brother Buddy perform and wish him well at his debut. Buddy strums the swingiest guitar you can hear West of Harlem. At the end of the show, Buddy introduced Martha to the audience. "Come on, sis," he coaxed, "how about a number?" "Sure enough," yelled Raye, and she was off. Sang for an hour straight and didn't leave the floor until her voice began to get hoarse. The crowd was wild and wouldn't let her go. "Awright—awright," shouted Martha, "you don't have to coax me. My first job was on a night club floor—and that's where I feel most at home!"

Unusual party of the month took place when Jackie Coogan and Betty Grable tossed a shindig at Grace Hayes' lodge for Mrs. Grable. Occasion was the fresh divorce decree she received that day. Betty, far from offering an ultra-modern, hard-boiled explanation for the fete, almost wept when she explained the reason behind the party. "Instead of crying over my parents' divorce, I'm throwing this party to celebrate my mother's first taste of freedom!"

★ ★ ★

IRONY (and we don't mean spinach) Dept.: *Unexpected Father* had just been previewed at Hollywood's Pantages Theatre. The crowd outside, hanging to the ropes, waited for the celebrities to emerge. As Shirley Ross, Mischa Auer and Joy Hodges left the theatre, the autograph-hunters pounced on them with a whoop and a holler. One obscure-looking young couple scuttled out of the theatre and didn't even get a glance. They looked wistfully at the dazzling stars who were surrounded by the fans, shook their heads and walked away. Yes—the man and woman were Mr. and Mrs. Roy Henville, whose only contribution to the picture was a round butterball of a baby named Sandy who walked off with all honors in the picture and was the film's bright and shining star!

★ ★ ★

● Vivien Leigh is going to be a "misunderstood" star unless some smart press agent turns the tide of sentiment in her favor. Vivien started out with two strikes against her because she was imported to play Scarlett, and now she's accused of pulling a Garbo. Doesn't see anyone, doesn't say

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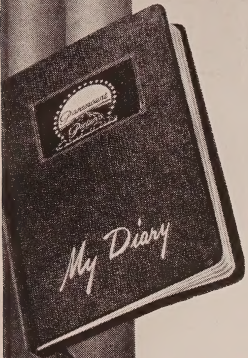
Bob Taylor, recently married to Barbara Stanwyck, chats with friend Joan Blondell. A new photo of the happy newlyweds will be found on page 82



NOTES from a Hollywood Diary

By Lydia Allerdyce

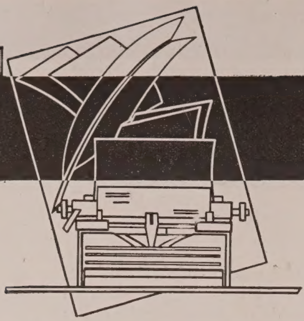
99 kids and Bing . . . One of the most amusing sights in Hollywood recently has been the big set where Paramount has surrounded Bing Crosby with at least a hundred boys and girls, dancing and singing, and having a wonderful time helping him bring "The Star Maker", based on the life of Gus Edwards, to the screen. Bing believes the role of the star-maker, the Broadway showman who made kids of old New York into the stars of today, is an even grander role than his famous "Sing You Sinners" triumph. We've seen some of the rushes and we agree about Bing, also about Linda Ware, discovered by Producer Rogers, who discovered Deanna Durbin. When she sings with Walter Damrosch and the entire Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra accompanying her, it is a great moment. Preview audiences have actually sung the old-time favorites in the picture—"School Days", "By The Light of the Silvery Moon", "I Can't Tell Why I Love You But I Do"

Miss America has a new Beau . . . Of course, we wouldn't want to give away any secrets about our age but we do remember when we thrilled to Ronald Colman in the first "Beau Geste" some fifteen years ago. Well, Miss America has a new "Beau" now. Yes, all of you are going simply gaga about Gary Cooper in Paramount's new "Beau Geste" William A. Wellman has made the really great picture of his career And as that carefree, dashing soldier of the French Foreign Legion, Michael "Beau" Geste, Gary is terrific. Ray Milland, Robert Preston, whom you liked in "Union Pacific", play the two other Geste brothers. Brian Donlevy is the vicious Sergeant Markoff. Just to tell you how good this new "Beau Geste" is, I saw a screening of the old "Beau Geste" and well, there's just no comparison . . . the new one is twice as thrilling.

Hollywood's newest glamour girl . . . Rumors 'round Hollywood that Paramount had the new child star sensation and was giving her, her picture debut in the new Madeleine Carroll, Fred MacMurray starrer, "My Love For Yours", led us to do a little investigating. The rumors were true all right. The little lady is Miss Carolyn Lee, and we can't rave enough about her after glimpsing her in "My Love For Yours". She plays the role of the little adopted daughter of a New York business woman (Miss Carroll) who manages by her child's faith in two grownups to show them the course of true love. You'll agree when you see Carolyn Lee that this is only the beginning of a great career in pictures for Paramount's newest little starlet

More laurels for Laughton . . . With Charles Laughton once more a member of the Hollywood community, interest, of course, is high concerning that grand actor. So we were delighted to see Laughton's newest picture, "Jamaica Inn". Readers of the Daphne DuMaurier best seller will be delighted with director Alfred Hitchcock's treatment of this thrilling yarn. And Laughton fans will acclaim Laughton's finest role—the gentlemanly villain who paid his gaming debts with the loot of a crew of shore pirates. And Mayflower-Pommer Productions can be proud of bringing Maureen O'Hara, a charming and talented actress, to the screen.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Allerdyce, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.



UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

WE ARE happy to announce the winners in SCREEN BOOK's contest, DO YOU LIKE DOUBLE FEATURES? This contest, you will recall, was announced in the June and July issues. Contestants were asked to write 50-word letters stating their opinions either for or against double features.

The winner of the first prize of $250.00 is **C. C. McMillan** who lives in Oakland, Calif. Mr. McMillan's letter in favor of single features was, in the opinion of the judges, the best of all those submitted. We would like to point out again that the judges' decision was based entirely on the merit of the opinions presented in each letter, not on whether the writer favored or opposed double features.

The second prize of $100.00 goes to **Mrs. H. C. Green** of Spokane, Washington. Mrs. Green also wants single features and presents excellent reasons for her opinion.

The third prize, $50.00, goes to **Mrs. Olive Cole** of Oakland, Calif. Mrs. Cole favors double bills. **Nicholas J. Bongiovanni,** of Buffalo, N. Y., wins the fourth prize of $25.00 with a letter in favor of single features.

The winners of lesser prizes are listed below:

PRIZES OF $5.00 EACH HAVE BEEN SENT TO:

Mrs. Lenora G. Seward, Spokane, Wash.; Betty Faust, Hanover, N. M.; F. Gruver Davis, Springfield, Ohio; Mrs. A. J. Zimmermann, Evanston, Ill.; Mary A. Spangenberger, Cincinnati, Ohio; Adelaide Whitesitt, Chanute, Kan.; R. T. Gidley, Dallas, Texas; Mrs. LeVancia M. Pitt, Silver Spring, Md.; Gail A. Eaton, South Bend, Ind.; June P. Carlson, Spokane, Wash.

PRIZES OF $1.00 HAVE BEEN SENT TO:

Joan Sheldon, Oklahoma City, Okla.; Lorraine L. Anslow, Chicago, Ill.; Estelle Moody, Chicago, Ill.; Kathleen H. Cataldi, Los Angeles, Calif.; Betty Fujio, Laurel, Mont.; Helena Schmitz, Bremerton, Wash.; Mrs. H. Dickerson, Long Beach, Calif.; Hamann Lyon, Akron, Ohio; Nancy Jotcham, Montreal, Canada; Mary M. Starks, Cleveland, Ohio; Ralph Menefee, Hoxie, Kan.; Mary Mears, Evanston, Ill.; Margaret Tyler, Columbus, Ohio; Dorothy West, Birmingham, Ala.; Mrs. Ethel Davis, Springfield, Ohio; Virginia Melvin, Laurence, Kan.; Helen M. Crotty, New York City; Margery Snell, Toledo, Ohio; Scott Foster, Ottawa, Can.; Marie Colnik, Milwaukee, Wis.; Dorothy Shaw, Rochester, N. Y.; Mrs. A. Martinson, Brookings, S. D.; Mrs. A. D. Benjamin, Chicago, Ill.; Richard Frooks, New York City; Ruth H. Soule, Rye, N. Y.

To these contest winners, we offer our heartiest congratulations. With all letters tabulated, it becomes clear that movie-goers have tired of double features. A fraction more than 62 per cent of all letters received were in favor of a return to single features. Many of the writers favoring single features stressed the tiresome length of double bills, the customary weakness of one picture, the sense of confusion created by the presentation of two full length film stories.

Writers favoring the dual bill liked the bargain element. Many said that they attended the movies only once in a great while and felt that a double feature program gave them their money's worth.

The editors of SCREEN BOOK feel that this contest was a fair one, offering an accurate picture of what fans want. We have been told, "Polls don't mean a great deal because the satisfied people—those who like double features—won't participate. You'll hear only from those who want single features."

In order to avoid this situation, we offered prizes, feeling that the inducement would attract those who might otherwise fail to write us. We found this to be true. Regardless of the fact that this poll was in part a contest, the writers presented their true opinions—and the single feature advocates stepped into the lead.

* * *

YOU might as well know that we have been tagged "pacifist" because of certain beliefs we support. Once, in fact, these beliefs caused an irascible old gentleman to shriek for half an hour at us. We never understood why objecting to war made people yell at us and if anyone has a good explanation we'd like to hear it.

You probably wonder what all this has to do with the movies. Just this: Alexander Korda's new British-made film, *Four Feathers,* troubled us considerably.

This picture, beautifully photographed in Technicolor and well acted, tells the story of a young British soldier who resigns his commission on the eve of his regiment's departure for action. Seems he doesn't care for war.

His friends and fiancee don't share this attitude. To indicate their viewpoint, they give him four white feathers—symbols of cowardice. And our young hero, after a brief moral struggle, trots off to Egypt where he proves that, by Jove, sir, he's nobody's coward. P. S.: He returns the four feathers after performing all sorts of deeds.

Now, we don't intend to start an argument about "courage." But as we watched this beautiful, well-told picture unfold, we found ourself wishing the hero had remained faithful to his early convictions. We lost our respect for him the moment he took his friends' childish, melodramatic gift of feathers seriously. We thought, "If this boy had any guts, he'd stay home and forget about his stupid friends. He'd show that he had *real* courage."

This picture was made once before. We suppose its revival was inspired by the current militaristic propaganda in Great Britain. *Four Feathers* says quite clearly, "Look, young Britisher. If you don't go to war, you're a coward and a very nasty fellow. Your friends won't like you. You'll lose your girl. Everyone will be ashamed of you. So get those cowardly notions out of your head, and get ready to be blown to pieces."

We don't like this thinking and we hope Americans won't take *Four Feathers* seriously. See it, by all means. You'll like the photography. But don't—and we are pleading—don't let yourself be influenced by the idea upon which the film is based. It's strictly the old hokum.

—The Editor.

NEXT MONTH

MYSTERIES THAT HAUNT HOLLYWOOD

—a gripping story by one of Hollywood's leading correspondents.

NO SPICE FOR "SUGAR"

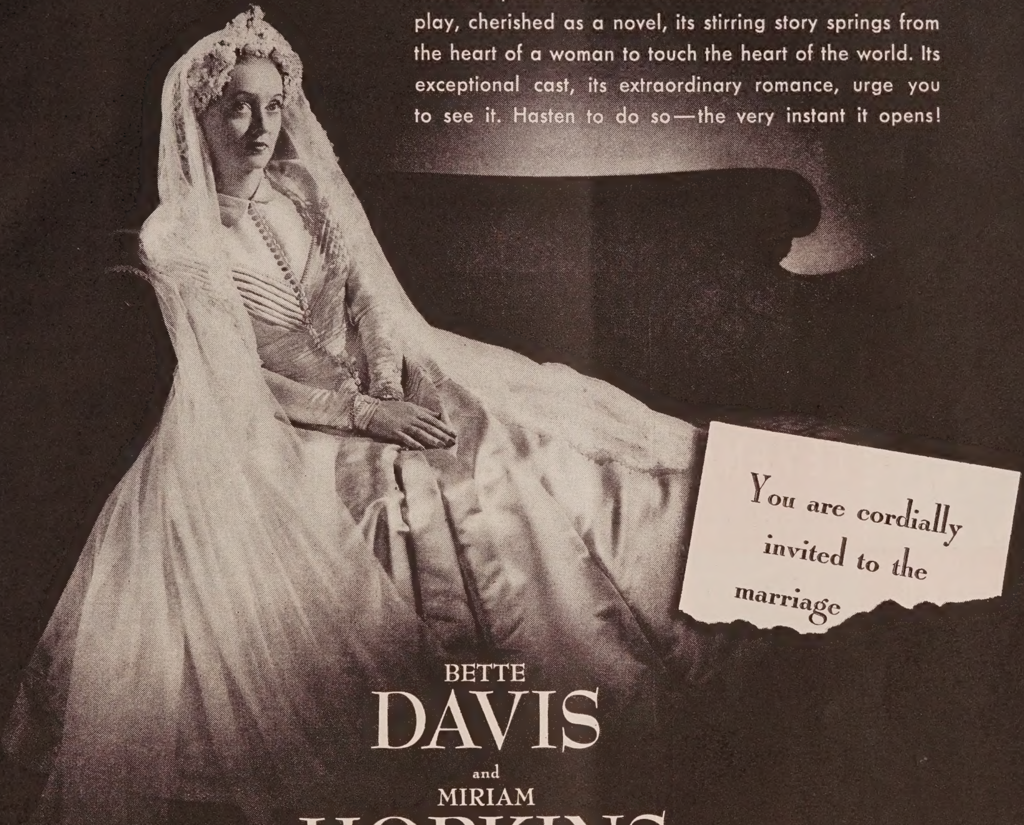
—Pictorial feature on "Sugar" Geise, extra girl.

HOW STARS TRAIN FOR FIGHTS

and many other sensational features.

This, above All, Bette's Best!

Remember for a moment the Bette Davis picture you loved most. Then think how magnificent that picture is which surpasses even it. Awarded the Pulitzer Prize as a play, cherished as a novel, its stirring story springs from the heart of a woman to touch the heart of the world. Its exceptional cast, its extraordinary romance, urge you to see it. Hasten to do so—the very instant it opens!


You are cordially invited to the marriage

BETTE
DAVIS
and
MIRIAM
HOPKINS
in
"THE OLD MAID"
with
GEORGE
BRENT

DONALD CRISP • JANE BRYAN • LOUISE FAZENDA
JAMES STEPHENSON • JEROME COWAN • WM. LUNDIGAN • CECILIA LOFTUS
Directed by EDMUND GOULDING
Screen Play by Casey Robinson • Based on the Pulitzer Prize Play by Zoe Akins and the Novel by Edith Wharton • Music by Max Steiner • A First National Picture
PRESENTED BY WARNER BROS.

MEET THESE FASCINATING PEOPLE...

From the great Broadway play

GOLDEN BOY!

starring BARBARA STANWYCK as LORNA . . . She's the dame from Newark

starring ADOLPHE MENJOU as MOODY . . . He loves Lorna

starring WILLIAM HOLDEN as JOE BONAPARTE . . . He wants to be a big shot

SAM LEVENE as SIGGIE . . . He loves the duchess

LEE COBB as PAPA BONAPARTE . . . He wants his son

BEATRICE BLINN as ANNA . . . She loves Siggie

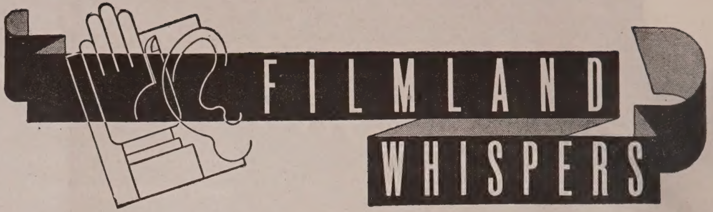
JOSEPH CALLEIA as FUSELI . . . He wants a champion

TENDERLY . . . THE SCREEN TELLS THE HEART-WARMING STORY OF THEIR EMOTIONAL CONFLICT AND ROMANCE!

GOLDEN BOY

A ROUBEN MAMOULIAN Production • Based on the CLIFFORD ODETS play as produced by the Group Theatre of New York • Screen play by Lewis Meltzer, Daniel Taradash, Sarah Y. Mason, Victor Heerman • Produced by William Perlberg

A COLUMBIA PICTURE



FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 6]

anything, doesn't go anywhere. Don't blame Vivien, though. She is only carrying out the orders of her boss, David Selznick, who ordered her to keep quiet until *Gone With the Wind* is released. Wait until the picture hits the screens before you judge her.

Roy Del Ruth had his hands full when he directed Bing Crosby and some fifty talented kids in The Star Maker. *The moppets didn't give him half as much trouble as Bing, the prime ribber in Hollywood. Del Ruth was badgered by the kids who came to him with all types of questions. "Why do you wear those dark glasses?" "Are those your own teeth?" "Could I get a suit like that when I grow up?" This kept up for weeks and Del Ruth felt like a wooden hossie on a merry-go-round. Suddenly he spied Crosby in a corner of the set talking to one of the kids. A moment later the youngster approached the director. "Why haven't you a lap when you stand up?" Light, irrevocable and clear, dawned. Del Ruth hopes to even the score, but he's got to go some to top Bing.*

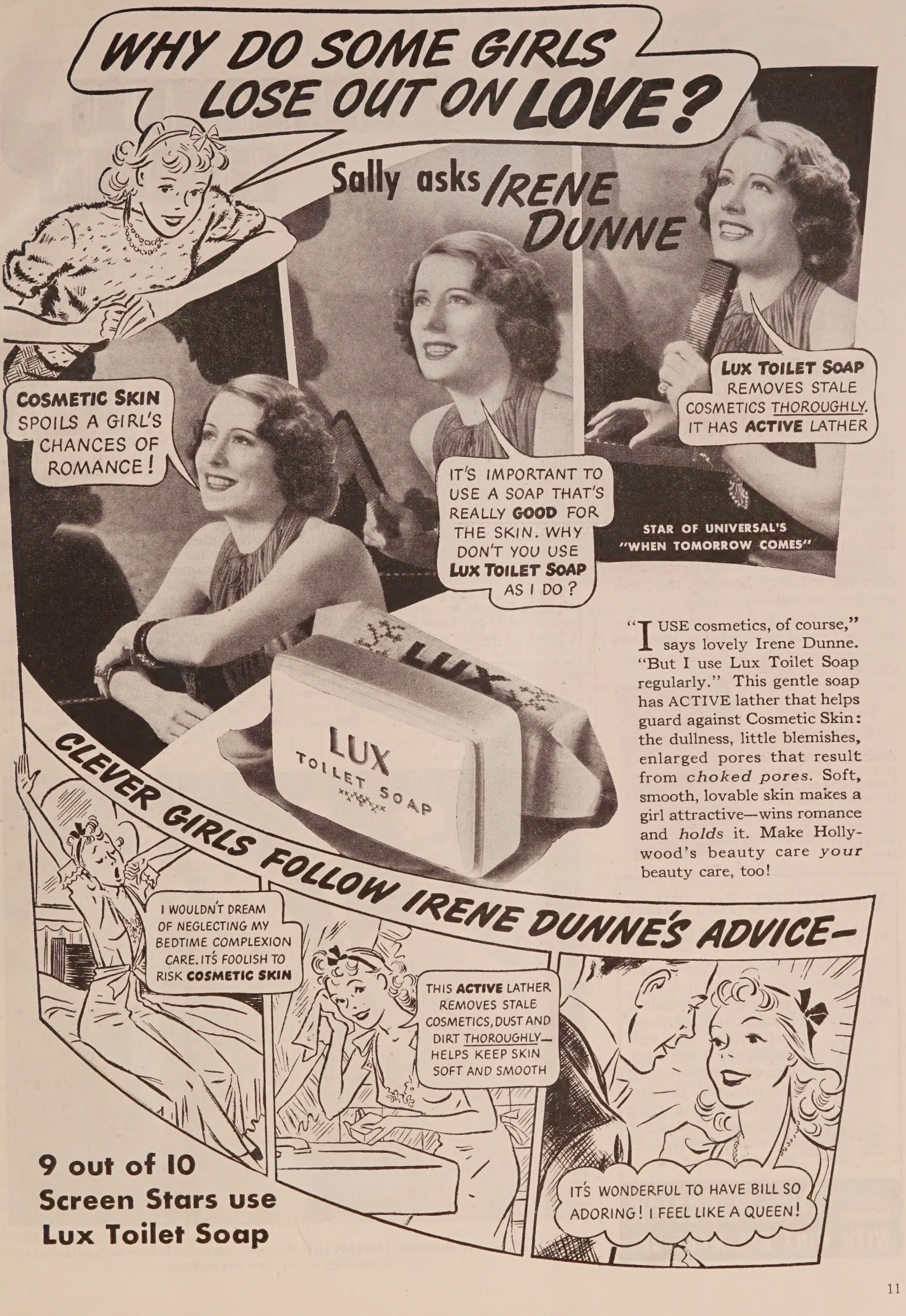
The fates haven't been very kind to Rita Johnson. Rita's honey is Lin Howard, wealthy California horse owner, and she had planned to fly east to see his horse, *Ligaroti*, run at Suffolk Downs. Saw her at the Trocadero and she looked unhappy. "The date has been cancelled. The studio needs me here to play in *The Return of the Thin Man*. I just spoke to Linn and we both feel hellish about it." Two days later, Rita was struck by a car while crossing a street in Beverly Hills. The injuries weren't serious, but it kept her from getting the part. Score: No trip, no picture.

* * *

DEANNA DURBIN'S nice boy friend, Vaughn Paul, is going through all the agonies that attach themselves to the escort of a movie star. Vaughn is a shy chap and dislikes all the fol-de-rol that goes with stardom, but he's dragged right into it because of Deanna. Vaughn is so young and unaccustomed to this, he doesn't quite know how to cope with persistent news photographers tactfully. The young couple were at Earl Carroll's one night when a group of cameraboys spotted them. Vaughn writhed uncomfortably, tried to beg off. "Please—none of me." Then he took Deanna by the arm and maneuvered her out. Evidently, one of the boys took it the wrong way, because

[*Continued on page* 12]

Who says he's ill? After a determined battle which lasted three years, Lionel Barrymore is on his feet again. He is caught by the cameraman tending one of his climbing roses


WHY DO SOME GIRLS LOSE OUT ON LOVE?
Sally asks IRENE DUNNE
COSMETIC SKIN SPOILS A GIRL'S CHANCES OF ROMANCE!
IT'S IMPORTANT TO USE A SOAP THAT'S REALLY GOOD FOR THE SKIN. WHY DON'T YOU USE LUX TOILET SOAP AS I DO?
LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES STALE COSMETICS THOROUGHLY. IT HAS ACTIVE LATHER
STAR OF UNIVERSAL'S "WHEN TOMORROW COMES"
LUX TOILET SOAP
CLEVER GIRLS FOLLOW IRENE DUNNE'S ADVICE—
I WOULDN'T DREAM OF NEGLECTING MY BEDTIME COMPLEXION CARE. IT'S FOOLISH TO RISK COSMETIC SKIN
THIS ACTIVE LATHER REMOVES STALE COSMETICS, DUST AND DIRT THOROUGHLY—HELPS KEEP SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH
IT'S WONDERFUL TO HAVE BILL SO ADORING! I FEEL LIKE A QUEEN!

"I USE cosmetics, of course," says lovely Irene Dunne. "But I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly." This gentle soap has ACTIVE lather that helps guard against Cosmetic Skin: the dullness, little blemishes, enlarged pores that result from *choked pores*. Soft, smooth, lovable skin makes a girl attractive—wins romance and *holds* it. Make Hollywood's beauty care *your* beauty care, too!

9 out of 10
Screen Stars use
Lux Toilet Soap

"Eyes of Romance"

WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store — *today!*

Money-Back Guarantee!

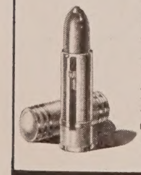
Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES
Creamy Mascara
Winx Creamy mascara
BROWN
READY TO USE • NO WATER NEEDED

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*

MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!



FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 10*]

the next day a Hollywood columnist reported that Vaughn had grabbed a camera and had smashed it! And young Paul one of the most refined gentlemen in town. No wonder he and Deanna scram like mad when they see a camera-clicker.

* * *

● What a mix-up when Olivia de Havilland and David Niven appeared together at the de luxe preview of *They Shall Have Music*. Samuel Goldwyn had loaned them his car, but after the picture was over the cops made the Goldwyn chauffeur move on. This left David and Olivia stranded without transportation, and they paled when they saw the crowd outside waiting for them. A considerate fan came to their rescue. He offered the use of his car, and drove the grateful Olivia and David to the Cocoanut Grove where they joined Goldwyn and his large party.

The Rise and Fall in Love: Lana Turner and Greg Bautzer, her attorney boy friend, have called it off. Lana is 18 and full of life, and six months was long enough to go with one boy. Tom Brown is filling in. . . . On the upswing side is the romance between Jane Wyman and Ronald Reagan. Ronald hung his Theta Kappa Epsilon pin on Jane the other day. . . . Without letting a soul in on their plans, the Walter Pidgeons reconciled after an estrangement of a year and a half. . . . Wendy Barrie's gone old-fashioned. Has given up smoking and taken to knitting. The reason is Rudy Vallee. . . . Jean Parker at the Bublichki, later at Earl Carroll's with Jimmy Busch, while husband George MacDonald is in the East. Jean and Jimmy were engaged before she married MacDonald. . . . Turn about. Ken Murray swiped Mary Healy from Edgar Bergen who had stolen her from Rudy Vallee—so Bergen snitched Jane Baker from Murray. . . . Joan Crawford with Charles Martin at Victor Hugo's. Joan called upon to sing a song, obliged with *The Lady's in Love*. . . . Youngest handholders—and most serious—are Jackie Cooper and Pat Stewart. More mature stars can learn a lesson in fidelity from these two kids. . . . Alice Faye spent her week off between pictures appearing with Tony Martin at his engagement in San Francisco, just to prove to the cynics that they were still making a go of their marriage.

* * *

HONEST, it happened. I was there. Victor McLaglen was in bed, doing a hospital scene for *Full Confession*. He was made up to look chalky grey and ill, and a nurse hovered near him. In the middle of a rehearsal he lifted his head wanly and whispered to director John Farrow. "Say

Photo by Charles Rhodes

Earl Carroll, master showman, gives his girls the once-over-twice before each performance. Sort of checking up on what not to wear

John, can we postpone this scene for tomorrow?" "Tomorrow? Why?" "Well," said McLaglen, "you see, I don't feel well."

Irene Rich, the indefatigable, is at it again. She's going into the dressmaking business, designing reasonably priced house dresses that will be manufactured and distributed nationally under her name. Meanwhile, she's doubling in movies and radio. She's also planning a trip to Europe, but in no ordinary way. She is going to make the jaunt aboard a Clipper ship. On her way to straighten out her passport one morning, she dropped into a real estate office to buy added land near the Warner Bros. studio in Burbank where she plans to build a low rent apartment house for studio workers. In the afternoon, she negotiated a lease with a new tenant of her Beverly Hills home, and in the evening she went dancing at Marcel's, rounding out a day that would leave most of us gasping.

● Friends of Wayne Morris writhe when they hear insinuations that he is living an easy life because he married heiress "Bubbles" Schinasi. Wayne, of course, earns a hefty enough salary to scare any wolf, but scoffers like to point out the fact that Bubbles' ma gifted the couple with a $100,000 house. Here's a little point to keep in mind: That sumptuous wedding gift isn't as generous as it first appears. In order to keep such a house in tip-top order, an army of servants is required, and Wayne foots the bills himself.

The deflated state of the bachelor ranks in Hollywood at this moment is being given a strong hypo by Brian Aherne. Aherne is becoming the town's most active man-about-town, and instead of confining himself to one girl he is playing the field—for which, praise Allah! In less than one month, Aherne's girl friends have been Norma Shearer, Wendy Barrie, Olivia de Havilland, Patricia Morison and Earl Carroll showgirl, Evelyn Atchison. And at a party given for Pierre Monteux, Hollywood Bowl conductor, there was a real line-up to meet—not the guest of honor—but Aherne, who was just one of the guests. Much of his new appeal is due to his impersonation of Maximilian in Juarez.

News! We have finally discovered the one thing that can penetrate the stoic imperturbability of Ronald Colman. Even as you and I, Colman is—a fire chaser! Being one of the clan ourselves, we were at the scene of a dairy blaze in Beverly Hills some nights ago. Who should come hot-footing there, in bedroom slippers and a robe, but Colman. A few steps behind him was his out-of-breath bride, Benita Hume. Even in the midst of the excitement, Colman managed to retain the savoir faire which makes his fans swoon. Watched in rapt wonder, tried to give a fireman some advice and didn't leave until hours later, when the last red ember had become a white, smoky ash.

* * *

SENTIMENTAL and sensible is the reason for Ann Sothern turning down that offer to go to England to do *Busman's*

[*Continued on page* 14]

Boy Friend? Even the girls dodge dates with Ann!

ORCH.
MEZZ.
BALC.

Ann could have dates galore if she'd guard her charm with MUM!

ONE DAY is just like another—to Ann. No one drops in to see her. Men never take her out. Even the girls avoid her!

What would *you* do—if you knew a girl lovely in *other* ways—but careless about underarm odor? Of course you'd avoid her, too! Nobody wants to be around a girl who neglects to use Mum!

Too bad the girl who offends this way so rarely knows it herself! No one likes to tell her, either. Nowadays you're *expected* to know that a bath is never enough! A bath removes only past perspiration, but Mum prevents future odor before it starts. Hollywood says Mum... nurses say Mum... *you'll* say Mum once you've tried this pleasant, gentle, *dependable* cream!

QUICK! Mum takes 30 seconds, can be applied even after dressing or underarm shaving!

SAFE! The seal of the American Institute of Laundering tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. Mum is safe for skin.

SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops all underarm odor. Get Mum at any druggist's today. Be sweet for that movie or dancing date. Be popular *always!* Use Mum!

MUM GIVES THOROUGH UNDERARM CARE

EVEN A DAILY BATH ISN'T ENOUGH FOR UNDERARMS! SO I USE MUM
TO HERSELF: IT'S LATE, BUT JUST THAT LITTLE TOUCH OF MUM KEPT ME FRESH THROUGH EVERY DANCE--

For Sanitary Napkins

More women use Mum for sanitary napkins than any other deodorant. Mum frees you from embarrassment, is gentle and safe!

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

Dura-Gloss

"FINGERNAIL" gives you the ONLY SURE WAY to BUY Nail Polish

This Patented Cap Shows Actual Color You'll Get
DURA-GLOSS
by Lorr
TROPICAL
10c

FINGERNAIL-CAP on each bottle is colored with the polish itself — AND is same **size, shape** and **contour** as your own fingernail! What a revelation to CHOOSE YOUR COLORS BY THE PATENT FINGERNAIL! Do it today. Hold Dura-Gloss Fingernail beside **your** finger. The best way to get the exact color you want! You'll never use ordinary polish, once you've tried Dura-Gloss — it "goes on" so much better, and wears so much longer—get it today, 10c. Also a 25c Professional package.

A REAL BEAUTY TIP FOR YOUR FINGER TIPS!

See Booklet enclosed with every bottle of Dura-Coat Nail Wax (10c) for an important new beauty secret.

DURA-GLOSS

Lorr Laboratories, Paterson, N. J.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 13]

Honeymoon with Robert Montgomery. "I insisted that Roger break up his band and quit touring the country so that we could have a normal married life, and we bought a home in Beverly Hills so we could both know where home was. I'm not going to stick out my chin now by skipping 6,000 miles away just to make a picture!"

* * *

Last month I told you how Gene Markey surprised Hedy Lamarr by hiding a ring inside an egg which she was supposed to conk open. Well, evidently this unique romantic gesture has started a fad among adoring husbands. Horace MacMahon took his wife, Louise Campbell, to Victor Hugo's for her birthday dinner, and you should have heard her squeal when she removed the cover from her soup bowl. No wonder—inside was a gold and platinum wrist watch! What muggs this sort of thing makes of the nice boys who still think a box of candy does the trick.

● Looks as though Duncan Renaldo is in for a new deal with Lady Luck. Remember the tragedy that pursued the handsome Latin who ran afoul of his wife and the immigration laws after he made such a swell start in *Trader Horn*? Duncan's career was cut short when he was deported and received a year's sentence for entering the country illegally. Now Renaldo is working again. Republic handed him a three-year contract, and he replaces Ray Corrigan in *The Three Mesquiteers,* a popular comedy series which goes on and on and on. Renaldo has such a tremendous following in the South American countries, the studio grabbed him to bolster their strength there. And is Duncan happy! Threw a party for the entire cast before production started.

Not so fortunate, however, is Duncan's female partner in the ill-fated Trader Horn. *Edwina Booth lives with her parents in a small Hollywood bungalow, still suffering from the jungle malady she contracted during the filming of the picture. There are still traces of the fragile, blond beauty which rated her the plum role, but she is deathly pale, has practically no energy and scarcely ever leaves the house. No one visits her, and she is almost completely forgotten by the industry which wrecked her health and made her an old woman at 28.*

THERE was something uncomfortably prophetic about one of the dialogue lines in *Hollywood Cavalcade.* Jack Mulhall had just read, "He prophesied a boom and then

Photo by Charles Rhodes

A couple of funsters are Joe E. Brown and Pat O'Brien with Mary Carlisle the object of their attention. Nice fun . . . if you can get it

came the crash." This was the cue for Lynn Bari to rise from her chair and cross the room. Just as she moved, a Technicolor light became loose from its mooring and crashed in the exact spot she had been sitting a few seconds before!

John Garfield hasn't forgotten the man who picked him up from the New York gutters and started him on his way to success. He has always credited Angelo Patri, who runs a sort of New York *Boys' Town* with being his mentor. But just recently, when Garfield appeared on a radio broadcast he donated the money he received to Patri's school. "I'll never be able to repay the debt I owe," he said, "but this is something on account."

* * *

TALK about freak accidents! Wendy Barrie is a good friend of Traffic Officer Spike Marvin, a palsy walsy affair which started two years ago when Marvin ticketed Wendy for speeding. Recently, Marvin broke his nose in a smashup, and Wendy visited him at the hospital. When he was well, he returned her call at her home. But as she hurried forward to greet him, she tripped on a rug, took a cropper and struck Marvin in the face and broke his nose all over again! And back to the hospital he went.

* * *

● The oddest things seem to happen to the boys and girls who leave the screen. You'll never guess what Pert Kelton is doing now. Remember Pert, the sprightly comedienne who was famous for her pratt falls and her mugging? Well, folks, Pert is readying for a debut in grand opera! Hopes to make the grade next season. Pert has been taking vocal training for some time but only her family was aware of her operatic aspirations.

You can talk about Ann Sheridan having "oomph," Joy Hodges having "yumph" and Hedy Lamarr having just about everything else, but Marian Martin has now thrown in her hat for sex appeal honors. Marian appeared at the Beverly Hills Hotel wearing a bathing suit of leopard skin no larger than a gnat's eyebrow. What a crowd she drew. Marian looked pretty pleased with herself. She has been living a quiet life, but suddenly decided it was about time she caused some stir in the community.

He that has, gits, I suppose. At any rate, the Clark Gables were set back on their ears when a vineyard expert told them they could expect a crop of two and one-half tons of grapes from the vines they fell heir to when they bought the Raoul Walsh place in the Valley. Clark and Carole didn't know what on earth to do with all those grapes, finally decided on the most generous gesture of all. They sent out an invitation to hospitals and charity organizations to call for them.

* * *

WALLY BEERY'S worship for his ten-year-old daughter, Carol Ann, reaches such heights that he takes the child with him

[*Continued on page* 16]

16 DIFFERENT SHADES . . . FROM

ONE SINGLE TANGEE LIPSTICK

Tangee's Magic Color-Change Principle Proved on Blondes, Brownettes, Brunettes, Redheads

The famous Radio City Music Hall Ballet and Director, Florence Rogge, photographed during Tangee test.

ARTHUR S. ALLEN, noted color expert, checks the particularly becoming shade Tangee Lipstick produced on Ludmilla, one of the thirty members of the famous Radio City Music Hall Corps de Ballet. Tangee produced 16 *different* shades ranging from blush rose to rosy red on the lips of the thirty girls.

DO YOU KNOW the most becoming shade for *your* lips...the shade that blends most naturally and beautifully with your own complexion? Thanks to Tangee's magic color-change principle, you can have *your individual shade*—just by applying Tangee to your lips.

Orange in the stick, Tangee "magically" changes to *your* most becoming shade of rose or red. Unlike ordinary lipsticks, Tangee contains no "paint". Its transparent cream base helps make lips soft, exquisitely smooth and alluringly lovely. Get Tangee at your favorite cosmetic counter today. Notice how it magically changes color on your lips...how it seems made for you alone!

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one Tangee—don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer a more vivid color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

SEND FOR MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Avenue, New York City...Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, matching Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder, also send Tangee Charm Test. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Peach ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 15]

all over—even to race tracks and night clubs. This has no deleterious effects on the child, because she's a wholesome, bubbling youngster. But there are some people who can't mind their own business, and one of them who saw Beery with Carol Ann at Earl Carroll's one evening sniffed, "Imagine taking a child there!" Beery froze her with a look and said, "Carol Ann has an eye for beauty and this is a beautiful place. Besides, madam, what harm do *you* see in it!" Wally also bought the child an ermine wrap, and he beams so proudly when she wears it that no one has the heart to tell him it really isn't in very good taste to drape a youngster in such furs.

* * *

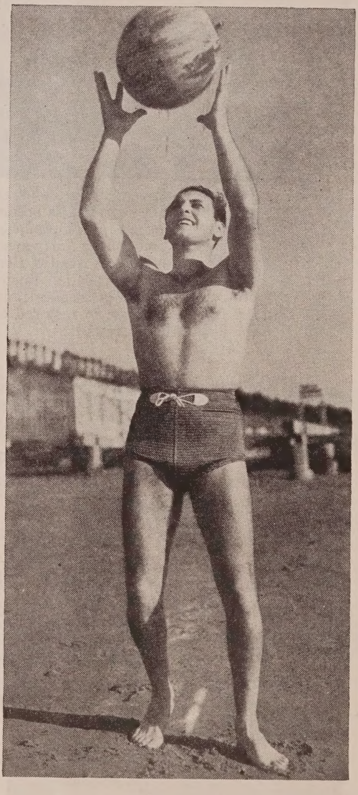
● There was more than met the eye in the account that Wallace Ford had been fined $55 for speeding and failing to observe a boulevard stop. The reason behind it is one of heartbreak and disappointment. Martha Ford, Wally's wife, told intimates the real story. "Wally has been so upset at not getting the role of 'George' in *Of Mice and Men* he just didn't care what happened to him." Wally had played in the stage version of John Steinbeck's powerful story, and everyone was positive he would portray the same role in the films. When another actor drew the prize part, Wally went to pieces.

Poor Reginald Denny. He's as conversationally frustrated as a barber with laryngitis. Denny makes tiny planes in a miniature aircraft factory on Hollywood Boulevard, and the project is his greatest pride and joy. Recently, he developed a plane with high military value. The United States Army showed an interest. Bursting with pride at this honor, Denny was all set to brag to friends about it, when the government clamped the gag of secrecy on him. Saw Denny on the Bulldog Drummond *set and there was a wistful look in his eyes, as though it were all he could do to hold this great big wonderful secret inside of him.*

Don't mention the "easy life" to Lillian Bond. Between being the wife of a millionaire playboy and being a hardworking actress, she'll take the rigors of a woiking goil routine any day. Everyone was a little envious of Lillian when she married wealthy socialite Sidney Smith three years ago. But too much luxury is no cinch. Saw Lillian on the set of *The Housekeeper's Daughter* and she told me, "We travelled from place to place for two years. In that time we covered Europe, Africa, the West Indies and all through America. It sounds like fun, but after awhile I got tired of packing and unpacking bags." Now Lillian is picking up the threads of the movie career she gave up, and should be enjoying single blessedness any day now.

* * *

WHEN is a gift not a gift? Evidently when Ellen Drew gets it. Ellen was thrilled when she was presented with the clothes she had worn in the London made *French Without Tears.* But when she returned to these shores, Uncle Sam said no, insisted that she dish out dough to the customs for the clothes. "But I wore them in the picture," wailed Ellen. "That makes them duty free." "Can you prove it?" asked the customs inspector. Ellen couldn't. Ellen paid. It was $136, and it covered six cotton dresses which she could have picked up here for one-third the price.



In sunny California (rumor has it) the sun just shines and shines all year round. Result: Allan Jones enjoying a day off at the beach

Dick Powell is telling friends that he doesn't care if he never returns to the screen. Still, that doesn't prevent him from reading an average of three scripts a week just in case—! There are two reasons for Dick's indifference to movie work. One is his radio career—still his first love. He hopes to reestablish himself as the happy-go-lucky crooner of Hollywood Hotel *days. Second is an oil well which he has in Abilene, Texas. After waiting eight months, he finally brought in a gusher. Now he's spudding five more wells, and has a direct phone contact from his home to the base. No wonder the movies can wait.*

YOUNGSTERS scarcely out of their cradles are taking the film village by storm, with the result that parents from all over the country are descending in droves on studio casting offices.

The lad primarily responsible for this new surge of young hopefuls is six-year-old John Sheffield, baby athlete in *Tarzan Finds a Son.* Last year the hue and cry was all for the teen-age boys and girls, with the Deanna Durbins, Judy Garlands, Mickey Rooneys and Freddie Bartholomews startling the world with their superior talent and making the cash register jingle. Now it's kids under ten who are having their day.

To Johnny Sheffield we can now add Bobs Watson, Larry Simms of the Blondie series, and baby Sandy Henville. The Sheffield youngster was an incubator baby but you'd never guess it after seeing him swim in the Tarzan picture. Larry Simms got into the movies via the *Saturday Evening Post* which used the lad for a cover. Baby Sandy Henville is a milkman's daughter who stole *East Side of Heaven* when she impersonated a boy. To these youngsters we can also add Irene Dare, the five-year-old skating phenom whom you will see in *Everything's On Ice,* Marylyn Kay, five and a half, with Bing Crosby in *Star Maker,* and Carolyn Lee, three and a half, who has already clicked in a big way in *My Love for Yours* starring Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray.

● We had a fine time on the day we visited the *Eternally Yours* set and saw Hugh Herbert try to "out magic" Paul Le Paul, professional magician, who was supervising the spectacular illusions David Niven performs in the picture.

In a short scene between Le Paul and Herbert, two eggs are used in a sleight-of-hand trick. One egg is rubber. A hen made the other. Herbert, somewhat of an amateur magician, double-crossed Le Paul by giving him the real, instead of the rubber egg. When Le Paul patted his pocket to be sure the egg was there, Hugh laughed heartily over the mess, and jeeringly patted the rubber egg in his own pocket. But his expression changed instantly! He's convinced, now, that the hand is quicker than the eye—at least Le Paul's hand is quicker than Hugh Herbert's eye.

There's been a lot of loose talk about our Hollywood chorus girls. Being curious about the truth or falsity of the gossip, we decided to engage in a bit of galloping around the movie lots in search of facts and figures for what we hope will be an annual poll on the cuties and the way they shape up (the facts and figures, not the cuties, you dope!).

Here's the low-down on the average

chorus girl after visiting more than twenty of them and scanning their slips (Social Security ones) and employment questionnaires.

The average lovely is 21 years old and is unmarried. She was born in Mankato, Minnesota, Walla Walla, Washington, Wichita, Kansas, or some city like Chicago or Cleveland. She did not come from New York. Her earlier education was obtained in her home town, and nine times out of ten was finished in Los Angeles or Hollywood schools. She came west with her family, often with just her widowed mother, not planning to enter the movies, but to enjoy the benefits of California's sunny climate.

Our investigation revealed that a majority of these ladies of the chorus now support, wholly or in part, one or both parents. The average chorine earns around $66 a week when she works, which is about 35 to 40 weeks in a year. She insists that she does not intend to follow a screen career, and will marry at the drop of a proposal when the right guy comes along. This hubby of hers will probably be some fellow with a technical job in the movies. She'll nix as husbands all men who act in pix.

For recreation she loves an evening of dancing at some inexpensive place where there is a good orchestra. Bowling is right down her alley, too, and she seldom refuses an invitation to enjoy a weenie roast at the beach. She sees a lot of pictures. Her favorite actors are Clark Gable, John Garfield, Gary Cooper, Robert Young. For tops in the feminine division she selects Bette Davis. You can't get her to go to a picture with dance sequences in it. She sees too much of that in her working life.

If she's a ballet dancer she takes her work very seriously, and wouldn't miss the annual visit of the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo for a year's contract from a studio. Even when not working, she practices two or three hours a day. She watches her diet carefully. You'd probably be surprised at the number of books she finds time to read. Right now *Rebecca* and *Grapes of Wrath* top her list of favorites. She likes picture magazines, movie fan magazines, trade papers. Through the dailies she keeps fair enough tab on what's going on in this country and abroad.

It occurs to us that maybe our investigations have taken away some of the glamour that surrounds these dainty little jiggers, but facts are facts and figures are figures—and, boy, how I'd like to tell you more about the blonde who was 20th on my list!

It pays to be on the radio. When the Chase and Sanborn Hour went on the air two years ago from Hollywood, every member of the cast lived in a rented home. Now, every regular performer on the show owns a home, with the lone exception of Nelson Eddy who is building a mansion that will out-mansion any dozen homes in his neighborhood. Bob Armbruster, the C and S musical director, lives next door to Dorothy Lamour in Coldwater Canyon. Edgar Bergen has a home on the highest hill in Beverly Hills. Don Ameche lives in Van Nuys.

WELL, as we've always maintained with a great degree of enthusiasm, Hollywood is an amazing town. In no place but the movie capital can you find a man who gets a bank president's salary for cutting out paper dolls! It's a fact!

Anton Grot is an art director at Warner Brothers. Most of his time is spent manipulating the shears with which he fashions his cardboard dollies and houses.

Grot builds a scale model of every set needed for the pictures assigned him. He colors them with crayon, and peoples them with doll-like characters, cut from paper. When he is finished, he mounts his set and his miniature characters on a square of plyboard, and trucks the whole thing up to the director's office.

Grot also furnishes the director a scale "range finder," a device resembling a small telescope. By looking through this gadget, the director obtains an accurate picture of what the camera will see in the finished set. Thus he can plan every bit of his action, chart his movements while seated right at his own desk, weeks before he actually films them.

Grot's system has another big advantage—it gives the associate producer, the cameraman and everybody else concerned a chance to suggest changes and alterations in a set before the thing is actually built. It's a lot cheaper, of course, to remodel a cardboard house than to revamp a set constructed of wood and plaster.

Cutting out paper dolls means, in any other place but Hollywood, that you're headed for the booby hatch. But here—well, we refer you to Anton Grot who does nothing else but, and gets a princely salary for doing it!

Donald Meek takes a lot of kidding about his name; but it's his own and he's

[*Continued on page* 57]

Get rid of

DANDRUFF

with LISTERINE!

Reaches and kills Pityrosporum ovale, which causes dandruff . . . scalp becomes cleaner, fresher, healthier

Are you afflicted with a case of dandruff that humiliates you and disgusts others? Start using Listerine Antiseptic and massage once a day at least. Twice a day is better.

This amazingly delightful treatment has proved successful in the laboratory and in clinics where a substantial majority of sufferers obtained marked relief within a single month.

Listerine Antiseptic, famous for 25 years as a mouth wash and gargle, succeeds so often in controlling dandruff because it gives scalp, and hair an antiseptic bath which kills in large numbers the queer, bottle-shaped germ (Pityrosporum ovale) which causes dandruff and removes the loose ugly flakes.

Start with Listerine Antiseptic and continue the treatments regularly. They have brought delightful and amazing results so many times. No other remedy that we know of has such a clinical record of success in such a large majority of cases.

And remember, even though dandruff may be gone, infection is always possible—so take precautions by massaging with Listerine Antiseptic at regular intervals. Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

THE TREATMENT

MEN: Douse Listerine Antiseptic on the scalp *at least once a day.* **WOMEN:** Part the hair at various places, and apply Listerine Antiseptic right along the part with a medicine dropper, to avoid wetting the hair excessively.

Always follow with vigorous and persistent massage with fingers or a good hair brush. But don't expect overnight results, because germ conditions cannot be cleared up that fast.

Genuine Listerine Antiseptic is guaranteed not to bleach the hair or affect texture.

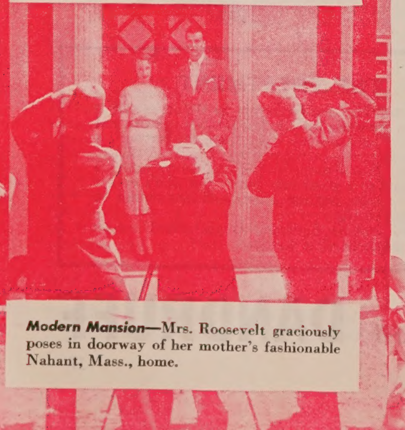
LISTERINE THE *PROVED* TREATMENT FOR DANDRUFF

Among the Social Lights — BEHIND THE FOOTLIGHTS

But they both praise the NEW "SKIN-VITAMIN" care a famous cream maker gives today*

Star of Society Pages—Mrs. John Roosevelt is the former Anne Clark, charming young member of prominent Massachusetts family. Has been constantly in the public eye since her marriage.

Frequent Hyde Park Visitor—On broad lawns of traditional Roosevelt estate, she pats "Sandy" while "Schean" looks downcast.



Modern Mansion—Mrs. Roosevelt graciously poses in doorway of her mother's fashionable Nahant, Mass., home.

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Mrs. Roosevelt, do you give your complexion special care?

ANSWER:
"If 'special' means complicated and expensive—no! But I do use 2 creams. I've always liked Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—and now it contains Vitamin A, I have a special reason for preferring it."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
How important is a good complexion to a girl who wants to go on the stage?

ANSWER:
"I'd say it's one of the first requirements. Using Pond's 2 creams has done a lot for me, I know. The Cold Cream is marvelous for removing stale make-up—it gets my skin clean and fresh. A healthy skin is so important to me that I'm glad to be able to give it extra care—with 'skin-vitamin' in Pond's Cold Cream."

QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Why are you interested in having Vitamin A in this cream?

ANSWER:
"Because if skin hasn't enough Vitamin A, it gets rough and dry. Vitamin A is the 'skin-vitamin.' And now I can give my skin an extra supply of this important vitamin just by using Pond's."

QUESTION TO MISS WRIGHT:
What do you do to guard your skin against sun and wind?

ANSWER:
"That's where my 2nd cream comes in. When I've been outdoors, I always spread on a light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream. This single application smooths away roughness in no time!"

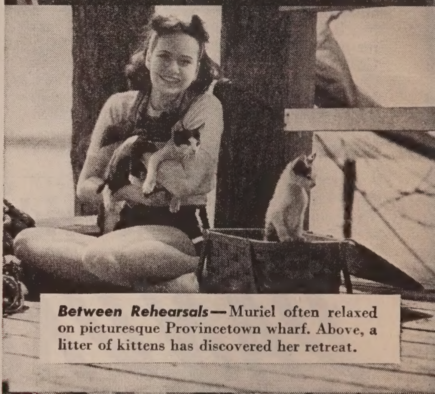
QUESTION TO MRS. ROOSEVELT:
Do you find that your powder goes on more becomingly when you use two creams?

ANSWER:
"Yes!—I believe in first cleansing and softening the skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Then my second step is a quick application of Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth away little roughnesses. That gives powder a lovely soft look."

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

POND'S
COLD CREAM
FOR
Cleansing
POND'S
VANISHING CREAM
FOR
Finishing

Backstage—Muriel Wright graduated from Maplewood, N. J., high school. Served apprenticeship with Provincetown players last summer. Just got her big chance in road show of "Our Town."



Between Rehearsals—Muriel often relaxed on picturesque Provincetown wharf. Above, a litter of kittens has discovered her retreat.

For Her Scrapbook—Like every budding player, Muriel eagerly collects clippings and pictures. Below, an amateur snaps her with boy friend.

SEND FOR TRIAL BEAUTY KIT

Pond's, Dept. 6-CVK, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tubes of Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Liquefying Cream (quicker-melting cleansing cream) and 7 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

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Street____________________
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MARGARET LINDSAY

In Warner Bros. Pictures

MOVIE FANS...HERE'S THE PICTURE MADE FOR YOU... AND WE DO MEAN *You!*

The fabulous parade of the motion picture capital...from pies to premieres...and the great human story of the men and women who conquered the entertainment world! Just as the tunes of "Alexander's Ragtime Band" brought back your happiest memories... so will the drama of 1001 thrilling yesterdays in "Hollywood Cavalcade" warm your heart anew!

IN TECHNICOLOR!

Hollywood Cavalcade

with

ALICE FAYE
DON AMECHE

and

J. Edward Bromberg • Alan Curtis • Lynn Bari • Stuart Erwin • Buster Keaton • Donald Meek • Jed Prouty • George Givot • Eddie Collins

Directed by Irving Cummings

Associate Producer Harry Joe Brown • Screen Play by Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes • Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

Staged anew! Photographed today! *with great stars of today... and great personalities of yesterday!*

SEE Buster Keaton, Ben Turpin and the Keystone Cops in slapstick, custard pie comedy, with Don Ameche directing.

SEE Mack Sennett bathing beauties (Alice Faye is one!)

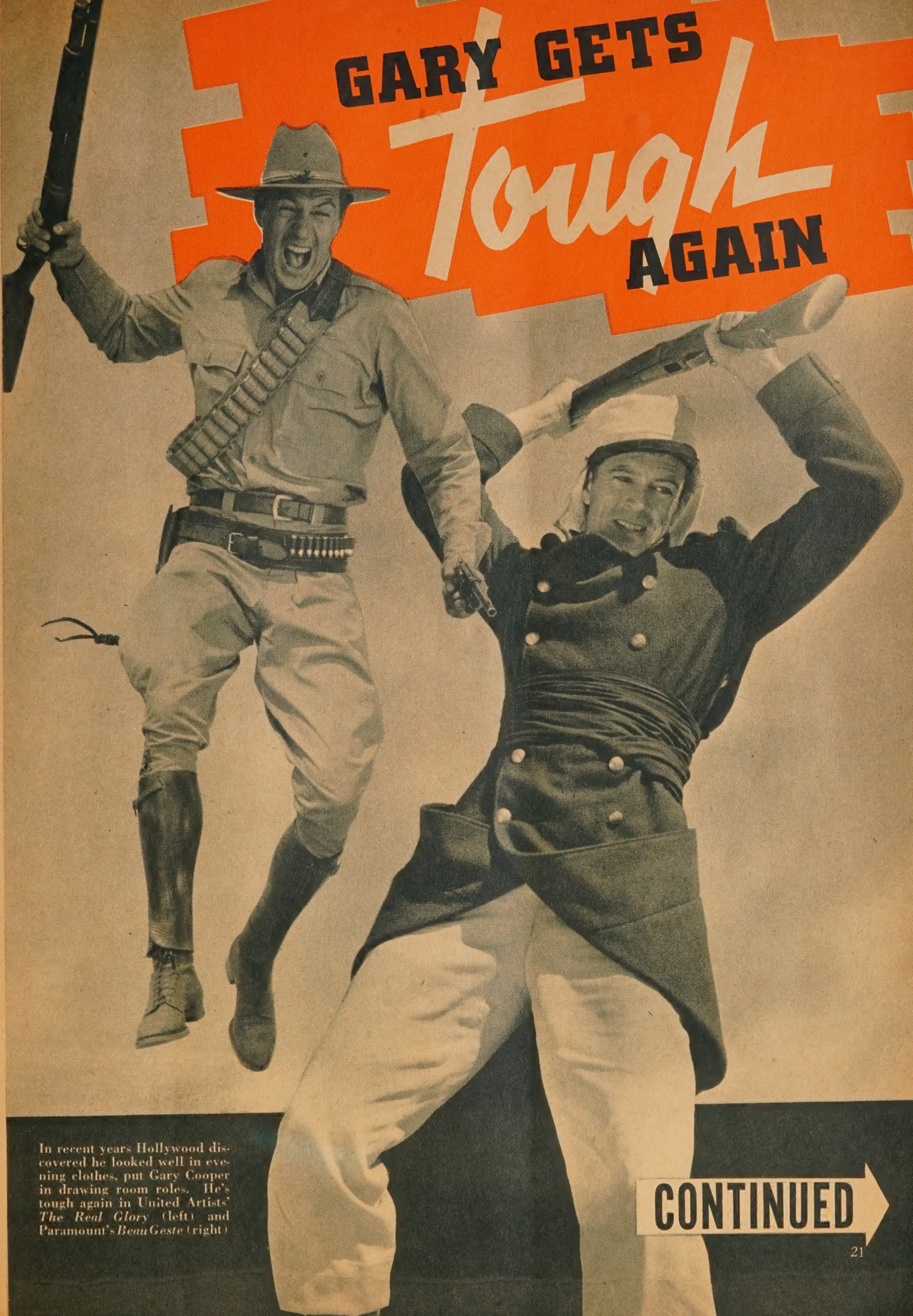
HEAR Al Jolson sing again "Kol Nidre"... the song that electrified the world!

SEE Hollywood...as it was ...as it is...in a three-ringed circus of entertainment!

The most brilliant new note in entertainment!

A 20th Century-Fox Picture
Darryl F. Zanuck
In Charge of Production

GARY GETS *Tough* AGAIN



In recent years Hollywood discovered he looked well in evening clothes, put Gary Cooper in drawing room roles. He's tough again in United Artists' *The Real Glory* (left) and Paramount's *Beau Geste* (right)

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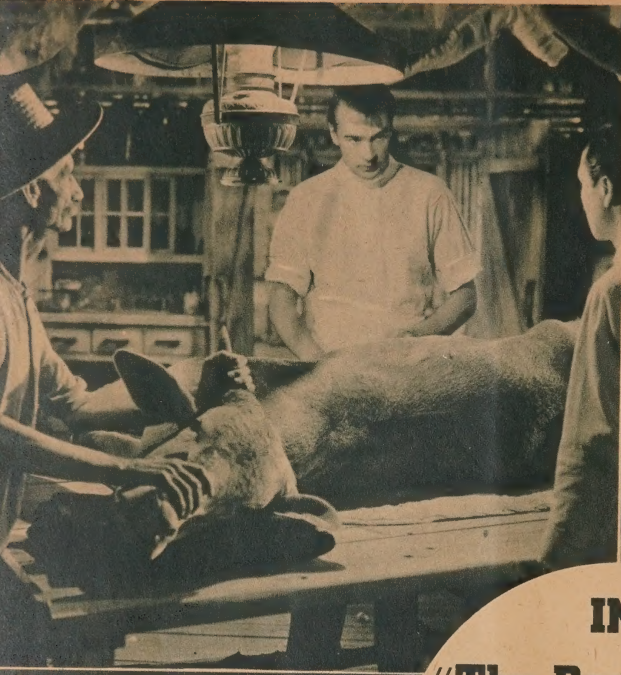
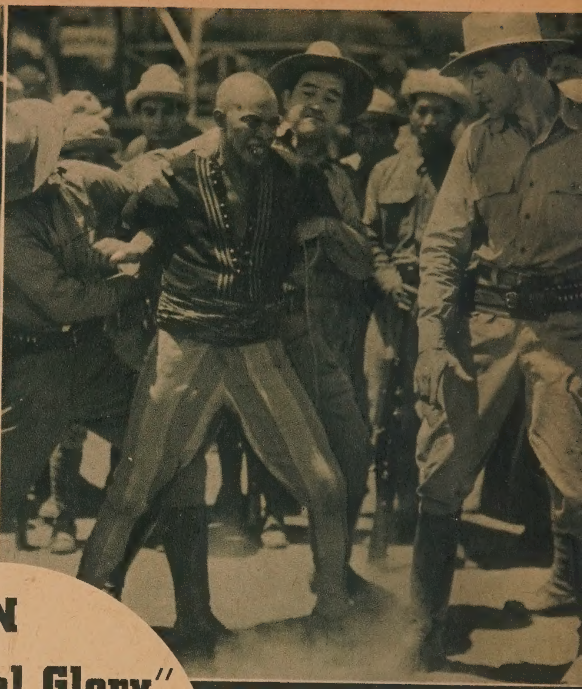




IN "The Real Glory"

Gary (Dr. Canavan) operates on a native animal to solve the cause of beriberi, a tropical disease

Gary and David Niven fire at the natives while Broderick Crawford stands by—holding a pot of orchids!

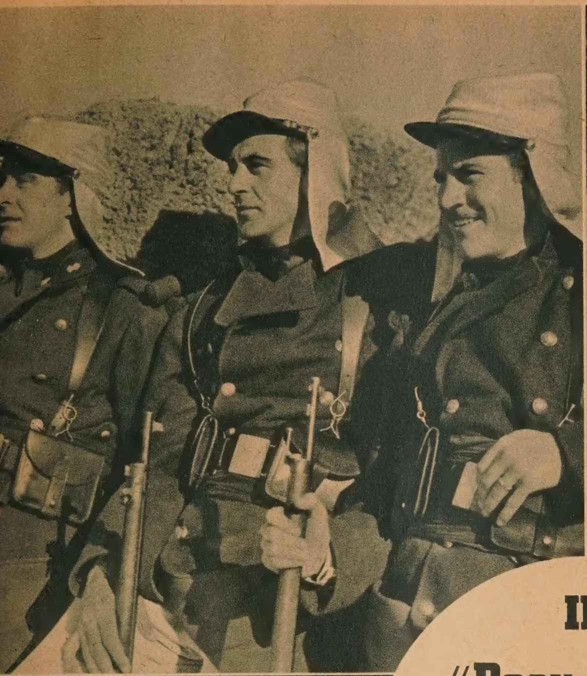
Gary plays the part of an American army doctor stationed in the Philippines. Trouble with the natives and a cholera epidemic offer him a chance for plenty of action. Basically, *The Real Glory* is the story of the Philippines' birth as a nation

Cooper goes into action. The unpleasant fellow is a fanatical Moro tribesman, pledged to kill the whites

Gary shoots away the supports of a rope bridge, plunging his murderous pursuers into the ravine below

IN "Beau Geste"

Gary plays the title role. He is shown in evening clothes early in the picture, but sheds them for the uniform of the French Foreign Legion. Story is based on the novel of adventure in the Legion. *Beau Geste* was screened in 1928 with Ronald Colman as *Beau*



The three stalwarts of *Beau Geste*, Ray Milland, Gary Cooper and Robert Preston, pose in a desert fortress

Cooper fights *Rasinoff* (J. Carrol Naish) who has tried to rob him of a mysterious jewel

This scene shows an Arab retreat from the ill-fated desert fort. Gary sees action as one of the heroic defenders

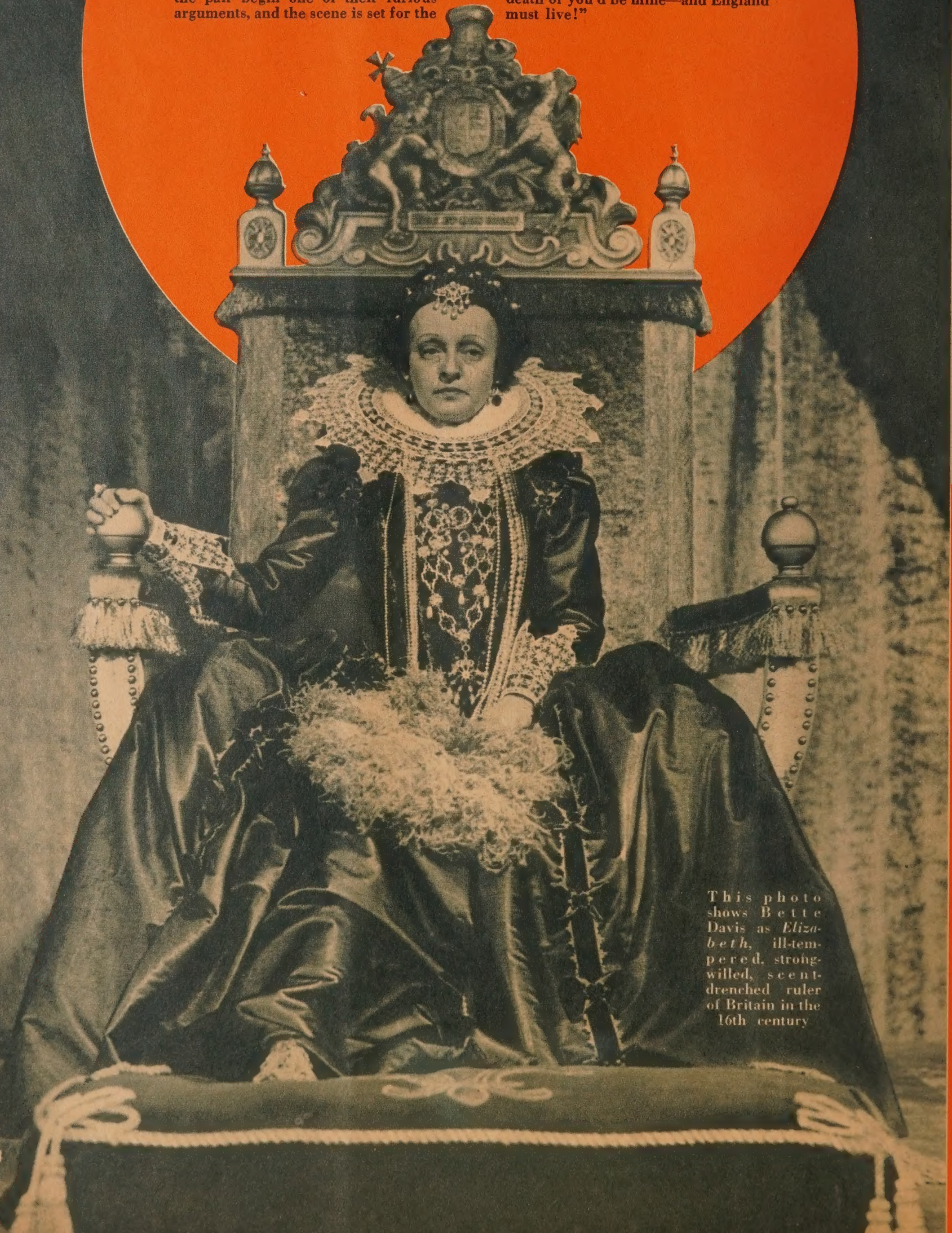
Shot down by the Arabs, Gary dies in the arms of his "brother," Ray Milland. Note shells on ground

"GOOD QUEEN BESS" FACES THE CAMERA

The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, a Warner Bros. Technicolor film starring Bette Davis and Errol Flynn, tells the story of Elizabeth, Queen of England, and her lover, Robert of Essex.

The film opens with the triumphant arrival of Essex. He is returning from a victory over the Spanish fleet. Soon the pair begin one of their furious arguments, and the scene is set for the political intrigue characteristic of English politics in Elizabeth's day.

Essex, reduced in rank by the Queen's orders, revolts and is imprisoned. The Queen, his lover, sentences him to be executed. The headsman's axe falls after Essex refuses to join Elizabeth on the throne. "If I ruled with you," he says, "I'd be your death or you'd be mine—and England must live!"



This photo shows Bette Davis as *Elizabeth,* ill-tempered, strong-willed, scent-drenched ruler of Britain in the 16th century

Elizabeth faces her lover, Essex, after his return from the wars. "Good Queen Bess" never married, ruled with an iron hand

Incongruous is this photo taken between scenes. The costumes of the 16th century contrast strangely with those of today

Knights ride through England's forests. Main figures are Robert Warwick as *Mountjoy*, Flynn as *Essex*

The above photos show *Essex*' execution. *Elizabeth*'s lover was slain by her orders. Below, the army of *Elizabeth* marches through a bog. Two soldiers carry long bows—the weapons which won England's wars in the 16th century

—and the BOY FRIEND

CURRENT romance rumors link the names of Joan Crawford, twice-divorced, and Charlie Martin. The pictures on this page prove that if Joan and Charlie are not "serious" about each other, they at least are very good friends.

Charlie Martin is a former WMCA radio producer who wrote and produced *Five Star Final*. He went to Hollywood on a Universal contract, is now active as a writer.

He is volatile, careless in his dress, industrious. He used to prefer blondes but has evidently changed his mind. (Miss Crawford's hair is reddish brown.) He has an excellent memory for names and faces, is superstitious about cross-eyed people and has a habit of running his hand through his hair frequently.

His recent hasty return from New York to Hollywood was attributed in gossip columns to his devotion to Joan. She's currently appearing in M-G-M's *The Women*.

These photos show Joan and Charlie Martin enjoying themselves at Joan's home. The dogs in top and right photos are named Pupschen and Baby. Above, Joan uses the electric razor on Charlie's curls. "No long-haired writers around here," says she

—*All photos by Charles Rhodes*

YEAH, TEAM!

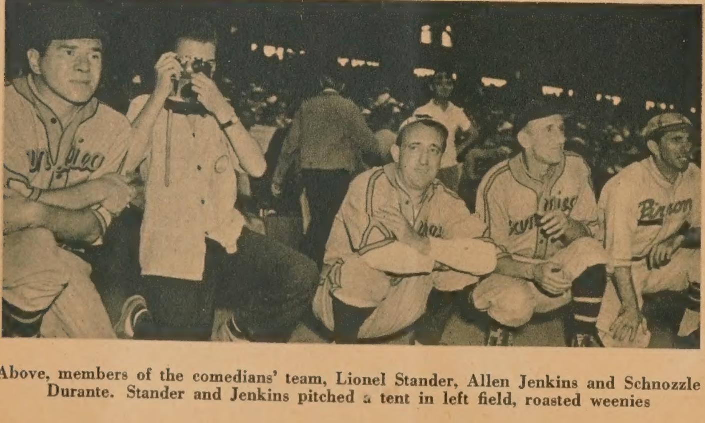
Hollywood's Comedians Play the Leading Men

Yearly, Hollywood's comedians play the leading men in a baseball game staged for the benefit of Mt. Sinai hospital and the Motion Picture Relief Fund. The photos on these pages show what happened at this year's game. Thirty thousand spectators at Wrigley Field, who paid $.50 to $5.00 admission, saw the comedians beat the leading men 10 to 6. A total of $30,000 was raised. Shirley Temple was guest of honor. Hugh Herbert acted as umpire. Latest reports are that he's still alive—but staying at home behind locked doors

Photos by Charles Rhodes

Above, Warren William and Lucille Ball watch the game. Several times chalk baseballs, which smashed when they were hit, were used

Allen Jenkins is at bat for the comedians. Looks as though he were using a war club. Some of the bats were trick ones which exploded when the ball was hit



Above, members of the comedians' team, Lionel Stander, Allen Jenkins and Schnozzle Durante. Stander and Jenkins pitched a tent in left field, roasted weenies

An autograph seeker poses with two leading men—Allan Jones and Buck Jones

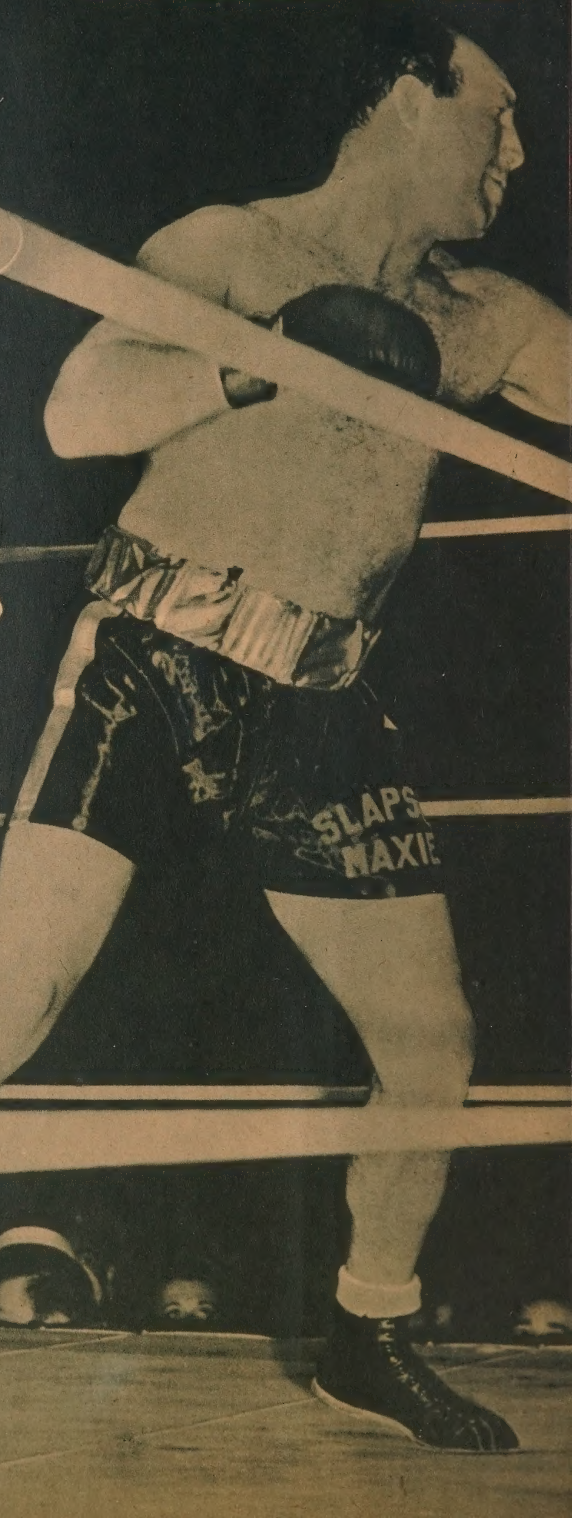
Looks like an argument. Buster Keaton and Gene Raymond talk it over

Here's Preston Foster at first base. Kenny Baker is on first for the comedians

Above, the parade of drum majorettes preceding the game. Hollywood brought its usual showmanship to the ball park

Shirley Temple (small photo) led the parade. She sits between Col. Roscoe Turner and Sheriff Biscauliz

Waltz Me



Well, well, and goodness me! If it isn't Wayne Morris in Slapsie's corner! Wayne was Maxie's second for the Ettore fight in Gilmore Stadium, his screen opponent in Warners' *Kid From Kokomo*. Note the beatific expression of Maxie's backers

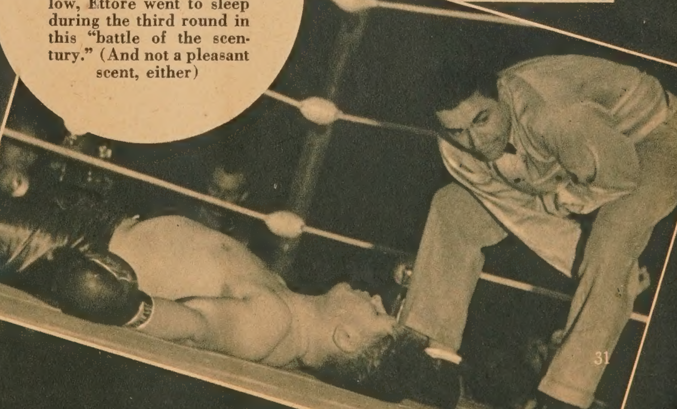
Around Again, Maxie

SLAPSIE MAXIE "I'm an actor" Rosenbloom is a strange occurrence on the Hollywood scene. He's phenomenal. He's colossal. He's also super-super. And Maxie isn't keeping it secret.

He acts for the Warner brothers (*Kid From Kokomo*), fights for Manager Charlie Martin and runs a night club all for himself. He's a fairly good fighter, wants to meet Louis.

There may have been roses in bloom on the night Rosenbloom smacked down a fistic gent named Al Ettore, but the California Athletic Commission couldn't see it that way. They thought the funny smell came from another source. A post-fight investigation cost Ettore his license, while Maxie was cleared of all responsibility for the phony appearance of the three-round battle shown on these pages.

Photo below shows Jack La Rue and James Roosevelt at the ringside. SCREEN BOOK tells you more about Maxie on page 76.



George Raft and Virginia Peine (above) were two of the many Hollywood notables at the fight. Large photo shows Maxie slapping Ettore around. Below, Ettore went to sleep during the third round in this "battle of the scentury." (And not a pleasant scent, either)

Pine Needle Ski Slope

June Lang, Joy Hodges and Evalyn Knapp are snapped at the moment of decision. "Shall we try it? Well, why not. Those needles look soft—from a distance"

"—and Jill Came

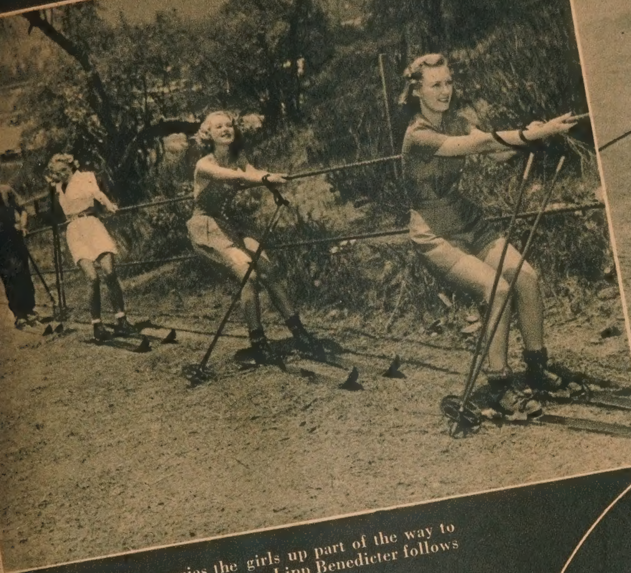
The various bone-breaking activities pictured here took place recently at the Pine Needle Ski Club, one of Hollywood's newest amusement centers. Several years ago, an inventive skiier discovered that hay or pine needles made a good substitute for snow. The result of the discovery is that today you can risk your neck both in winter and summer. Just find some pine needles and you're all set.—*Photos by Charles Rhodes*

The girls put on their huge ski shoes, get ready to discover whether or not pine needles are really softer than snow

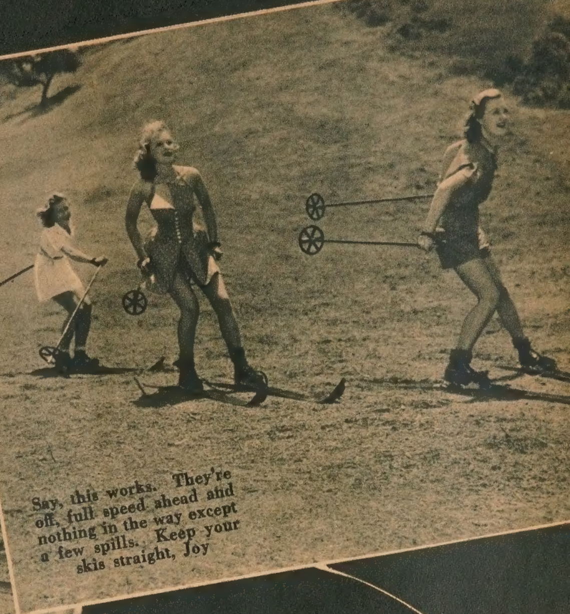
Maybe June dropped something, but this is an odd way to pick it up! That's Joy Hodges in the rear

To the rescue! Joy and Evalyn untangle their companion, get her back on her feet. Skiing on pine needles can be enjoyed—but not from a sitting position

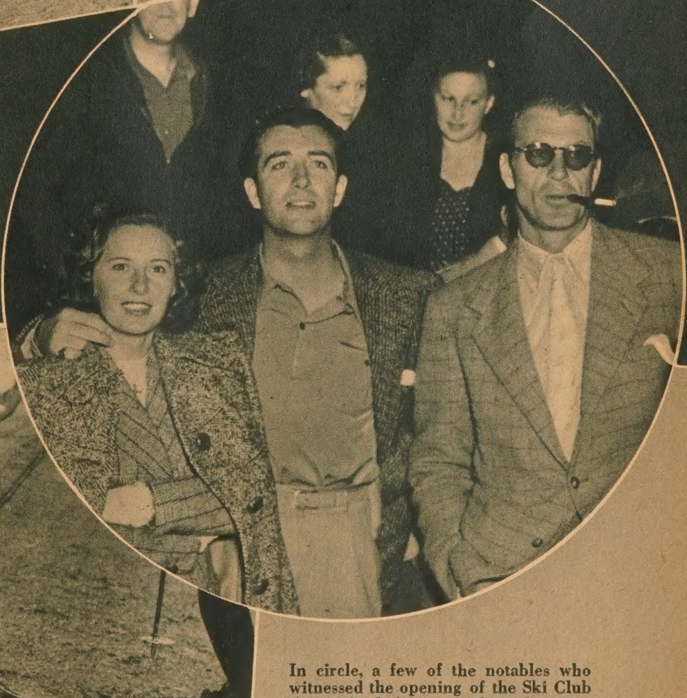
Tumbling After''



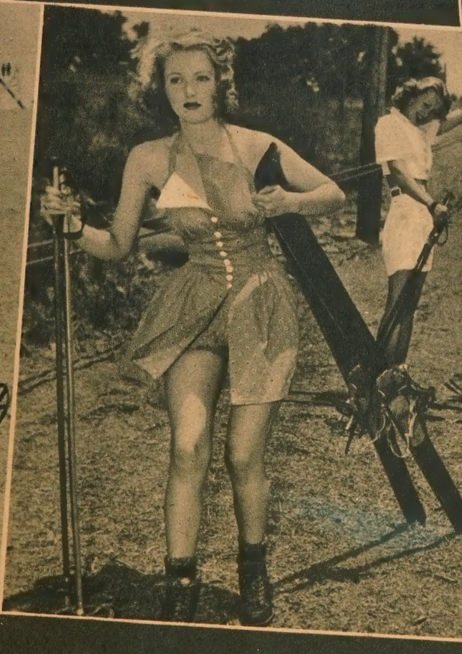
This tow line carries the girls up part of the way to the starting point. Instructor Lipp Benedicter follows



Say, this works. They're off, full speed ahead and nothing in the way except a few spills. Keep your skis straight, Joy



In circle, a few of the notables who witnessed the opening of the Ski Club the night before our three heroines tried it out. Left to right, Stanwyck, Robert Taylor and Gary Cooper



Must be those pine needles are sharp. At any rate, June is through for the day. Evalyn waves a mocking good bye

HOW MOVIES RULE THE WORLD OF LOVE

Below, Betty Blythe and Herbert Langley in *Chu Chin Chow*. This is the type of torrid scene which delighted the audiences of 1925. More than one movie-struck girl aped this pose

The scene above shows Adolphe Menjou, Valentino and Agnes Ayres in *The Sheik*. Valentino's love-making influenced thousands of young lovers

Remember the days when your boy friend grabbed you around the waist and bent you backward for the good-night kiss? Remember how thrilled you were—and how your back ached?

Your boy friend, in those good old days, was responding to the influence of the movies. He had seen Valentino use a similar technique on the screen.

Since the first pictures were filmed, movie love-making has had a tremendous influence on the public. Millions of young people model their kisses on those they witness in the theatre. SCREEN BOOK brings you some of Hollywood's most famous love scenes.

The villain still pursueth—but today he does it with a little more restraint. Gloria Swanson is victim in this 1924 film. The villain is Arthur Housman. "Ouch! Whiskers!" cries Gloria

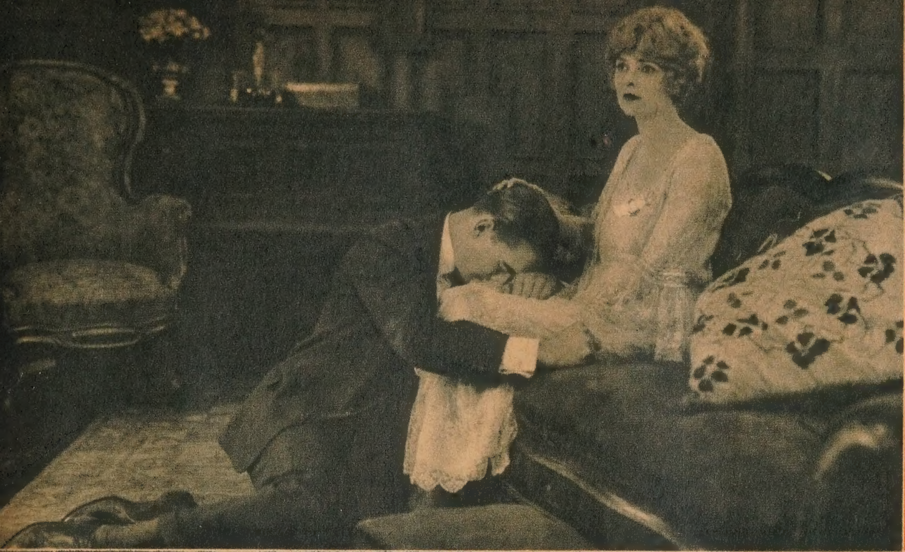
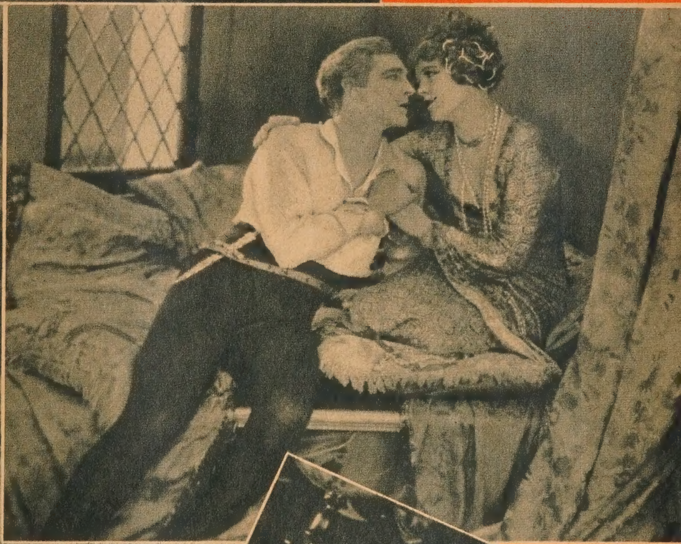
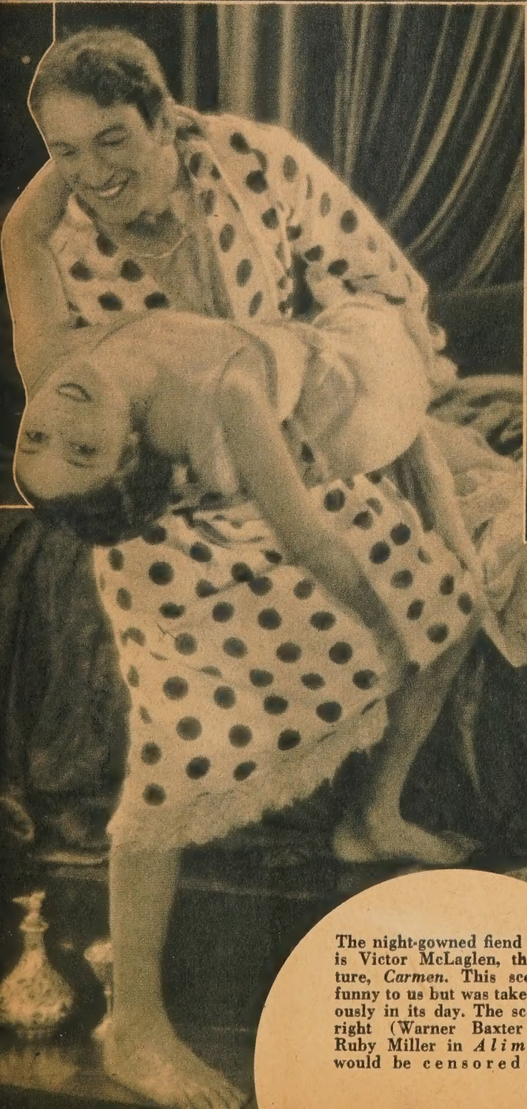
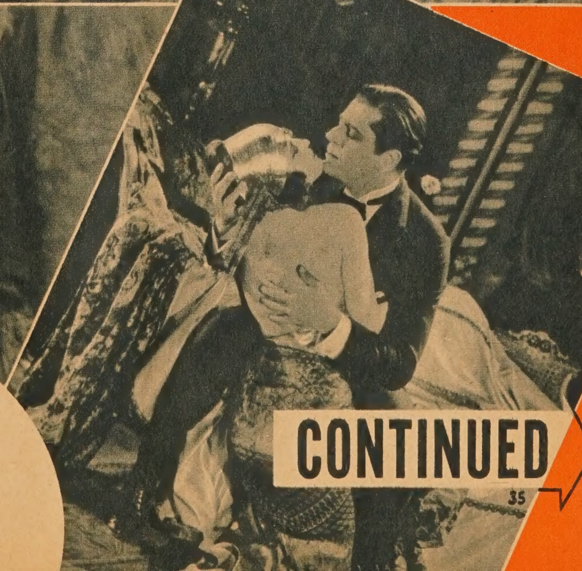


Photo at left shows Conrad Nagel and Blanche Sweet in a scene from *Tess of the D'Urbervilles.* This is an example of the 1924 "confession" technique. Blanche registers sympathy and grief while Nagel kneels in traditional style and weeps on Blanche's knee

John Barrymore was king of lovers in 1926. With Myrna Loy, he emotes (below) in Warners' *Don Juan.* Note the eyes, made up heavily to indicate deep "passion"







The night-gowned fiend at left is Victor McLaglen, the picture, *Carmen.* This scene is funny to us but was taken seriously in its day. The scene at right (Warner Baxter and Ruby Miller in *Alimony)* would be censored today

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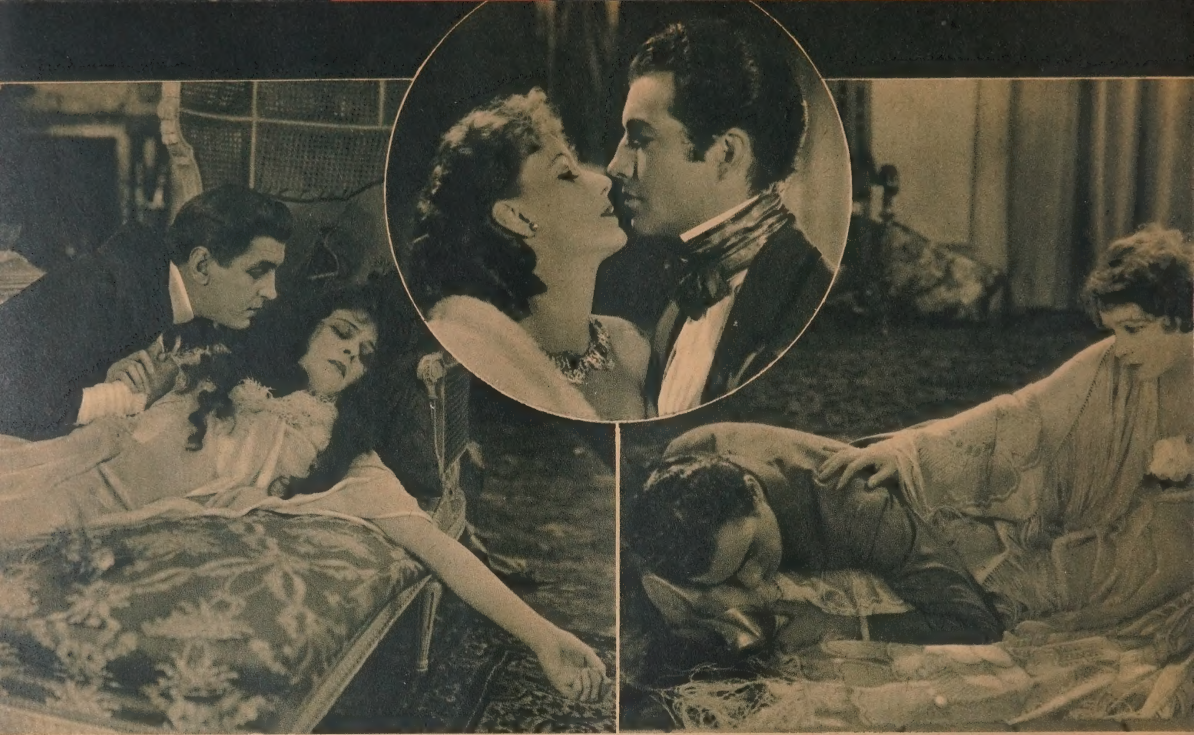
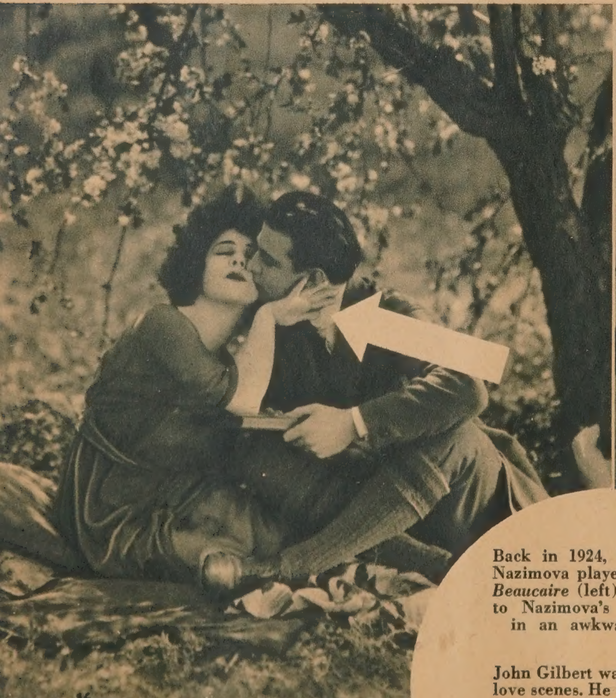


TWENTY YEARS OF CAMILLE

The above photos offer a graphic illustration of three ways to play a love scene. In 1917 Theda Bara and Albert Roscoe played *Camille* as shown in the upper left photo. Note the expression on the hero's face. Norma Talmadge played the same scene in 1927 with Gilbert Roland. Their interpretation is shown at upper right. In the course of ten years, it would seem that Camille's hero has developed a fancy for the heroine's feet. In 1937, Greta Garbo did *Camille* with Robert Taylor. George Cukor directed the scene as pictured in circle



Back in 1924, Valentino and Nazimova played in *Monsieur Beaucaire* (left). Arrow points to Nazimova's hand, twisted in an awkward position

John Gilbert was noted for his love scenes. He is shown, right, with Mae Murray in a scene from *The Merry Widow*

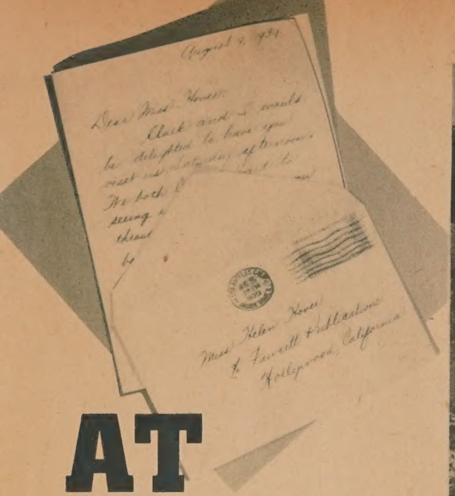
As late as 1932, love scenes were sometimes quite "torrid." Most movie customers will recall this Jean Harlow-Clark Gable scene from *Red Dust*. Today it would be censored

The photo above shows one phase of present day love—the slapstick kiss. Fred MacMurray and Carole Lombard (*True Confession*, 1938)

Violent passion was well portrayed in the scene at right. Erich Von Stroheim and Lili Damita are the players, 1931 is the year and the picture is *Friends and Lovers*

COMING NEXT MONTH!

Another Picture Story of Hollywood's Most Famous Love Scenes

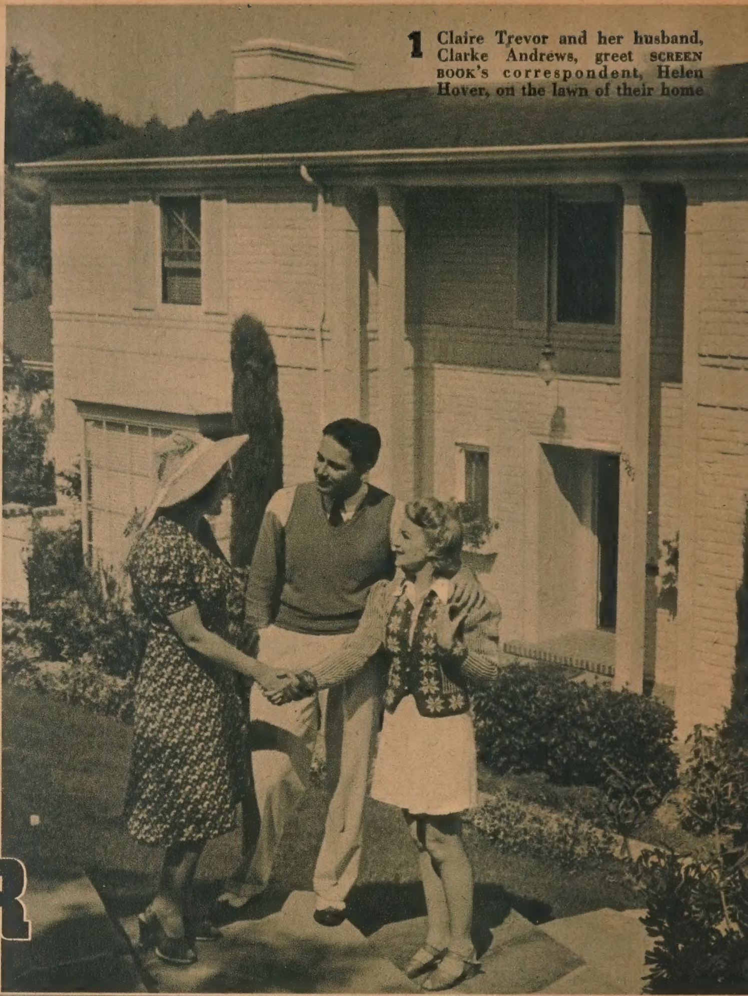


August 7, 1939

Dear Miss Hover:
Clark and I would
be delighted to have you
visit us Saturday afternoon.
We both
seeing
them
be

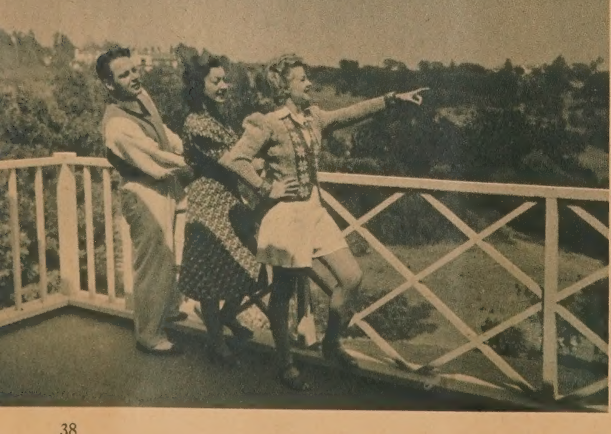
Miss Helen Hover
c/o Fawcett Publications
Hollywood, California

AT HOME WITH CLAIRE TREVOR

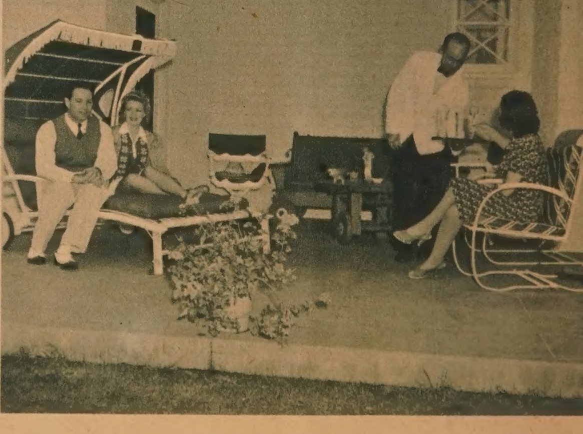


1 Claire Trevor and her husband, Clarke Andrews, greet SCREEN BOOK's correspondent, Helen Hover, on the lawn of their home

6 This is the upper verandah, overlooking the Bel Air golf course. Note curious similarity in poses of the trio



7 Next, a long, cool drink for the Andrews' guest. The photo shows the patio of their attractive home



2 Claire invites Miss Hover up to her bedroom to freshen up, admires her hat. Note the simplicity of design

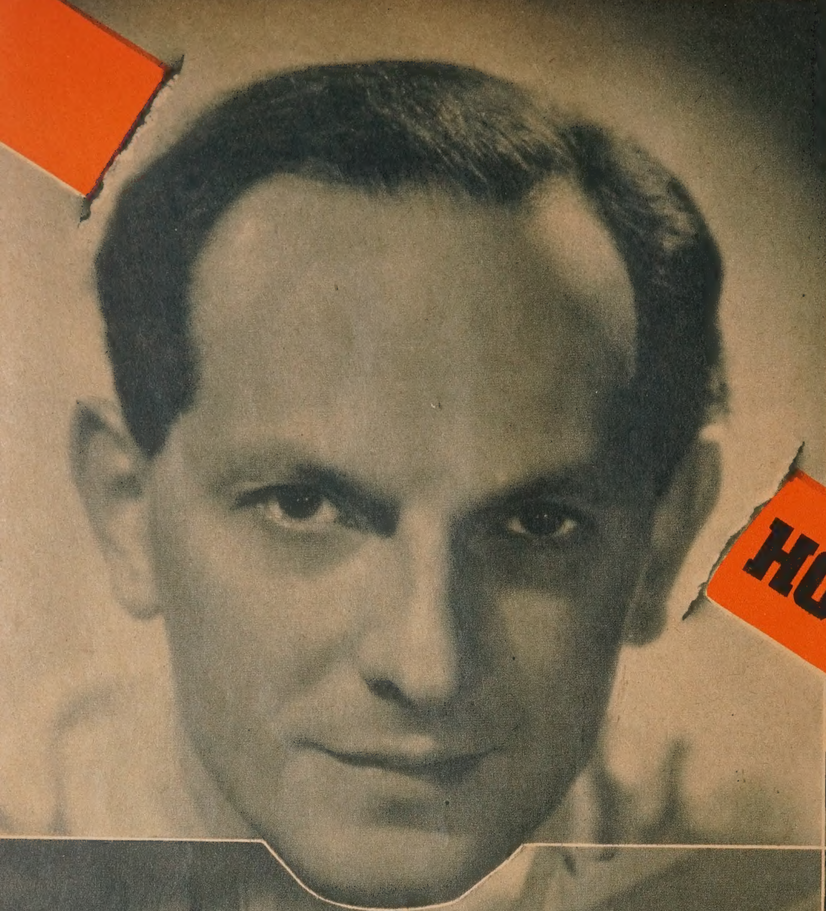
3 A visit to the library, with Claire looking over Helen's shoulder and husband Clarke bringing up the rear

4 Claire shows Helen some of her fine china. Note arrangement of curtains, peaceful tone of the room. Claire's next picture is RKO's *Allegheny Frontier*

5 Most stars would object to the posing of the scene in this corner of the den, but not Claire. She makes her guest the center of attraction. Other stars, please note

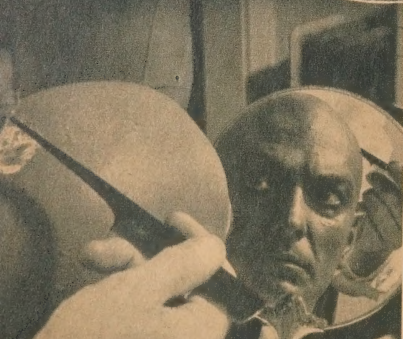
8 Claire and Clarke wave goodbye and Miss Hover goes home fully convinced that they are the finest couple in Hollywood

—Photos by Charles Rhodes

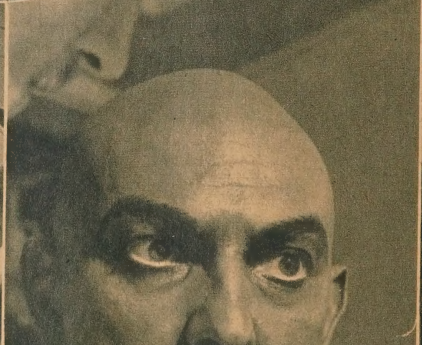


Watch Joseph Schildkraut go through this transformation for *The Rains Came*. Below, he enters makeup room

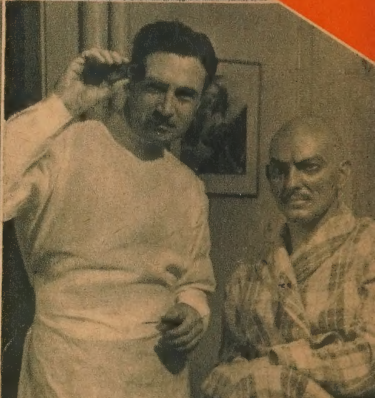
HOLLYWOOD



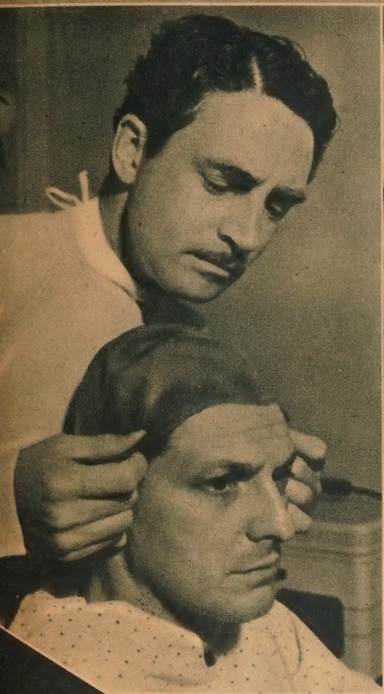
A "holy tuft" is glued to the center of the bald spot. Schildkraut's part is that of the fanatic Indian holy man, *Bannerjee*



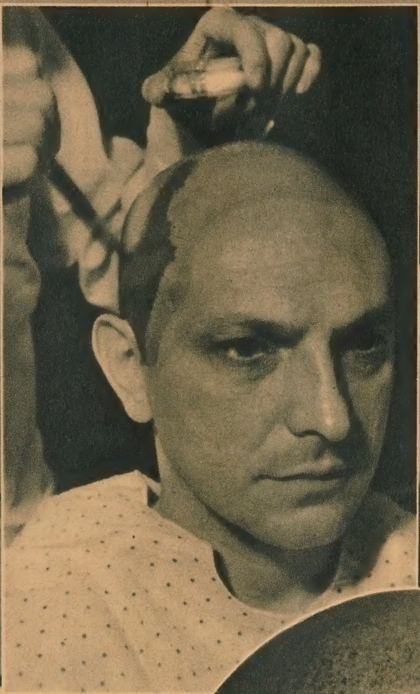
On goes a mustache. Heavy eyebrows are added next and Schildkraut is almost ready to face the cameras



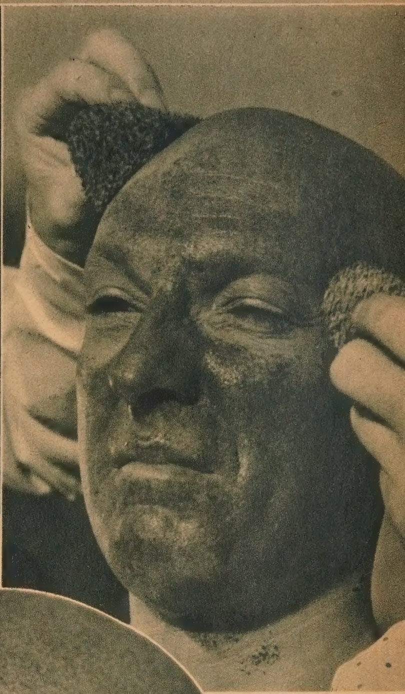
Campbell tests for "skin tone." Since Schildkraut does a week's work, makeup must have same consistency daily



Head makeup man, Clay Campbell, places cap over Schildkraut's head. The actor reported two hours early



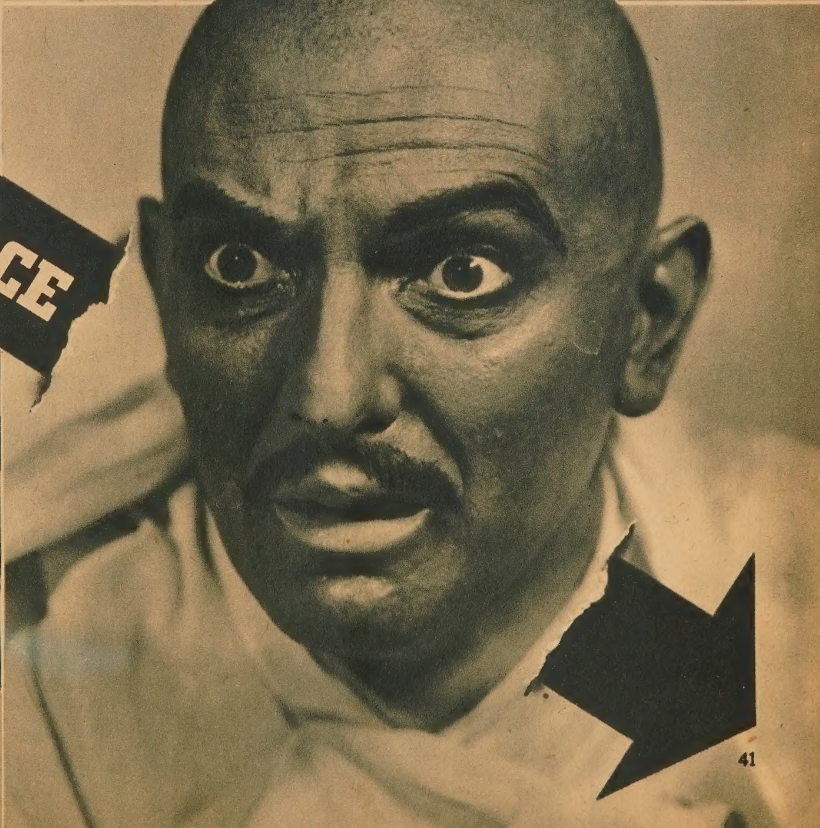
A seal of non-absorbent, quick-drying liquid is put over the composition cap so that the makeup will "take"



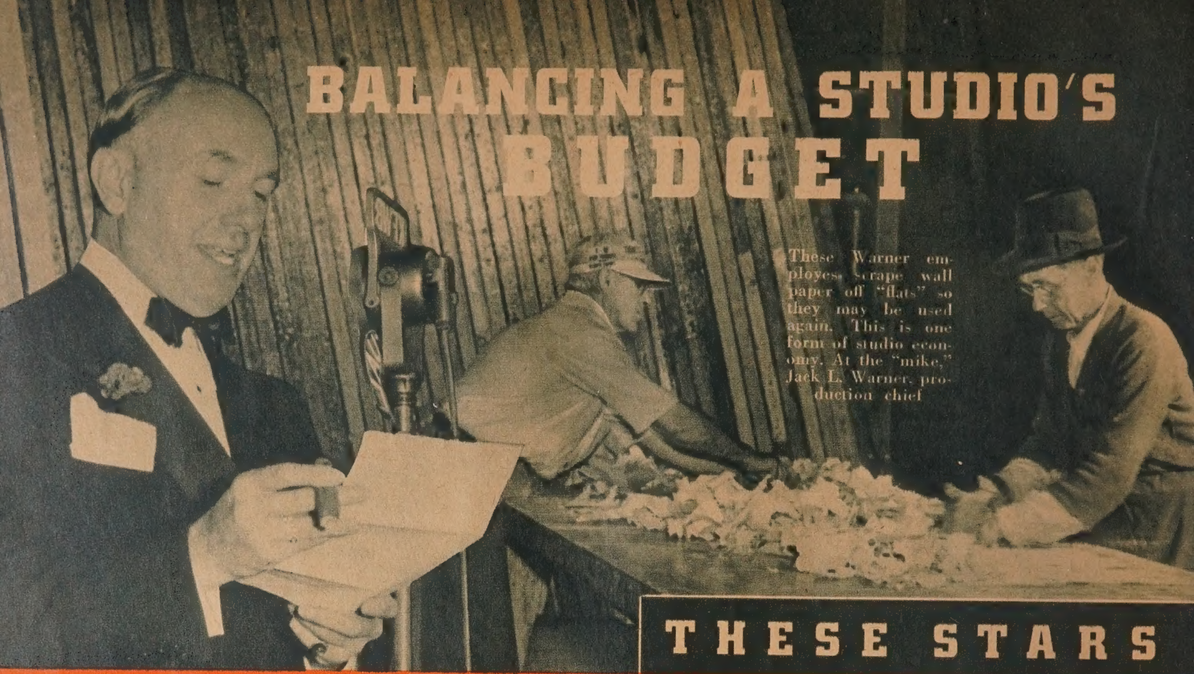
To get a stippled effect, a heavy makeup is applied with sponges. Notice how the rubber cap has become invisible

MAKES A FACE

A final checkup and, after two hours, a handsome young man has been transformed into the glaring Hindu at right



BALANCING A STUDIO'S BUDGET



These Warner employes scrape wall paper off "flats" so they may be used again. This is one form of studio economy. At the "mike," Jack L. Warner, production chief

THESE STARS

BETTE DAVIS

PAT O'BRIEN

ANN SHERIDAN

—BUT THEIR STUDIO

MOVIE fans read much about Hollywood's $2,000-a-week star salaries and $1,000,000-per-picture production costs. Not so well known are the penny-saving tactics which every studio must employ. Because the margin of profit in movie-making is small, the savings effected by salvaging elaborate, specially-constructed sets and re-using expensive materials frequently spell the difference between financial gain and loss.

Even a $175,000,000 organization like Warner Brothers—which for 1938 listed among its assets such eye-dazzling items as "land, at cost, $57,048,448.76; buildings and equipment on owned properties, $91,847,676.94; good will, $8,327,666.62"—must nurse nickels wherever it can.

On these pages SCREEN BOOK shows you some of the ingenious methods by which modern movie magicians—the production chiefs—convert red ink into black by waving the wand of economy.

At left is the lumber morgue where used wood is sorted for future use.

The studio balances its budget by avoiding waste. This man is the paint brush cleaner who repairs brushes each night

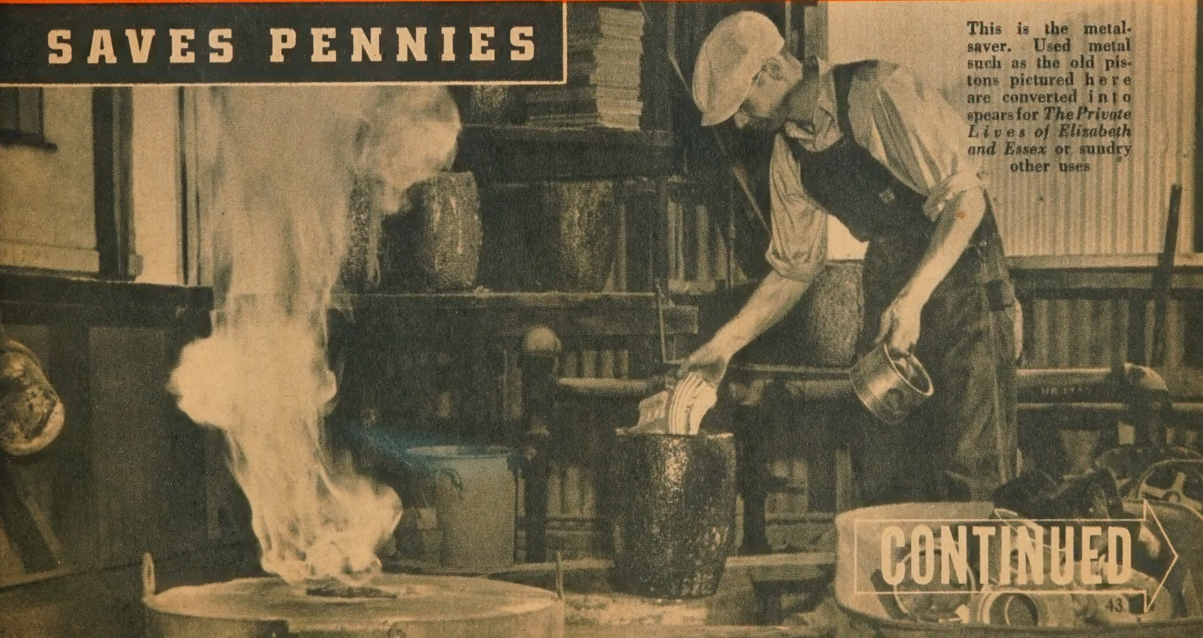
EARN MILLIONS—

ERROL FLYNN

PAUL MUNI

OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND

SAVES PENNIES



This is the metal-saver. Used metal such as the old pistons pictured here are converted into spears for *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* or sundry other uses

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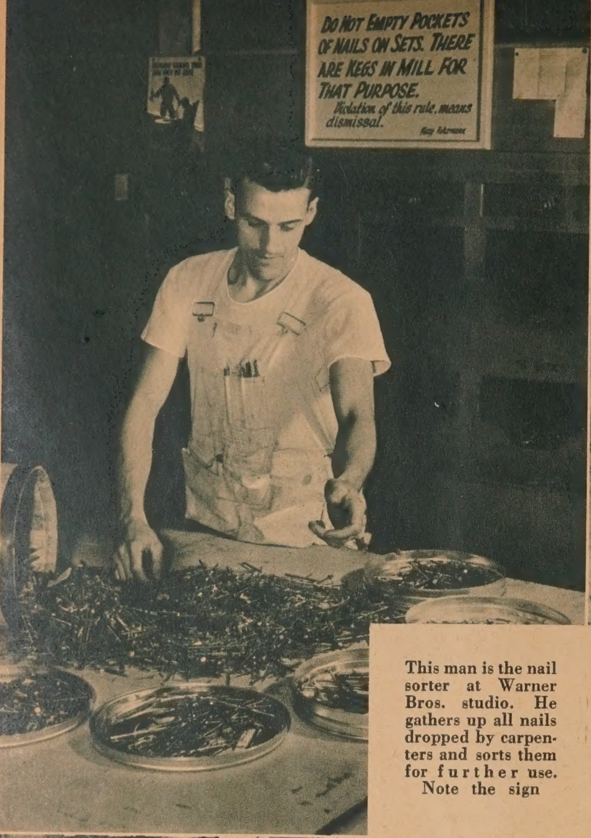
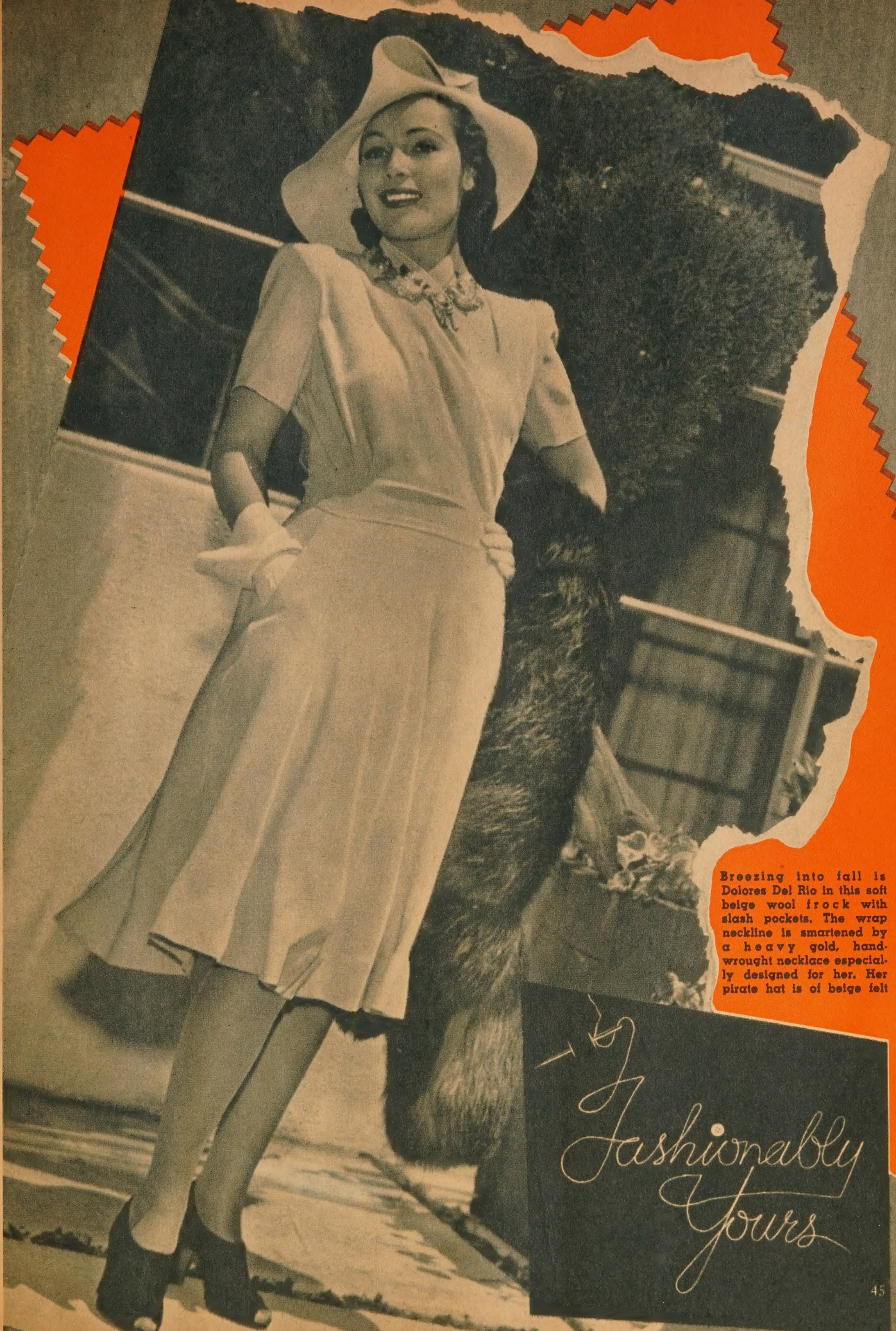

DO NOT EMPTY POCKETS
OF NAILS ON SETS. THERE
ARE KEGS IN MILL FOR
THAT PURPOSE.
Violation of this rule, means
dismissal.

This man is the nail sorter at Warner Bros. studio. He gathers up all nails dropped by carpenters and sorts them for further use. Note the sign

These men are sifting and cleaning snow. Million dollar productions like Warners' *The Old Maid* make economies of this sort necessary

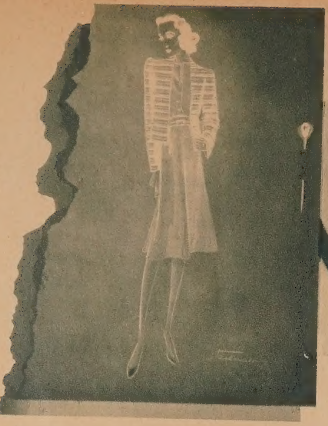
This is the department that cleans old cans so that they can be used again or converted to use for paints. This practice cuts costs

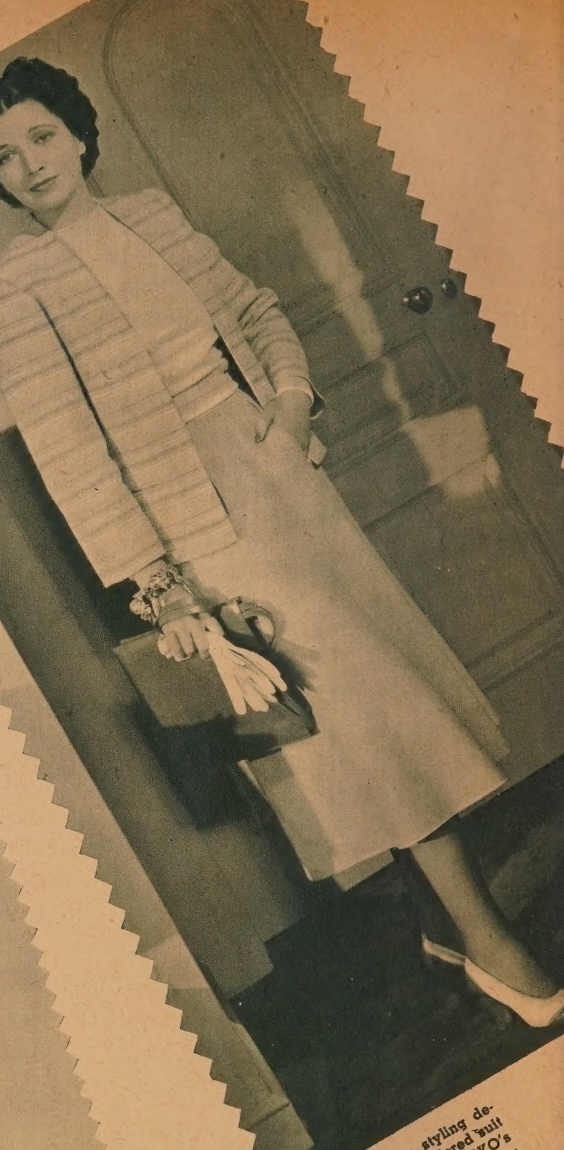
This incinerator burns sawdust from the wood mills—practically the only waste on the lot. A continuous belt picks up the scraps



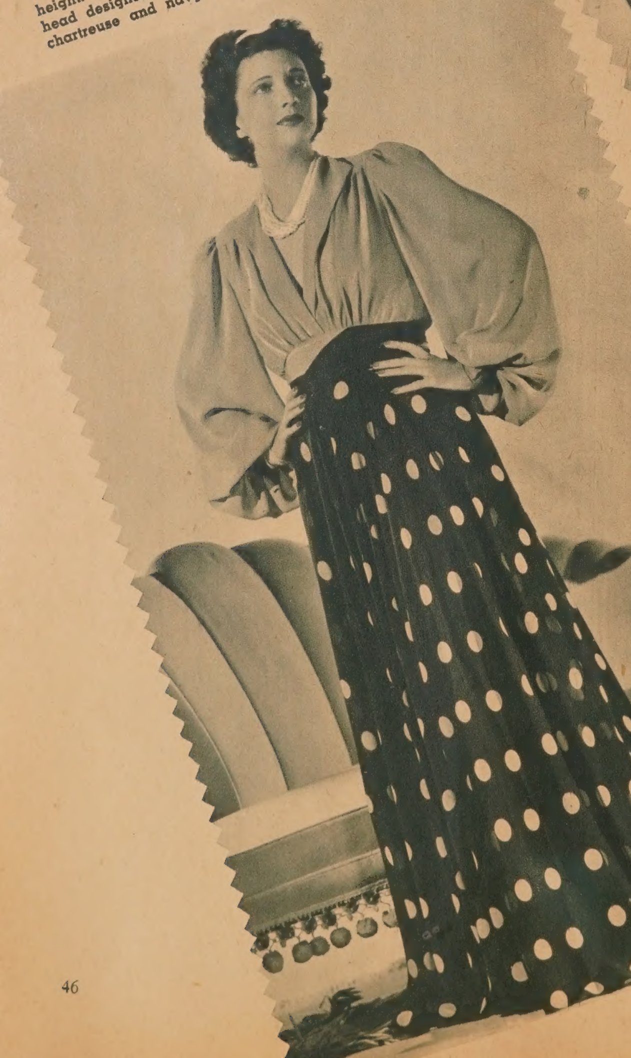
Fashionably Yours

Breezing into fall is Dolores Del Rio in this soft beige wool frock with slash pockets. The wrap neckline is smartened by a heavy gold, hand-wrought necklace especially designed for her. Her pirate hat is of beige felt

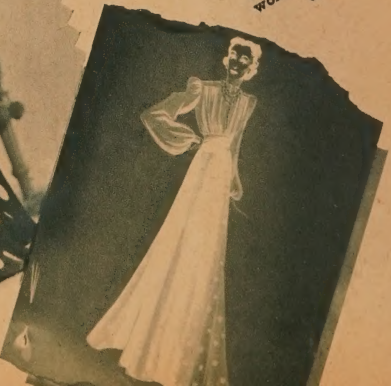


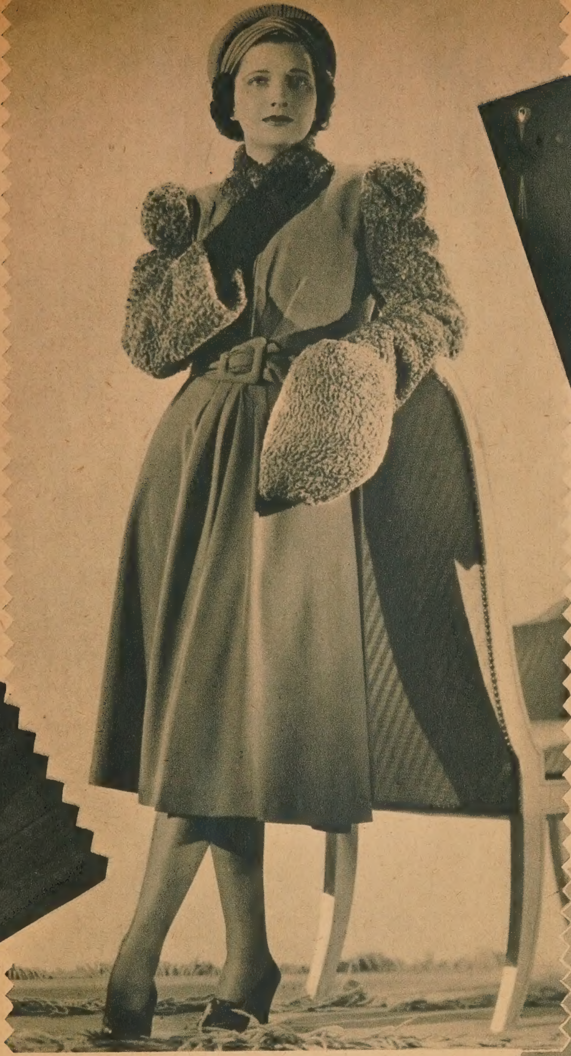


One of Hollywood's tallest actresses, Kay Francis makes no attempt to disguise her height. Ed Stevenson, RKO's head designer, created this chartreuse and navy gown

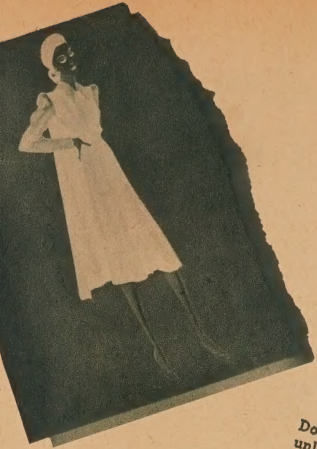


Casual comfort in styling defines this smartly tailored suit worn by Kay Francis in RKO's "In Name Only." Over a yellow cashmere sweater is worn a collarless box jacket and flared skirt

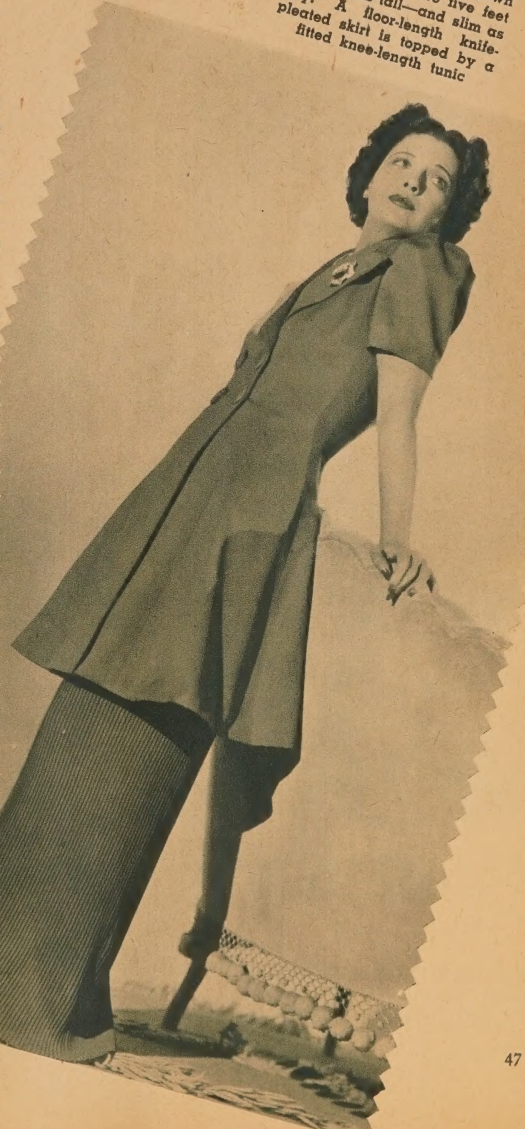


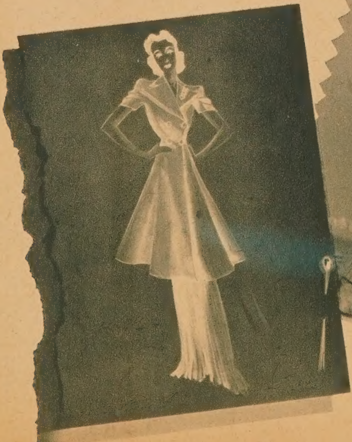


Mr. Stevenson has deftly executed grey Caracul in the high collar, full-length sleeves and combination muff-handbag to fashion this slate blue coat. A cape-like mantle falls to coat's hem in back to create swagger effect

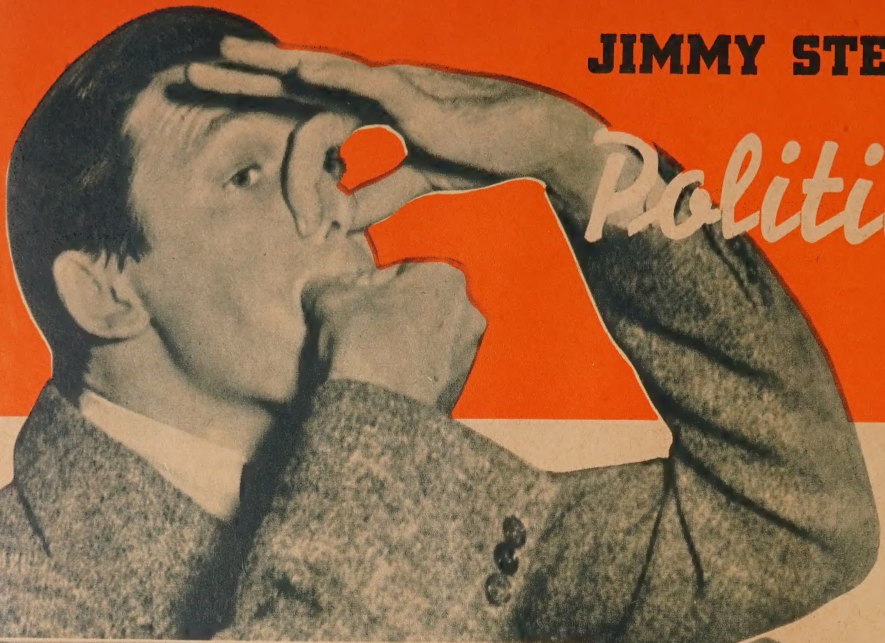


Don't try to copy this gown unless you, too, are five feet eight inches tall—and slim as Kay. A floor-length knife-pleated skirt is topped by a fitted knee-length tunic



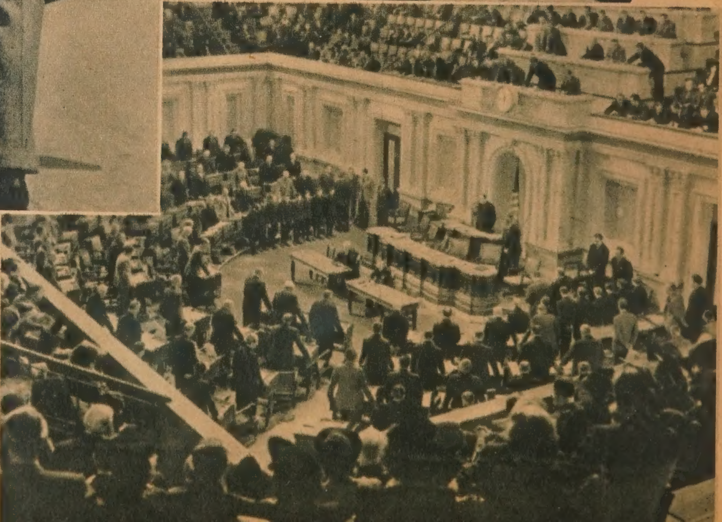


JIMMY STEWART—Politician



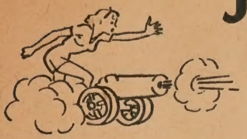
The expressive gesture at left symbolizes Jimmy Stewart's opinion of politicians in Columbia's *Mr. Smith Goes To Washington.* Jimmy plays the part of an honest, naive legislator. Below, Stewart conducts a filibuster, receives telegrams

Above, Jimmy Stewart and Jean Arthur cross the Columbia lot on their way to the set. They share honors in the new film



Scene at right was made in Hollywood and shows Congress in session. This huge set has been called more beautiful than the real Senate Chamber in Washington

LADY ESTHER SAYS—



"Join the Revolt against Heavy Creams —and keep your Accent on Youth!"

"Trust to youth to break away from tradition! Go to schools and colleges, talk to women under 25—and you'll find a rebellion against heavy, waxy creams! Youth today demands a lighter cream!

"Why cling to heavy creams that require tugging and pulling of delicate facial muscles (which can hasten that aged look) . . . *waxy* creams that leave skin shiny? My 4-purpose Face Cream works just the opposite—puts your *accent on youth!"*

"Our rapid, modern living gives your face cream *more* work—a *different* kind of work to do. Heavy, "waxy" creams aren't as efficient in removing imbedded dirt; that's why modern girls have swung to my cream as the *one* cream for their skin."

Life's delightful moments are made up of tender glances, whispered words—romantic interludes which can be *yours* with a radiant skin! But be sure to give your skin "young skin care." Help it be beautiful always and you'll face your mirror as you face the world—with a lovely face, gay with happiness, contented in your success.

Lady Esther

Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one cream for *you?*

Lady Esther urges you to make this "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW

For the sake of your own appearance . . . to help keep yourself from *looking older than you really are*. . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue" test!

First, cleanse your skin with cream you're at present using and remove it thoroughly with cleansing tissue.

Then do the same—*a second time*—with Lady Esther Face Cream. Now, wipe it off well and *look at* your cleansing tissue.

Thousands of women are amazed. . . *yes, shocked then and there* . . . to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my 4-Purpose Cream removes minute, pore-clogging matter many other cold creams FAIL TO GET!

For, unlike many heavy "waxy" creams —Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without any harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Put *more accent* on your YOUTH!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (48)

Lady Esther,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ____________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

THE LANES BOWL'EM OVER

When the Lane sisters gave a bowling party at the Sunset Bowling Center, Gloria Dickson and Jane Wyman tried their luck. Gloria will appear in Warners' *Waterfront*

"Three little girls from Warners are we." Rosemary, Bonita Granville and Priscilla eye their bowling balls with varied expressions. Bonita's looks as though it had shrunk

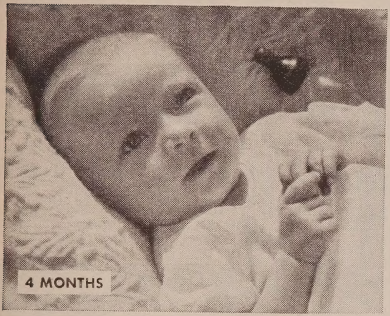
Fight! Fight! It isn't really a fight, though. Gloria Dickson's thumb is stuck and Jane Wyman is helping (?) her out

Some of the guests are pictured below. Among them you will see Wayne Morris, Rosemary Lane, Mabel Todd, Gloria Dickson, Priscilla Lane, Oren Haglund, Margaret Lindsay, Claire Windsor, Perc Westmore and Edward Norris

The hostesses receive some instructions from champion bowler Verpapper. "All you have to do is roll the ball"

Jerry is a grand job of Baby-Raising!

A big gain in the first year...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS



"When baby specialists approve, it's so reassuring," says Gerald Wright's mother. "I never doubted that Clapp's was right for Jerry.

"After all, the Clapp people *should* know most about baby foods—they were the first to make them 18 years ago, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else. They know just what flavors and textures babies will like!"

"You could almost see Jerry grow after he began to get the full menu of Clapp's Strained Foods. Look at the difference between these pictures—the way he filled out and hardened up!

"On the average, he grew about an inch and gained more than a pound a month. There surely must be lots of vitamins and minerals in those Clapp's Strained Foods!"

Clapp's
BABY FOODS
STRAINED
FOODS

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

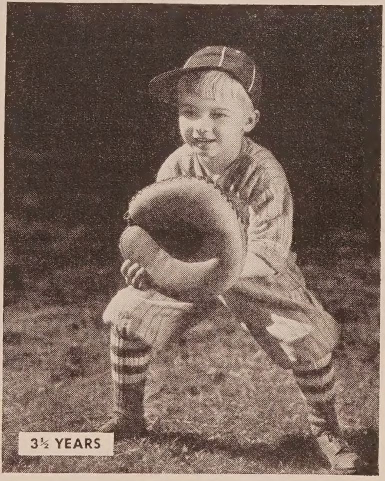
Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Fine progress ever since...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

"He's never been a fussy eater like so many little tots. Not even when the time came to go on coarser foods—he changed from Strained Foods to Clapp's Chopped Foods without a single hitch.

"Of course, the Chopped Foods have exactly the same good flavors, and they're cut so evenly—never any lumps or stems. You just can't get home-prepared foods so even—and babies don't take to them so easily, I'm sure."



"See what a wide choice you get in Clapp's Foods. Jerry gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods. Some of them are so good I often take a bite myself—those hearty Junior Dinners, for example, or the new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Jerry's quite a ball-player now—you ought to feel his muscle! I often say that if you want a baby to grow up strong and husky, there's just nothing like Clapp's!"

Clapp's
Foods for Young Children
CHOPPED
FOODS

12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soups—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Desserts—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

MEET UNIVERSAL'S NEW DURBIN

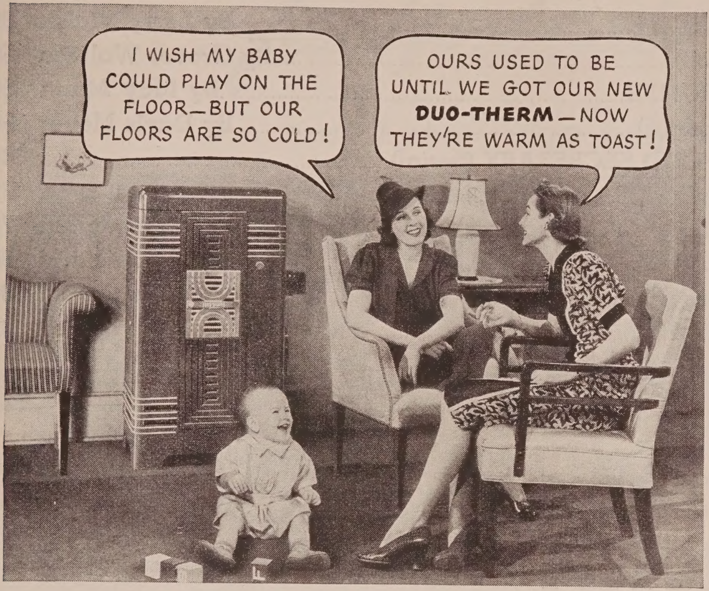
In eleven-year-old Gloria Jean Schoonover, Universal believes it has found a new Deanna Durbin. Gloria's first picture, *The Underpup*, will tell. Meanwhile Gloria poses with Deanna

Gloria plays the part of a hard-to-handle child in *The Underpup*. Below, she whistles for her gang.

Gloria, as Pip-Emma, Ann Gillis (Letty Lou) and Shirley Mills (Cecelia) begin an argument which ends in a fight. Gloria Jean possesses a fine, clear voice—sings well

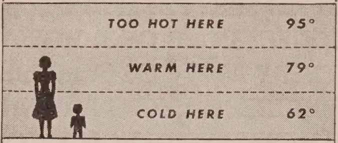
Scene below shows Gloria as winner in a battle with two little boys. The boys' father congratulates her. Gloria and her mother came to Hollywood from Scranton, Pa.

Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater keeps your ankles as warm as your ears!

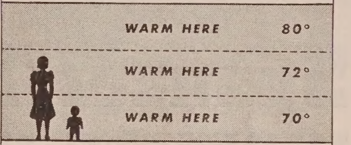

I WISH MY BABY COULD PLAY ON THE FLOOR—BUT OUR FLOORS ARE SO COLD!
OURS USED TO BE UNTIL WE GOT OUR NEW **DUO-THERM**—NOW THEY'RE WARM AS TOAST!

GIVES EVEN, "FLOOR-TO-CEILING" WARMTH!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



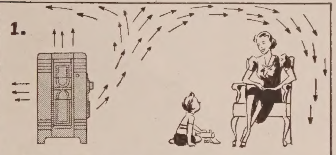
Look at this! Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



And look at this! Duo-Therm's new *Power-Air** forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it *down*—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

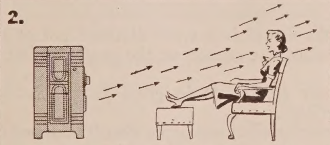
Greater comfort winter and summer too!

1.



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner. You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

2.



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, start your Duo-Therm *Power-Air*—and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

THERE'S *year-round* comfort in this clean, silent, trouble-free Duo-Therm heater!

When you turn the handy dial on the front panel—you get just the heat you want in any weather! The patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! Open the radiant door—and get an extra flood of warmth that will soon make you hitch your chair back!

Feature for feature, no other heater made can match Duo-Therm—*and in addition Duo-Therm gives you POWER-AIR!*

A heating sensation! *Power-Air forces* heat all through your home—makes heat do *more* work—gives you uniform, *floor-to-ceiling* temperatures and actually cuts fuel costs!

But that's only half the *Power-Air* story!

Summer comfort, too! On scorching days, turn on your *Power-Air*—and start a 27-mile-an-hour breeze circulating comfort! And you can direct *Power-Air* anywhere—up, down, right, left! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. *Power-Air* costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

Don't confuse Duo-Therm's new Power-Air heater with heaters that simply have a fan!

It costs no more to own a Duo-Therm! You can get a new Duo-Therm with *Power-Air* for no more than you'd pay for an ordinary heater! Why not go to your dealer today—and see the handsome new models? They come in the beautiful Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they're sold on easy payments!

Or tear out the coupon and mail it—now!

*Patent Applied for

New "Year-Round"

DUO-THERM

Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. S-910, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan

I want to know *more* about the kind of heating this new Duo-Therm gives!

*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*__________ *County*__________
*State*____________________

EXCLUSIVE STORIES

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Spencer Tracy-VIRTUE'S VICTIM

By

By LARRY WALSH

SPENCER TRACY is on the spot. Whether for good or ill, Spencer joins the select company of stars who have become the creatures of their screen characters. From now on he can commit no sin, cinematically speaking.

The versatility that enabled Spencer to leap lightly from roguish parts to blithe comedy early in his screen career will be evoked but little in the future. His followers have taken him over. Henceforth his life before the camera will be directed along the lines of the greatest usefulness for the greatest number of people.

The transformation had its beginning in *San Francisco,* which marked Spencer's rebirth as a luminary of top candlepower. The priestly role drew forth numberless sincere "experience" letters. The writers confessed that the Tracy screen portrayal had altered the course of their lives. Mothers wrote that their sons had been guided by the powerful example presented in the motion picture tale.

Manuel, in *Captains Courageous,* continued the process, and *Father Flanagan* in *Boys Town* completed it, insuring that Spencer in the future will personify noble characters only.

Lewis Stone on the M-G-M lot, the *Judge Hardy* of the series, has recently undergone the same virtual canonization at the hands of moviegoers. The errors committed in plotting the course of the parental Hardy can serve as an object lesson for Tracy.

For years Mr. Stone has appeared sometimes as a shifty, shady but noble old sot, as an amiable confidence man and as a friendly consort of thieves and villains. After the Hardy series had been well launched on its successful course, the studio casting office, relying upon the many-sidedness of Stone's screen personality, assigned him once again to appear as a fascinating scoundrel in a non-Hardy feature.

The avalanche of public protest greeting this move was enough to shake the studio to its foundation. And the complaints were directed not at the casting office, the director, the author or the producer but at Lewis Stone.

"Don't undermine our confidence in good Judge Hardy," thundered the letter writers.

It is partly to avoid such audience reproof that Tracy and his advisers have veered away from any plans for presenting the star in other than a favorable light. But in the first instance in which the new policy will be pursued, there is an additional reason, advanced by Tracy himself. Tracy has studied Kenneth Roberts' novel *Northwest Passage,* his next vehicle, and the life of Major Robert Rogers, leader of Rogers' Rangers.

Major Rogers, as seen by his biographers, was one of the most striking and contradictory heroes in American history. Courageous and noble in wilderness warfare, he is pictured in most accounts as an easy prey to the temptations of disappointment and idleness in London.

It is acknowledged that his virtue far outweighed his faults. But, lacking patience and restraint, Rogers is believed to have ended his career in a downward spiral, embittered against England [*Continued on page* 69]

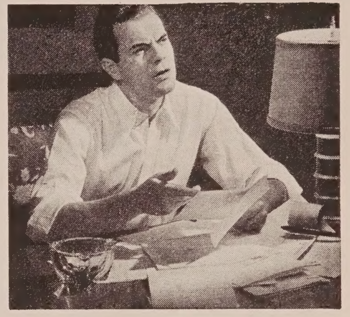
PERSONALITY

There's ONE NEGLECT* few Husbands can forgive

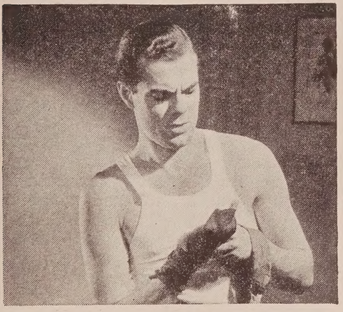
. . . but "Lysol" can help correct it!

Do you neglect his Home? He may forgive indifferent housekeeping, if you aren't indifferent about keeping *yourself* attractive.

Do you neglect his Food? He may forgive uninteresting meals and poor cooking, if you yourself are sweetly fresh.



Do you neglect his Expenses? He may even forgive extravagances, if they help to make *you* more attractive.



Do you neglect his Comfort? He may forgive carelessness about *his* clothes, if you're careful about your own person.

Do you neglect his Pride? He may forgive you for embarrassing criticism, if you are above reproach yourself.

BUT...do you neglect yourself?

MOST HUSBANDS CAN'T FORGIVE THAT

***Carelessness** about intimate cleanliness. Make it a regular habit to use "Lysol" for feminine hygiene. Avoid this *one neglect!*

CARELESSNESS about feminine hygiene, say many doctors and psychiatrists, may be the cause of many marriage failures.

The intelligent modern woman uses "Lysol" for this important habit of personal cleanliness. You ought to use "Lysol" in *your* routine of intimate hygiene.

For a full half-century, "Lysol" has earned the confidence of thousands of women, hundreds of doctors, nurses, hospitals and clinics. Probably no other product is so widely used for this purpose. Some of the reasons why "Lysol" is so valuable in feminine hygiene are . . .

1—Non-Caustic . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, is gentle and efficient, contains no harmful free caustic alkali.

2—Effectiveness . . . "Lysol" is a powerful *germicide*, active under practical conditions, effective in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.).

3—Spreading . . . "Lysol" solutions *spread* because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out germs.*

4—Economy. . ."Lysol" is concentrated, costs only about one cent an application in the proper dilution for feminine hygiene.

5—Odor . . . The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears after use.

6—Stability . . ."Lysol" keeps its full strength no matter how long it is kept, how often it is uncorked.

1889—50th ANNIVERSARY—1939

Lysol Disinfectant

FOR FEMININE HYGIENE

What Every Woman Should Know

SEND COUPON FOR "LYSOL" BOOKLET

LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP.
Dept. SB-910, Bloomfield, N. J., U. S. A.

Send me free booklet "Lysol vs. Germs" which tells the many uses of "Lysol".

*Name*____________________

*Street*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

Copyright 1939 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

WHAT—NO OOMPH?

By GROVER WALLACE

Madeleine Carroll says she has no oomph, but no one believes her. Her next picture is Paramount's *My Love For Yours*

CAN you stand a shock, reader?

If not, get a firm grip on this magazine and have the smelling salts ready. And if you are a habitual swooner, better have some one in the room with you while you read this.

Everything okay now? Ready for the bombshell? Here it comes—*Miss Madeleine Carroll says she has no oomph!*

How do you like that one?

Don't blame SCREEN BOOK. We didn't say it. Madeline told us herself.

"I," she said calmly, "have no oomph or anything like that."

Maybe, just reading that, it isn't so hard to take. But what would you think if you heard it from Miss C's own lovely lips, while those Adriatic blue eyes were glancing indifferently at your own unworthy form?

When those astounding words fell on the twin Mammoth Caves we call our ears, we reached for our hat, remembered we hadn't brought any, mumbled farewell to the best thing that's come out of England since the Magna Carta and stumbled out of her hotel suite.

No oomph, eh!

Why do you suppose all those college boys last year selected Miss Carroll as the most desirable person in the world to be wrecked on a desert island with?

There wasn't a goldfish-gulper among them, either.

Is the lady trying to kid us? Doesn't she think we know who and what started the current spy epidemic?

PERSONALITY

Did you ever hear of any spies in America before Miss Carroll began appearing in such pictures as *Secret Agent, 39 Steps,* and *I Was a Spy?*

You bet you didn't. Nobody ever wanted to blow up the Panama Canal or to steal our military secrets until they saw those films and got the impression that Madeleine Carroll was one of the rewards that went with high-class espionage work.

And don't be surprised if you hear that Paramount abandoned plans for their spy melodrama, starring Miss Carroll, at the request of the United States Government. J. Edgar Hoover and his G-Men, it is whispered, warned the studio that if there was one more picture showing lovely Madeleine up to her swanlike neck in international intrigue there would be spies in *everybody's* pantry.

No oomph, eh, Miss Carroll?

Nobody who didn't have oodles of oomph would ever have exerted the weird effect on her fellow workers that Madeleine Carroll has from almost the start of her career.

Though it is carefully concealed from the public, the directors and other picture people react to a girl with too much beauty in a very unusual fashion. They don't stare and go tongue-tied like you and I and the rest of the common herd. They think up ways of annoying her. Self-defense, you know.

There are so many lovely ladies in pictures that, if they fell in love with each one, they'd never make any pictures. And this time don't blame Hollywood. It happens in the foreign studios, too.

For example, Miss Carroll's baptism under fire began in what used to be known as merrie England. It happened while she was working with Robert Donat in the aforementioned *39 Steps* under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock, Britain's ponderous and masterful picture-maker.

Despite his huge bulk and reputation as a genius, "Hitchy" is an elfin fellow, fond of pranks.

Like several well-known Hollywood directors, he carries a troupe of comedians on the set with him. They all had stunts to play on Madeleine to preserve themselves from being devastated by the oomph she professed not to have.

Hitchy's favorite routine was to call "Oh, Madeleine!" and then, when she looked up, to throw a cup and saucer at her. It relieved his nerves, the director explained, took his mind momentarily off the picture and allowed him to approach it with a fresh viewpoint. But all this frolicking on the set was nothing to what the blonde British star encountered in Hollywood. There, the boys who worked with her went to extraordinary lengths to guard themselves from her charms.

One of her first pictures over here was directed by John Ford, [*Continued on page 71*]

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

proud of it. His father was Mathew Meek, a famous Scottish artist. Donald confessed the other day that in his younger days he was engaged to a girl named Mabel Milde!

● D. W. Griffith says that Lenin once offered him the job of Chief of Propaganda for the U. S. S. R. This amazing offer was an outgrowth of Griffith's film *Intolerance,* which Lenin saw and promptly adapted for propaganda purposes by the simple expedient of taking off Griffith's titles and inserting substitutions in the Russian language. It was cleverly done so as to make the film appear a preachment against all religion, which in the original it was not. In this guise it was shown all over Russia, in tent theatres set up in even the most remote places of the vast Russian empire.

● A piece of shirtcuff for a bookmark! That is one of the most prized possessions in Director Edward H. Griffith's library. Scrawled on the linen in faint but still legible ink are the notes: "Rooney's back room—1:A. M. law—girl as bookbinder—Cap Montague."

The Paramount director received the cloth from an old friend who was editor of Sunday weeklies and pulp magazines around the turn of the century.

The editor acquired it when he borrowed a shirt from O. Henry once—and never returned it. The notes, made in some New York cafe, were the origin of "Past One At Rooney's," one of O. Henry's greatest short stories.

Little Sandy Henville, carefully tucked in an overcoat, is Universal's "find" of 1939

"SH-S-SH, SUSAN! THE BRIDE'S ON THE GRIDDLE!"

SUSAN: "Good grief, don't tell me it's that meddlesome Mrs. Palmer gossiping about the bride's wash again?"

MATILDA: "It *is*, and I wish the cat would get her tongue. But no use wishing, so put on your bonnet, Susan. We're going to stop the gossip!"

JELL-O
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

SUSAN: "It's a shame and a pity, Timothy, because the poor girl works like a beaver. But her weak-kneed soap leaves dirt behind. That's why her clothes are always chock-full of tattle-tale gray."

MATILDA: "So we're going to send her a flock of Fels-Naptha to show her how its richer *golden* soap and *lots of gentle naptha* make *all* the dirt scat. Don't tell a soul, but slip ten bars into her next grocery order and we'll pay for it."

A little birdie tells me I owe you many thanks. But even these flowers aren't half as sweet and white as my clothes — since your Fels-Naptha shooed tattle-tale gray out of my life! The Bride.

COPR. 1939, FELS & CO.

BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN! HOBBY LOBBY every Wednesday night. See local paper for time and station.

Leslie Howard wants to direct, but his public wants him to act. He is shown above on the set of *Gone With the Wind*

LESLIE HOWARD'S BITTER TRIUMPH

BY MAY MANN

BEHIND THE MASK

EXTRAVAGANT with praise and exuberant with admiration were the milling throngs that crowded about Leslie Howard at the preview theatre. Across the marquee gigantic letters flamed out the name of the picture *Pygmalion*.

Few knew how long Leslie Howard had awaited this moment. It was to be the climax of an ambition overpowering all others, even stardom and international fame.

On every side actors, critics and public talked excitedly. A great picture, a great actor, a great performance, they said!

Leslie stood listening, anxiously searching each face, hopefully waiting to hear something that as yet had remained unsaid. While he accepted the handshakes, the compliments, disappointment settled in his smile. In the midst of it, he shrugged his shoulders, as though admitting defeat, and walked away.

But why?

Lavish and profuse was the praise of the well-wishers, so how could they realize they had failed him! Their homage had been given to Howard, the actor. They had forgotten Howard, the director!

Leslie Howard directed *Pygmalion* with the one great hope that it would establish him as a director and producer. Instead it defeated his primary interest and added another laurel to his acting ability.

Unthinkable as it seems, Leslie Howard, at the very height of his screen career, would gladly relinquish stardom to produce and direct.

If the choice were his, he would gladly withdraw into the shadows of cinema making and direct others. But neither the public nor the studios will listen. Proving his ability in *Pygmalion* was to little avail. It was Leslie Howard the actor they applauded.

Why should Leslie Howard turn his back on success when he is box-office? Only after popularity has passed, do matinee idols step out of the spotlight. Why does Leslie choose to withdraw into the background where his name will only flash for a brief second as "Leslie Howard, director?"

"I would gladly leave acting in a minute if I could get the studios to believe in me," Leslie told me the other night. "I've always wanted to direct and produce motion pictures. But they always say, 'Why, directing requires a genius, a man of rare intelligence and creative ability—while an actor merely reproduces what someone else has already done!'

"They're right, of course, but ever since I've been an actor I've wanted to get my hands on a picture and do it my way. I worked very hard on *Pygmalion*. It will prove that I have creative ability, I thought. If it is a big success, the studios will want me to make pictures for them. They will see my work and recognize my ability.

"But what happened? The critics talked about my acting. The studios offered me pictures to act in.

"So now I'll have to show them again what I can do. It takes a great amount of patience, doesn't it?

"If I didn't have my family depending on me, I would have given up acting long ago. This, however, I could not do. I had accustomed my wife and children to a certain standard of living, nice homes, cars, polo ponies, luxuries. I've had to act to earn money to fill my responsibilities. Money has never meant much to me as an individual. But I have no right to deny those whom I love when it is within my means to provide for them."

It is probably natural that a man of Leslie Howard's intelligence would like to produce his own ideas. But the public which demanded that he play *Ashley* in *Gone With the Wind* will keep him on the screen. His versatility as an actor is unquestioned. At forty he played *Romeo* to the entire satisfaction of the severest of critics. His voice registers 99 per cent sex appeal, which appeals directly to women. Society dowagers have been known to wait at the stage door to present him with flowers.

"When I want to please myself, when I feel that I must do something creative, then I return to the theatre and do a play," Leslie says.

"In motion pictures an actor is merely a puppet before a camera. A director tells him what to do. He is handed some lines to read. He gets up like a child and faces the camera and says them. He has little or no control of the situation or what he says or does.

"A movie player does what he is told, what's expected of him. He portrays an emotion as the director interprets it. He is not swept by a sustaining emotion but turns it on and off for a dozen retakes. He can not walk freely, as on the stage, but only on the measured line in the camera angle.

"The producer and the director are the artists, for they have to control each step of the production. They are the captains; we actors are the crew. Naturally, like any man in any profession, I want to advance. I want to be captain.

"I want to make pictures the way I feel they should be made. I can if I can control them. I demonstrated this to some extent in *Pygmalion*. I will again in my current picture *Intermezzo* in which I will act, because the studio says I must, but on which I am associate producer with David Selznick. This job is very important to me. When this picture is previewed, I hope to hear praise for the production. I hope the critics will mention me as associate producer.

"No real actor ever comes to Hollywood for his art. An actor expresses artistry in the theatre. That is why so many of us continually return to the stage. We must create something real.

"Now let me tell you something that few

actors have the nerve to admit. Actors only come to Hollywood for one reason—money! They can tell you they come for their art. But don't let them fool you. They come for money and money alone!

"I have just finished *Gone With the Wind* in which I played a small part. Everyone seemed anxious that I play *Ashley* and so I did.

"I will finish *Intermezzo* for Selznick by fall. Then I shall return to England to start work on my own production, *The Man Who Lost Himself,* at our London Studios. Again I will have to act in this picture. But I will produce it. We have three others ready for production which I will either direct or produce. If the latter three are box-office successes and the studios acknowledge me as a director-producer, then I hope to retire as an actor!"

The next day this interviewer stopped in at the studio to see how a star-director-producer worked. Leslie telephoned that he would be there shortly. Production was to start on *Intermezzo.* The telephone in his office rang continually. The wardrobe department asked approval on costumes. The art director wanted Mr. Howard's okay on a set. The assistant to Leslie's agent was pacing the floor, because Leslie was due for a five o'clock national broadcast, and the studio, not notified, was holding him for scenes.

The little dark-haired secretary was constantly consulting the little blond secretary at his home, checking and rechecking Leslie's schedule for the day. "Did Mr. Howard know that he was expected at David Niven's cocktail party at five?" And the agent, overhearing, croaked, "Did anyone know that Mr. Howard was expected on the radio at five?"

Finally Leslie came dashing in, took a look about and listened while everyone talked at once. He was due for a story conference; he was expected for a radio rehearsal, and Mrs. Howard was entertaining guests for dinner at eight. Would he autograph a stack of pictures for fan requests? They were waiting for him down on the set to do a re-take on *Gone With the Wind.*

Leslie looked amused, sat down at his desk and yawned. "Relax everyone."

"But I can't, Mr. Howard," the agent's assistant gasped. "If you don't go on this broadcast two hours and 38 minutes from now, you'll be sued. The studio will not let you go. It's my fault I know, because I didn't get a release before signing the contract with the radio people—but what in the name of heaven shall I do?"

"Perhaps we'd better call Mr. Selznick and explain that if I'm going to be sued I'll have to make my expenses a bit more on this picture to take care of it," Leslie replied with a wink.

Leslie calmly telephoned Selznick while the agent's assistant muttered something about the whole place being a mad house.

Explaining in detail over the telephone, Leslie finally smoothed the matter. He would be on the broadcast, for he'd obtained an hour and a half away from the studio.

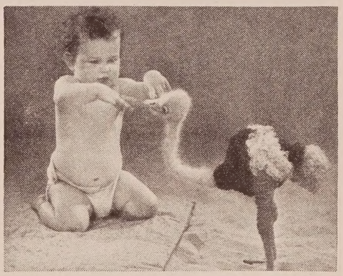
In this new role of producer, director and star, Leslie Howard is perhaps the busiest man in pictures. He attends to the hundred and one details on his pictures—okaying scripts, costumes, bills. Then he snatches a few moments to go over his own lines before facing the cameras. Leslie admits that doing three jobs is confining.

Due to technical difficulties, SCREEN BOOK'S star portrait request page could not be published this month. It will appear as usual in the next issue. Send your requests for pictures of your favorite stars to REQUEST PAGE, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

"I hate to discourage you, Miss Ostrich, but I've never noticed anything to eat in that sand...What? You're not looking for things to eat? Then why?...Oh, you're HIDING!...H'm...Well, it seems to me you're making a mistake..."

"First place, there's no danger, so why hide? Secondly, if there *were* some danger, you aren't very well hidden."

"Attagirl! Now look—sand in your beak—and all scratchy down your neck!... Never mind—we'll soon fix that..."



"Hocus-pocus—just like magic your chafes and scratchy places and prickly heat will feel soothed..."

"'Cause, see? Here comes my Mother with some soft, velvety Johnson's Baby Powder!...Me too, Mother? Me too?"

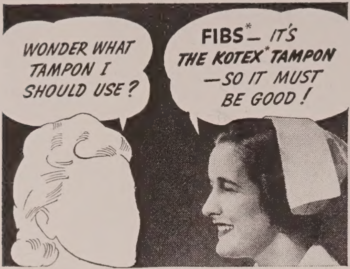
Johnson's
Baby
Powder
Johnson & Johnson
New Brunswick N.J.
Chicago Ill.
Borated Talcum

"Crazy about it? I knew you would be. Everybody is. Such wonderfully soft, fine talc in it! And such an inexpensive way to make a baby comfortable!"

JOHNSON'S
BABY POWDER

Johnson & Johnson, New Brunswick, N. J.

Put Yourself in this Picture


WONDER WHAT TAMPON I SHOULD USE?
FIBS*– IT'S THE KOTEX* TAMPON —SO IT MUST BE GOOD!

The Ideal Internal Protection. Fibs, the Kotex Tampon, with *new exclusive features,* is more comfortable, more secure, easier to use. Kotex products merit your confidence.

BUT HOW ARE FIBS BETTER?
ONLY FIBS ARE "QUILTED" HERE'S WHY...

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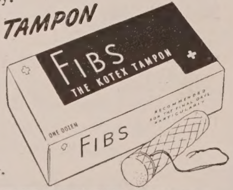

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LITTLE MISS PUBLICITY

By
DAVIS MEYER

Joy Hodges, Universal's glamor girl, makes her own publicity and her own mistakes, but she's learned enough to find a spot in the Hollywood top ranks. Picture, at left, shows Joy wearing hat and badge after receiving honorary Police Chief commission. Hugh Herbert, ex-mayor, and Mischa Auer, newly elected mayor of Universal City, have badges, too. Above, a "yumph" portrait

FILED away under E—for experience—Joy Hodges has a complete catalogue of how not to launch and conduct a career in Hollywood. And it's a thick budget of errors she has marked up against herself. By her own admission she's made every possible miscue in the manual. But she has never made the same mistake twice. And she's learned the value of publicity.

Even today, when she's forging ahead at full speed, the ditches and detours safely behind her, she makes her full quota of bonehead plays—result of an incandescent spirit and a healthy desire to be in the midst of a swirling stream of activity.

Kinetic energy, the kind of motion that feeds on itself, is the battery that activates the kid. If she hadn't had it, she'd be lolling comfortably on the front piazza of the Hodges homestead in Des Moines.

The cutest blond baby in the block back home, she got an early infection of thespianism, from which it is doubtful she will ever recover. From the moment she could bring her eyes into focus she feasted them on movie stills and lobby displays. By the time she was ready to swathe her elegant legs in authentic silk stockings, the movie malady was so far advanced that she was taking the first low hurdles toward Hollywood.

Being no sucker, she recognized that the first move movie-ward was up to her, since there was little likelihood that Cecil B. DeMille would ride up to her front door in a milk-white Isotta-Fraschini with fountain pen and contract in hand.

Making a survey of her talents, she decided to become a singer and dancer, not because she had any special talents in either direction but because audiences around town seemed to expect singing and dancing from the neighbors' children. By the same arbitrary method little Eloise (the Joy came later) cast herself as a soprano, with side dishes of corn, another celebrated Iowa product. Her early recitals were overwhelmingly corny.

This early error—the ill-considered choice of the upper register to exercise her adolescent pipes—came dangerously near to wrecking her career later. But, happily oblivious to the fact that she was torturing her

SUCCESS STORY

larynx, the child exhibitionist warbled blithely before the Homemaker's Association and the Rotary Club and the American Legion. When it became apparent that there were stray five-spots and generous salvos of applause to be garnered right and left in this practically painless manner, Eloise expanded her itinerary to include the whole state.

This was in the final throes of a historical phenomenon known as Prohibition. Many of the Hodges engagements were reunions, conventions and similar mannish conclaves where the guests thought it incumbent upon them to drink vast quantities of ginger jake, gin and such explosives, and to smoke long poisonous cigars to assert their virility.

"Those years were my Calvary," Joy muses, looking back from her secure niche in Universal City. "If I could stand that, I can stand anything. Right now, every time I get a whiff of gin at a cocktail party or the back-draft of a five-cent cigar I have an overpowering urge to give out with a chorus of *Alice Blue Gown,* topped off with a military tap."

In the era when she was doubling from high school into the convention halls she estimates that she wore out, vocally, an entire wardrobe of Alice Blue Gowns.

Her academic career safely behind her, Eloise began to make her mistakes in bunches instead of one by one. A famous band leader, one-time matinee idol of a whole generation of Chicago flappers, played a date at Des Moines. Part of his ballyhoo was a personality contest, the winner to be placed under contract to appear with the band in Chicago at $50 a week.

La Petite Hodges, primped and prettied and scared witless, was the people's choice. Her family and friends, wearing complacent smiles like the cat that knew how to open salmon cans, predicted that this was the take-off of Eloise's ascent to fame. Eloise, the heroine of the success story, strove to maintain her girlish simplicity in the face of all the home-town acclaim.

The Chicago maestro departed for his home acres, promising to telegraph the Personality Kid as soon as he was ready to insert her into the routine. Well, the wheat ripened, the corn matured, the swine were slaughtered and the beef was butchered, and there came no word from Chicago. The dire suspicion dawned in Eloise's active little noggin that in return for her song and dance she had been given a song and dance.

With $25 mad-money clenched in her capable little fist, she invaded Chicago and charged into the band leader's studio. Far from having a job to offer her, the maestro confessed that he was entirely out of work himself.

Having made a solemn vow not to return to Des Moines until her name blazed from the movie marquees of that Paris of the Corn Belt, Eloise pestered the life out of every bandsman within earshot of Chicago's Tin Pan Alley. Eventually she broke down the resistance of one who admitted he had a brother in New York State who could use a hot-lick virtuoso of about Eloise's size and shape.

So the Personality Queen was off to Buffalo for a two-week engagement that stretched to six. Word circulated through the markets of the music trade that she had something. A maharajah of a huge musical booking corporation ordered her wheeled in for an audition.

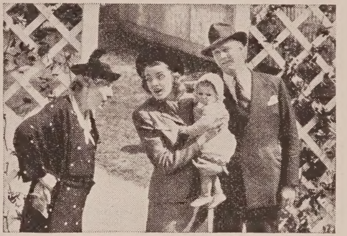
"Hold your hat, Hodges," the kid counseled herself. "Here we go."

She gulped a deep breath and went into her Number One man-killer number, a soprano hot-stuff specialty with plenty of magee on it. After about two bars the music mogul started out for a smoke.

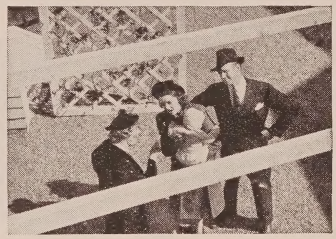
"Let's duck...here comes that nosey pest again!"

How Esther raised her baby the modern way... in spite of a snoopy neighbor

1. **NEIGHBOR:** Well, well, well . . . if it isn't our new mother . . . Did you take my advice about your baby, dear-r-r-R-R?
ESTHER: No, I didn't. I thought it was too old-fashioned.

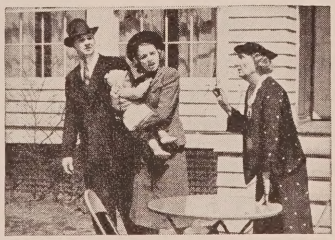


2. **NEIGHBOR:** Why . . . what do you MEAN! I know *something* about children. I raised five of them, didn't I?
ESTHER: Yes, but you did it the hard way! Me . . . I'm following *modern* methods.



3. **NEIGHBOR:** Modern methods? Bosh!
ESTHER: It's not bosh. It's common sense. My doctor tells me that babies should get *special* care . . . all the way from *special* baby food to a *special* baby laxative.

4. **NEIGHBOR:** *Special* laxative? My dear! That's putting it on!
ESTHER: It is *not!* If a baby's system is too delicate for adult foods . . . it can also be too delicate for an adult laxative!



5. **ESTHER:** That's why the doctor told me to buy FLETCHER'S CASTORIA. It's made *especially* and ONLY for children. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It won't upset a baby's stomach, and it works mostly in the lower bowel. It's gentle and SAFE!

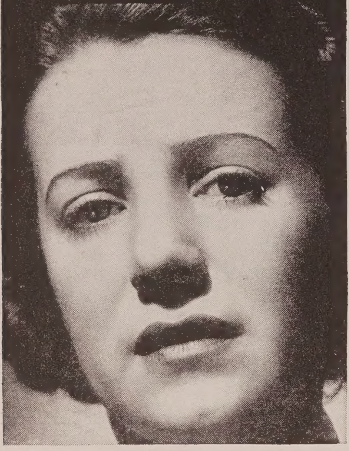
LATER THAT DAY

6. **BOB:** Oh boy! . . . you sure told off that old snoop about Fletcher's Castoria . . . but why didn't you tell her how *swell* it tastes, too?
ESTHER: I should have! I wish she were here to see how the baby goes for it . . . the old buttinsky!

Chas H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially and ONLY for children

"MODESTY" CONDEMNED ME TO AGONY!



The Embarrassing Trouble Many People Suffer!

Terrible, indeed, is the price of "modesty" when you suffer from Piles—even simple Piles.

Simple Piles can torture you day and night with maddening pain and itching. They tax your nerves; drain your strength; make you look and feel old and worn. Millions of men and women suffer from simple Piles. Mothers particularly, during pregnancy and childbirth, are subject to this trouble.

TO RELIEVE THE PAIN AND ITCHING

What you want to do to relieve the pain and itching of simple Piles is use Pazo Ointment.

Pazo Ointment really alleviates the torment of simple Piles. Its very touch is relief. It quickly eases the pain; quickly relieves the itching.

Many call Pazo a blessing and say it is one thing that gives them relief from the distress of simple Piles.

SEVERAL EFFECTS

Pazo does a good job for several reasons.

First, it *soothes* simple Piles. This relieves the pain, soreness and itching. Second, it *lubricates* the affected parts. This tends to keep the parts from drying and cracking and also makes passage easier. Third, it tends to *shrink* or *reduce* the swelling which occurs in the case of simple Piles.

Yes, you get grateful effects in the use of Pazo! Pazo comes in collapsible tubes, with a small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This tiny Pile Pipe, easily inserted in the rectum, makes application neat, easy and thorough. (Pazo also comes in suppository form for those who prefer suppositories.)

TRY IT FREE!

Give Pazo a trial and see the relief it affords in many cases of simple Piles. Get Pazo at any drug store or write for a free trial tube. A liberal trial tube will be sent you postpaid and free upon request. Just mail the coupon or postcard today.

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This offer is good only in U. S.

"You squeak," he muttered over his shoulder. "Go away from here."

Kicked squarely in the *amour-propre,* Joy nevertheless made a fast recovery.

"You win, brother," she said to herself, etching each word deep on her brain-pan, "but the next time I'll do the shooting."

At exactly that point in her career she shucked off all the demountable parts of the original Eloise Hodges. First went the Eloise, replaced by Joy as a token of lifelong esteem for Leatrice Joy, silent star and one-time wife of the late John Gilbert. La Hodges has never seen Leatrice in person, but they passed within a few yards of each other the other day at Universal while Joy was going to her set and Leatrice was arranging to be tested for the role of Deanna Durbin's mother in a forthcoming production.

The soprano voice also went into dead storage at this point, supplanted by a warm contralto. The hot-licks delivery, with overtones of Indian corn and maize, was considerably toned down. Hairdo, costume, and personality also underwent subtle changes.

Then, just as it happens in the storybooks, her enemy was delivered into her hands. The leader of the band with which she was singing told her that a big musical mugg was flying from Chicago to Cleveland especially to catch her turn at the microphone. Tidings of her skill with the pipes had trickled over the complex grapevine of the music trade. And, as a neat detail of poetic justice, the guy who was airplaning over to discover Joy was the guy who had called her a squeaker.

Here was a classic opportunity to pay the master mind back in razzberries. But for once, Joy didn't make a mistake. She just went through her usual routine, listened to the magnate's offer, accepted it and kept mum when he mentioned casually that her face looked familiar but he couldn't place the voice.

With a regular spot on the air channels, she set her face eastward, resolved to land in Hollywood via the New York springboard instead of by the direct method of storming the gates and being admitted at discount rates. But when the opportunity came, dangled by the wily talent-hunters of RKO-Radio Pictures in the form of a six-month contract, Joy grabbed it. Mistake No. 266, Series B, as she found out in exactly six months.

She "didn't have her stuff." That's the way baseball pitchers describe it when their curves and screwballs fail to work for them. Joy's curves and dulcet tones weren't working right, although she got feature billing in a misadventure called *Follow the Fleet.* At the end of the semester RKO asked her not to slam the door on her way out and the other producers said they were glad to have met her socially.

So the kid resumed her career where it was ruptured and went to New York on spec, hoping to land a part in a legitimate show that would catapult her back to Hollywood. On the very first play she hit the jackpot.

George M. Cohan, the peerless prince chap of the American theatre, was in the market for an ingenue to play opposite him in a piece called *I'd Rather Be Right,* authored by Moss Hart and George S. Kaufman, the

Judy Garland celebrated her sixteenth birthday with a swimming, badminton and "rug cuttin'" party. Judy and Mickey Rooney are shown "gettin' in the groove" latter a perennial prize-winning playwright and director. Kaufman was doing the casting, with the reservation that George M. should ratify his choices.

Joy Hodges, who was 'way down toward the end of a seemingly endless queue of applicants, caught Kaufman's eye.

"Ever do any stage acting?" he asked.

"Sure," came the perjured answer. "I knocked 'em dead in a repertory company all the way from Sioux Falls to Slippery Rock."

"You'd better be able to prove it, my little fairy princess," Kaufman said with a knowing leer, "because you've got the job." Cohan confirmed his judgment.

The whopping lie about her stage experience was another error, because it cost Joy a night's sleep. But in rehearsals and in ten months on Broadway she never had another qualm.

Opening night her name was up in lights. The next day she was encircled by movie executives waving contracts and airplane tickets.

Universal finally made the grade with her and she has been getting her mail there for a solid year. Her current picture, *Sandy Takes a Bow,* is her sixth.

In addition to these slight chores she flies 45,000 miles per annum doing personal publicity stunts at her own expense. This is a monumental error, with all that good budget money lying around.

Columbia University's undergraduates elected her the "Yumph Girl." This is an error in spelling, or something. At any rate, Joy's ballots were all in the box before Ann Sheridan got elected "Oomph Girl."

You Are Reading the New SCREEN BOOK
Two Magazines for the Price of One.

Perceiving that incoming glamor girls got their names in the syndicated columns by patrolling the Hollywood night spots in company with this or that cavalier, Joy took up the practice on a wholesale scale.

No sooner had the linotypes batted out the name of one presumable Hodges fiance than another came along to succeed him. Hodges engagements were reported three or four times a week. Over a week-end there was sometimes a double-header. Loving friends finally slowed her down, but not until the error had been entered in the accounts.

Ordinarily the girl possesses an uncanny publicity knack. A high-priced press agent whom she employed explained to her some of the tricks of the trade. She mimicked his motions and landed a two-part, 2,000-word plug for herself in the Broadway column of America's largest newspaper. At the end of the month she asked her publicity guy for his bill. He admitted that by rights he owed her $800 for her own services in her own behalf. But Joy paid him nevertheless. An inexcusable error!

Lately her only extra-curricular activities have been as chief of police of Universal City. At the induction ceremonies all the officials made speeches calculated to send the constituents into hysterics. Mischa Auer, inaugurated as mayor, had the next-to-closing spot. Chief Hodges closed the show and unloosed a 20-minute cascade of salty, stinging witticisms reminiscent of Will Rogers at his best.

Bing Crosby, part-time mayor of Toluca Lake and a verbal swordsman of no mean accomplishments, remarked after the charades were over:

"If Auer was good, Hodges rated at least an Auer and a half."

But even in this brilliant performance in fast company, Hodges made a mistake. She gave it away when she might have sold it.

Ginger Rogers – Hollywood's sparkling star. See her in RKO's new motion picture "Bachelor Mother"

It's healthful . . . pleasure-giving . . .

DOUBLEMINT GUM

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CHEWING GUM
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Be popular with your family and friends by treating them to delicious Doublemint Chewing Gum. Its wonderful-tasting and long-lasting flavor of mint leaves helps sweeten your breath. The chewing aids your digestion and helps keep your teeth clean, bright, attractive—bringing your smile more compliments.

And speaking of smiles, none is lovelier than that of **GINGER ROGERS**, as you can see by this picture. Note also her hair and blouse. Both are just right because they truly express her own natural self . . . Chewing is a natural pleasure. Especially chewing refreshing Doublemint Gum which is very popular in Hollywood as it is everywhere else. *You'll* like it. Get some today.

T-219

WHOSE WOMAN WAS I?

She owed her loyalty to the man who had befriended and cherished her. Yet everything within her yearned for another. Torn between two men—between loyalty and love—which did she choose? How did she solve her dramatic problem? Read this profoundly moving story from life under the title WHOSE WOMAN WAS I? in the October issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

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ROMANTIC STORY
OCTOBER

CONFESSIONS OF A HOLLYWOOD SECRETARY

Somewhere on the road I had taken wrong turnings, but I was on the main stream of life now. Our kiss was full of tenderness

VICKI DAVIS wins a beauty contest and a trip to Hollywood. Unable to find a job in the movies, she becomes private secretary to Fred Lord, ace director of Allied-Apex pictures. In Lord's office she meets handsome Bob Linden, movie star, and Nigel Smith, orchestra leader, who has come to Hollywood for a series of Allied-Apex broadcasts. She feels herself attracted to both men. At an Allied-Apex broadcast, Sonia fails to appear. Vicki fills in for her and "clicks" over the radio. As messages pour into the broadcasting office, Nigel Smith hints that he may offer her a contract. While on location at Ensenada, Fred Lord offers Vicki a promise of stardom. Later, on a sailing trip, dense fog forces Bob and Vicki to spend the night together. Nigel Smith, Lord and the entire company await them when they finally reach the shore. Nigel knocks down Bob and Lord separates them. Lord warns all present against mentioning the incident.

SCREEN BOOK SERIAL

EVENTS moved rapidly for me after that. The night of the sneak preview marked a definite milestone in my life. I went with Bob. And I was surprised to see that Lord brought Sonia Petrova. Before the picture was half run, the verdict was in—Allied-Apex had a new star of first magnitude in Bob Linden. I didn't have to look at the cards the audience would fill out later. I could sense their reaction—and I knew what mine was. I wondered how Sonia Petrova would take it. Perhaps, I thought, that was why Fred Lord had taken charge of her—so he could manage her in case she, too, created a scene.

Just before the end of the picture, Bob and I sneaked away, in his roadster. He was as jubilant and intoxicated with his success as a small boy with a new toy.

"For the opening," he chortled, "at the Chinese, I want you to get a dress that's all green silver, Vicki. We'll knock 'em dead! How about a little kiss for the local boy who went out into the world and brought home the bacon?"

We stopped on the dark road and he kissed me. "Ambrosia!" he murmured. "Vicki, you're marvelous! Well, we made it at last! I've worked and waited for this for a long time. Now everything's in sight! We can build a big home, with the biggest swimming pool in California. We'll get a couple of swanky imported cars, Vicki, and a schooner yacht, big enough to cruise in; and we'll throw the biggest party Hollywood has ever seen—a party to end all parties! And maybe a string of polo ponies and a couple of race horses, eh? Who is this guy, Clark Gable, anyhow?"

" 'We'?" I murmured.

"Sure, we!" he chuckled. "After that night together in Ensenada, I've got to make an honest woman of you, haven't I? Boy! At last I'll show these apes around here who is tops!"

He cuddled me in his arms, whispering his plans, and I clung to him.

"Allied-Apex is giving me a new contract and a great deal more money," he confided jubilantly. "Sonia and I will team up for three more pictures—like Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire. We click together. Honey, we'll hit the high spots and never come down!"

"All I want," I whispered, "is to be your wife. I don't care about all the glitter and the tinsel, Bob."

"Well, when you're a new star, in the public eye, you have to be in the middle of everything. Lord's rushing the script of our next picture—you know—*Tarnished Angel*? He's so sure this one will be a smash box-office hit!"

It was quiet where we had parked, on a country road off the Coast Highway, and Bob talked about the money he would make, his place in the glittering Hollywood sun.

"But, Bob!" I expostulated. "I don't want all that grandeur! Why can't we have a quiet home in the country, with plenty of room? With wholesome surroundings, peaceful and contented living—"

He stared at me in astonishment. "And pass up all the good times in Hollywood, Vicki? We'd be crazy! We can't run out on the whole world and hide just because we're in love! Don't you want the fun, the excitement, the thrill of having your husband a famous movie star? I've worked so hard for it, Vicki!" His hand stroked my hair and he kissed me. I was trembling with confused emotions, and a dim spark was afire in my brain. I listened while he planned a magnificent pageant of living. He was flaming with the wine of success; he visioned a public love story for us that turned me cold with subconscious revolt. It was to be an exhibition—not love.

"But, Bob!" I cried, at last, "I don't want that. I want only you! I want you coming *home* to me, at night, when your work is through; to me, to children. I want a home in the country, where children can grow up and breathe and feel the earth—"

"What children?" he demanded, in astonishment.

"Ours," I whispered.

He stirred. "Vicki," he said passionately, "you're terrific! You can't possibly be real —and I love you!" His arms tightened around me. "But don't be silly, dear! What would happen to Robert Linden, the movie star, if the public knew he lived in the country, with cows and chickens and a family! The glamor would be gone. I'd lose my fans! Children are out, Vicki, for a long time to come; but I love you for the thought. What we want is to live a beautiful love story—like on the screen! You're such a baby, darling! You don't understand the life of a star."

He went on exultantly, blinded by his success, and a coldness filled my heart. It would be murder for Robert Linden, the star, to be known as a father. He was caught in the flux of an intoxicating success, and all he could think of was the plaudits of the crowd, the glitter and the tinsel! He had tasted stardom now, and it was a drug, I saw, clearly, that he could not do without hereafter.

I WAS suddenly miserable and cold with fear. He would live in the midst of the fastest, gayest, youngest Hollywood crowd, moving to its furious rhythm, and I would be the little, unknown wife, at home. I could never fit into the mad, high-tension Hollywood set for long. Other women, then, would supply the companionship he sought and I would be left behind. My senses began to click with remorseless clarity. Suddenly it seemed to me that a door had slammed in my heart forever.

"Please, Bob!" I said, hoarsely. "Please, don't touch me! I've got to think—and it isn't easy when you touch me. I can't be the kind of wife you want—I couldn't love the kind of husband you want to be. That wouldn't be love, Bob—it wouldn't even be marriage! What's the use? I couldn't be what you want—and you'd hate me for it. And, maybe, I'd hate you!"

He pulled away from me and there was brutal anger in his voice. "You're crazy, Vicki!" he charged. "Don't you want to live—to have fun and friends and enjoy life?"

. . the right figure!

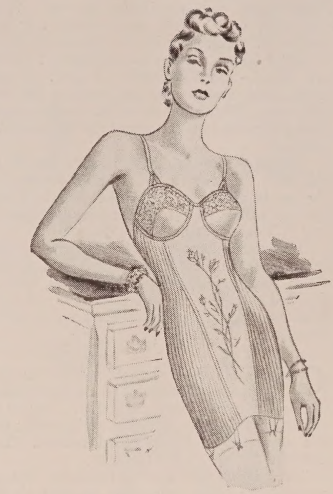
FASHION PREVIEWS

Edited by Ruth Stone Stylist for

HICKORY

The Foundation of Loveliness

PARISIAN DESIGNERS' names may mean nothing in your young life—but their edicts will affect your Fall wardrobe, clear down to your foundations. They've pruned your waist to a new narrowness and decided that your hips needn't be so retiring—but they refuse to excuse a single wrinkle in your contour. Your figure must be just right!—which is precisely why you'll like these Hickory "Figurite" Foundations of Loveliness.



"FIGURITE" FOUNDATION
Styled by HICKORY

"FIGURITE" FOUNDATION styled by Hickory. First: proper length; Second: exact bust-measure; and Third: correct bra-cup depth for YOU are all considered to give you accurate 3-dimensional fit. You'll feel as if this lovely all-in-one had been molded on your figure. Porous Leno Lastex sides trim your hips. The jacquard design front panel controls your tummy. The back, up-and-down stretch, panel stays put. Self-edges banish thigh-line bulges. Length best suited to your height: short, average, tall. Bra-cups, for that perfect rounded uplift, to fit your bust-type as well as bust-size: shallow, average, full. 32-38. $5.*

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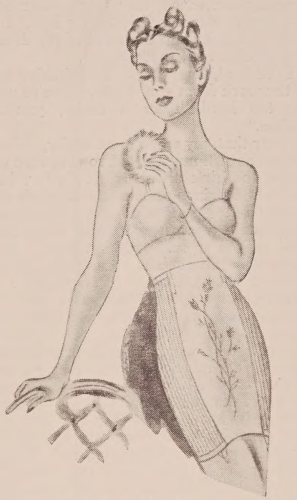
Only a few of the many beautiful Hickory foundations are shown here. In the wide range of exclusive Hickory models, there's one especially designed for you . . .whether you require moderate or gently firm support. For style—for perfect control—for priceless beauty at a modest price—you're right to insist on getting Hickory.

If your corsetiere hasn't the model you desire—she'll gladly secure it for you upon request. If not, please write me, giving your size and dealer's name. Ruth Stone, 1149 W. Congress Street, Chicago, Illinois. A. STEIN & COMPANY, Chicago, New York, Los Angeles, Buenos Aires, Toronto. Associate Manufacturer—Dowd Corset Co., Pty., Ltd., Melbourne, Australia.



"FIGURITE" GIRDLE
Styled by HICKORY

"FIGURITE" GIRDLE styled by Hickory. For the ultimate in smoothness, this attractive Leno Lastex girdle is self-edged at top and bottom. The jacquard design front panel flattens your tummy, and conceals two tiny stays to prevent rolling at the waistline. Because it stretches both ways, your hips are effectively—and comfortably—held to trim lines. InvizaGrip garters. Tailored in two lengths: 14 inch—$3.50; 16 inch—$4.00.*

"Yes, but not that *kind*. That kind of love isn't enough. I don't know how to explain it, but I want real love and real marriage and children—I want to feel that my roots are deep in the earth. Maybe you'd better drive me home, Bob. . . ."

He muttered something and drove like a madman, but I didn't care for my world had crashed around my ears. When we arrived at my door, his eyes were desperate and defiant at once; but I knew what I wanted.

"Vicki," he said, "you're sure? You won't —come along with me?"

"Yes," I murmured, "I'm sure. I wanted Bob Linden—for my husband . . . I don't want . . . a movie star."

The days that followed were quiet for me. I felt as if I had come out of some devastating illness—all shaky inside. I seemed to have no emotional stability at all. I saw Bob in the office, and we spoke as old friends might, no recriminations, no regrets. We were civilized people, I thought, sardonically.

But the Hollywood grapevine was busy; the air waves carried rumors. Bob and Sonia were seen often together, in the bright spots of the film capital. What Allied-Apex —or Lord—had done to soothe Sonia's feelings when she found that Bob had stolen the picture from her, I do not know. But she and Bob were in each other's company all the time, it was rumored; and, of course, this was what Publicity had ordered. However, I felt that something had been offered Sonia as a sop to her monumental ego.

It grew on me slowly, but with ever-increasing conviction, that I had suffered no real heartbreak in relinquishing Bob. I had tried to fit him into the mold of my dreams, and he didn't fit, that was all.

Lord said, one day: "I'm shifting some of the work from you, Vicki. You're working too hard. Take it easier, you look peaked."

After that, my work grew easier, although there was still much detail to take care of. I began to think about Nigel's offer, but I felt it had strings attached to it which made it out of the question for me. My evenings were now my own again, and Nigel Smith took up the slack. He kept urging me to make radio my life's work and sign the contract. I liked and admired Nigel, but I was afraid of him, too, for he was a disturbing person; and again, I somehow didn't want to leave Allied-Apex.

Nigel and I were at the Brown Derby at a far, corner table one night, when our crisis came. It grew out of his insistence that I go into radio with him. We'd been talking pleasantly about many things. His black eyes were brilliant. Suddenly he said:

"Vicki, why don't you sign up? We'd be together—we'd go all over the country together. You'd be a personality in your own right." His eyes smouldered, intent on mine. His intense masculinity was like a slap in the face.

"Your technique is direct, certainly," I said.

"Vicki," he said, eagerly, "you know I'm crazy about you! I want to look after you. I want you to come with me."

I said, with stiff lips: "A little detour off the straight and narrow path to the wide, gay boulevard of the transgressor, Nigel?"

"Holy cats!" he cried. "You read the wrong books! Am I so distasteful to you, Vicki?"

"Quite—the reverse," I said, "which may be—the rub."

"Then, why not?" he demanded, and I saw the sudden flame in his eyes and was conscious of a gathering tide. "Why not, Vicki?"

"Because," I said, as steadily as I could, "because I have certain quaint, old-fashioned notions, Nigel. I'm not a young modern."

"You little idiot!" he gritted. "I want you to marry me, didn't you know that?"

I could feel hot blood flood my face; something, rich as music, drummed poignantly in my heart; a flare of sudden, reckless perversity flooded me. Why not? Nigel was young, rich, handsome, famous. What did I want? What more could any girl want? Perhaps my ideas of marriage *were* old-fashioned. Times had changed. I looked at Nigel—and liked what I saw. I was free, white and twenty-one, and my life was my own. Nigel had a terrific quality of life and magnetism. Excitement thrilled through me.

"Honey," he said exultantly, "we'll go places! There's a plane that leaves for Yuma in an hour. We'll be on it! You'll be my wife! We'll go far together—you'll see! You won't be sorry, dear!"

The excitement of it caught at me like a flare of naphtha. Married to Nigel Smith! Was that my destiny? Was that what I wanted? We were like two kids suddenly. I was reckless and hungry for adventure, for love, for excitement. . . .

GLENDALE—and a slim, silver dragon fly on the runway. The moon streaked the silver wings into sleek life. Drone of engines; a cup of coffee and a cigarette; and we were seated in the third section. The dragon fly took off smoothly.

The night sky was a luminous sea of moonlight; below pinpoints winked at the plane—beacons. I was eloping, romantically, with Nigel Smith—radio star—me!—Vicki Davis! It didn't seem real—yet, there was Nigel beside me, his arm around me.

The motors snarled and we were high up now. Throbbing minutes passed, and I became conscious that I was clutching Nigel's arm tightly. It was my first time in the air. I looked out of the window and shuddered. We were so far from the earth. Was I sorry? I wasn't, I told myself. Destiny had arranged this from the beginning of time. The young couple in front of us were hunched tightly together, the man's arm around the girl, her dark head on his shoulder.

Nigel nodded toward them and smiled, and I tried to smile back. Love! That was all there was room for in the world, and what else was necessary would come later. The minutes passed and I relaxed somewhat. Half an hour, perhaps, and then we all knew that something had gone wrong.

The pilot and co-pilot were conferring hastily. The stewardess came swiftly from the rear, and they talked to her. She nodded, and the plane began to circle.

The panic spread rapidly. The co-pilot saw it and came through the passenger compartment. His face was frozen tight with a grim smile. "It's all right, folks," he assured us, "everything's all right."

It didn't work. We all knew better. I clutched at Nigel in a cold horror. Death! Death was riding with us! Nigel stared vacantly at the pilot.

"What's wrong?" he croaked, in a broken voice. "We have a right to know!"

The pilot's face was a white mask. "The landing gear's jammed," he said. "We'll try to make an emergency landing at the nearest field, as soon as we get instructions. Nothing to fear, folks—we've made them before—"

His words were drowned by the frightened moan of a woman behind me; an old man, across from me, adjusted his glass with hands that shook and took a drink from a bottle. The plane lurched, and a woman screamed. The couple in front were in each other's arms. Few things mattered in that minute.

I was frightened speechless. My heart was jammed in my throat, and I found I was clutching Nigel tightly. He shook off my hand and unbuckled his safety belt. His face was like white paper.

"Vicki!" he whispered, pitifully, his eyes vacant. "Vicki—if we crash—it will wipe us all out—in a minute! All the things I fought so hard for . . . all my life . . . all my success . . . gone in a second! This crazy

Photo by Charles Rhodes

It's raining rice on the happy newlyweds, Paula Stone and Duke Daly, orchestra leader. Attendants participating in the fun are Anne Shirley and Natalie Draper Brown

plane. . . ." He was mouthing his words as if he were drunk. He'd forgotten that I was there!

Both pilots had their head sets on now—radio messages were flashing, I knew. "Nigel!" I cried, unable to stand the strain any longer. "Nigel—we're falling!"

He pushed me away. "If we crash," he babbled, with a mad vacant terror, "it'll be all over . . . and done . . . I'll die. . . ."

The wind screamed outside. The plane was rushing down, faster and faster, and I saw the earth, light-speckled, coming up. I put my hands over my mouth to stifle the screams and shut my eyes and prayed. That was all I remembered until I felt a shock, saw that the plane had landed at some emergency field—and I heard the mad screams of sirens on police cars, fire trucks and ambulances, racing beside the bumping plane.

I was trembling. The door opened and the passengers rushed out, Nigel among them. I was unable to move. I still sat, dazed, semi-conscious. A man in uniform came in.

"It's all right, Miss," he said. "Nothing to worry about now. No one hurt and everything safe. Come on, I'll help you to the airport."

I let him guide me out. An overwhelming reaction was making me tremble, and my stomach was weak. All Nigel could think of was his safety, his success being endangered, his career and his life coming to a sudden and horrible end! Not a word about me! I gritted my teeth and fought an engulfing nausea.

It was nearly a hundred miles to Hollywood, I was told. I hired a car and drove back. Nigel was in the men's room, completely out. He had fainted. As far as I was concerned, I didn't care if I ever saw him again. It was nearly morning when the car put me down in front of my apartment. I paid the bill and stumbled upstairs and fell into bed, more in coma than in sleep.

I DIDN'T go to the office the next day. I was too ill and upset to think of my job. My phone rang several times, but I didn't answer it. I was just too fed up and too much at sea to take any interest in everyday matters. My own emotional upheaval filled me to overflowing.

Toward evening, someone knocked. I had gotten out of bed, thrown on a bathrobe and made myself a cup of coffee. When I answered the door. Fred Lord stalked in. He swept a glance around my kitchenette, looked at me.

"Ill, eh? Well, this is no place for a sick girl. You've worked too hard and I was foolish to let you. Pack up, Vicki—you're going to the country for a vacation until you look and feel better."

I started to protest, but one might as well shoot peas at a mountain as try to budge Fred Lord when he is set on something. In the long run, I was packed up in his car, and sent speeding out toward Altadena and the foothills.

I came, at length, to a low-lying ranch house, where a housekeeper welcomed me, smiled, said she had talked to Lord over the phone, that she knew just what to do about everything. She gave me some hot milk and put me to bed; and, wonder of wonders!—I slept like a baby!

In the morning, feeling more human and steadier, I ate breakfast and went exploring. The housekeeper explained that this was Fred Lord's ranch. He came out about once a month. I was to stay until I was fully recovered. He was coming out at the end of the week.

That meant a whole week of quiet, of mountain air, of isolation to think things

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out and take stock. I rambled the hills. There was saddle horses to ride. I went fishing in a swift, mountain brook and explored the truck garden and the stables, the house and the barn. I laid my problems out in my mind as one would checkers, and looked them over, pondering the moves.

I don't know just how people arrive at ultimate conclusions, by what process of elimination; I don't know if my Hollywood experiences had sharpened my faculties or insight. But there came to me a strong sense of awakening, of self, something that half frightened me, yet filled me with a warm langour. I discovered a curious blindness, for I had never explored that undiscovered country that now, here in the golden silence of the hills, was revealed to me within myself. It was sheer magic, and something awakened in me that was deep and passionate as the earth itself. I had searched and found disillusion and emptiness, while all the time the answer was so near it had been completely overlooked! And I suddenly saw a new world—and a new heaven—opening its doors to me.

Fred Lord. Why, he *was* Allied-Apex! He was the romance and the tragedy, the beauty and the ability and the dreams; he made them all come true through his consummate genius! He acted everything—he pulled the strings that set the puppets in motion; he, of the gruff voice that failed to conceal the great heart and the keen mind. My pulses raced with discovery. The knowledge that I had loved the shaggy, gentle Fred came to me as abruptly as if an explosion had gone off in my face. He fitted the mold I had made to hold my man—and overflowed it. What had made me so stupid and so blind? What made so many girls blind to real gold that they went off to chase the sham glitter of tinsel?

Nothing could stop me now. I raced for the house and called Fred, long distance. When I got him, I could hardly talk. I managed to say, "It's me—Vicki."

He barked: "Are you all right, Vicki—"

"I'm all right," I said. "Fred—I must see you!"

"Right!" he snapped. "I'll be out in an hour!"

He didn't know of all my follies, but he knew of some; and I was suddenly consumed with shame for them, for I saw them now for what they were. How would I tell him that all that was behind me? That I had suddenly grown up?

He was frowning when he stepped out of the car. "You look better already, Vicki," he said. "Let's go up on the porch—and you can tell me what's on your mind."

My heart was racing with an excitement I had never known before in my life.

"Before we go any further," he said, "I want to tell you something, Vicki. I'd rather tell you than have you hear it unexpectedly. Bob and Sonia have decided to get married!"

I was surprised. It didn't touch me. I smiled.

"How appropriate!" I said. "Publicity will be tickled. Do you think they'll be happy?"

"They should be," he mused absently. "They're two of a selfish kind—that's why I cast them—" He paused, abruptly, and his gaze stabbed at me. "But I thought—you and Bob—"

"That," I said, "was some other year. I've grown up, I hope. I don't want to marry a movie star, Fred. I want all those things—I told you about in Ensenada."

The porch was dim and cool. The hills loomed all around us, and my heart beat wildly. I forced my eyes to meet Fred's, and I felt the tears in them. "You—blind goose!" I gulped.

"Vicki!" he said, hoarsely. "Do you mean—" He shook his head. "You wouldn't take a man's heart and make a football of it, just for fun, would you? Almost—you make me believe that I can dream again—that I can believe in the things I used to believe in."

"That I believe in, too," I whispered. "Oh, Fred, darling!"

He swept me into his arms as if I had been a feather. "Darling—you're so little and warm to hold," he whispered, and kissed me. "I hoped," he went on, "that you might be like this—some day—when you really saw the things around you as they are—"

I tried to speak, but no sounds came. He kissed me desperately, and I clung to him like a child, with an overwhelming sense of our oneness, of home-coming. He crushed me to him until my body ached, then he released me. His face was exultant. He seemed to be talking to himself.

"I loved you, Vicki, even from the very first, but you were so young. I thought myself too old, yet I schemed—and I tried to give you your chance for happiness. . . ."

"You came near ruining me!" I charged, my voice choked.

"Well, that's all over now that I've found you—and you've found yourself."

"I didn't want the cruel, selfish brand of love, Fred," I said, "that isn't big enough to recognize any emotion but its own. Isn't there, somewhere, something about a love that believes and hopes and endures, that suffers and is kind? That's the kind I want. I want your love, Fred—all of it—all the time."

His jaw went rigid and he picked me up in his arms like a child. Somewhere, on the road, I had taken wrong turnings, but I was on the main stream of life now. Our kiss was so full of tenderness and passion and beauty that all I could think of to say was, "I love you, Fred."

Later he asked me if I would like to live at the ranch. I told him I would adore it. Then he frowned again, and the wise eyes laughed at me, silently.

"Doggone it!" he said. "You were the best secretary I ever had and now I'm without a secretary again!"

I nestled in his big arms, content. "I resign," I said. "You can find yourself a career gal, about fifty—no younger!—with cross eyes and spectacles. I'll stay right here and wait for you, evenings! And, it's time you took a little dictation from me for a change. Take a letter, Fred Lord!"

"No," he smiled, "take a kiss, Vicki!"

It's a date. How would you like to go on a Hollywood date with one of filmland's most gorgeous stars—dinner at the Derby—dancing and a show at Earl Carroll's—a riot of fun at Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom's?

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SCREEN BOOK'S November issue is crammed with sensational, unpublished pictures and exclusive, behind-the-scenes stories of your favorite stars. Don't miss it!

Spencer Tracy—Virtue's Victim

[*Continued from page* 54]

and his fellow-men, a toper, a cadger, a forger and a libertine. The last view history has of him is as a frustrated politician imprisoned for debt in Fleet Prison.

The earlier Rogers, the bold and just man of action, is the man Tracy wants to memorialize.

"Even if it were not for the possible adverse reaction," he declared after his return from a European vacation during which he had pored over all the available source material on the life of Rogers, "I wouldn't want it said of me that I had a hand in desecrating the memory of a great and good soldier.

"In reconstructing Robert Rogers I'm going to try not to let the harsh details obscure the essential picture of a tough, humane soldier. If I have anything to say about it, we'll leave the last chapters of the major's personal life to the debunkers and confine ourselves to his public career."

The vast scope of Rogers' exploits as recorded in *Northwest Passage* provides the scenarist with enough material for six movies. The task is one of selection and the last days of the backwoods hero can be omitted without shortening the tale.

The business of personal career-steering will be an unfamiliar task for Tracy. Until his smashing performance in *San Francisco* he had never quite attained the stature of an undisputed first-rank star. Thus he never possessed absolute veto power over story assignments. Furthermore he was not particularly fussy about the roles he got, never having any comment about a newly-scheduled part except a modest, "It's too tough; I'll never be able to handle it." He was known to have serious doubts about his ability to portray Father Flanagan.

The full-time job of being a public preceptor in behavior promises to be a strange undertaking. Normally his movie decisions are of a strictly business nature and handled effortlessly by his brother Carroll. Under the new order of things, nearly every public appearance, no matter how informal, must become a matter of policy.

How this will affect the Tracy habit of haunting the M-G-M commissary remains to be seen. Whether he's working or not, it's a Tracy trait to drop into the studio lunchroom a few times a day to bandy conversation with all comers.

Spencer has been for years the most accessible star in pictures, ready to give and take a ribbing at all hours. Around his home he is the good-natured butt of a lot of airy horseplay, so much so that his six-year-old daughter Susan is accustomed to the dinner-table announcement, "Quiet, dear, while Daddy murders a story he heard at the studio today."

The drawbacks to being a model for the millions were forecast for Spencer during his vacation in France. A warm and instant friendship sprang up between him and Jean Gabin, the French movie idol known as "the Spencer Tracy of France." Gabin, fresh from his triumph in *Grand Illusion,* stands in somewhat the same relative position with respect to his audience. But he takes the honors far more lightly than Spencer.

"Let's get together on a program of living," Gabin suggested. "As we are now, we are mere instruments for the amusement of strangers. Let us make a film together, a beautiful film. It will take us one month and we shall each earn 100,000 francs."

A hundred thousand francs sounds like a lot of money, but the exchange rate cuts it down to the Hollywood equivalent of peanuts.

"All right," Spencer agreed. "Now we have 100,000 francs. What's next?"

"We retire and go fishing," Gabin announced. "We travel all over the world and fish and philosophize. When the money runs out we return to civilization, run into the nearest studio, make another picture, earn another 100,000 francs and continue our fishing. Very attractive, eh?"

There could have been no doubt of the attractiveness of the proposal to the Spencer Tracy of a few years ago. Money, fame and the future meant little to him then. He would have snatched at the opportunity to while away a season or a decade with such a charming companion as Gabin.

But now a new element intervenes, the vast and diverse bloc of impressionable youngsters and distressed adults who look to Tracy for moral guidance and spiritual rearmament. That such a following really exists is attested by the multitude of personal appeals that follow in the wake of each picture. The responsibility must be met.

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BE IN LOVE!
HOW FOOLISH TO MISS YOUR CHANCE THROUGH DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
THERE'S JUST NOTHING LIKE A LOVELY "SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION" TO HELP A GIRL WIN AND HOLD THE MAN SHE LOVES!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO TO KEEP MY SKIN FROM GETTING SO DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING?
MAYBE YOU'RE USING THE WRONG SOAP! WHY DON'T YOU TRY PALMOLIVE? THAT'S WHAT I ALWAYS USE!
OLIVE OIL, PALMOLIVE'S SECRET!
YOU SEE, PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE OIL, A MATCHLESS BEAUTY AID PROVIDED BY NATURE HERSELF TO KEEP SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG! THAT'S WHY IT'S SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN!
AND BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, ITS LATHER IS REALLY DIFFERENT! IT CLEANSES SO GENTLY, YET REMOVES DIRT AND COSMETICS SO THOROUGHLY... LEAVES COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
WELL, I'M GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE AND GET A "SCHOOL-GIRL COMPLEXION" LIKE YOURS!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
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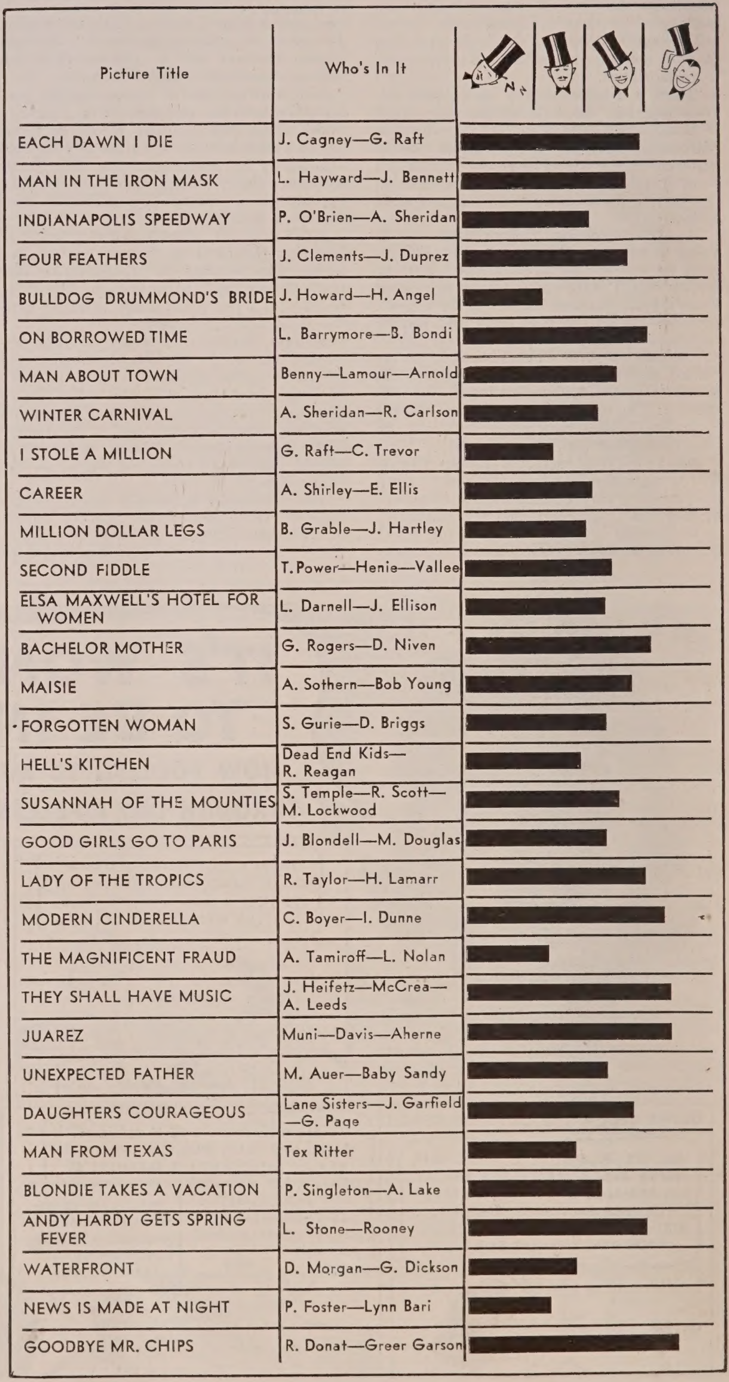
THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face)



Picture Title	Who's In It
EACH DAWN I DIE	J. Cagney—G. Raft
MAN IN THE IRON MASK	L. Hayward—J. Bennett
INDIANAPOLIS SPEEDWAY	P. O'Brien—A. Sheridan
FOUR FEATHERS	J. Clements—J. Duprez
BULLDOG DRUMMOND'S BRIDE	J. Howard—H. Angel
ON BORROWED TIME	L. Barrymore—B. Bondi
MAN ABOUT TOWN	Benny—Lamour—Arnold
WINTER CARNIVAL	A. Sheridan—R. Carlson
I STOLE A MILLION	G. Raft—C. Trevor
CAREER	A. Shirley—E. Ellis
MILLION DOLLAR LEGS	B. Grable—J. Hartley
SECOND FIDDLE	T. Power—Henie—Vallee
ELSA MAXWELL'S HOTEL FOR WOMEN	L. Darnell—J. Ellison
BACHELOR MOTHER	G. Rogers—D. Niven
MAISIE	A. Sothern—Bob Young
FORGOTTEN WOMAN	S. Gurie—D. Briggs
HELL'S KITCHEN	Dead End Kids—R. Reagan
SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES	S. Temple—R. Scott—M. Lockwood
GOOD GIRLS GO TO PARIS	J. Blondell—M. Douglas
LADY OF THE TROPICS	R. Taylor—H. Lamarr
MODERN CINDERELLA	C. Boyer—I. Dunne
THE MAGNIFICENT FRAUD	A. Tamiroff—L. Nolan
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC	J. Heifetz—McCrea—A. Leeds
JUAREZ	Muni—Davis—Aherne
UNEXPECTED FATHER	M. Auer—Baby Sandy
DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS	Lane Sisters—J. Garfield—G. Page
MAN FROM TEXAS	Tex Ritter
BLONDIE TAKES A VACATION	P. Singleton—A. Lake
ANDY HARDY GETS SPRING FEVER	L. Stone—Rooney
WATERFRONT	D. Morgan—G. Dickson
NEWS IS MADE AT NIGHT	P. Foster—Lynn Bari
GOODBYE MR. CHIPS	R. Donat—Greer Garson

What—No Oomph?

[*Continued from page* 56]

another barrel-shaped director who carries a company of clowns on the set with him, and has even a greater zest for horseplay than Hitchy.

Chairs collapsed under Madeleine, rubber snakes were placed in her dressing room and terrifying-looking mice were sent scampering across the set.

Some unkind fellow told the "Ford Follies" company that Miss Carroll had read a good deal about American gangsters and was a bit timid about our Capones and Dillingers. After that, they dug up every murderous looking character in town and introduced him as "Killer This" or "Strangler That." They told her that every siren she heard heralded a shooting down the street.

If Madeleine told a joke to show she was a good fellow, they looked at her blankly.

"At the end of the picture, however," she explained, "I had my reward. That's what I thought, at any rate, when the entire crew sent a huge bunch of flowers to my dressing room. The enclosed card said 'To Madeleine, a good sport, from the gang.'

"I was just admiring this pretty tribute when Francis Ford, John's brother and assistant and, incidentally, a great serial star in the silent era, came in and found me crying for joy. I told him how sweet they all were to send those flowers.

"'What flowers?' he asked. I showed him the bouquet and card. 'Somebody is kidding you,' he exclaimed. 'Those flowers belong to the prop department. You better get them back or you'll have to pay for them.'

"But, luckily, I retained my temper. And it turned out all right. Francis Ford was giving me a farewell 'rib.' And, I think, my education was complete. They found out I could take it."

Perhaps her greatest success as a wisecracker was achieved in the most expensive scene of her most pretentious picture, *The Prisoner of Zenda.* It was shot at a time when the coronation of King George VI was about to take place. Producer David Selznick was eager to outdo the royal proceedings in London with *his* coronation scene.

Hundreds of extras and bit players crowded the line of march. Everybody in the cast, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., David Niven, C. Aubrey Smith and a host of lesser celebrities followed Madeleine and Ronald Colman to the crowning ceremony.

"Everyone was so impressed by the dignity of the occasion that going through with it was almost unbearable.

"Finally, I whispered to Ronnie, 'Don't look now but I think we're being followed!' That broke Ronnie down and acting was fun again."

In Miss Carroll's latest picture, *My Love for Yours,* there is a three and a half year old child actress named Carolyn Lee who seemed as resentful of the star's oomph as any of her early directors. The first day, Carolyn was repeatedly told to look at Miss Carroll.

"But suppose I get tired of looking at Miss Carroll," she complained, "what shall I do then?"

The second day, Carolyn told Madeleine, "You're quite sophisticated, aren't you?"

And the third day, her crusher was, "I like you, but I can't promise to keep it up."

After that *My Love for Yours,* which costars Fred MacMurray, went along fine except for a single highly explosive incident. This concerned the title which originally was *Are Husbands Necessary?*

Miss C. didn't think such a title was either necessary or in the most immaculate taste as she was currently divorcing her husband, Captain Philip Astley, intimate friend of George VI.

The front office's idea was that this was the happiest of coincidences and meant whole extra layers of publicity for the film. But Madeleine who, though born in England, is of French-Irish descent, and finds it less easy to give in than Neville Chamberlain, kept fighting with Gaelic fury and Gallic spirit until she won the dispute. The film will be released as *My Love for Yours* and the newspaper columnists won't have the anticipated picnic with variations on the line, "Madeleine Carroll has emphatically answered the question *Are Husbands Necessary?* by shedding her spouse."

"I like the part because it is human, richer and warmer than my other roles," she declared. "In this new film I play a business woman who adopts a child, then loses it. Gradually, I realize that no matter how successful a woman is, her life is not complete without a husband or children."

Her next film for Paramount will be *Safari* and the one following that will be a story about the Northwest Mounted Police.

They thought Betty would never be a bride

BETTY WILL BE LEFT ON THE SHELF IF SHE DOESN'T WATCH OUT
DOESN'T SHE REALIZE MEN RUN FROM "B.O."?
WHY, THOSE WOMEN WERE TALKING ABOUT ME! THEY WERE SAYING I NEEDED LIFEBUOY. I'LL NEVER RISK "B.O." AGAIN!

I BEGAN TO USE LIFEBUOY IN MY DAILY BATH... I SOON FOUND I WAS MUCH MORE POPULAR

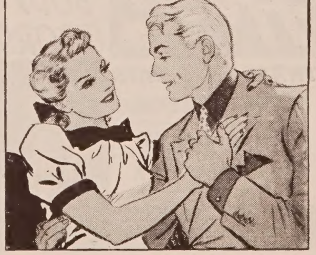
I KEEP MILLIONS *Lovable*—SAFE FROM OFFENDING

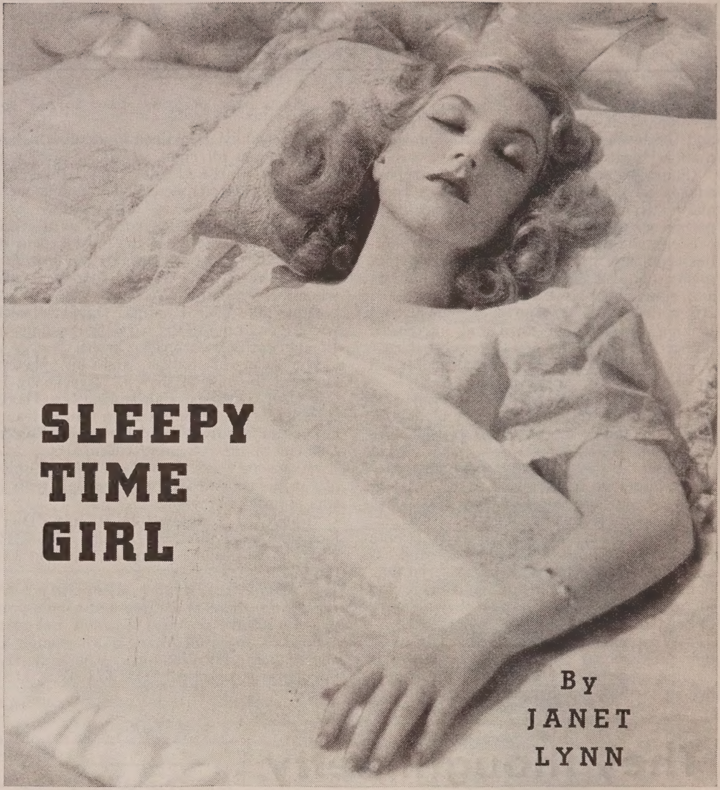
LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP
LIFEBUOY

● Like women everywhere, Betty discovered *it pays to keep lovable with Lifebuoy!* Her daily Lifebuoy bath not only stopped "B.O."—it made her more sure of herself, gave her a new kind of charm and poise. Lifebuoy's *different;* contains an exclusive ingredient. Its lavish lather is lively and refreshing. Why should one risk offending when it's so *pleasant* to play safe!

THE HAPPY ENDING

IT WAS A HAPPY DAY FOR ME WHEN TED PROPOSED. I CERTAINLY FOOLED THOSE TWO WHO SAID I'D NEVER BE A BRIDE!





SLEEPY TIME GIRL

By JANET LYNN

Take a beauty tip from lovely Ann Sothern and get your quota of eight hours sleep daily. Miss Sothern has a title role in 20th Century-Fox's, *Elsa Maxwell's Hotel for Women*

NIGHT time is the right time to do all the little beauty chores that will make you lovelier the next day. And the nice thing is that you don't have to "turn the night into day" in the process. For these little things take but a short time—and some of them can be doubled up.

Did you know, for example, that you'll get more good out of your face creaming if you apply the lubricant before stepping into your hot tub? The steam and warmth from the water helps the cream melt quicker and penetrate further because the pores of the skin are relaxed by the heat. That means you can remove the cream when you step from the tub, and go to bed with a smooth skin—but no shine!

That bed-time bath is a beauty aid in itself. The warm water relaxes your tired body, it readies you for sweeter slumber. It puts you into a "lovely" mood, and relieves all nerve tension—so that any beauty aid applied at bed-time has twice as good a chance of working as it would during the day. It washes away all the dirt, oil and perspiration that your body has accumulated during the day. So your skin will function more easily while you sleep, and be lovelier when you awake.

Your bath will be a real pleasure, too, if you use a mild and fragrant soap. I'll be glad to give you the name of one that lathers quickly and rapidly rinses away all the waste matter you don't want on your skin. It's of the hard-milled variety (all the excess water and air have been rolled out) so it won't get soft and smudgy, nor disappear quickly. A supply of three cakes lasts and lasts—try keeping the extras among your undies to keep them smelling sweet. Want the name?

Step from your tub, dust yourself with powder, and on with a fresh nightie. There's not much sense in bathing night and morning if you put on the same things you've

Do you know how to get the most good out of your "beauty sleep?" Janet Lynn will tell you—and give you specific help with any special beauty problems of your own. Just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to her in care of SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

"THOSE SOFT, LOVELY CURLS ARE enchanting me," Ted whispered. With Nestle-Curling Lotion you can quickly have exquisitely natural and longer lasting curls!

NESTLE CURLING LOTION GIVES ME adorable, springy ringlets in *any* weather. It's so simple to use with home curlers, bobby pins or clips. My waves last longer!

Nestle Curling Lotion is scientifically formulated to give you soft, natural, professional looking curls...even in damp weather. It dries quicker and leaves no sticky or greasy deposit. Imparts a soft shine to your hair and produces fascinating curls that last through many more days!

Get Nestle Curling Lotion *today!* In the large non-slip, comb-dip bottle. 10¢ at all 10-cent stores. *Good Housekeeping approved.*

Nestle
CURLING
LOTION

Nestle CURLING LOTION

NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof. Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NU-NAILS ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS
4042 W. Lake St., Dept. 17-K, Chicago

Hush STOPS BODY ODORS

THREE SAFE WAYS
1 Hush CREAM for underarm perspiration
2 Hush LIQUID checks perspiration 1 to 3 days
3 Hush POWDER use on sanitary napkins

10¢ SIZES AT 10¢ COUNTERS
25¢, 50¢ AT DRUG, DEPT. STORES

been perspiring in for three or four days. Not when it's so easy to suds out that slip, brassiere or girdle, those stockings or pajamas. Be sure to write me for the name of some quick-acting soap flakes that are kind to sensitive hands as well as fine silks. Run a bowl-ful of lukewarm water over a handful of the flakes, dump in your "wash," swish the suds through it a bit—and let it soak while you're doing the same in your tub. A rinse when you step out—and the job is done! Daintiness comes fast and cheap!

Two of my favorite creams are naturals for bedtime beauty. The first is of the cold cream type—do try applying it before your tub. It's excellent as a cleanser *and* softener—and you can leave it on overnight for maximum effects. The second cream is what you want if you prefer the non-greasy type of lubricant, and I suggest you apply it after bathing, and just before popping into bed. It vanishes completely into the skin—you'll never know it is there at all until you feel the new softness and smoothness of your skin next morning. Especially recommended to brides—so hubby won't be shocked by a greasy face! Both creams come in ten cent sizes as well as larger ones—I'll send you the name!

DO YOU do anything about your eyes at night? They'll be lovelier for a little attention! Bedtime is when you should give your eyebrows a good brushing and creaming, when you should massage a fine eye cream into the tender skin around the eyes. This helps smooth away tiny lines, crow's feet, and keep the skin soft and clear. Brush a good tonic cream over your eyelashes at the same time. That helps them grow sweeping long, keeps them from breaking off, and gives them a silky sheen. You'll be pleased, I know, with the results given by twin eyelash and eye creams sold for the incredibly low price of ten cents each. Name, please?

Naturally you brush your teeth at night, because you don't want any decaying food particles to have an eight hour start on you! But do you really brush them well? You have to when you use the toothbrush I've been experimenting with lately. The handle is twisted so you must give the right curve to the brush as you brush down on the upper teeth, up on the lowers! It's practically impossible to brush across the teeth (that wears out the enamel, you know) with this brush. All of which makes brushing teeth a lot easier.

To go with the brush, let me recommend a pleasant tasting tooth paste that foams quickly, helps float away food particles. It makes your mouth feel clean and your teeth look it. Massaging your gums with the paste will stir up any sluggish circulation condition, provide a better flow of blood to the teeth—and that automatically makes them brighter and healthier. Do try it.

Don't forget your hair at bedtime if you want it to look like anything the next morning! Brush it for five minutes to stimulate the scalp, and make the hair shine. Pin it into place, if it is naturally curly, or moisten it and roll it into curls. Try wetting it with a curling lotion instead of water. It will dry faster (so you needn't go to bed with a wet head), hold the curl longer and give a beautiful soft sheen to the hair. Curling lotions are thinner than waveset, and can not "flake" in your hair. A dime buys a large, comb-dip bottle. Are you interested?

One of the trickiest bed-time accessories I've seen in a long time is a new "drawstring snood" with tabs which let you put the net on or take it off without mussing a single curl! The drawstring keeps it in place—no matter how you toss and turn! The snood comes in all hair colors, and in pastel shades as well. Wear it at night to save your wave, when you're changing clothes, to prevent mussing, or when driving, to keep your hair from blowing. Inexpensive, of course.

Write me before October 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (with U. S. Postage, please) for my reply. Send your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York City

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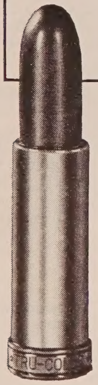
This New Lipstick will never dry your lips



HERE'S the most exciting news for you from the world of motion pictures...a new lip make-up discovery by *Max Factor Hollywood*. It is called TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK...and it's positively the answer to your every wish for a perfect lipstick. Just note these four amazing features...

1. ***lifelike red of your lips***
2. ***non-drying, but indelible***
3. ***safe for sensitive lips***
4. ***eliminates lipstick line***

There's really a thrill awaiting you the very first time you try this sensational new lipstick...you, too, will agree it's perfect. Remember the name, Max Factor's Tru-Color Lipstick...and there's a color harmony shade just for your type...$1.00.

LUCILLE BALL
in RKO-Radio's
"PANAMA LADY"

The POWDER... Choose your color harmony shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder..then note how flattering the color is to your skin. It's satin-smooth and clinging, too..hours later your make-up will still look lovely...$1.00.

The ROUGE... Harmonize your rouge with your powder and lipstick... this is the secret of *Max Factor Hollywood* color harmony make-up. There's a shade for your type to enhance your beauty...50¢.

Max Factor
★HOLLYWOOD

PURSE MAKE-UP KIT

Mail for POWDER, ROUGE AND LIPSTICK IN YOUR COLOR HARMONY

MAX FACTOR MAKE-UP STUDIO, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Send Purse-Size Box of Powder, Rouge Sampler and miniature Tru-Color Lipstick in my color harmony shade. I enclose ten cents for postage and handling. Also send me my Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and Illustrated Instruction Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*.......FREE

5-10-55

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ...☐	Blue.....☐	BLONDE
Fair.......☐	Gray.....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
Creamy.....☐	Green....☐	BROWNETTE
Medium.....☐	Hazel....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
Ruddy......☐	Brown ...☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow.....☐	Black....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
Freckled ....☐	LASHES [*Color*]	REDHEAD
Olive.......☐	Light ....☐	Light.☐ Dark.☐
SKIN Dry☐	Dark.....☐	*If Hair is Gray, check type above and here* ☐
Oily☐ Normal☐	AGE	

New *Under-arm* Cream Deodorant *safely* Stops Perspiration

1. Does not harm dresses—does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
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(Also in 10 cent and 59 cent jars)

WATCH FREE with every ring ordered NOW and paid for in one year, on our new easy two $2 payment plan (total only $4—includes both ring and watch.) Simulated diamonds set in Lifetime Sterling Silver. Wear 10 days on approval. WE TRUST YOU—Send NO Money with order. We ship at once. No charge for credit.

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Gold Standard Watch Co., C-3910, Newton, Mass. In Canada: G. S. Watch Co., C-3910 Empire Bldg., Montreal.

MEN—WOMEN SELL NEW "EMBOSS-O" CHRISTMAS CARDS

Make up to $3 IN AN HOUR

Big spare time money-maker! Season's sensation! "Emboss-O" Christmas Cards, with sender's signature in raised gold effect! Sell assortment of 21 beautiful cards with "Emboss-O" materials, only $1. You make 50c profit. Extra Bonus. Many other assortments, 50c up. Also name-imprinted Christmas Cards, 50 for $1. Write today!

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Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX, the new velvety-soft, soothing, cushioning foot plaster, quickly relieves pain, stops shoe pressure on Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Tender Spots on feet and toes. Prevents blisters from new or tight shoes. Flesh color. Drug, Shoe, Dept. and 10¢ Stores.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

Easily cut to any size or shape

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS, Associate Editor

I would like to know where I may obtain a picture of Nan Grey.—Jane McM.

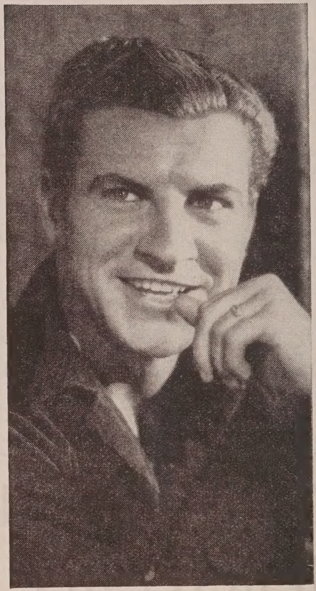
Miss Grey is under contract to Universal Studios, Universal City, California. Do not forget to enclose 25c to cover the cost of mailing.

To settle an argument will you please tell me if either one of the Laurel and Hardy team is dead?—Patricia C.

No, Patricia, they're both alive and kicking.

Will you please give me the studio addresses of John Wayne, Gary Cooper and Robert Preston?—Virginia R.

John's studio is Republic Pictures, 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California. Bob Preston's at Paramount, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, and since *Beau Geste*, Mr. Cooper may also be reached at this studio.



Bob Preston, Paramount's newest male sensation, grins approvingly over his newest assignment, the lead role in *Typhoon*. His co-star will be Dorothy Lamour

Will you please tell me if Dorothy Lamour and Hedy Lamarr are sisters?—Dottie W.

Don't let the similarity of names confuse you, Dottie. They are not related.

Can I get a copy of the speech Nelson Eddy made at the end of *Let Freedom Ring*? If so, to whom should I address my request, and how much will it cost?—Karen T.

I'm sorry, but I can not give you complete information on this request. However, if you'll write to the M-G-M Studios, Culver City, California, they will supply you with full information.

Will you please tell me the month and year *Dark Angel* was released? The one in which Fredric March, Merle Oberon and Herbert Marshall appeared.—Miriam Z.

The picture you refer to was released September 5, 1935.

Will you please tell me what studios James Ellison and Ronald Reagan are associated with?—Kathryn R.

Jimmie's at RKO Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California, and Ronald is under contract to Warner Brothers, Burbank, California.

May I have a brief biography of Brian Aherne?—Violet P.

Brian de Lacey Aherne was born in Kings Norton, Worcestershire, England. He made his stage debut at the age of three and was sent to London at the age of ten to be trained for the stage, in spite of his desire to earn his living in another walk of life. His first success in moving pictures was in *Song of Songs*. His most recent success was his portrayal of Maximilian opposite Bette Davis in *Juarez*. He is six feet two inches tall, has blue eyes and brown hair.

Did the little boy named "Peewee" who played in *Boys Town* also appear in *Alexander Graham Bell*?—M. B. A.

Bobs Watson is the lad you refer to. He appeared in both pictures.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month Joan Votsis will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Will you please list the names of all the pictures Gene Autry has appeared in?—Jean T.

Here goes, Jean. *Git Along Little Doggie, Rootin' Tootin' Rhythm, Round-Up Time in Texas, The Old Corral, The Big Show, Public Cowboy No. 1., Yodelin' Kid From Pine Ridge, Manhattan Merry-Go-Round, Springtime in the Rockies, Boots and Saddles, The Old Barn Dance, Man from Music Mountain, Prairie Moon, Mexicali Rose, Gold Mine in the Sky, Western Jamboree, Rhythm of the Saddle, Home on the Prairie,* and *Mountain Rhythm.*

Can you please tell me when and where Roy Rogers was born. Where do I write for a picture of him?—Emily.

Roy was born in Cody, Wyoming, on November 5, 1912. He works for Republic Pictures, address listed elsewhere.

I would like to know where I may obtain a photograph of a certain scene from the picture *That Certain Age.*—Peggy Ann S.

Try writing to Universal Studios, the address is listed elsewhere in column.

To settle a controversy, will you please tell me the exact day, month and year of Ann Rutherford's birth? I would also like to know if Frankie Thomas played the mayor in *Boys Town.*—Mary D.

Ann was born on November 2, 1922. Yes, Frankie was one of the mayors of *Boys Town.*

Will you please give me a brief biography of Robert Preston, including all the pictures he has appeared in. Also, what was his name in *Union Pacific*?—Helen

Contrary to the usual procedure, it was not a producer nor a director nor a talent scout that "discovered" Robert Preston. It was Sidney Justin, an attorney of the Paramount Legal department. Preston was signed the moment studio executives viewed his tests. First cast in three minor pictures, he was then selected by Cecil B. de Mille for the second male lead in *Union Pacific,* and is currently one of the three heroic brothers in *Beau Geste.* He is six feet and one inch in height; is an accomplished boxer. He weighs 175 pounds, has dark brown hair and grey eyes. The pictures he has appeared in to date include: *King of Alcatraz, Illegal Traffic, Disbarred, Union Pacific, Beau Geste.* The role he portrayed in *Union Pacific* was that of Dick Allen.

TITLE CHANGES

Motion picture studios are noted for their tendency to swap titles in midstream. As a new service to its readers, SCREEN BOOK will tip you off regarding titles which have been changed during the past month.

Old Title	*Players*	*New Title*
Little Mother	G. Rogers—D. Niven	Bachelor Mother
Elizabeth and Essex	B. Davis—E. Flynn	The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex
Give Me a Child	G. Fitzgerald—J. Lynn	A Child Is Born
Devil on Wheels	P. O'Brien—A. Sheridan	Indianapolis Speedway
Memory of Love	C. Lombard—C. Grant—K. Francis	In Name Only
Battle of City Hall	Dead End Kids—R. Reagan	The Angels Wash Their Faces
Are Husbands Necessary?	M. Carroll—F. MacMurray	My Love for Yours

I'M A PERFECT PARTNER FOR EVERY OCCASION
N·R·G
CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY!
CURTISS Baby 5¢ Ruth
Slice and Serve FOR ALL OCCASIONS
Baby Ruth
RICH IN DEXTROSE FOOD-ENERGY SUGAR

N.R.G. is energy—the pep and power to get going and keep going at work or play.

Baby Ruth—the big, pure, delicious candy bar is rich in food-energy because it's rich in Dextrose, the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Enjoy a bar of Baby Ruth today—and every day. It's fine candy and fine *food!*

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

Maxie is shown being chosen as "Dodo Boy" by a U. S. C. Sorority. The gals said they'd rather not be stranded on an island with him

"SHULBERG" PICKS A WINNER

"SHULBERG" is Maxie Rosenbloom's name for every big shot. But Hollywood big shots don't have trouble remembering Maxie's name. He has 'em where he wants 'em.

By
DUNCAN UNDERHILL

THE first time Maxie Rosenbloom donned make-up and strolled on a movie set a supercilious leading man asked, "How does it feel to be punchdrunk, old boy?"

"Wonderful," Max replied. "I got my dose from getting slammed around in 400 fights. How did you get yours?"

For Maxie, the mysterious new field of the drama holds no terrors. He has collided with experts in all forms of rivalry from mitts to weapons to wits. And the number of times he has wound up on the floor are computable on your thumbs.

Producers, directors, supervisors, agents and the other exalted nobility of Hollywood officialdom all look alike to Maxie and he calls them all by the same name: Shulberg.

"Tell Shulberg I can't condescend to accept no part like that," he informs his agent. "It ain't got no chic."

At previews and premieres, with championship *noblesse oblige*, he gives credit for the high gloss of his vehicles to "my supporting cast." His supporting casts have included such secondary players as Carole Lombard, Fredric March, Pat O'Brien and Edward G. Robinson.

"Shulberg give me a nice company on that one," he remarked of *Naughty But Nice*. "That Sheridan give a lotta stren'th to the love stuff."

"Love stuff" is not the Rosenbloom forte, his talents running more to the impersonation of the Rosenblooms of this world—a newspaper circulation slugger in *Nothing Sacred;* a kleptomaniac in the *Charlie Chan* series; Claire Trevor's bodyguard in *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse*, and *Max Rosenbloom* in a series of Warner Brothers shorts picturing the life and works of that sterling American.

Once in a while the casting directors, with intuitive wizardry, cast him as a fighter, as in *The Kid from Kokomo*, wherein Wayne Morris as the kid, knocks him into swoons and spirals. Almost simultaneously with the release of this picture, Maxie was matched to meet one Al Ettore, a heavyweight, in a fistic contest in Los Angeles which was theoretically

SCREWBALLS ON THE LOT

MAIDEN FORM'S "ADAGIO"
designed for Young Figures
Gives "PRECISION FIT," too!

Young girls—and women whose bustlines are still "young"—find the smaller-than-average breast sections of Maiden Form's "Adagio" the perfect solution of their brassiere problem. What's more, "Adagio's" adjustable back and shoulder straps give "precision fit," without alterations. Bandeau or long-line styles, $1.00 to $2.50.

"Chansonette" (left) gives smart "pointed roundness" to average breasts—$1.00 to $2.00. Send for free Booklet F: Maiden Form Brassiere Co., Inc., New York, N.Y.

AT ALL LEADING STORES

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BRASSIERES
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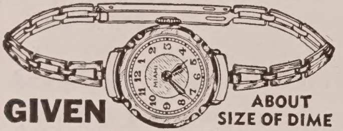

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Earn extra money daily showing lovely low-priced Christmas Cards. Get easy orders from friends, others. Complete line Box Assortments, low as 25c to you. Personal Christmas Cards, with name, at low prices. Amazing values. You make big profits, easy sales. No experience necessary. Spare or full time. Write for samples on Free Offer at once.
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(SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)
Use DERMOIL

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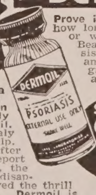

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to determine whether he was a suitable opponent for Joe Louis. (See Pictures on pages 30-31.)

Wayne Morris sat in Maxie's corner as a second the night of the fight and watched a well acted performance that culminated in Ettore's collapse. The California boxing commission allowed that the bout was a delightful dramatic exhibition but otherwise as phony as a Bermuda license plate. They held up Ettore's share of the box-office swag. Max got his full split, which he immediately socked away on his favorite gilt-edged investments: bets on the racing prowess of a man's noblest friend, the horse, and on the outcome of miscellaneous prize fights and ball games.

Rosenbloom's rise in the movies is the outcome of a desire to get in some honest racket to supplement his ring earnings and bolster him up against the imminent inroads of middle age and bad hours. For months he dickered with a mob that had him ribbed up to buy a Hollywood barber shop. He was actually on the point of setting up as a big shampoo, shave and massage magnate when the soft touch of becoming an actor was called to his attention.

From the beginning his weekly take from the studios has been from $300 to $1,000, with a seven-year contract containing a few pounds of whereases lurking in the background. This ups considerably the amount he feels forced to get rid of at games of chance. The Rosenbloom jack is derived from three sources—pictures, fights and a night club—but it all goes down the same drainpipe—sour bets. At this moment Maxie owes his current "Shulberg" $1,500, advanced on his next picture. The ponies ate it up.

It's a dull day when the tyro Thespian doesn't let fly on all races at all tracks in continental North America. His mornings customarily are spent in form calculation and telephoning to betting commissioners. His afternoons are devoted to watching the giddy-aps run. Early evening finds him at a softball game, a form of fifteen-cent depravity indulged in by muscular young ladies. Here Maxie bets as much as $500 on the outcome of a contest that frequently sees a ten-run lead erased in one inning. His nights, running into dawn, are alloted to "Slapsy Maxie's," a bughouse annex masquerading under a cafe license.

Like Coal Oil Johnny, Mr. Rosenbloom chooses to scatter his money where he makes it. In the best coal oil tradition he has his coat of arms—interlocked boxing gloves—blazoned on the door of his implausibly gaudy motor car. He has a chateau in the Chateau Belt of Hollywood, the living room of which he has not entered in four months. He has a wardrobe that daily dazzles the eyes of Adolphe Menjou when they meet on the boulevard or paddock. Because he loves nice things, he customarily pays $175 for his sports jackets and $60 for his lounging pants.

The butterfly routine described here applies only when The Champ is not making a picture or "studying" for a fight by reading the newspaper. The word "champ" is used advisedly, since the fellow was possessor of the world light-heavyweight title for five years, taking it from Jimmy Slattery in 1930 and losing it in New York in 1934 on a cheesy decision to Bob Olin, who immediately sank into obscurity. Some of the good boys he has slapped around are Jack Delaney, Mickey Walker, Harry Greb, Young Stribling, Tiger Flowers and Bob Pastor. Before the Louis-Nova fight he was the only man to beat Nova.

When engaged at the studio Max is deadly serious about his Art. First he reads his part and consults with his partners, managers and bookmakers about interpreting it. Then he learns the lines, a trick at which he has become adept. After having got them thoroughly in mind, he discards them and writes his own paraphrase, which sounds as if it were written by Mrs. Malaprop's infant son.

"Don't gimme none of that interpretation stuff, Shulberg," he cautions the dialogue director during rehearsal. "Leave that for the low-priced people. After all, chum, ain't I the heavyweight ZaSu Pitts?"

This sort of thing has been going on since he got his first job before the camera, impersonating a Mex desperado in a Preston Foster melodrama into which Maxie was inserted by his friend Alan Mowbray. The part consisted of two lines of gutteral sounds, but our hero rewrote even those.

His next venture called for eloquent fists and very little wordage. This was a Class B tone-poem entitled *Muss 'Em Up*. Maxie's job was to muss 'em up. He mussed 'em up and it was a pleasure.

Not the least element of his boyish appeal on the screen is his rugged and undaunted countenance, which has been used as a chopping block by every promising middle and light-heavyweight fighter since Maxie made his debut in pugilistic society back in 1921. He is the only ring debutante of that year who is still around, most of the others having retired to write their memoirs or bask in the twilight zone of slug-nuttiness.

Rosenbloom's ring record is engraved on his classic features, a lovely cauliflower

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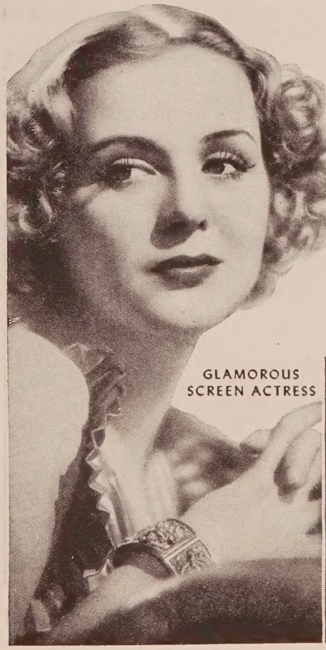

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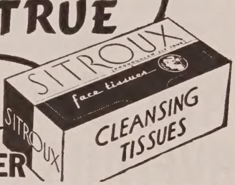

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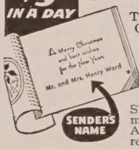

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decorating his left ear. Dr. Ginsberg, the eminent cauliflower-remover, has done some noteworthy sculpture on the aural upholstery but it is still sufficiently in evidence to be the main guffaw at the Rosenbloom night club.

"Come back Saturday, folks," the master of ceremonies announces nightly at closing time. "At exactly midnight we're going to let the air out of Rosenbloom's ear."

Between pictures, when extreme insolvency sets in, Maxie lets himself be persuaded to do a little fistic barnstorming. On one such tour he and his press agent started out for New York with the hope of subsisting on the money picked up at bouts en route. The money was waiting in coarse thick sheaves but so were the opportunities to wager it away.

The agent prudently hid his share of the gleanings and let Max the Gambler do all the worrying about expenses. When the pair reached New York, ostensibly flat broke, Rosenbloom parked with some Park Avenue friends.

The big Madison Square Garden bout came and went and Maxie's money followed suit.

"Come through with that dough you've been holding out," Max demanded of his traveling companion in a big emotional scene on a crowded Manhattan street.

"I can't tell a lie, Champ," the agent moaned. "You set me a bad example. I gambled all my dough away too."

"Oh, a gambler, eh?" Rosenbloom sneered. And he shook his pal until the coins clanked in his pockets. Maxie took the coins. Then, sensing a holdout, he made a thorough job of the search and discovered a sizeable wad of currency in one of the agent's shoes. He took currency and shoes and let the poor agent walk home in his socks.

Financial troubles form a fascinating background for all Maxie's adventures. As a second bulwark for his old age, to supplement his supposedly never-ending movie revenue, he started the Rosenbloom night club, thus enabling dozens of his penniless cronies to find a refuge from the chill Pacific night and the traditional hard-heartedness of the hamburger barons.

The place started out in a modest way, occupying a store in a low-rent area. The Champ's pals turned out in such great numbers that he had to ask the next-door Chinaman to move his laundry up the block so a partition could be knocked through.

Ben Blue, Binnie Barnes, Alan Mowbray, Joe Frisco, Joe E. Brown, the Ritz Brothers, Cesar Romero, Martha Raye and associated quick-on-the-trigger wisecrackers formed a Hecklers' Club that met nightly in Slapsy Maxie's club. The following these stellar names attracted made it necessary to enlarge again. The Chinaman had to make another jump and another wall had to be torn down.

When Maxie enlarged his entertainment repertory to include take-offs of Dwight Fiske, Beatrice Lillie and Harry Richman, they had to remodel again, this time chasing the Chinaman to the corner. If things keep up that way the laundry will be in Santa Monica.

The host's nightly patter of greeting to the customers is delivered as Rosenbloom the Great arrives from his regular cleaning at the race tracks and ball parks.

"My dear colleagues in the thitter," he begins, with a Noel Coward accent. "It's charming of you to drop over to inspect our little divertissement—or whatever the hell it is. See? Them diction lessons didn't do me no good."

Then the riot starts. It's difficult, what with all the unrelated noises, to find out exactly what's going on, but the customers love it. The turnover some nights is 1,300 people and Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck have been known to wait ten minutes until a table can be shoe-horned through the mob for them.

Meanwhile, the numberless "Shulbergs" of the cinema find they have a hot commodity on their hands. Already, Maxie has been loaned out to one rival studio for a meaty part.

The Champ can't wait for his 20th picture to be released. If it's a success he will have beaten a jinx. Nineteen is the number that stops him dead. This year the Los Angeles ball team won 19 straight games. Maxie was against them every time. The 20th game he bet on them and lost his shirt.

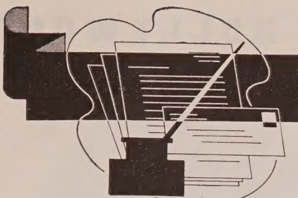
In a crap game this year he made 19 straight passes. Then he shot the wad on the 20th and got cleaned.

For a time his Board of Strategy advised the battler to concentrate all his efforts on a movie career.

But on second thought he concluded:

"The picture business is in good shape, you might say. But look at the heavyweight business and the racing game. When they're *that* bad off, I gotta stick with 'em and do what I can."

Some very funny scenes were the result of this "shaping up" class which Director Bill O'Donnell is putting "through the mill" for the Warner film, *Kid Nightingale*



FAN CLUB EXCHANGE

Please let me know how I can join an Ann Sheridan Club?—Norman K.

I've forwarded your request to Dorothy Peterson, president of the Sheridan Club. You'll hear from her shortly.

Will you please send my name to whoever is president of a Gladys George Club? I would like to join and do my bit for a grand star.—Dollie L.

I'm sorry, Dollie, but I have no record of a club for Miss George.

Would you send me the addresses of the James Stewart, James Melton, Priscilla Lane and John Garfield Fan Clubs?—Laura J.

Sorry, Laura, I'm not giving out the addresses of the fan club presidents. However, I've forwarded your name and address to the presidents of the first three clubs. I have no record of a John Garfield Club as yet.

I am interested in joining a few fan clubs, so will you please send me a list of clubs, and the presidents' names and addresses?—Andy G.

Sorry, but I can not comply with your request. If you'll send me a specific list of the clubs you wish to join, I'll gladly forward your name and address to the proper sources.

I would like to know if there is a Charles Farrell Club. If so, how do I go about joining it?—Carrie R.

As far as I know, Carrie, there isn't a Farrell Club in existence.

Please inform me if there is a Robert Donat Fan Club. Also, to whom do I write for complete information.—Joanna B.

Bill Collins is president of the Donat Fan Club, and I've sent your request to him. He will supply you with the complete information.

I would like to join a Laurence Olivier Fan Club. I have seen him in *Wuthering Heights* and I think he is marvelous.—Carol G.

Apparently, Carol, you're not alone in your thoughts. I've received innumerable requests for an Olivier Club, and I regret to say that as yet I have not been informed of one. If I hear of one, I'll let you know.

If you know of an Anne Shirley Fan Club, will you please give me a few details?—Ruth K.

Complete information will be sent you shortly by Blanche Sewell, president of the Anne Shirley Club.

NEW FAN CLUBS

New clubs are springing up daily and we cordially welcome them to our Fan Club Corner. This month we greet the following:

Ronald Reagan Fan Club—Dorothy Skantz, president.

Bonita Granville Fan Club—with Gloria Ruth Wilkins as prexy.

Gene Reynolds Fan Club—with Faith Ferris presiding.

Carole Lombard and Jimmy Stewart Fan Clubs—with Seymour Cohen at the helm.

My sincerest thanks to the following for the honorary memberships in their clubs.—Joan.

Alice Karpies—Stanley Brown Fan Club.

Reba Brewer—Richard Carlson Fan Club.

Mary Miller—Jeanette MacDonald Fan Club.

Dorothy Skantz—Ronald Reagan Fan Club. (This one is kinda special—Dorothy and Ronald have bestowed upon me the post of honorary vice-president of this club.)

I would like to become a member of the Spencer Tracy Fan Club mentioned in a recent issue of SCREEN BOOK. I believe the name of the president is Loretta Barclay. Will you please forward my name and address to her?—Albina R.

I've complied with your request, Albina, and want you to know that your request came in the nick of time. Loretta informs me TRACY TIPS, her club journal, is featuring a new contest, and she is offering for first prize a two-year subscription of SCREEN BOOK Magazine and for second prize a one-year subscription of SCREEN BOOK, her favorite magazine and ours.

Are you interested in joining Fan Clubs in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the various fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

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Won't PINHOLE OR CRACK
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Millions Rave Over CLOPAY Washables

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These experts found 35c CLOPAY Washables a perfect solution!

They're made of a remarkable cellulose material processed to look like linen. Expensive oil-paint finish on both sides is 100% washable with soap and water. No clay filling—thus, they won't pinhole, crack or fray. Wear for years. Variety of colors, only 35c each, 36″ x 6′ size, complete on roller with Edge-Saver brackets and shade button; pull-cord extra. (Larger sizes at slight added cost.) See these CLOPAY Washables at 5c & 10c and neighborhood stores. For color samples send 3c stamp to CLOPAY CORP., 1287 Clopay Square, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Also 15¢ CLOPAY Lintone

LOOKS LIKE LINEN

CLOPAY 15c shades—same Lintone material (not washable)—only 15c each, full 36″ x 6′ size, ready to attach to rollers without tacks or tools. Hang straight, roll evenly, wear for years. Smart colors and patterns at 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. Send 3c stamp for color samples.

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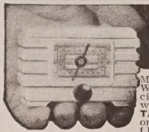

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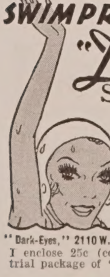

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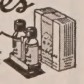

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I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

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IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD

In this exclusive department SCREEN BOOK gives you the real insider's view of Hollywood. Here, in "It Happened in Hollywood," you will find the amusing true stories one star tells another about a mutual acquaintance when they lunch together at the Brown Derby or in the studio commissary. Some of these stories are funny, some pathetic. All of them are "Hollywood." The author, Charles Samuels, is widely known as a script writer for the major studios. Look for "It Happened in Hollywood" next month.

By CHARLES SAMUELS

FOR years now, the blazing love affair of one of Hollywood's greatest woman stars and a famous director has been the source of constant gossip. The whole movie town admires the actress, who is generous, modest and good-natured. But her friends can not understand her attachment to the director who is a pompous, over-bearing braggart, cruel to the people who work with him.

He has two curious obsessions. One is that his enemies are trying to trap him and his lady in their secret love nest. The other is that those who are jealous of him are just waiting for the chance to poison him.

To make sure they won't be candid-cameraed at their rendezvous, the director has two savage dogs enter the apartment before they do to seek out any treacherous photographers who might be lurking in clothes-closets or under the kitchen sink.

He guards against the poisoning plot by having his chef prepare each day a basket lunch to take to the studio. This he carries into the commissary at noon. In the basket is even a thermos bottle of coffee.

A recent picture of his was so terrible that it probably spells the end of his career. Following the preview, another director stopped him outside the theatre, and said:

"You can sell those dogs now, pal. Not that you ever really needed them. It's true that we all dislike you, but the most vicious man in Hollywood would hesitate to frame you because it would mean putting your girl friend on the spot also. She's tops with us all.

"Another thing—you don't have to worry about being poisoned. Not after tonight. That stinker we just saw carries enough box-office cyanide to finish off any director in the business."

★ ★ ★

SUNSET BOULEVARD is less merry these days because of the abrupt departure from town of one of its most amusing and colorful characters—an Irish bookseller. Any down-and-out actor or director was welcome to break bread with this open-handed Son of Erin. They slept, when they had nowhere else to go, in the back room of his shop. Our Celtic friend had a unique way of conducting his business. Whenever he made a sizable sale, he would lock the store at once and hang out a sign, that said:

Store Closed While
Proprietor Is Out
Making Whoopee!

Back Tomorrow—
IF BROKE!

Watch for the next installment of "It Happened in Hollywood" in November SCREEN BOOK.

Recently, the book-seller married. His bride, a pretty and sensible girl, took one look at the sign, another look at the hungry hangers-on, and decided to move the stock of books, her husband and herself to Chicago.

* * *

A HEART-BREAKING tale of love frustrated lies in back of a distinguished comedian's recent failure to reach London in time to rehearse for a new musical comedy.

A little careless with money, he had saved just enough, on finishing a picture, for train and boat fare from Hollywood to the English capital and to make a five-minute telephone call to his London sweetheart.

The night before he was to leave some of his pals came up with plenty of liquor for a farewell party. At two o'clock, he chased them so he could call up his girl on the other side of the world.

Unfortunately, due to the late hour and his over-indulgence of his friends' potations, he fell asleep—with the receiver off—a moment after the operator got the lady in London on the wire.

"Sweetheart," she moaned, "what's the matter? Are you alive?"

She remained on the phone for a solid hour, imagining the most terrible things, before he woke up, and reassured her. But when he tried to check out in the morning, the hotel clerk tendered a telephone bill for $370.75.

The famous comedian could have borrowed the money easily, if both his profligate ways and intention of going to England immediately were less well known in movie town.

As a result, he had to stay in Hollywood and make another picture. He lost both the stage job and the London lady, who decided to marry a teetotaler.

* * *

WE DON'T like to destroy your illusions—the devil we don't!—but the man who writes most of the big horror films—the ones that give you those chills and spine-quivering thrills, is a tiny, timid man who is a vegetarian. He eats principally fruits, greens and nuts because he thinks meat is injurious to the health. Not only that, but he slops around Hollywood in sandals because he knew a man who got blood poisoning from shoes that were too tight!

* * *

YOUR dad and mine enjoyed many a chuckle over the antics of the old-time vaudeville headliner who is the unhappy hero of this story. Like so many middle-aged stars of the all-but-vanished two-a-day, our friend hasn't been having much luck in Hollywood recently.

Naturally he was over-joyed a while ago on getting a call from a producer on one of the big lots. Hurrying to his trunk to get out his toupee, he was horrified to find it moth-eaten. Though bald as a door-knob, the actor had been using the wig only professionally in an effort to make it last as long as possible.

On hastening to his wig-maker, he was informed that the toupee could be re-haired for five dollars.

"Five dollars!" moaned the comedian. "You must have X-ray eyes. That's all the money I have in the world."

A real artist is the wig-maker and he did a superb job. When he had glued the repaired toupee on the performer's naked noggin, the comedian looked 15 years younger.

Tearing to the studio, he found his producer in the commissary. Wistfully, the vaudevillian eyed the tasty looking soups, salads and steaks that lay on the occupied tables he passed. But he told himself that it would not be long before he, too, would be eating. But the producer, when he was reached, stared unbelievingly at the comedian's cranium, now so well-thatched.

"Sorry, old man," he said, "but I've been misinformed. I was told you were bald. That's what the part calls for—a bald- headed man."

"You don't understand," the comedian told him. "This thing I have on my head is a toupee, a wig, you know—like what they paste on dolls!"

With an anguished gesture, the comic reached up and ripped the carefully glued-on toupee from his head, carrying away with it about two square inches of skin.

"See?" he winced.

"Very interesting," said the producer, "but unconvincing. I'd never believe you in the part after seeing you with that wonderful toupee. Besides your head is cut and bleeding now and it is essential that I have a man with a perfectly unscratched bald head!"

That night the comedian hocked his too successful wig to get supper money!

* * *

THE sad tale will remind many Hollywoodites of the hilarious "haircut" suit a big studio once threatened to bring against another major lot. The second studio borrowed a star from the first lot. The role called for a man with a shaven head. But after having each and every hair on the performer's well-shaped skull removed, the

GOOD NEWS FOR THOUSANDS WHO ARE SKINNY

SAYS MANY ARE SKINNY BECAUSE THEY NEED VITAMIN B AND IRON. SUPPLIED IN IRONIZED YEAST

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Read how thousands of thin, nervous, tired people have gained 10 to 25 pounds, new strength—quick

SCIENTISTS have discovered that thousands of men and women are thin and rundown—often tired and nervous—sometimes just picking at their meals and sleeping poorly at night—simply because they do not get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. It has been found that without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you can get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. And if you need these substances, the improvement that comes in a short time is often astonishing. Thousands report gains of 10 to 25 naturally attractive pounds in just a few weeks! Their tired feeling and jitteryness seem to have just flown away. They enjoy their food, sleep fine and get up in the morning full of pep and rarin to go. They're entirely different, much more attractive persons, easily winning many new friends and enjoying life as never before.

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Get a package of Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today and try them on this fair and square money-back test. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

But just one warning! Due to the success of Ironized Yeast, a number of cheap, inferior substitutes have sprung up. Inferior substitutes do not give the same results. So insist on genuine Ironized Yeast. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

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Also WALKER'S AUSTEX CHILI—TAMALES—MEXICAN STYLE BEANS

director decided to use another actor and returned the star to his home lot.

There was consternation there when they saw their glamor boy. They had a story all ready for him but couldn't use him in his convict-like state of hairlessness. Nevertheless, having him under term contract, they had to continue paying his four-figure weekly salary.

They were afraid to use a toupee because millions of lady fans all over the world loved his curly locks and might detect the change. Frantically, the lot's best barbering and hair-dressing talent massaged that noble dome with every tonic known to civilization. But the hairs refused to grow at any more than their usual leisurely rate.

Finally, the outraged studio's lawyers were called in. They dispatched a legally-phrased ultimatum to the offending lot which had so rashly ordered the beloved head shaved.

The moguls of the second studio, on receiving the challenging letter, consulted *their* attorneys, who advised them to settle. They paid five cents a hair, it was rumored.

* * *

MOVIE town insiders are still trying to figure out who was the eventual winnah among the participants in a much-whispered-about love triangle that was settled recently.

The man was an outstanding producer. The women were (1), the wife who had married him when he was a little-known reporter on a newspaper in the East and (2), a pretty, young and ambitious blond actress with whom the producer fell in love.

No catch-as-catch-can amorist, the blonde, when the affair reached the "I love you" stage, insisted that her devoted, middle-aged admirer divorce his wife and marry her.

"You don't understand, baby," he protested. "I can't just shake my wife out of my hair. I was earning $40 a week when she married me. Now that I get $3,000, I have to stay married to her."

"Oh, yeah," yawned the blond lady. "We'll let the matter stand like that—*for the time being.*"

Well-meaning friends—at least they said they were well-meaning—informed Mrs. Producer what was going on. But having been through poverty with her husband, the little woman decided a spot of infidelity, as much as it hurt her, wasn't worth divorcing her husband over. She loved him devotedly, and thought he'd get over his infatuation.

It might have worked out that way if she hadn't been called to the East suddenly by the grave illness of her mother. Blondie decided her hour of triumph had arrived. One night, when the producer came home, he found his sweetie had moved in, bag and baggage. Nothing he could say or do convinced her that the decent and proper thing was to move out.

Mrs. Producer heard of the situation. That her husband should openly live with his baby-faced blonde in her home was too much for her to take. Though it broke her heart, she divorced the gentleman.

Financially, he was generous, settiing most of his fortune on his wife. But soon after marrying blondie, he lost his job. Bum investments took the money he had left.

Who's the biggest loser? Hollywood wonders.

The wife lost her husband.

The producer lost his job and fortune. (He's now looking for work with no luck).

The blond sweetie lost the security and luxury for which she traded her heart.

* * *

A COUPLE of years ago, a Hollywood scenarist was making $1,000 a week, but was dissatisfied. He demanded a raise to $1,500 a week.

"What makes you think you're worth $1,500 a week?" demanded the big boss at his studio.

The writer laughed, "I didn't say I was worth it. Between you and me, I don't think anyone in any business is worth more than $200 a week. But you're over-paying me $800 a week now. You might as well over-pay me $1,300 a week!"

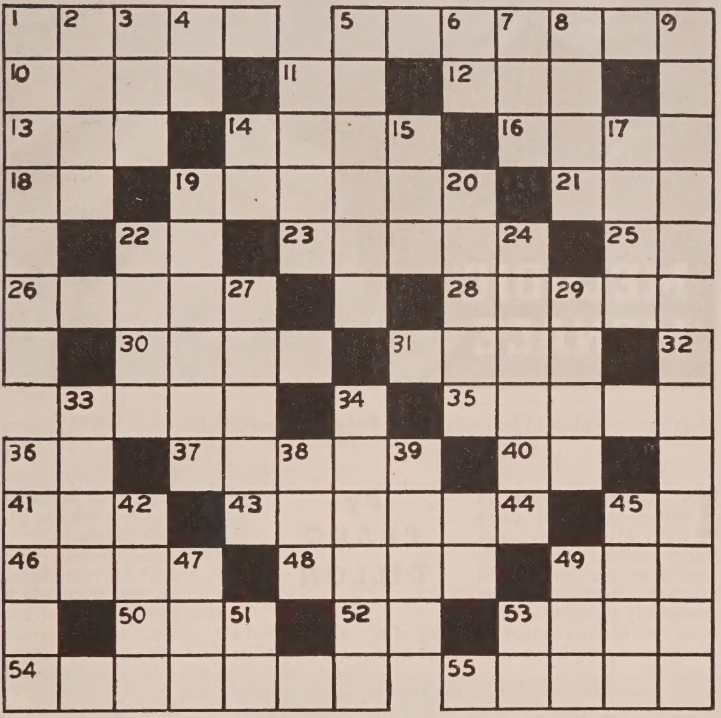
Oddly enough, he got the raise. Hollywood is like that. Today the same man is reported receiving $5,000 each pay-day. But don't think he just repeated the trick over and over again. He's written three or four of the biggest screen hits since he got the $500 raise.

There's nothing like a little salary boost, apparently, to bring out the best in a man.

Photo by Charles Rhodes

Ann Sothern and the Bob Taylors (Barbara Stanwyck) made a charming threesome at Gail Patricks' recent party at the Hollywood Ball Park

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. He had title role in *Mickey, the Kid.*
5. You'll see him in *I Take This Woman.*
10. Descriptive of the villain.
11. Mr. Colman's initials.
12. Dolores —— Rio.
13. Birthplace of Lupe Velez (abbr.).
14. Descriptive of pictures which rate a smile from SCREEN BOOK's Topper.
16. Peggy in *Five Came Back.*
18. Phil Regan's initials.
19. Bill or placard to advertise a motion picture.
21. Ace was once one.
22. Dorothy Lamour's birthplace (abbr.).
23. What cowboys rope in westerns (sing.).
25. Initials of Paul Hurst.
26. Leading lady who was famous as child star.
28. —— *With the Wind.*
30. Her last name is Bryant.
31. Cora Masters in *Daughters Courageous.*
33. *The Rains* ——.
35. He was Tony in *That Certain Age.*
36. Muni and Davis were —— starred in *Juarez.*
37. —— *Gang Busters.*
40. Rosemary's initials.
41. *Some Like It* ——.
43. He had title role in *Goodbye, Mr. Chips* (poss.).
45. *There Goes* —— *Heart.*
46. Fiesta in *Union Pacific.*
48. Descriptive of Janet Gaynor's hair.
49. Mound used in golf scenes.
50. Jockey Jack Westrope's bride.
52. Loretta's initials.
53. Villain's sly, sinister glance.
54. You've seen him in westerns.
55. Sid Travis in *Big Town Czar.*

DOWN

1. Star of *Susannah of the Mounties* (poss.).
2. *Clouds* —— *Europe.*
3. Famous cowboy star.
4. Myrna's initials.
5. Mary Astor's screen son in *Listen, Darling.*
6. Bill Gargan's brother.
7. Harold Lloyd's birthplace (abbr.).
8. What juvenile fans do when hero triumphs.
9. Dr. Shelby in *Blind Alley.*
11. The cafe entertainer in *Cafe Society.*
14. *Good Girls* —— *to Paris.*
15. You saw her in *If I Were King.*
17. Star of *The Girl from Mexico.*
19. —— *Lady.*
20. Pancho in *Only Angels Have Wings.*
22. Rosalie in *Calling Dr. Kildare.*
24. RKO-Radio star.
27. Charlie McCarthy's country rival in *Letter of Introduction.*
29. He was store owner's son in *Within the Law.*
32. Those who appear in this puzzle.
33. Boy actor in *Invitation to Happiness.*
34. Disney's web-footed actor.
36. What glamor girls possess.
38. Mother of Porky the Pig.
39. *Pride of the* ——.
42. Descriptive of performers such as Sandy.
44. What Annabella's husband is called for short.
45. John Felder in *Young Mr. Lincoln.*
47. —— *About Town.*
49. Date in April on which Tim McCoy celebrates birth.
51. Mr. Asther's initials.
53. Article in French film titles.

(Solution on page 89)

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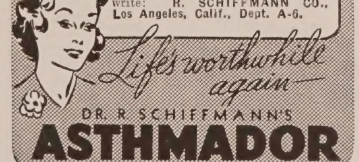
Life's worthwhile again—

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

MELODIC MENACE

Ilona Massey is pictured here with Nelson Eddy in a scene from their new M-G-M picture, *Balalaika*

By FRANC DILLON

IN A small cottage in Hungary several years ago, Mrs. Hajmassy stared with considerable wonder at her ten-year-old daughter, Ilona, who was desperately trying to convey some sort of information by means of a cryptic, obviously home-made Indian sign language.

"Dodo, come here!" Mrs. Hajmassy called to her slightly older daughter. "What is the matter with Ilona? She won't talk."

But Dodo didn't answer. She and Ilona stood before their mother, tears streaming down their cheeks, stolidly maintaining silence. The more she questioned them the more incomprehensible became their strange gestures and gesticulations, the more torrential their unceasing shower of tears.

Mama Hajmassy was about to run for the castor oil bottle when her offspring broke down, simultaneously. Sobbing, they handed her a ragged, dirt-stained newspaper clipping. It reported the death of Rudolph Valentino. To show their grief, Dodo and Ilona explained to their bewildered mother, they had made a secret pact not to speak a word for one week.

That may give you some idea of the antiquity and intensity of Ilona Massey's overwhelming interest in the movies. For Ilona Massey, of course, is the little girl who was born a Hajmassy (pronounced Hoimashy) in far-away Hungary and grew up to be the beautiful blond songstress who is co-starred with Nelson Eddy in M-G-M's new musical, *Balalaika*. You first saw and heard her in *Rosalie*, since which she has been polishing up her English and her acting, and the chances are that after *Balalaika* starts you dancing in the aisles you are going to see and hear a lot of Miss Ilona Massey. Because the little girl who went on a diet of tears and silence when her idol, Rudolph Valentino, died, is well on her way to the triumph she dreamed of as a child.

Her face, with its high cheekbones and normally placid expression, typifies her Hungarian ancestry. Her mouth is wide and beautiful and her deep brown eyes, smouldering and flashing by turns, mirror an inner emotionalism and fire natural to one of her race, and necessary to a fine actress. She radiates friendliness, characteristic that has helped her greatly in her studied, deliberate plan to get to and make the grade in Hollywood.

Ilona laughed good-naturedly when I quoted one of her fellow-countrymen as saying "every man who meets her falls in love with her." Under pressure she admitted receiving three proposals of marriage since she arrived in Hollywood.

"But they are just good friends," she smiled. "I loved once and I'll not be burned soon again."

Right now she is interested in nothing but her career, is so busy with lessons and tests and more lessons that

GLAMOR

she has no time to think of anything else. The moment she arrived in Hollywood, they started giving her the treatment: rigid diet and English lessons. Ilona progressed rapidly with her lessons and stuck religiously to her diet. But she lost no weight and her unmistakable accent clung tight. Her teacher was pretty discouraged and her producers mightily baffled until Ilona admitted that she spent her evenings with her Hungarian friends in the movie colony—speaking her native language and eating their rich, fattening foods.

"I was hungry after working all day," she explained.

They finally straightened out the situation by shipping her off to Santa Barbara, with her teacher, Lillian Burns, who had strict orders to be extremely tough on the subject of Ilona's Hungarian friends and food. After that results were more satisfactory. Trained down to Hollywood specifications, her accent almost gone, her gorgeous singing voice even more gorgeous than before, she is definitely on the right track now.

Unbelievably modest over the fact that she was the prima donna of a great opera company in Vienna and had other glories to her credit, Ilona is grateful for every act of friendliness. "Everyone at the studio is nice to me," she declared. "I was never frightened, even the first day I worked in *Rosalie*, because everyone was so kind. In Europe there is so much jealousy. There, when people are high in the profession they look down on those who aren't so high. But here the high ones are grand to the low ones."

Having been both herself, Ilona should know.

TIMES were always hard in the Hajmassy home in the little village near Budapest where Ilona was born. When it seemed that they couldn't make ends meet, they migrated to Budapest where her father became a printer. The fact that they had little to eat didn't worry Ilona. There is a legend to the effect that in her crib she sang instead of crying. In Budapest she was enchanted with a neighbor's gramaphone and learned the songs which she heard played over and over again. It was years later before she discovered she had learned the entire score of "Tosca."

When the war came and her father left to fight, her mother secured a position teaching school and her sister gave up her job as secretary in a law office to stay at home with Ilona. The war years were hard, bitter ones for the Hajmassy family.

After her father returned from the front, thin and disabled, times were harder than ever. Post-war Hungary was a sad place. Hunger was a regular visitor. Bread was scarce and only the well-to-do families had meat as often as twice a month.

While Hungary was starving, Holland was well-fed. Generous Hollanders offered to take a certain number of poor children for a while, and by a proper diet, make them well and strong. Ilona was among the children who were sent to Holland. She stayed six months on the farm of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Boss. They were elderly people, whose children were grown and married, and they loved Ilona so much they wanted to keep her always. But when her time was up she returned home to her family and entered school.

Preferring music and dramatics, Ilona did badly in school. She disliked studying intensely and in her spare time organized amateur theatricals. Because of her long, blond hair, Ilona always played the Princess. She had a knack of looking smart in whatever she wore. With a few stitches here and there, the simple, outgrown clothes of her mother and sister acquired an air when Ilona wore them.

This aptitude with the needle decided her future. She was put to work in a huge dressmaking shop. She went under protest and sewed rebelliously. At the end of the day there was always a gay, young suitor waiting for her and she was taken to dances, to the theatre and to the opera, which she liked best of all. Within her grew the desire and the determination to sing.

Here's an example of what the ole love bug can do if you don't watch out. Bette Davis and George Brent are shown attending the Cissie Loftus recital. They appear together in the Warner film, *The Old Maid*

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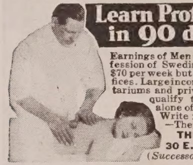

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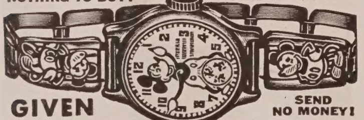

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Then came the day when instead of going to work she went to the King's Theatre. She rouged her lips and cheeks by moistening the red label on a coffee can and smearing the coloring on with her fingers. This enabled her to get by the stage doorman and reach the director, to whom she applied for work.

"I cannot do anything but I can learn," she told him honestly. But he said she was too young. At that she resorted to tears, which won her an audition. He told her he could use her in the chorus as a dancer but advised her never to try to sing, that she had no voice.

The next step was to gain permission from her parents to work at the theatre, for the director warned her he would not take her unless she had their consent. Against their inclination they consented only because they did not think the child was serious enough about a stage career to stick to it. It wasn't long before Ilona, on her meager salary of $12 a month as a dancer in the chorus, was supporting her family. The director had told her if she tried to sing he would have to discharge her, but secretly she took singing lessons and never gave up her determination to be a singer.

During this time, Martin Munkacsy, now a world-famous photographer, was impressed by her beauty. He made portraits of her. One was used on the cover of a magazine and produced one of the most important events of her life, for it was seen by a young lawyer, Nick Szavozd, who fell in love with the picture.

Young Nick learned her identity and wooed her so impetuously that she married him and left the theatre. She devoted her time to study. She took singing lessons, finished her schooling and learned French and English. Then financial troubles came to her husband and he was forced to appeal to his father for help. His father refused to aid as long as Nick remained married to an actress.

Although madly in love, the young couple realized it best to separate. They were divorced. Ilona returned to Budapest and continued her study to keep her mind from her marital woes. For her husband there was no substitute and the divorce was an indelible tragedy in her mind.

Advised by her teachers to try for opera, Ilona went to Vienna and secured an audition at the Volksoper Opera House, where she was offered a contract. The opera chosen for her debut was "Tosca," which she had learned from the gramaphone records at the age of six. But, she was told, the opera must be sung in German and Ilona knew no German. For seven days and nights she studied the language. Then came her debut. It was unsatisfactory, a bitter disappointment. But within a week she was given another chance and three more days in which to perfect her accent.

The great night came. The curtain of the opera house rose on an unknown singer but descended upon a star. Ilona's debut was sensational. She was hailed as a discovery and for the next two years continued as the prima donna at the Vienna Opera House.

Singing in a concert in Budapest, she was heard by M-G-M executives, who sat in the audience. Two days later they cabled her from London. Would she come to London to discuss a film contract in Hollywood? It was what she had worked for and hoped for all her life. She flew to London.

"They didn't have to coax me," she said later, "and after I signed the contract I sang all the way back to Budapest."

Since then she hasn't stopped singing. And if those who heard her in the rushes of *Balalaika* have their wish, she never will.

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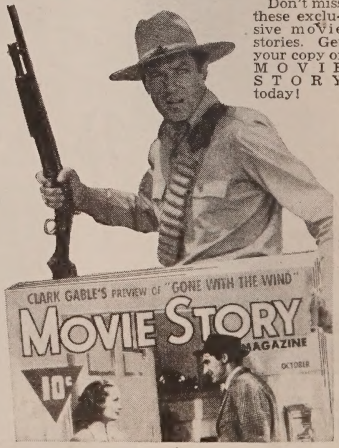


CLARK GABLE'S PREVIEW OF "GONE WITH THE WIND"
MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE
10¢
OCTOBER

ERRANT KNIGHT

Errol Flynn has never outgrown his seven league boots. Keeping tabs on him is his studio's biggest task

By

FREDERICK McFEE

THEY harnessed Niagara and doomed it to the prosaic task of turning out kilowatts. So there's a chance they can transform Errol Flynn to fit the pattern of a Hollywood career man. But a $2 ticket on their chances to succeed will get you $326.80.

The guy is as controllable and predictable as chain lightning, breaking out in incandescent flashes at the unlikeliest moment and subsiding when you expect him to strike. Silver threads are liberally sprinkled through the gold the producers reap from his efforts.

Nightmare Number One to the harassed headmen of the studio is the Flynn passion for annihilating space. Staying too long in one spot gives him "the bends" and he surrenders to the urge to depart by whatever means is at hand.

Lately he has been hitting the breeze in a sport plane. Before the studio knew what was up, Errol had made an $8,500 down payment on the thing and lent it to a friend for a trial flight. The friend, Bud Ernst, manager of Radio Station KMTR, served as guinea pig on an experimental takeoff to determine whether the job was airworthy. Result: one crackup.

After the ship was pasted together Flynn continued the experiments. Result: a committee of pilots from the Los Angeles Municipal Airport made an official call on the owner-pilot and endeavored to discourage him from removing his skyriding steed from its berth in the hangar. Its landing speed was around 90 miles an hour, dangerously high for a private pilot. The outcome of this interview was the same as King Canute's ordering the sea to go back where it came from.

The motor car, as construed by Mr. Flynn, is a device for gobbling up the space between widely separated points on the map. His fancy in road-running juggernauts is the most powerful chassis made in America. This he entrusts to the tender mercies of a Hollywood expert in "needling" and streamlining, who evolves from the original monstrously efficient power plant a Behemoth of the boulevards complete with underslung carriage, hopped-up motor and all jutting, wind-catching surfaces leveled off.

For a while Errol was content with his stable of racers, satisfied they could outrun anything on the road. But frustration is gnawing at him now, the outcome of a chance encounter with another hawk of the speedways.

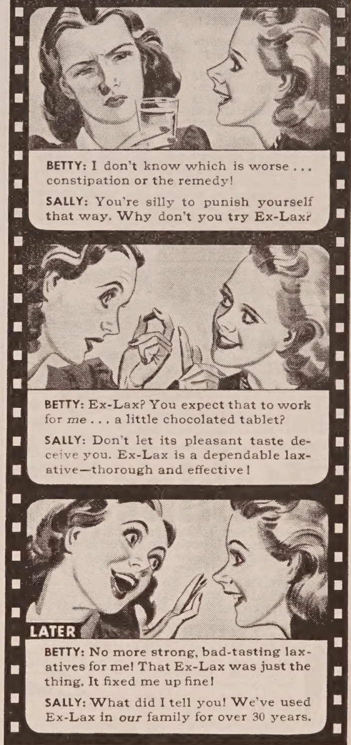
Flynn was returning from the flying field

[*Continued on page* 88]

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

EX-LAX MOVIES

"The girl who punished herself"


BETTY: I don't know which is worse . . . constipation or the remedy!
SALLY: You're silly to punish yourself that way. Why don't you try Ex-Lax?
BETTY: Ex-Lax? You expect that to work for *me* . . . a little chocolated tablet?
SALLY: Don't let its pleasant taste deceive you. Ex-Lax is a dependable laxative—thorough and effective!
LATER
BETTY: No more strong, bad-tasting laxatives for me! That Ex-Lax was just the thing. It fixed me up fine!
SALLY: What did I tell you! We've used Ex-Lax in *our* family for over 30 years.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

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Errant Knight

[*Continued from page* 87]

the other evening when he encountered on the open highway a couple of kids in an antique flivver. As they idled along approaching an obstacle, the freckle-faced youngster at the wheel of the jalopy made an admiring appraisal of the Flynn equipage and pulled up alongside it.

"Is it fast?" he asked the Irish roadrunner.

"Rather," came the drawling reply.

"Wanna race?" the fresh kid inquired.

With a tolerant smile, Flynn accepted the challenge.

As the highway cleared, the two mismatched cars started forward at the same instant. Flynn made a brisk, efficient and orderly progression through the gears, the last change throwing his massive charger into a leap just short of a take-off into space.

At this point he flashed a look over his shoulder at the adjoining lane to see how far he had outdistanced his rival. The rival was nowhere to be seen. Puzzled, Flynn peered ahead and spied the contemptible piece of junk disappearing fleetly over the next rise, a couple of hundred feet in front.

"Jobbed!" he roared. "Humiliated by a miserable hopped-up rattletrap!"

Infuriated by the ignominy of running second to anything on wheels, he dumped his supercharged disappointment back on the dealer's hands and ordered a second "suping-up" of the motor, specifying such high-priced alterations as dual carburetors, redesigned compression chamber and increased piston displacement.

When the revamp of the already revamped motor was complete the original designer would have been hard put to recognize his own brain child. The car as finally delivered was guaranteed to do 130 miles an hour and the speedometer left some latitude after that.

All Errol needs now to assuage his wounded vanity is an encounter with the owners of the tin-can racing bug. They are nowhere to be found. But it can be said without exaggeration that he covets a trial sprint against them more than great riches or an Academy Award.

Dull moments never overtake The Flynn. His mother, wife of the learned Dean Theodore Thompson Flynn of the faculty of Sciences of Queen's College, Belfast (the dean is a partly reformed Irishman himself), arrived at Errol's charming retreat in Beverly Hills to find the master of the estate with his face neatly hemstitched from eye to cheek and the mistress of the establishment, Lili Damita, drydocked in a hospital and doing as well as could be expected. Just by-products of the boy's after-hour sporting proclivities.

The parental Flynns are nearly shockproof by now, fortunately, their son having long ago formed the habit of sending them weekly cabled bulletins of his activities. This summary service, costing a small fortune, has prepared them for many an unexpected development before tidings of it burst in the press.

A circumstance Errol forgot to mention in his periodical cable reports was that one writer had seen fit to cook up a yarn to the effect that the Flynns were possessors of an ancestral castle in Ireland which Errol was about to restore to its medieval splendor with his film earnings.

On reading this news in his Belfast newspaper, Dean Flynn cabled California:

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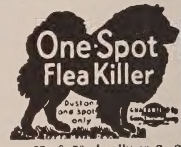

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TRAPPED BY MY OWN DESIRE

You'll thrill to the gripping confession of this city-wise girl who knew all the answers, but who fell for an age-old racket in glamorous modern guise.

Don't miss TRAPPED BY MY OWN DESIRE, one of the many absorbing dramas from life in the October issue of TRUE CONFESSIONS, now on sale. Other outstanding stories in the same issue include PLAYGIRL WIFE, KISS OF REVENGE and the book-length true novel, I WAS THE TOWN'S BAD GIRL.

In addition, the new TRUE CONFESSIONS presents one of the most important articles of its kind ever written—HOW TO CHOOSE YOUR MATE by Dr. Alfred Reiss, the eminent psychiatrist.

True Confessions

WHERE IS ANCESTRAL CASTLE? WILL MOVE IN AT ONCE AS RENTS ARE HIGH.

A confirmed globe-trotter himself, the elder Flynn is due to arrive soon to explore the wild life and folk habits of Hollywood. Unless Mme. Flynn, Jr., has succeeded by then in accomplishing her often-expressed purpose of divorcing her husband from his nondescript and charming cronies, the dean will discover tagging along at Errol's heels a choice collection of members of the footloose fraternity.

These casuals stray into the Flynn family circle with amazing regularity and as often as not are hustled into obscure parts in the current Flynn film. In a separate category, and occupying a special niche in the Franco-Irish domestic setup, is Dr. Herman Erben, a remotely German physician-adventurer who is directly responsible for Errol's movie career.

This grizzled medico, like his protege, is afflicted with a malignant form of mileage-mania that has kept him on the jump constantly for 30 years, with pauses at the great European universities, at the Rockefeller Foundation, where he was a staff member, and in the surgeries of tramp steamers plying the world's backwaters.

Dr. Erben first encountered Errol in New Guinea, where the doctor was organizing an inland expedition in search of something that seemed important at the time. Flynn joined the quest. Some amateur movies made on this trip constituted Errol's first movie test and were the direct means of launching him in the films.

Dr. Erben took prints with him to London and showed them to some friends who were connected with a minor studio that had acquired the movie rights to a yarn called *In the Wake of the Bounty*. When this film, predecessor of *Mutiny on the Bounty* and covering approximately the same material, went into production, Erben's dashing young Irish adventure-mate appeared in the role of Fletcher Christian, of whom he is actually a collateral descendent on his mother's side.

Since then the good doctor has been popping in and out of Errol's life at odd intervals. Lately the star extricated him, by clarifying the points at issue, from an immigration jam, to be rewarded by the gift of four Central American macaws that had to be cleared at great trouble and expense through the customs and quarantine barriers.

To Flynn himself government regulations prove irksome often enough. Arriving at Los Angeles aboard his newly-purchased schooner *Sirocco,* which he had sailed via the Panama Canal from Boston, he found himself in difficulties because government regulations decree that aliens may not possess seagoing craft of more than 60 feet over-all length. The *Sirocco* is 74. Sailor Flynn, who has his first American citizenship papers only, had to post a bond and transfer title to a specially-created corporation.

The emergence of Mr. Flynn as a corporate business is not as incongruous as it may seem. His earlier occupations of sailor, diamond dealer, copra trader, pearl diver, prize fighter, bouncer, cockfight promoter and Shakespearean actor have fitted him for the rough-and-tumble of behind-the-scenes motion picture negotiation.

An example of his hard-learned business acumen is provided by the tale of how he sold Warner Brothers the idea of buying a pet starring vehicle for him. The circumstance that the vehicle was a story co-authored by Flynn makes the feat all the more remarkable.

Errol has had a lifelong interest in the career of Sir Joseph Vyner Brooke, the Englishman who became hereditary Rajah of Sarawak and whose descendants still wield power over the residents of that English dependency. With his pal and literary right arm, William Ullman, Jr., the actor wove the story of Brooke's life into dramatic form and titled it *The White Rajah.*

Then, instead of invading the Warner front office and trying to peddle the story on prosaic paper, he went to a costume company and got himself rigged out in the authentic period attire of an oceanic rajah of the last century. Then he went to a scenic studio and had himself photographed, in the character of Sir Joseph, against the correct atmospheric backgrounds.

Thus equipped with a graphic stock in trade, he went before the powers that be at Warners', script in hand, and put on a dramatic sales talk. Overcome by the triple-threat impact, the brass hats bought the story and scheduled it for immediate production.

Difficulties developed, however. Negotiations had to be conducted with the present white Rajah of Sarawak, third in line of descent from the original Sir Joseph.

The differences between the principals now apparently have been overcome by a face-to-face interview in Hollywood between the Ranee of Sarawak, the Rajah's wife and mother of the film cutie, Princess Baba, and the prospective impersonator of the first Rajah of the dynasty. Errol and the Ranee speak the same language, both having spent long periods in the South Seas and both having engaged profitably in theatricals, the Ranee as a London showgirl. The Flynn script is now definitely on the production schedule, pencilled in to follow *The Sea Hawk.*

But the future of The Flynn can never be charted with any certainty. A vacation is due him after *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex,* in which he played knight to Bette Davis' queen. Flynn vacations are sometimes so extensive that the home office has to offer $500 reward for news of his whereabouts, and even when found, the star is so stubborn he has to be lured back to work by a posse of Philadelphia lawyers.

London is clamoring for him to do two pictures in the Old Country. *The Sea Hawk* and *The White Rajah* are awaiting immortalization at his hands. But the sky, the sea and the open road are also exerting their charms.

Did you win a prize in SCREEN BOOK'S $500 Double Feature Contest? You'll find the complete list of prize winners on page 8.

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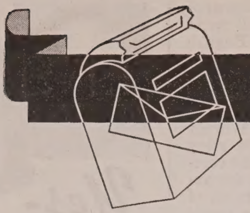

THE POSTMAN RINGS

$15.00 Prize Letter

Slow 'Em Up, Please

DEAR EDITOR:
I see too much of some of my favorite actors! That may sound queer coming from such an ardent fan, but it's true.

Hollywood discovers a new actor; puts him in a film; he clicks. Presto, without giving him time to adjust himself to his sudden success, they pop him into another film, probably similar, and keep rushing him from one to another. Soon he is worn out, his public is worn out, and then he is on his way out.

So I say give the "finds" a longer time between pictures. Take time to find suitable vehicles for them, instead of concocting second rate films just to keep them before us. They will turn in better performances, and their fame will last longer.

There are plenty of examples of both types—those who have been worn out by too many pictures, and those who are still top-notch actors, because they have timed their appearances. Among the latter are Greta Garbo, Norma Shearer, Ronald Colman and others, who still pack them in today. I'm as glad to see them when they do make a picture as an old friend.—*Leota Thompson, 428 South Ash Street, Nevada, Missouri.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Bad Publicity

DEAR EDITOR:
I read recently that one of the most expensive items in the filming of the picture *Juarez* was hose for Bette Davis. The item went on to explain that this was due to the fact that Bette would wear a pair of hose only once, and quoted her as saying that stockings that had been washed were ruined!

Is that good publicity? I, for one, have liked every picture Bette Davis has made. I think she is one of the finest actresses. But, it burns me up to read of such extravagance. Many of us would be unable to attend those "colossal, stupendous, gigantic" performances if we didn't wash and mend our own hose!

A publicity agent who lets out a statement like that is showing very poor taste. Such items (if they are true) should be suppressed. After all, it is the middle-class movie-going public who makes it possible for these stars to have the wealth they enjoy.—*Mrs. F. S. Blackmore, 119 Merriman Road, Akron, Ohio.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Phony Accents

DEAR EDITOR:
Everyone knows that the southern accent is "different," but it's something that people of the south are proud of, and when motion picture producers try to squeeze a laugh out of an audience by faking a phony southern accent, such as the one used by ZaSu Pitts in *The Lady's from Kentucky,* they've either run out of gag writers or they're throwing a direct insult at the southern people.

I am aware of the fact that ZaSu Pitts is a splendid comedienne, but when she stoops to such tactics, I fail to appreciate her performance.

I won't apologize and say "Pardon my southern accent" because I like it, but I would suggest that the motion picture companies send a few of their scouts a little farther south to learn the true southern accent, which is spoken in a soft, modulated voice.—*Catheryne M. Williams, 114 Park Circle, Nashville, Tennessee.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Like Father, Like Son

DEAR EDITOR:
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is becoming an able successor to the throne his father held.

Different in appearance, and in the type of roles he portrays, there is one important trait that has been handed down from father to son; that guarantees the younger Fairbanks' success. It is that devil-may-care attitude that carried the senior Fairbanks through his years of fame.

Young Doug definitely has it and executes it gracefully. It is a characteristic that can not be taught; it must be born in one.

It is young Doug's rightful heritage and may easily, with his acting ability and easy manner, carry him to even greater heights than his father scaled.

Best of all: not even the most cynical can accuse Doug of cashing in on his father's reputation. He stands on his own two feet, firmly.—*Mrs. Joseph A. Tucker, R. D. 4—Box 700E, Akron, Ohio.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Motion Pictures Are Your Best Entertainment

DEAR EDITOR:
Lately I have heard much controversy regarding the respective entertainment merits of the motion picture theatre and radio. I realize that radio holds a cherished spot in the hearts of many lovers of good entertainment and I have no desire to detract from its laurels, however, my vote must go to the movies.

Never yet have I heard an announcer give the take-off of a ski jump that smoothness or put the thrill into the finish of a close race that you get while watching the screen.

The radio artists do a splendid job in their dramatization of plays but I like to see the expressions on the players' faces.—*Louise Huddleston, 302 Augusta Avenue, Vinton, Virginia.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Warning The High Hats

DEAR EDITOR:
It would appear that several of our stars are going in for snooty society in a big way. I'd suggest that they don't become too exclusive lest their ever fickle fans forget them for some down-to-earth actors.

Society is great stuff but stars should also remember they are little more than public servants. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Stardust, the nickels and dimes from plain people have put you where you are, so please devote a little less time to your social rating and a little more to your star rating.—*J. R. Hughes, 320 West 5th Street, Los Angeles, California.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

They'll Do It Every Time

DEAR EDITOR:
The whispering chorus is at it again
And boy! how that hammer brigade can complain!
They never gave Robert Taylor a rest
'Til he showed them he really had hair on his chest;
They make quaint remarks about Clark Gable's ears,
And Richard Greene's dimple gets razzes and jeers;
They say he's too pretty—they don't like his face—
Just an old repetition of Bob Taylor's case;
They gleefully point out with more truth than tact
That the glamorous Hedy has "it" but can't act;
When Scarlett was given to Vivien Leigh,
They wailed to high heaven, "Ye gods, who is she?"
They tell the directors just how it is done,
And the executives how studios should be run;
They don't like the stars nor the way films are made,
You simply can't please the old hammer brigade;
The whole picture industry just gives them fits
But they still stand in line and plank down their four bits!

—*Marjorie Anne Jackson,*
904 S. High Street, Columbia, Tennessee.

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN

A MAN LOVES A WOMAN! From that situation comes the real drama of life. Novels and stage plays are mere imitations. The real life story is the one that fascinates a reader as no fiction story can.

For twelve months a publisher has been searching the world over for the best of these dramatic, romantic true life stories. This publisher knew that when he secured these stories he could publish the most fascinating magazine in existence.

Now, more than a year after the search was started, enough stories of truly superior quality, every one of them about real flesh and blood men and women, have been found to start monthly publication of the magazine.

The name of the new magazine: REAL LIFE STORY. It will be on sale everywhere Sept. 15 for 10c.

In this sensational new magazine you will find gripping true love stories as told by the people who really lived the experiences they relate. These stories are LIFE. They are not sugar coated. They are grim, often tragic, told intimately, with the natural ability anyone has to tell his own experiences for the entertainment and guidance of others.

Some of the stories related occurred in the silk and satin surroundings of the rich. Others have as their background the poverty-ridden tenements of a big city slum. Still others happened in the farm country, or where ranchers fight drouth and famine. No matter where the story was lived, passion has risen in human breasts to bring happiness or tragedy—sometimes both.

Have your newsdealer save a copy of the first issue for you. This magazine will not publish serials. There will be a complete, book-length story in each issue. Watch for:

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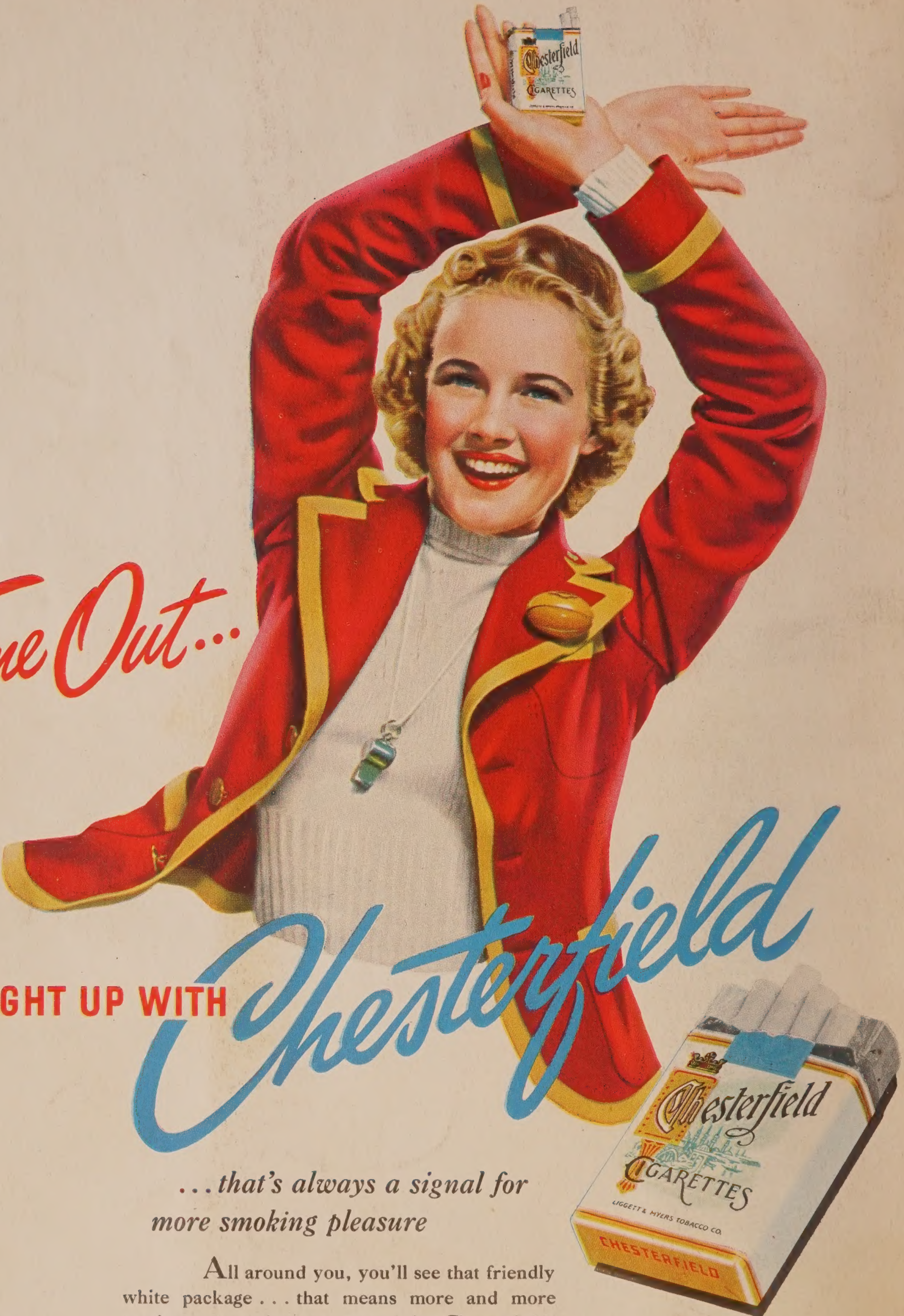
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Screen BOOK

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HOLLYWOOD LIFE IN PICT

NOVEMBER

10¢

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SEE PAGE 19

CAROLE LOMBARD

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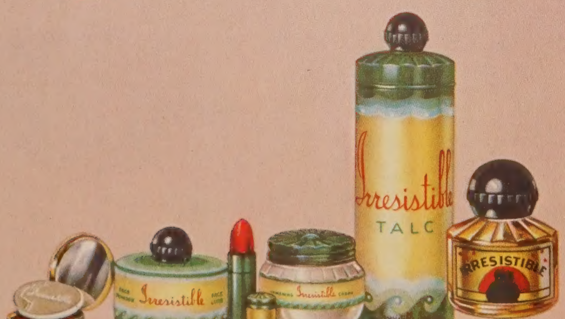

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SHE SHOULD HAVE BLAMED HER ONE NEGLECT*

She was a Perfect Housekeeper. Certainly nobody could say she neglected her home. She kept *that* always fragrantly clean.

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***She neglected** her person. The ONE NEGLECT no husband can ever forgive. She should have used "*Lysol*" for feminine hygiene.

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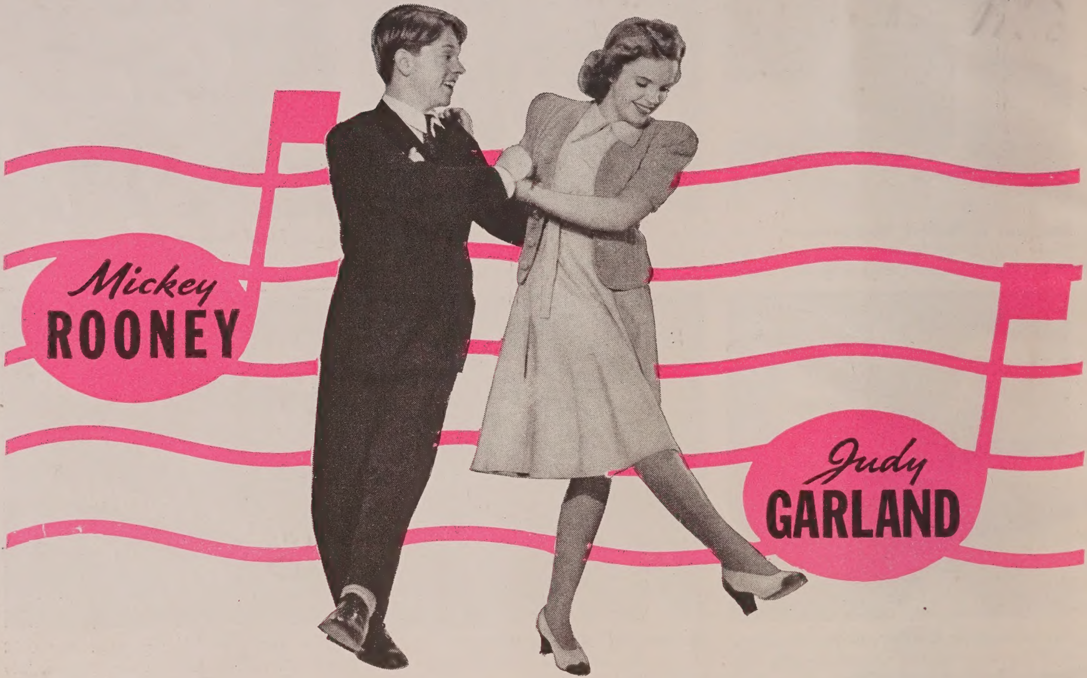

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with CHARLES WINNINGER · GUY KIBBEE JUNE PREISSER · GRACE HAYES · BETTY JAYNES · DOUGLAS McPHAIL · RAND BROOKS · LENI LYNN · JOHN SHEFFIELD

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SCREEN BOOK

Incorporating SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE

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MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

FILMLAND WHISPERS

By HELEN HOVER

NOT such clear sailing for Dorothy Lamour. No longer does she reign as the Sex Appeal Queen at Paramount. Patricia Morison represents a genuine rival to her—and doesn't Dottie know it. Pat, too, has long black hair, is the same sultry, exotic type, but has a full dramatic background to boot. First whisper of a clash between the two girls came a few months ago when Patricia posed in a hat for a fashion picture after Dorothy had refused. When Lamour heard about it the next day, she changed her mind, insisted upon wearing the hat herself. Now Pat is poaching on Dorothy's title as "Hollywood's most popular date." She even snared a couple of Dottie's stag liners, such as Howard Hughes and Pat di Cicco.

- Norma Shearer got a panning from several people in the audience when she made an 8:50 entrance at Helen Hayes' premiere of *Ladies and Gentlemen.* The guests had to do some mountain climbing to get into their seats. No matter what Norma does these days, she seems to invite criticism. Truth is, Norma had arranged a large party of notables, which included Orson Welles, Franchot Tone, Loretta Young, Herbert Marshall and Lee Russell to be on hand to applaud for her friend, Miss Hayes. The photographers wouldn't stop shooting flashes of them in the theatre lobby, and Norma obliged the boys who earn their living taking pictures. And to show how thoroughly wrong gossips can be—also in Norma's party was Rosalind Russell, whom meanies had said was making faces at Norma because of friction on the set of *The Women.*

If there are any doubts as to the state of Ann Sheridan's heart at the moment, this should straighten it out. She and John Conte had dinner at the House of Murphy one night. When they left, the waiter found one of the restaurant's souvenir postcards on the table. He had noticed Ann scribbling on it earlier. He read: "Johnny Conte, care of Ann Sheridan, Warner Brothers Studio."

Much fireworks on the set of The Hunchback of Notre Dame. *Charles Laughton, it seems, has been doing a Garbo and has insisted that Director William Dieterle close the sets to visitors while he is working. This in itself isn't serious. But Laughton has been trying to give orders on lighting, camera work and even direction, with resulting wrangles that have everyone on the hop. Not since Bette Davis and Miriam Hopkins tried to out-do each other on* The Old Maid *set has there been so much tension packed on one movie stage.*

LAUGHTON'S protegee, Maureen O'Hara, whom he brought from Ireland to play Esmeralda in *The Hunchback,* is proving herself a real trouper. She was

[*Continued on page* 8]

Chorus girls in Warner Bros.' *On Your Toes* rest their feet after a morning of rehearsal. Vera Zorina, the Norwegian ballerina, has the lead role

NOTES from A HOLLYWOOD DIARY by Jane Grant

"JAMAICA INN"

Your bright young correspondent's hands are quite black and blue from pounding on the Paramount doors, begging for a preview of "Jamaica Inn," the new Paramount release starring our special screen favorite Charles Laughton, and directed by the one and only Alfred Hitchcock. But every black and blue mark is a cherished possession now.

For I've seen "Jamaica Inn" and it is all that I'd hoped for. Laughton has an even grander role than his Captain Bligh, or Javert, as Sir Humphrey Pengallan, a glorious rogue in a top hat, who directs the thrilling activities of a crew of cutthroats who wreck ships on the English coast and turn over their spoils to Sir Humphrey. Maureen O'Hara, Laughton's own discovery, is all he claims her to be. In short, Pommer-Laughton Mayflower Productions have made this exciting Daphne du Maurier novel into an even better screen drama.

"WHAT A LIFE"

If you've seen the stage play "What a Life," or listened to the adventures of Henry Aldrich on the radio, you're prepared for the treat Paramount has in store for you in the new picture, "What a Life." Jackie Cooper is, of course, the perfect choice for young Henry. And Betty Field is so delightful as Henry's Best Girl that Paramount has already signed this young Broadway actress for the lead in Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen." Frankly, I haven't had so much fun since my last high school dance as I had watching Henry, his mother, and all his teachers tangle in the true-to-life schoolday adventures of "What a Life." Jay Theodore Reed deserves a lot of credit for making the finest school comedy brought to the screen in years.

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

Suppose you were a very beautiful and very successful young New York career woman, with plenty of social and economic independence; would you think a husband necessary? Madeleine Carroll, as such a young lady in Paramount's "Honeymoon in Bali," gives a very definite "no" to that question. Even charming Allan Jones, as an opera singer who can make most girls' hearts go pit-a-pat, gets a cold shoulder from Madeleine. Then along comes Fred MacMurray, the adventurous charmer from Bali, boasting of the five Balinese beauties who love to mend his socks, gives Madeleine a Balinese kiss . . . and whammmmmm! P. S. Little Paramount starlet Carolyn Lee, under the expert direction of Edward H. Griffith, is wonderful as that wonderful Babe from Bali.

Call your theatre and ask them when these Paramount Pictures, mentioned by Miss Grant, will play. Remember: If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town.

7 SECOND
MYSTERY
STORY

"HOW DOES MARY STAY SO RESTED? SHE'S ALREADY DRIVEN OVER 400 MILES!"

HERE'S HOW she does it. She keeps a package of this famous Beech-Nut peppermint gum in the car. Great thing to relieve tension in traffic, says she.

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PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
ALWAYS REFRESHING
TO OPEN USE TAB
CHEWING GUM
One of America's GOOD habits

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TRY ALL 6 OF OUR DELICIOUS FLAVORS and see which you like the best. Besides the popular Peppermint, there are Beech-Nut Spearmint, Oralgum and 3 flavors of Beechies — Peppermint, Spearmint and Pepsin.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 6]

bicycling in Griffith Park one Sunday when a riderless horse bore down on her and knocked her on her noggin. In spite of the pain of a fractured collar-bone, she still reported for work. Incidentally, the faces of a few bachelors are red. As soon as they saw the fresh-looking Maureen they fell over each other trying to date her. It was only after they became insistent that she told them she had a husband in Ireland. Married him the night before she sailed for America.

● No wonder those big Valley ranches go over so big with the stars. Andy Devine, one of the most enthusiastic farmers, sells 200 chickens daily to a Los Angeles restaurant. And Irene Rich has been selling enough alfalfa from her farm to pay the mortgage and then some. The Clark Gables know how to use the over-produce on their ground; have been giving it over to hospitals.

It had to happen. Shirley Temple is the latest to squawk about the parts she has been getting. Shirley herself isn't raising the rumpus, but her astute parents want her to play in pictures that will in some way show her growing up, rather than playing cowboy and Indians in such pictures as *Susannah of the Mounties*. A certain measure of peace has been restored now that Shirley is going into Maeterlink's *Bluebird*. Since the tremendous success of the amazing *Wizard of Oz*, this charming fantasy should give Shirley another big hit.

Burning the candles at both ends finally caught up with Lana Turner. While she was being fitted for clothes in Dancing Co-Ed, *she collapsed and had to be sent home. When she returned to the studio, she found that her clothes were too large on her. The doctor ordered Hollywood's hot-cha girl to add a quart of milk and cream a day to her diet. Now her studio bosses are insisting that she stay home nights and leave the gay spots for girls who don't work. Don't know if she'll take the orders, though. Lana keeps her pace as the most colorful hey-hey girl since Clara Bow.*

THE Love Bug—Wally Beery is getting over the heart burn for his ex-wife with Sylvia Slate. . . . Any day now Binnie Barnes becomes Mrs. Mike Frankovich. . . . Ditto on Jane Wyman to become Mrs. Ronald Reagan as soon as her divorce clears. . . . Kay St. Germaine nursing a broken heart since Edgar Bergen stopped calling. . . . Andrea Leeds sporting a knockout solitaire. Bob Howard's the guy, and Ken Murray is carrying the torch. . . . Hal Roach, Jr., gifted Virginia Field with a watch when he sailed for Honolulu, but when he came back he found that she was Richard Greene's girl. . . . Ann Rutherford collegiate with

[*Continued on page* 10]

John Garfield smilingly signs autograph books for Fawcett's Movieland Tourists in his studio commissary. Garfield co-stars with Pat O'Brien in Warner's *City of Lost Men*

A ROARING ERA becomes A ROARING HIT!

Here's more screen excitement than ever you've seen before! America at its maddest! America at its merriest . . . the land of the free gone wild! It's the heyday of the hotcha — *the shock-crammed days G-Men took ten whole years to lick!* By far the biggest of all Jimmy's big hits!

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Hollywood's Thrilling New Team! What a Treat for Their Fans!

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THE ROARING TWENTIES

Warner Bros.' Newest Dramatic Success, with

HUMPHREY BOGART • GLADYS GEORGE

FRANK McHUGH • JEFFREY LYNN • PAUL KELLY

Directed by Raoul Walsh

Screen Play by Jerry Wald, Richard Macaulay and Robert Rossen

From an Original Story by Mark Hellinger

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FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page 8*]

Stanford law student, Peter von Brecher. . . . Bonita Granville Brown Derbys with Dody Sinclair, eastern socialite. . . . Greer Garson and Lew Ayres. . . . Linda Darnell's heart belongs to Maury Grossman, an M-G-M writer. . . . Marie Wilson, in New York to do *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* met Peter Arno who prefers her. . . . Robert Taylor's ma denying reports that she will wed Ralph Power, Nebraska tennis champ. . . .

● David Niven continues to be the town cutup. He has rigged up a little tin manikin on the rear end of his car. Mechanically operated, it lets out with a Bronx cheer and sticks out its tongue simultaneously at motorists behind who honk their horn too loud.

● **Impressed with the footage thus far completed in the filming of *Dr. Cyclops,* weird technicolor action drama, Paramount recently revealed steps which have been taken to place the studio in a position to "cash in" on the anticipated popularity of the production.**

William LeBaron, managing director of production, announced that Paramount has purchased H. G. Wells' celebrated novel, *Food of the Gods,* to serve as a successor to *Cyclops* in the field of cinematic fantasia. One of the most famous of Wells' fantastic stories, *Food of the Gods* deals with the experiments carried forward by two British scientists who discover a food element which causes tremendous growth in men, animals and plants, thus menacing the existence of normal-sized mankind on the earth.

● Following his current role at Paramount in *Federal Offense,* J. Edgar Hoover crime drama, Lyle Talbot will leave on 16 weeks' personal appearance tour. He will play in a specially written dramatic sketch.

● Artie Shaw may be Top Guy with the nation's jitterbugs, but he doesn't rate as high with the people who are working with him in *Dancing Co-Ed.* Seems that Artie has $100,000 in the bank, and he doesn't let anyone forget it. He has been balking at direction on the set, and even easy-going Lana Turner has been giving him the freeze because of his childish tantrums. And talking of things childish, Artie has switched from Judy Garland to fifteen-

Pat Ellis, Hollywood's ace contender for "the gal with the most sex-appeal" title, steps out with Henry Willson to the Trocadero, favorite night-spot of the stars

The honeymoon is over and Mrs. Tyrone Power (Annabella) picks flowers from her garden to adorn the nooks of her new home

year-old June Preisser. When he escorted June to a Westwood Village preview, some wag commented on his penchant for teen-age girls with: "Aha—Tennessee comes to Hollywood."

GOLD-PLATED caviar sandwich for the most popular couple in town goes, without a dissenter, to Richard Greene and Virginia Field. These two, who have been dating themselves into the serious stage, are very socially minded and are considered what is quaintly known as "assets" at a party. They have charm, worldliness and a tremendous capacity for fun. Consequently, they receive more invitations than they can ever possibly accept. Reminds me of another blond young actress who has lived in Hollywood for years, and was very popular until she started going with a New York gentleman who had made himself very much disliked out here because of his habit of issuing phony checks. Because she won't go anywhere without him, and because party-givers still have the finger on him, she finds herself with little to do these evenings but play patty-cake with her boy-friend.

The most eligible bachelor-girl in Hollywood is probably the last one you'd think of—demure, high-schoolish Ann Rutherford. Ann is a wealthy girl in her own right, and her recent inheritance of a salmon cannery in Canada, supplementing her property holdings, makes her a bona fide heiress. The other day Ann blew herself to a silver fox coat, and bought a gift for her mother. She brought the gift home in a paper bag, and threw it on her mother's bed. Mama didn't pay much attention to it until a few days later. She opened it, and found two magnificent diamond-blue silver foxes!

Because Cesar Romero has replaced Warner Baxter as the name lead in the

[*Continued on page* 12]

Ed—with another girl and he used to be mine!

Smart girls keep romance! They prevent underarm odor with MUM!

ETHEL got a shock when they passed her... Ed glancing at her almost like a stranger... Jane with that proud, satisfied smile. Ethel knew Jane wasn't as pretty—wasn't as clever... wondered why Ed picked *her!*

It isn't always the *pretty* girls who win! For even a pretty girl can spoil her chances, if she's careless about underarm odor... if she trusts her bath alone to keep her fresh and sweet... neglects to use Mum!

For a bath removes only *past* perspiration... Mum prevents odor *to come.* That's why more women use Mum than any other deodorant—more screen stars, more nurses—more girls like *you.*

MUM IS QUICK! Only thirty seconds for Mum, and underarms are protected for a whole day or evening.

MUM IS SAFE! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics. You can apply Mum even *after* you're dressed. Mum won't irritate skin.

MUM IS SURE! Without stopping perspiration, Mum prevents underarm odor. Freshness is so important—why take risks? Get Mum at your druggist's today.

AFTER YOUR BATH—MUM MAKES YOU *SAFE*

YOU CAN'T EXPECT A BATH TO LAST ALL EVENING. SO I ALWAYS USE MUM
TO HERSELF: I'VE A FEELING TOM'S FALLING HARD! I'M GLAD I USED MUM!

Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

I WISH I COULD TELL MY DOCTOR

THE SECRET SUFFERING OF MILLIONS
—MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN!

There is no affliction more common or distressing than simple Piles.

About 75% of the people, it is said, suffer from simple Piles. The trouble is embarrassing. It is wearing. It tells on your health, on your looks.

A TABOO SUBJECT

On account of the delicacy of the subject, many people hesitate to seek treatment. Yet, there is no ailment more in need of attention.

Any person who has any signs of simple Piles should do something about it at once.

One of the very best things you can do to relieve the distress of simple Piles is to use Pazo. Pazo almost instantly relieves the itching and pain. Its very touch is comforting.

TRIPLE ACTION

Pazo is effective because it does three things.

First, it soothes the sore and inflamed parts and relieves the pain and the itching.

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Third, it tends to reduce the swollen parts and helps check bleeding.

This triple action gives real results.

Pazo comes in tubes, with small perforated Pile Pipe attached. This little Pile Pipe makes it easy to apply the medicine high up and within the rectum.

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All drug stores sell Pazo, but a liberal trial tube is yours for the asking. Just mail a postcard or the coupon below. Use Pazo according to directions. If you do not get the relief you seek from Pazo in a week's time, consult your doctor.

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Gentlemen: Please send me free PAZO.
Name________
Address________
City________ State________
This offer is good only in U. S.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 11]

Cisco Kid series, whispers are going around that Warner is through. That's a little stretch of the truth. Warner is a pretty sick guy, turned down the part to take a long vacation. The likable Romero was the most logical choice as his heir. A friend tried to talk Warner out of remaining away from the screen so long. "If you stay away, the public will forget you!" Baxter smiled wryly. "If I don't, there won't be a Baxter to forget."

> *Credit goes to Ingrid Bergman, the Swedish actress whom you will see in* Intermezzo, *for resisting all temptation to cash in on Garbo's publicity. While Miss Bergman was in town, Garbo phoned her and tried to arrange a meeting. But Ingrid was too busy to make a date, and thought so little of the incident that she never told anyone about it until the day she sailed for Sweden. With half the town still dying to see the evasive Swede, Ingrid's nonchalance was amazing.*

WHAT a break for Jane Bryan when she replaced Dolly Haas in Paul Muni's *We Are Not Alone.* Warner Brothers' statement said that Miss Haas had suffered a nervous collapse brought on by the high pitch in the role. But insiders claim it was old-fashioned European temperament which done her in. Jane got four boxes of flowers from actors on the Warner lot—which shows how she rates with those who work with her. Her first act on receiving the part was to phone Bette Davis in New York, whom she adores. It was Bette who talked Warners into giving "Janey" a contract.

All sorts of nursery reports were going on about the Charles Boyers. When asked, Pat Paterson said, "They're not true." Then added: "Wish they were, though."

● Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward still continue to have tough luck with their home. First, the Haywards bought a home on top of a hill in Brentwood, then discovered after they had made the down payment, that there wasn't a dining-room in the manse. "Well, at least our house commands a beautiful view of the city," consoled Ida. So infatuated were they with the view and the lovely grounds around the house, that they hired a landscape gardener to decorate the estate. He did. He planted majestic eucalyptus trees all around the house. They're beautiful—but Ida and Louis have discovered that the trees completely hide that cherished view of the city!

LUCKY is the girl who gets dated by either Franchot Tone, Burgess Meredith, Pat De Cicco or Howard Hughes. Not only is each an "eligible" in himself, but when a gal goes out with one, she gets all. Loretta Young, who has been going with Franchot,

London traffic was brought to a standstill when thousands of British film worshippers gathered to watch Tyrone Power's arrival at the theatre for a personal appearance. Arrow points to Tyrone on the run found that she had Meredith and the millionaire Hughes as escorts as well when Tone took her to Victor Hugo's.

Priscilla Lane's married-or-not status is gradually clearing up. At Grace Hayes' Lodge Oren Haglund was telling friends that he and Priscilla were married. "We have been for months," he said. Priscilla just sat and smiled.

● From a friend who was a passenger on the film-star packed *Normandie* which included Norma Shearer, George Raft, Eddie Robinson and Bob Hope among others, comes a letter telling of a hilarious ship's concert organized by Hope. "Robinson and Raft did an act together. Each got up from his own table, glared at the other, than felt in his pockets for rods. Just as they were about to pull, they went off into a sissy rhumba." There's more, too, that this friend writes. "Norma Shearer and George Raft danced together and were often in the same party, but if that's romance then we'll swim the Channel."

Nominated for the town's most tactful husband is Duke Daley. After Paula Stone cooked her first breakfast for him, he sent her two orchids and a cook book. "The orchids are for tonight. The cook book is for tomorrow morning."

Where or how the rumors started, no one knows, but repeated gossip reports Nelson Eddy's growing blindness. At first, Nelson disregarded them, but now he has come out with a flat denial. "For three years reports have persisted. Letters from all over the country pour in offering me sympathy and cures. I have even read that I was about to entrain for Montreal to consult a specialist concerning an operation on my optic nerve. Nothing could be further from the truth. My eyesight is perfect except for a slight astigmatism for which I wear glasses." And that—is that.

● An interesting highlight on the status of stars in the old days was brought out by Maurice Costello and Stuart Holmes who are working in *The Roaring Twenties*. Both old-timers were doing some reminiscing about the old Vitagraph days of twenty-five years ago. Said Holmes: "Maurice won distinction as the first actor who refused to do studio carpentry work in addition to film acting. Every actor, at that time, was also a writer, carpenter and general handyman."

TO THE palpitating question: "What is the masculine equivalent of a sarong," comes the answer: The something which Robert Preston wears in *Typhoon*. It's called a "pareau," dearie.

They're ribbing Dick Arlen and his pet bull, Ferdinand. Seems that Ferdinand got his name when he was a very little bull, but he didn't grow up to be that way at all. In fact, after six months he's gotten so mean that Arlen is faced with the problem of selling him or cast-ironing the side of his barn. He is currently making a deal with the blacksmith to take out Ferdinand's price in shoeing Dick's horses, and the blacksmith can take out Ferdinand any time he likes.

Newest star relation to crash the bright lights is Michael Breen, brother of the famous Bobby. Mickey will hit the road soon with a fourteen-piece band, and a darned good one. This is one instance where little brother will give big brother a great big hand. Bobby will sing as guest star with the band on the night of Mickey's first engagement. The band's theme song will be the juvenile actor's first big hit, Let's Sing Again.

LEAVE it to Jimmy Cagney to do the unusual. Virginia Moore, script girl on *The Roaring Twenties*, suffered an injury while bowling that crippled her temporarily and made it difficult for her to get around. So thoughtful Jimmy had the prop shop build an electric wheel chair, complete with horn and various gadgets, for her use until she's able to navigate for herself. The chair is the most elaborate set chair possessed by any star, director or producer.

When Pat O'Brien visited New York the last time he practically homesteaded Jack White's night spot. As a gag, the manager of the hotel where Pat was registered sent him the following wire: "What's the matter Pat? Are you mad at us?"

When the time came for Pat to pull out for Hollywood, his good pal, Jack, decided

[*Continued on page* 14]

"*Take my word for it*— **Lovely Skin Steps Up Charm!"**

SAYS THIS ENCHANTING MARYLAND BRIDE

My favorite complexion care—that's what I call Camay's gentle cleansing! And believe me, there's nothing like a lovely complexion for stepping up your charm!

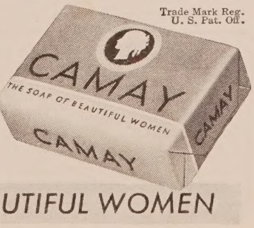
Baltimore, Md. (*Signed*) CONSTANCE B. PLUMMER
March 3, 1939 (*Mrs. R. W. Plummer*)

LOOK your loveliest! Like clever Mrs. Plummer, help guard the precious charm of a radiantly lovely skin—with Camay's gentle cleansing!

You will like Camay, for it has that priceless beauty cleansing combination—*thoroughness* with *mildness*. Each time you use it, Camay leaves your skin so clean it seems to *glow!* Yet Camay is gentle. We've *proved* Camay's mildness with tests against several other popular toilet soaps on various types of skin.

Repeatedly, Camay came out *definitely milder*. You'll find Camay marvelous for your *beauty bath*, too...to help keep back and shoulders lovely and as a refreshing aid to daintiness. Camay's price is low! Get three cakes today!

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Contents

THREE MORE ACTIVE DAYS

This is how many women give more time to living, and less to needless pain

LIFE is far too short—and too enjoyable—to give up several precious days each month by giving-in to menstruation's functional pain!

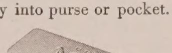
Millions of women now know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless*. So here we picture an effective and pleasant aid to *active* comfort. The way many women now save that lost time for *living*.

Think of this Midol package not as a slim case of small white tablets, but as *three additional days* which you might have in your month. Three days when you might go on as usual . . . making and keeping appointments . . . enjoying life normally in spite of the calendar!

Unless you have some organic disorder requiring medical or surgical treatment, Midol should make your dreaded days as carefree as others. It is made for this purpose—and usually acts not only to relieve the functional pain of menstruation, but to lessen discomfort. A few Midol tablets should see you happily through even your worst day.

Get Midol now, and start *living* the month around again! All drugstores. Midol's flat aluminum case tucks neatly into purse or pocket.

MIDOL



Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 13]

that Pat deserved a going-away gift. He called a conference of a bunch of the boys who were whooping it up, and they agreed that autographed baseballs would make perfect gifts, Pat being a rabid baseball fan. Not, mind you, autographed baseballs from the New York Yankees and Giants only, but autographed baseballs from every team in both circuits! And not only that, a single autograph to each ball! The boys dispatched hurry up wires to every manager in both leagues. The balls rolled in by dozens and scores until Jack had a big trunk full of them. Pat, by this time, was headed for Hollywood. There followed quite a what-to-do among his cronies as to when and how the balls should be delivered. As it happened, Pat Harrington was scheduled for a West Coast trip. Into his custody went the trunkful of valuable balls. On the way to the depot, Pat somehow got a mite forgetful, and he left the trunk in the taxicab. When he reached Hollywood he told Pat what had happened, and begged the actor to send Jack a wire thanking him for the swell gift. "The boys'll kill me if they know what's happened, Pat. Just tell 'em you've got the balls and thanks a lot—or something!"

Always willing to oblige a friend in need, Pat sent a wire of effusive thanks to his good pal, Jack, and everything was hotsy-totsy. But neither O'Brien nor Harrington reckoned with the taxicab driver. Opening the trunk and discovering the autographed baseballs, the driver could think of only one man in New York who was baseball fanatic enough to own the splendid assortment of signatures, so he hurried down to Jack White's with them. The wire from Pat arrived almost exactly at the same moment that the taxicab driver did. To say that Jack was more than somewhat nonplussed is putting it lightly. "Lookit!" he howled to his cronies.

Here's Lew Lehr, the "Drizzlepuss" comic, with his feet stuck fast in the cement at the New York World's Fair where he left a record of his feet and hand prints for posterity

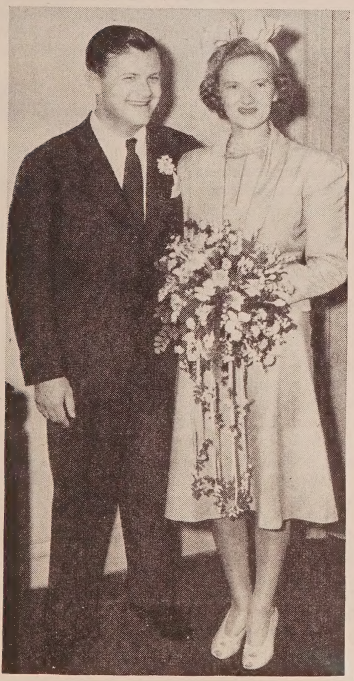
"We go to all this trouble collecting these autographs and he sends 'em back! What kind of a gag is that?" But everything turned out okay in the end. A dozen explanatory wires between East and West finally appeased everybody. Pat is now the proud possessor of six hundred brand-new autographed baseballs, Pat Harrington has been forgiven, and Jack White is eagerly awaiting the next visit of his old pal, Patrick. Batter up!

> *If Eddie Albert is still hunting for those two Chinese crickets he had around the house as pets, he might as well give up. His new Filipino cook got hungry between meals the first day he went to work at the Albert home and ate the two pets for a mid-morning snack!*

- Spencer Tracy, during location work near Payette Lake in Idaho, was inducted into the tribe of the Nez Perce Indians. The heap big medicine man gave Spence the name of "Elk Lee Mustyeen Tewat," which means "Many Faces Medicine Man." Robert Young was also made a member of the tribe and given the name of "Waptas Pee Wup Tse Yow Khu-Khun," which, translated back into good American, means "War Eagle Child."

Louis Hayward has the funniest fish story of all vacation time. After a two weeks' camping and fishing trip in the High Sierras, Louis returned with a four-inch trout—sole

[*Continued on page* 17]



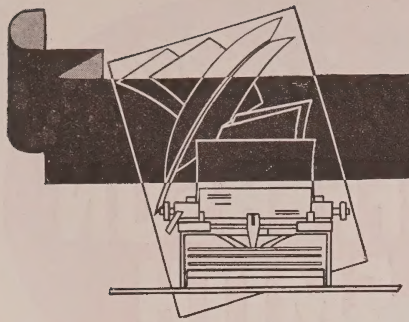
Congratulations are in order. Joe Mankiewicz, M-G-M producer, recently exchanged marital vows with Rose Stradner

The Amazing Story OF JEFFERSON SMITH

FRANK CAPRA'S
GREATEST
ACHIEVEMENT

Out of the hearts of its people . . . out of the very soil of America . . . a great director creates his most stirring, human drama . . . of an unsophisticated young man with a dream in his heart . . . of a woman who helps make his dream come true . . . and of the laughter, the love, the pain, and the joy they share in this everyday business of living! Stirring . . . in the seeing! Precious . . . in the remembering! Enacted by one of the most perfect casts ever assembled!

FRANK CAPRA'S
"MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON"
co-starring
JEAN ARTHUR ★ JAMES STEWART
Claude RAINS · Edward ARNOLD · Guy KIBBEE · Thomas MITCHELL · Beulah BONDI
Directed by FRANK CAPRA • Screen play by SIDNEY BUCHMAN
A Columbia Picture



UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

WE ARE pleased to see that Alva Johnson and the *Saturday Evening Post* have also given Gene Autry a friendly nod. Our Autry story (September SCREEN BOOK) bore the title *Paradox On Horseback*. Theirs, appearing several weeks later, was called *Tenor On Horseback*. Paradox or Tenor, Mr. Autry is certainly one of the most remarkable young men in Hollywood. On a recent visit to the British Isles, he was mobbed by thousands of admirers. Look at the photo on page 77 of this issue, then hurry to the nearest window and place your bet on Gene Autry, Hollywood's most popular star. You can't miss.

* * *

They told us that Paramount's *Our Leading Citizen* was injurious to the cause of organized labor, so we went to see it. We wanted to find out what all the yelling was about.

As we watched this picture, we experienced a nostalgic feeling. What was it? We puzzled, and suddenly we knew. *Our Leading Citizen* was presenting all the weak arguments we had heard tossed around in college. There, on the lips of the screen players, was Shorty Jones' sophomoric defense of wealth. There was Lanky Smith's childish attack on organized labor. And there was Bill White's pseudo-realistic, "I'll strike a balance" attitude expressed by Bob Burns.

We left the theatre feeling as though we had to go home and write a thesis on "Why I Like Football." We made some notes, among which we find the following:

"Come, come, Labor. You're not going to be hurt by this childishness. No thinking adult will take it seriously —any of it."

Maybe we shouldn't even have brought it up. Maybe, as Joe Jacobs puts it, we shoulda stood in bed.

* * *

We learn from the movies that the easiest job on earth is song writing. All a young composer needs is a girl, a piano and a moon. Sometimes he can get along without the piano.

The young composer (movie version) sits down at the piano and looks at the girl. She smiles. He smiles and strikes a chord. "Da-da-de-da," he says.

The girl says, "Da-da" just to prove she's in there pitching. They get together on the da-da business and first thing you know, out pops a hit tune.

The words? Just a matter of minutes to our young composers. The boy says, "It was a night in June." The girl puts her finger up to her mouth and looks puzzled. "Da-da," she says. Then the Muse comes to her rescue. She smiles brightly and whips out a nifty, "There was a bright moon."

They tell each other it's a colossal line, and before we can get over the shock, the verse is written.

Yeah. Maybe so. A good many popular tunes sound as though they *were* written that way.

Anyway, we're going to try song writing à la Hollywood. All we need is a girl to stand by the piano. Any offers?

NEXT MONTH

DEANNA DURBIN INTERVIEWS GLORIA JEAN

—a smash feature story!

Also

NO SPICE FOR "SUGAR"

—Pictorial feature on "Sugar" Geise, extra girl

INSIDE STORY OF A LOCATION TRIP

and many other exclusive features

We have a problem to present to you, our readers. It is SCREEN BOOK's aim to give you exactly what you want. And we'd like to know what you want in the way of movie reviews.

You may have noticed that our usual review page, *At Your Theatre Soon,* was omitted in the last issue. It was also left out of this issue so that we could bring you more pictures of Hollywood life.

In order to help us arrive at a decision regarding reviews, we wish you'd answer the following questions:

(1) Do you read film reviews in this magazine? Do they help you select the pictures you and your family attend?

(2) Do you attend a particular movie because your favorite star is appearing in it or because you've read it's a good movie?

(3) Would you prefer more candid photos in place of the reviews?

Just write your opinion on a penny post card and send it to the editor of SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

* * *

Congratulations to Bill Holden for his excellent work in Columbia's *Golden Boy*. Congratulations to Gloria Jean for her excellence in Universal's *The Underpup*. And congratulations to Brenda Joyce (*The Rains Came*) and Linda Ware (*The Star Maker*).

All of these young people are newcomers. All of them show unusual promise of rising in the movie world. SCREEN BOOK wishes them every success in their new field.

Their opportunities are those which come to few young men and women. At the risk of being called sententious, we ask them to keep faith with the movie public, to work seriously and above all, to evaluate fame realistically.

* * *

We have received a large number of letters praising SCREEN BOOK's new column *It Happened In Hollywood*. We think it makes excellent reading and are going to continue the column until Mr. Samuels runs out of items or is treed by an irate Hollywoodite. The latter isn't at all impossible, for we have a letter locked up in our desk which bears a Los Angeles postmark and is signed by—well, never mind. Mr. Never Mind doesn't like us. He hates us to death. He wishes we would go away and take Mr. Samuels and *It Happened In Hollywood* with us. It seems that Mr. Never Mind is afraid a certain incident will pop up in *It Happened In Hollywood*. He says his friends will never stop kidding him if we print it.

We answered his letter, told him he ought to mend his ways, reminded him of the penalties for assault and battery and thanked him for the tip. Yes, the incident will appear in an early issue.

We suggest that Mr. Never Mind hang this motto over his desk: "Your good deeds live after you but your bad deeds rise up and smack you on the nose." (P. S. Mr. Samuels doesn't want your money.)

THE EDITOR.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 15]

victim of his skill. And he didn't catch it with a hook. Says he found it in his boot after a day of stream fishing. He's got it mounted and hung in his den as a souvenir.

> *Look for a big revival in music-and-dancing pictures again. Earl Carroll, who knocked Hollywood for a loop with his amazing theatre-restaurant, is now producing pictures for Paramount which will have all the zip, glamor and lilt—not to forget those gudgus gals—of his Broadway revues. Incidentally, his first chorus call attracted not only the girls who wanted the jobs, but a few Hollywood men-about-town who wanted to be on hand when the selections were being made. Errol Flynn left his beloved boat to spend a whole afternoon in a girl-crowded room giving the pretties a once-over, while Jack Benny stopped in several times to give a quick look.*

DAVID O. SELZNICK has added Philip Winter to the cast of *Rebecca*, Daphne Du Maurier's famous story now before the cameras under the direction of Alfred Hitchcock.

Laurence Olivier and Joan Fontaine play the leading roles in *Rebecca* with the supporting cast headed by Judith Anderson, Reginald Denny, Nigel Bruce and Gladys Cooper.

Winter is a young English actor whom David O. Selznick first saw in the Los Angeles revival of *Outward Bound*. He was so impressed with Winter's performance that he decided to sponsor his screen debut.

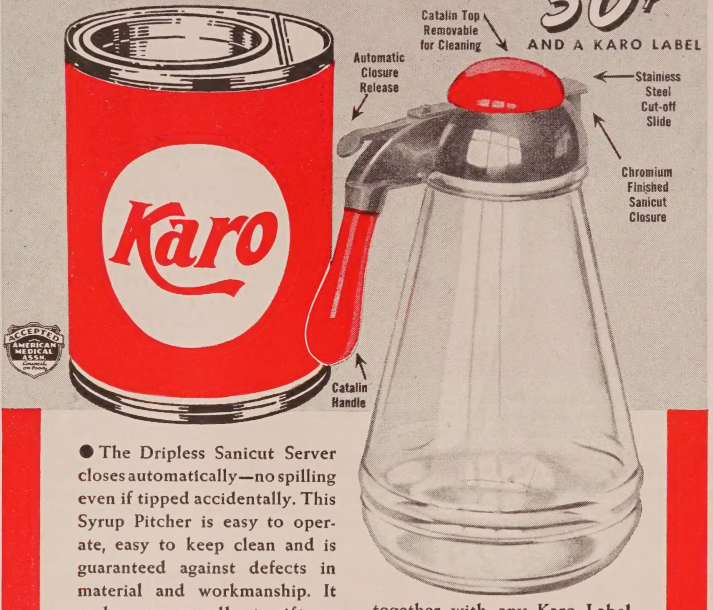
- M-G-M has bought for the screen the collection of Noel Coward one act plays presented on the stage under the title, *Tonight at 8:30*. The separate plays comprise *The Astonished Heart, Red Peppers, We Were Dancing, Shadow Play, Hands Across the Sea, Fumed Oak, Family Album, Still Life* and *Ways and Means*. Presented in groups of three, with Coward in leading roles, these plays proved equally great successes on the London and New York stage.

> *Mervyn LeRoy has obtained the consent of Louis B. Mayer to be relieved of his responsibilities as an executive producer and return to directing. LeRoy will at once begin preparations for* Ziegfeld Girl, *which will have several Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars in the cast. Other productions which LeRoy will subsequently direct include* Sea of Grass, *with Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy co-starred, and* National Velvet, *with a cast to be announced.*

- **Marlene Dietrich is so excited at resuming her American picture career in Universal's *Destry Rides Again*, opposite James Stewart. Her first luncheon at Universal commissary an hour after she arrived in Hollywood from Paris consisted only of iced tea.**

[*Continued on page* 65]

NEW—SMART—BEAUTIFUL
KARO SYRUP PITCHER
certified retail value $1.25 ONLY 50¢
AND A KARO LABEL


Karo
ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Council on Foods
Catalin Top Removable for Cleaning
Automatic Closure Release
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Catalin Handle

● The Dripless Sanicut Server closes automatically—no spilling even if tipped accidentally. This Syrup Pitcher is easy to operate, easy to keep clean and is guaranteed against defects in material and workmanship. It makes an excellent gift or bridge prize. Merely fill out the coupon below and mail it with 50c in check or money order together with any Karo Label (Blue Label, Red Label or Waffle Label)—and the Pitcher will be sent to you postpaid.

KARO SYRUP IS RICH IN DEXTRINS • MALTOSE • DEXTROSE

FOR THE QUINTS NOVEMBER 30TH
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DR. DAFOE SAYS: "Karo is the only syrup served to the Dionne quintuplets. Its maltose and dextrose are ideal carbohydrates for growing children"—

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to CORN PRODUCTS SALES CO., P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York, N. Y.—Department F-11
Enclosed herewith is fifty cents in ☐ CHECK
☐ MONEY ORDER and a Karo Label. Please send the KARO PITCHER to
NAME ____________
ADDRESS ____________
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This offer, good only in the United States, expires January 31, 1940. It is void in the states of Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Kansas

Active in Society—Busy Keeping House

—BUT
they're both
quick to
grasp this
Exciting
new
"SKIN-VITAMIN"
Care*!

In Cartier's—**Mrs. C. Henry Mellon, Jr.,** looks at a magnificent collection of diamond bracelets. Mrs. Mellon is popular in New York and Long Island society.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Do you find it difficult to protect your skin against sun and wind when you're traveling or outdoors a lot?

ANSWER: "Oh, no—my regular use of Pond's Vanishing Cream helps take care of that. I can smooth little roughnesses away with just a single application!"

On return from Paris, her favorite of European cities, Mrs. Mellon on French Line dock. Customs inspector goes over her luggage.

QUESTION TO MRS. MELLON: Does using more than one cream improve the general effect of your make-up?

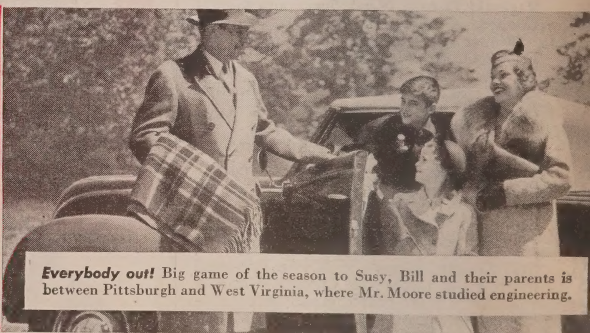
ANSWER: "Yes. When my skin is cleansed with Pond's Cold Cream and then smoothed with Pond's Vanishing Cream—make-up goes on evenly—sparkles longer!"

After the Theatre—In Mrs. Mellon's lovely New York apartment, friends often gather for a late supper.

Shopping for the week end—Mrs. James W. Moore, of Mt. Lebanon, Pa., takes advantage of the Friday food bargains. Her two young children have healthy appetites!

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Can a busy housewife find time to give her skin proper care, Mrs. Moore?

ANSWER: "Yes. Pond's 2 creams make it very easy—inexpensive, too! I can get my skin really clean and fresh with their Cold Cream. Besides that, this famous cream now contains Vitamin A, which is certainly* important to know."



Everybody out! Big game of the season to Susy, Bill and their parents is between Pittsburgh and West Virginia, where Mr. Moore studied engineering.

QUESTION TO MRS. MOORE: Why do you think it's important to have Vitamin A in your face cream?

ANSWER: "I studied about vitamins in feeding my children. That's how I learned there's one that's especially important to the skin—Vitamin A. Skin* lacking it gets rough and dry. And now I can cream it right into my skin with Pond's Cold Cream!"

Icebox raiding—Climax to an evening of ping-pong. Mrs. Moore pours coffee, while her husband slices ham.

*Statements about the "skin-vitamin" are based upon medical literature and tests on the skin of animals following accepted laboratory methods.

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TAKE 2 THRILLING STEPS TO FLATTERY for the cost of only ONE

Thrilling Offer—limited time only! Choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream. Two famous beauty aids for the price of one. Get yours today!

Exciting POND'S OFFER for You!
Pond's Face Powder
FREE WITH PURCHASE OF THE COLD CREAM
POND'S
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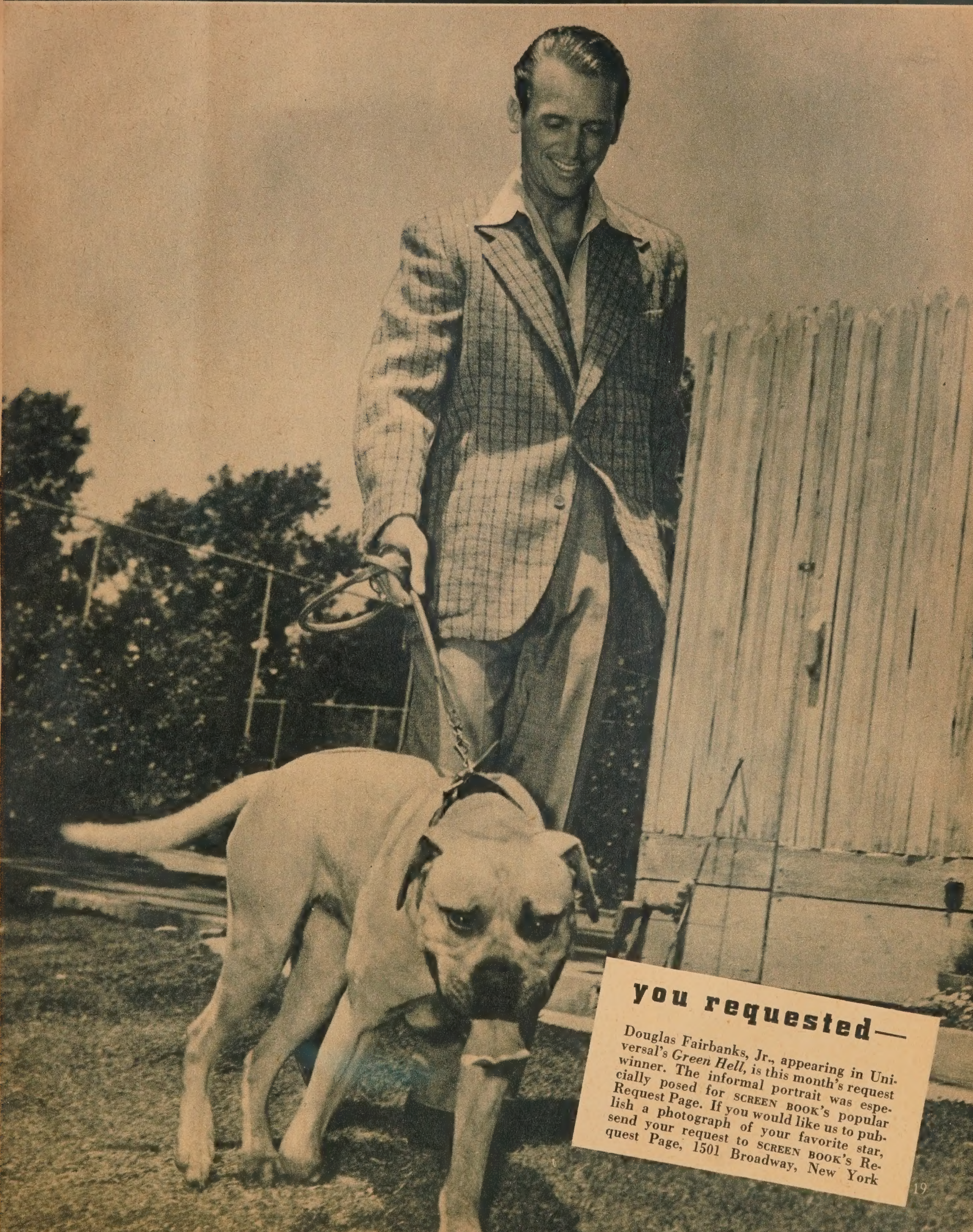
SCREEN BOOK IS TWO MAGAZINES IN ONE!

ENJOY THE PICTURE MAGAZINE BEGINNING ON THIS PAGE.
THEN TURN TO PAGE 54 FOR COMPLETE STORY MAGAZINE.



you requested—

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., appearing in Universal's *Green Hell*, is this month's request winner. The informal portrait was especially posed for SCREEN BOOK's popular Request Page. If you would like us to publish a photograph of your favorite star, send your request to SCREEN BOOK's Request Page, 1501 Broadway, New York

THE ROMANCE OF
HOLLYWOOD FROM
BATHING BEAUTIES TO
WORLD PREMIERES!

IN
TECHNICOLOR

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

HOLLYWOOD CAVALCADE

The most brilliant new note in entertainment! A heart-warming drama of today filled with 1001 thrilling yesterdays!

starring

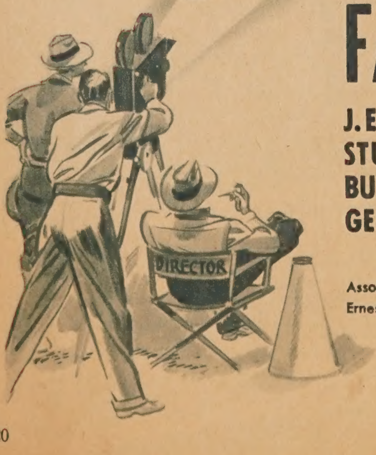
ALICE FAYE · DON AMECHE

J. Edward BROMBERG · ALAN CURTIS
STUART ERWIN · JED PROUTY
BUSTER KEATON · DONALD MEEK
GEORGE GIVOT · EDDIE COLLINS

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS

Associate Producer HARRY JOE BROWN • Screen Play by
Ernest Pascal • Story by Hilary Lynn and Brown Holmes
Based upon an original idea by Lou Breslow

A 20th Century-Fox Picture



ILONA MASSEY

appearing in M-G-M's "Balalaika"

JASON GETS A BATH

These photos show what happens when Pat Ellis tries to bathe Jason

Trouble already. The suds fly as Pat finally gets Jason in tub

Pat clears the decks for action while Jason looks on

Jason doesn't like soap suds. Pat is forced to use severe measures

Pat's trying to kid him into it now, but Jason refuses to be kidded. He thinks, "This hurts me worse than it does you." Pat's in Columbia's *Criminal at Large*

Defeat! Pat is down, Jason up. Poochie, Poochie, won't you please get outa this tub! (This picture story has a moral: Always have a friend help you bathe your pup.)

Photos by Charles Rhodes

It's a Date

SCREEN BOOK'S staff photographer steps out with June Lang and Hal Roach, Jr., to do up the town, Hollywood style

1. After a hard day's work at the studio, June Lang steps into her convertible coupe to drive home. "See you at eight," she calls to Hal Roach, Jr.

2. Changing from slacks to play suit, June romps in the garden with two of her three dogs. The other pooch, a golden cocker spaniel, is off chasing rabbits

3. "Nothing like a shower to cool you off," June smiles and reaches for a towel—but keeps herself covered from camera

4. Dry and glowing, June arms herself with a fluffy powder puff. "Better hurry and get dressed. Don't want to keep Hal waiting"

5

5. The maid answers the doorbell, and informs Mr. Roach that Miss Lang will be down presently

6

6. Upstairs. June drys her hair. She picks up a novel she started reading last week. "Mm-m—this book is pretty good. I still have time to finish the chapter"

7

7. All smiles, Hal sits down. "Eight o'clock. Right on the dot. June'll be down any minute now. Let's see—where'll we go for dinner?"

8

8. "How did I ever get all these snarls in my hair?" June is really getting down to serious business now. "Better put on some speed. Hal's downstairs. Can't keep him waiting much longer"

9

9. "Eight—eight-thirty—nine—nine-thirty—what the devil's keeping her?" It's ten o'clock and still no sign of June. "Oh, well, might as well grab a little nap"

10

10. Can it be possible? It's June! All ready to go. "Hope I didn't keep you waiting—why, Hal! You've fallen asleep! A fine way to greet me!"

CONTINUED

11. Dinner at the Brown Derby is first on the program. June appreciates Hal's eagerness for food . . . after all, it is 10 o'clock . . . what's a poor hungry escort to do?

12. Hollywood is rhumba-mad so Hal and June join the crowd at Earl Carroll's popular theatre-restaurant

13. The show is on and June and Hal are entertained by a bevy of Carroll beauties. The gals' costumes are similar to Dot Lamour's famed sarong

15

16. After leaving Slapsie's, June and Hal stop at a drive-in for a "bite." Hours have elapsed since the elaborate meal at the Brown Derby

16

14. Below, Carroll takes "the daters" backstage for a close-up of his beauties. Don't let the undressed gals draw your attention from June's charms

15. When is a date not a date? When you pass up genial Slapsie Maxie's place. June pours a glass of milk for Slapsie, in photo above. "Good for the complexion," June tells Maxie

17. June and Hal rest a while, right, and enjoy their sandwiches. It won't be long now before they'll be whizzing homeward

17

4

18

18. A wonderful evening, well spent, and June rewards Hal with a good night kiss. SCREEN BOOK hopes you enjoyed these date pictures, exclusive to its readers

VILLAIN IN VELVET

Jamaica Inn, starring Charles Laughton, pictures the activities of ship wreckers along the Cornish coast in 1820. Gangs of thieves (above) lured ships on the rocks, plundered them

Secret leader of the wreckers is *Sir Humphrey Pengallan* (Charles Laughton), shown above. He pretends to break up the gang, secretly aids them in committing crimes

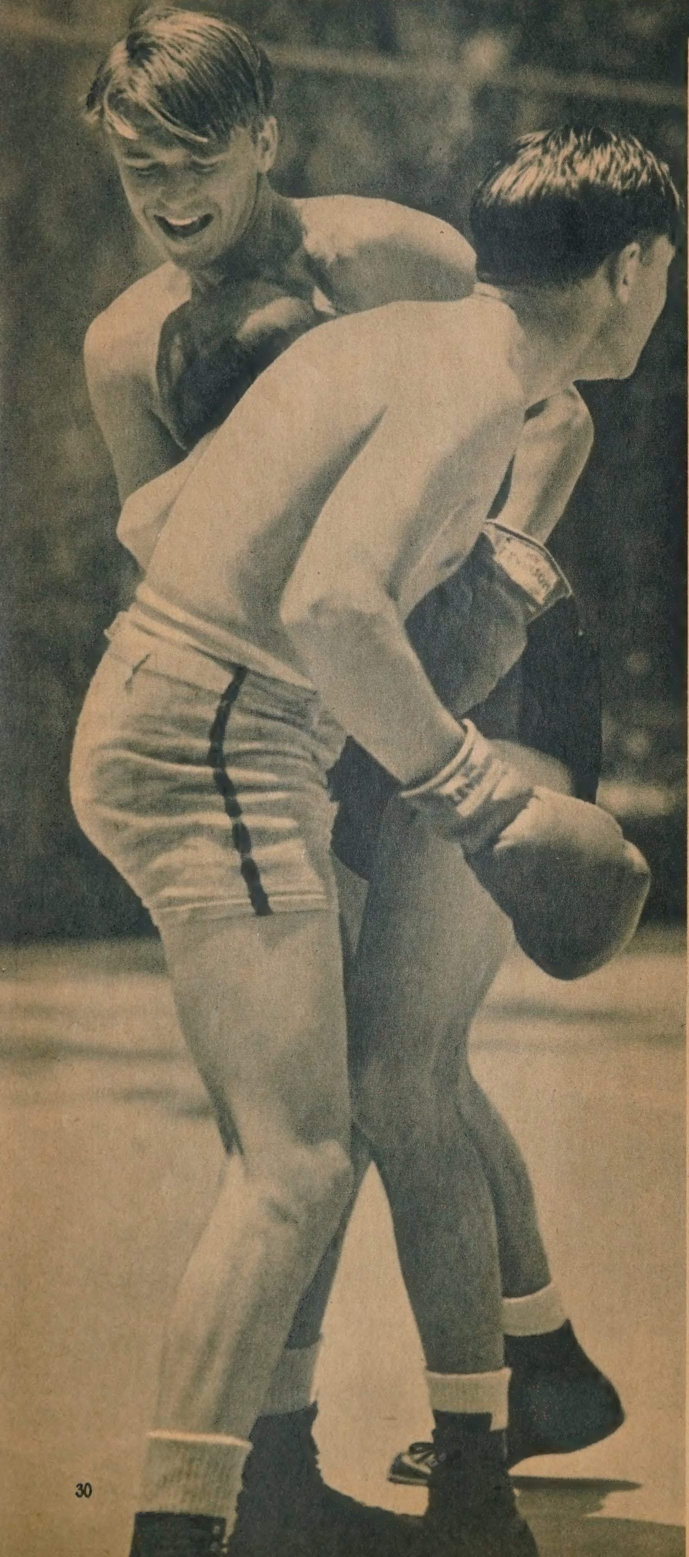
To Jamaica Inn, rendezvous of the gang, comes *Mary* (Maureen O'Hara), innocent niece of the gang's leader. She learns of the gang's nefarious activities, is threatened with death

Jem Trehearne (Robert Newton), government officer, seeks the aid of the squire in breaking up the gang. Both are captured and guarded by the gang leader's wife

The squire escapes and is about to kidnap *Mary* when *Jem* arrives. The squire commits suicide rather than submit to capture

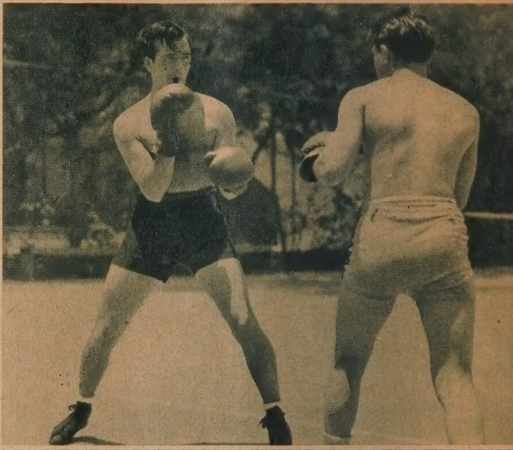
At left, Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara. *Jamaica Inn* was made in England, will be released through Paramount

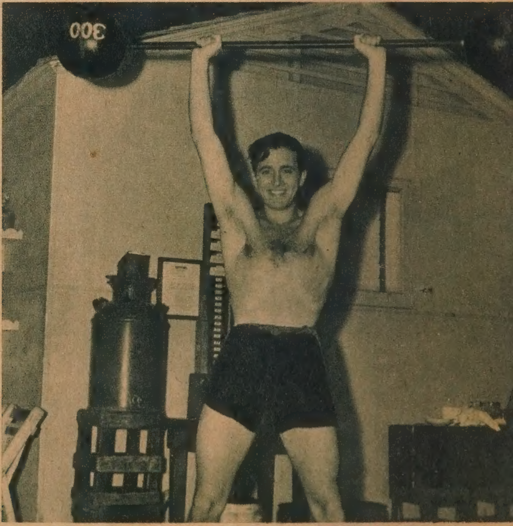
TRAINING A SCREEN FIGHTER

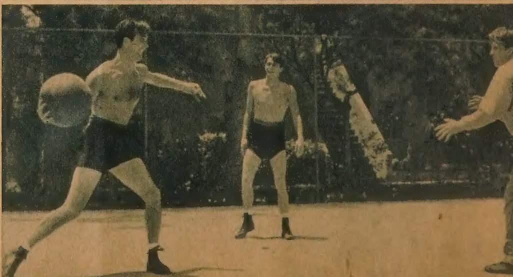


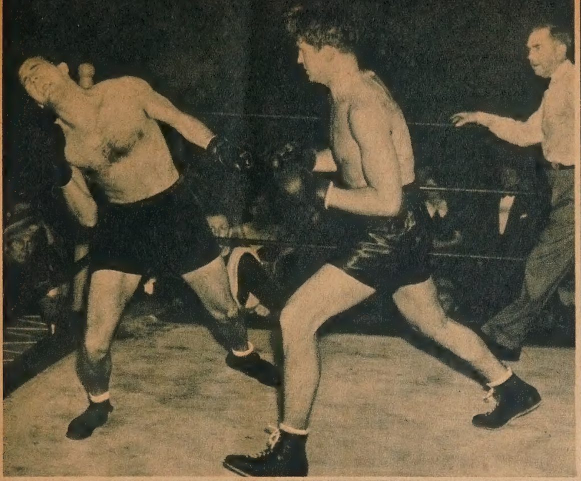
HERE'S WHAT HAPPENS

before a star is filmed in a screen fight. The pictures on this page show that before appearing in a prizefighting movie, stars must train almost as real-life prize fighters train. Such preliminary training serves two purposes. First, the star must fight realistically. Second, he must be physically fit to withstand whatever bouncing around he receives from his opponent. Photos on this page show John Payne preparing for his part in Warner's *Kid Nightingale*. At left and directly below, he works out with Trainer Mushy Callahan. Lower photos show him lifting weight, tossing medicine ball



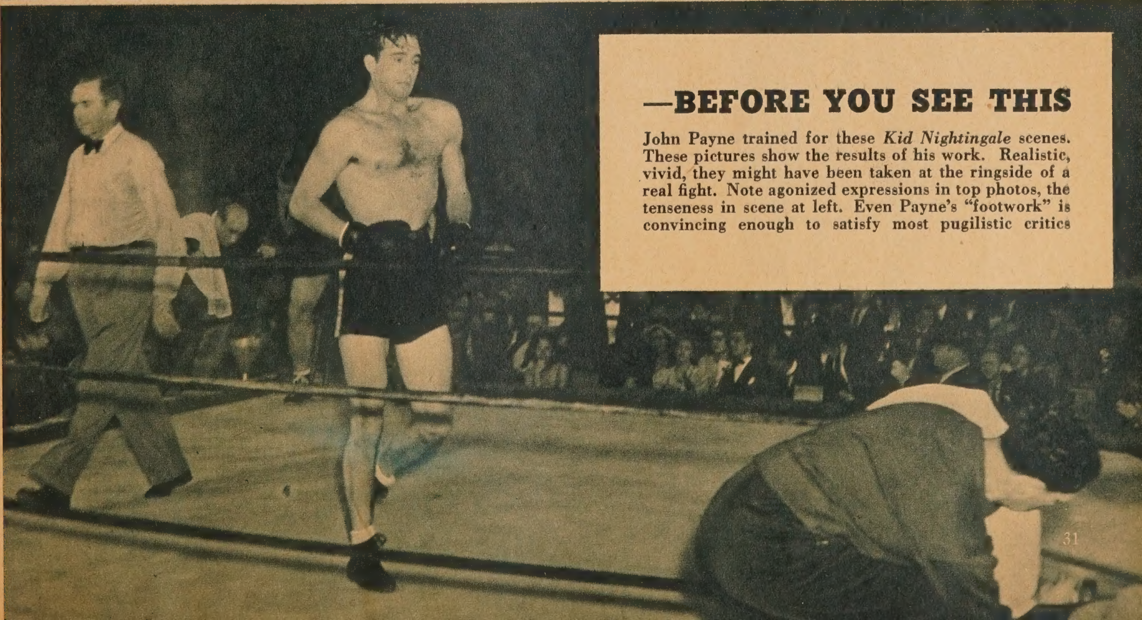






—BEFORE YOU SEE THIS

John Payne trained for these *Kid Nightingale* scenes. These pictures show the results of his work. Realistic, vivid, they might have been taken at the ringside of a real fight. Note agonized expressions in top photos, the tenseness in scene at left. Even Payne's "footwork" is convincing enough to satisfy most pugilistic critics



COLBERT AND FONDA PIONEERS

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK
20th Century-Fox

Henry Fonda and Claudette Colbert are co-starred in *Drums Along the Mohawk*, a vivid story of pioneering in upper New York state

Above, the young couple are married in Albany, N. Y. The year is 1777. Immediately after the service, they leave for the wilderness

●

Right, the bride comes home—to a log cabin in the wilderness. Its roughness frightens her

●

Left, the bride trembles at the sight of an Indian. Her husband assures her he is friendly

●

Indian fights play an important part in *Drums Along the Mohawk*. Below, an attack on a stockade

BABES IN ARMS

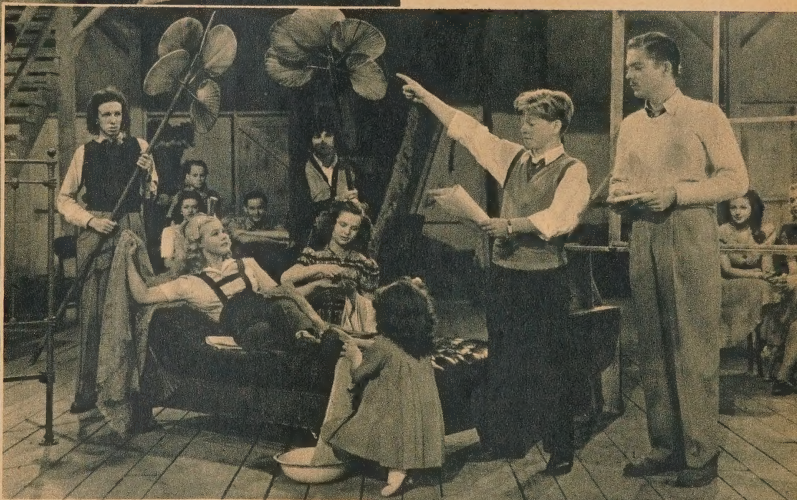
The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer production, *Babes in Arms,* is based on the Broadway success of the same name. Charles Winninger and Grace Hayes are having infant trouble with Judy and Mickey

Mickey and Judy are snapped in the midst of their song and dance routine for the minstrel number. Mickey portrays a producer who builds a show made up of children of former vaudeville headliners

And, of course, a picture without a romance angle is like Gable without Lombard . . . so an adolescent love affair, slighty hectic, rounds out the picture

CAST

Mickey Moran	MICKEY ROONEY
Patsy Barton	JUDY GARLAND
Joe Moran	CHARLES WINNINGER
Florie Moran	GRACE HAYES
Molly Moran	BETTY JAYNES
Judge Black	GUY KIBBEE
Don Price	DOUGLAS McPHAIL
Maddox	HENRY HULL
Martha Steele	MARGARET HAMILTON
Rosalie Essex	JUNE PREISSER
Goldy Martini	LENI LYNN
Bobs	JOHN SHEFFIELD



A play within a play with Master Rooney as producer. Rehearsals for the play are held in an old barn. The kids resent Judy being replaced by June Preisser

Grace Hayes, Charles Winninger and Mickey Rooney entertain (?) while Judy suddenly develops an earache. Mickey and Judy are co-starred for the first time

HOW MOVIES RULE

RUDOLPH VALENTINO—John Barrymore—John Gilbert—all masters in the not always gentle art of love-making! Their romantic technique with willowy blondes and curvacious brunettes literally set the style for backwoods Romeos and big city smoothies all over the country. To modern sophisticates the old timers' masterful methods of getting the girl probably look pretty corny. But in their hey-day, the Valentinos and the Gilberts were the last word in romance.

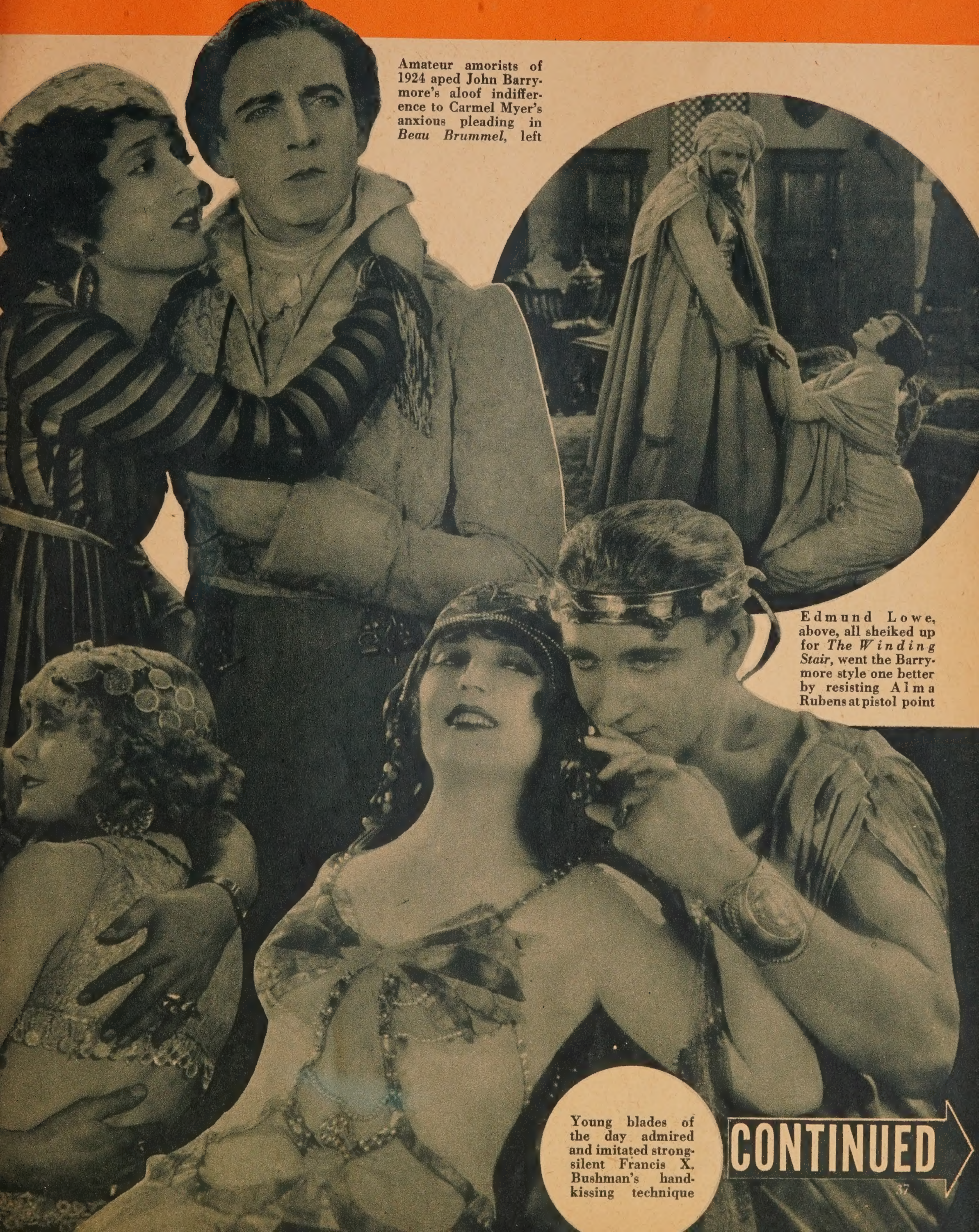
Continuing last month's history lesson in hot-blooded histrionics, SCREEN BOOK brings you four more pages of famous love scenes which not too many years ago thrilled millions of awed movie-goers and inspired nobody-knows-how-many ambitious youths to try out the dazzling new technique on the girl next door.

The Hays office now says "nix" on scenes like this but 1928 audiences were thrilled when Donald Reed kissed Billie Dove in the silent picture, *The Night Watch*

Valentino the Great, below, smilingly listens to Director George Fitzmaurice tell him how to play a love scene with Vilma Banky in *The Sheik*, which in 1921 created a rage

Fifteen years ago bashful beaux were consoled by Harold Lloyd's rose-covered-cottage technique, typified by this scene with Jobyna Ralston from *Girl Shy*

THE WORLD OF LOVE



Amateur amorists of 1924 aped John Barrymore's aloof indifference to Carmel Myer's anxious pleading in *Beau Brummel*, left

Edmund Lowe, above, all sheiked up for *The Winding Stair*, went the Barrymore style one better by resisting Alma Rubens at pistol point

Young blades of the day admired and imitated strong-silent Francis X. Bushman's hand-kissing technique

CONTINUED

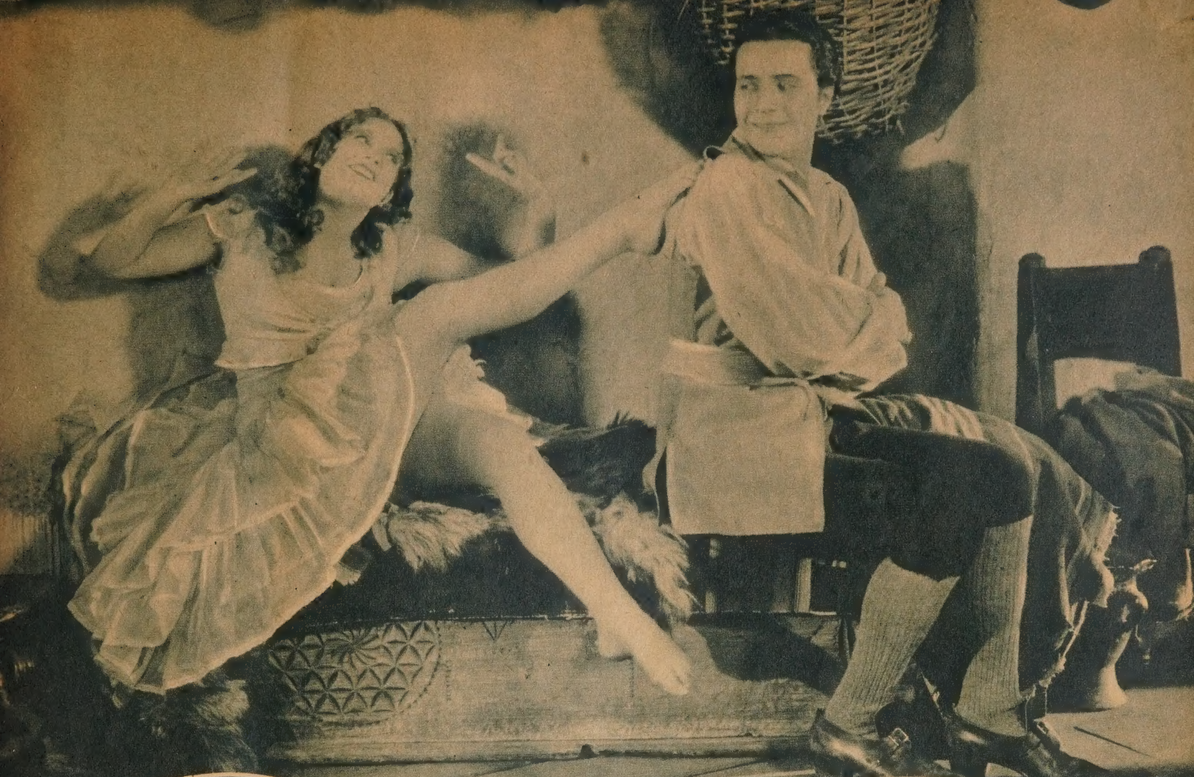
How Movies Rule the World of Love (cont.)
THE THRILL IS GONE
Or
You're Losing Your Grip If—
A Hollywood Picture Story With A Moral

When he reaches for the whiskey, as Ralph Graves did with Belle Baker (1929), you can get him back by firmness

Things are serious when he moves the clock ahead. Lloyd Hughes, top, did this in scene with Billie Dove (1927)

You can't hold him when he manicures his nails while you're on his lap. May MacEvoy and Lew Cody in *Three Women* (1924)

This style of love-making, introduced by Neil Hamilton and Colleen Moore, was mimicked by many a swain



Lili Damita's technique, above, intrigued Don Alvarado in *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*

Lya de Putti showed moviegoers of 1926 the scene with Warwick Ward, top left

John Gilbert, top right, created a furore with Greta Garbo in *The Flesh and the Devil*

Lady of the Pavements in 1929 inspired imitations of William Boyd's choke-kiss, lower left

Current idol is Charles Boyer, right, whose cinematic romance with Hedy Lamarr in *Algiers* set a new high in love technique

FROM BODICE TO BUSTLE

3

2

1

—photos by Charles Rhodes

1, 2, and 3.—Hollywood's demand on famous designers for speed, style, glamor and originality is shown here by Howard Greer and Jean Parker. Mr. Greer, designer, selects material, decides style and builds a gown from scratch in sixty minutes. We didn't believe it could be accomplished, but now we're eating salt for Mr. Greer kept his word and the result is seen on opposite page. The moire satin striped material was manufactured in France. There are only 16 yards of the material in this country, owned by Mr. Greer. Pictures on this page show Mr. Greer in the first stages

4

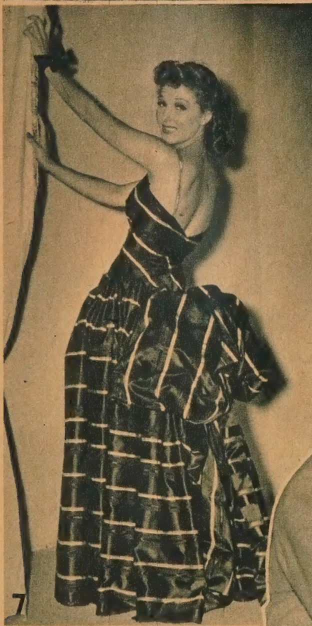
5

6

4. Mr. Greer attaches old-fashioned hoop to the completed bodice

6. The gathered skirt is almost completed. Jean is playing in Republic's *Flight at Midnight*

5. Mr. Greer decides what type of skirt should hide those pretty legs


7

7. A lovely girl emerges in a smart creation with bustle reminiscent of long ago

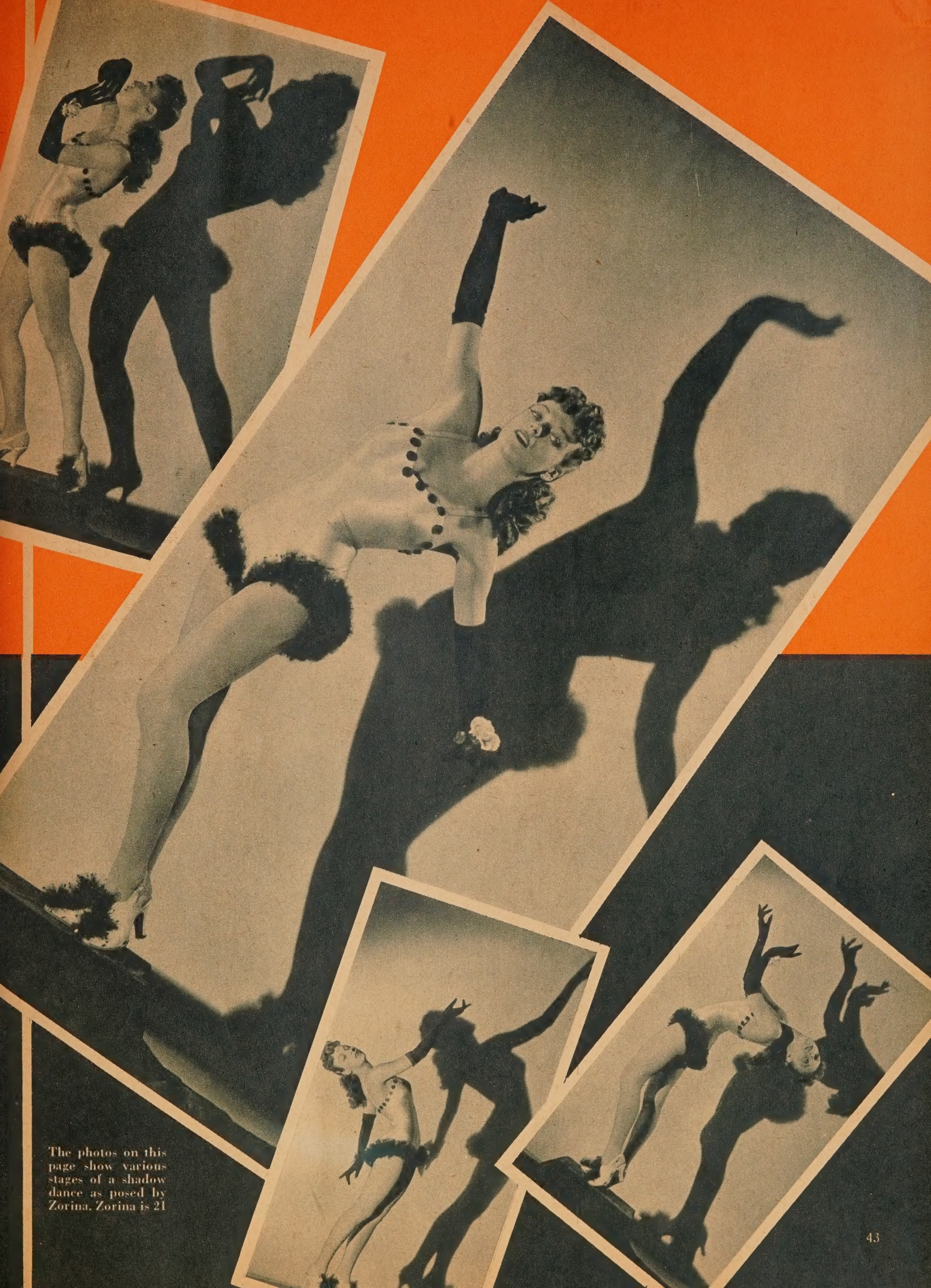
8

8. Before writing out the check, Jean tries to argue the price but Mr. Greer finally wins

HERE'S ZORINA

Vera Zorina is pictured here between scenes for Warner Bros.' *On Your Toes*

Zorina rehearses adagio turn with partner, Charles Laskey



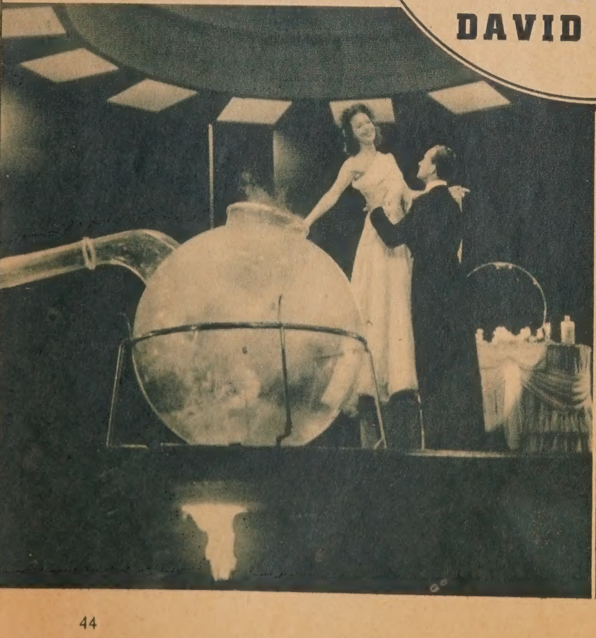
The photos on this page show various stages of a shadow dance as posed by Zorina. Zorina is 21

ETERNALLY YOURS

Co-starring LORETTA YOUNG and DAVID NIVEN

"The Great Arturo" (David Niven) performs for his audience in Walter Wanger's comedy, *Eternally Yours*

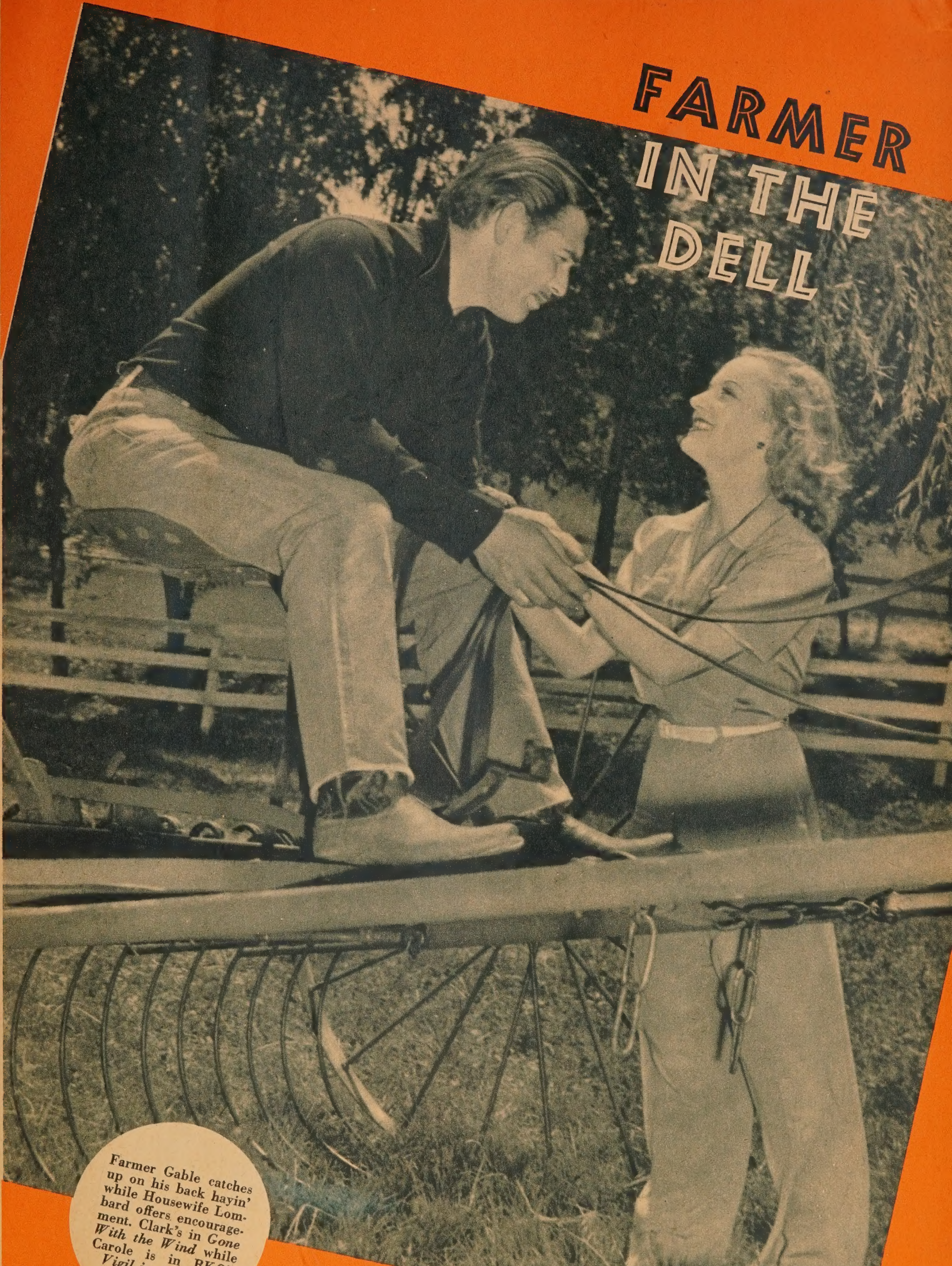
There's a blinding flash and out of the vapors appears Loretta Young. The mystic chemicals and smoke disappear



The magician is enchanted with his creation and tenderly lifts her from the glass chrysalis

This is but one of the many spectacular stage illusions performed by Professor Niven

FARMER IN THE DELL



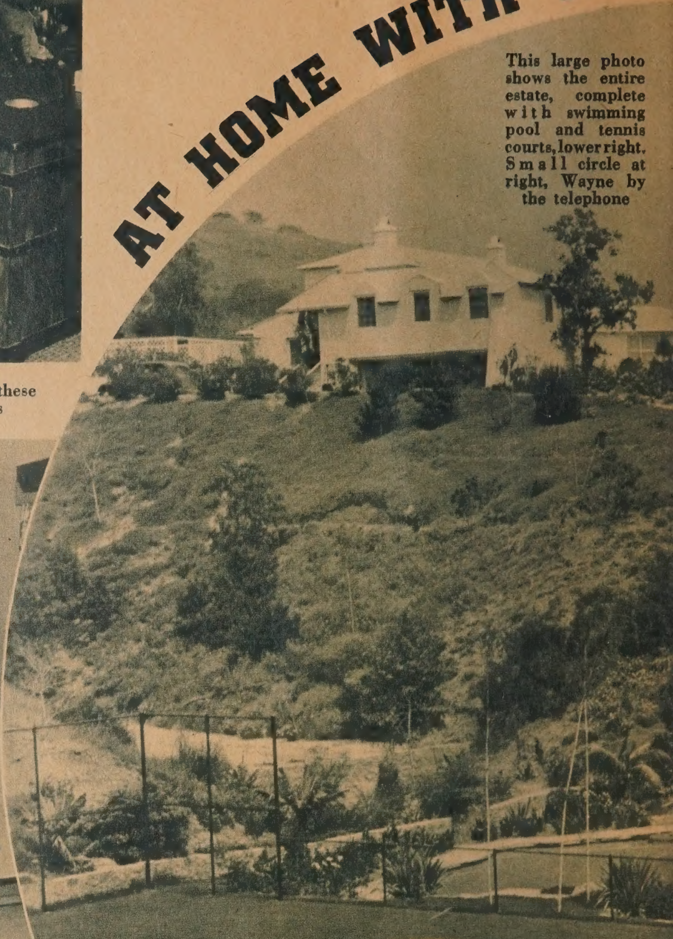
Farmer Gable catches up on his back hayin' while Housewife Lombard offers encouragement. Clark's in *Gone With the Wind* while Carole is in RKO's *Vigil in the Night*

AT HOME WITH AN

CITY ORDINANCE
PARKING
1 HOUR
7 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

While "Bubbles" was at the hospital (stork trouble) these photos were taken of expectant papa Wayne Morris

Wayne taps away on the piano while spending bachelor hours in his home (Picture of a lonesome man)

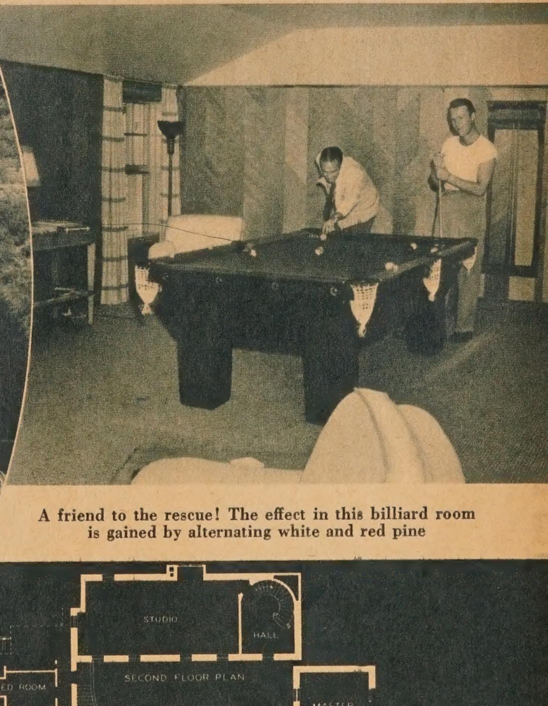


This large photo shows the entire estate, complete with swimming pool and tennis courts, lower right. Small circle at right, Wayne by the telephone

At left, the living room of the Morris home. Wayne will be seen next in Warner's *The Return of Dr. X.* In small circle, waiting for lonely supper

EXPECTANT FATHER

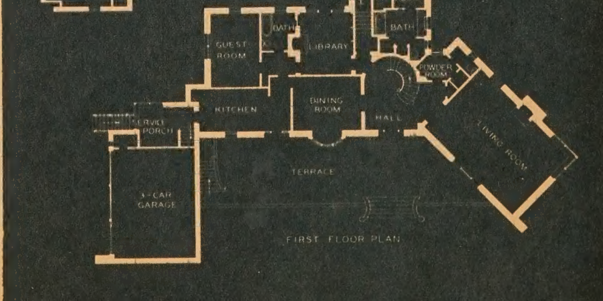
Above, the den of the Morris-Schinasi home. Wayne is catching up on some of his back correspondence



A friend to the rescue! The effect in this billiard room is gained by alternating white and red pine

At right, a simplified floor plan of Wayne Morris' new home. Design was executed by John Byers, Architect, and Edla Muir, Associate

Photos by Charles Rhodes


STUDIO
HALL
SECOND FLOOR PLAN
BED ROOM
BATH
BED ROOM
MASTER BED ROOM
HALL
DRESS ROOM
BATH
GUEST ROOM
BATH
LIBRARY
POWDER ROOM
KITCHEN
DINING ROOM
HALL
SERVICE PORCH
LIVING ROOM
TERRACE
3-CAR GARAGE
FIRST FLOOR PLAN

ANN RUTHERFORD

appearing in M-G-M pictures

LADY ESTHER SAYS—

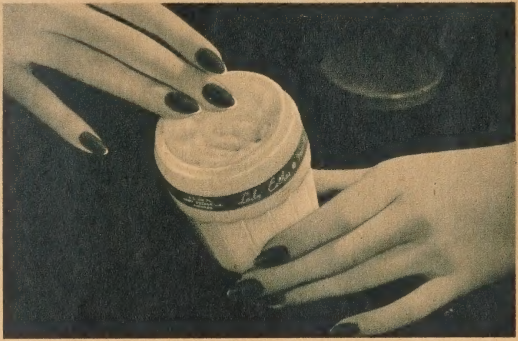
"To keep your Accent on Youth— Join this Revolt against Heavy, Waxy Creams!"

Go get the facts and you'll never use a *heavy* cream again! Young America knows a thing or two. In schools and colleges you'll find a revolt against heavy creams... and a swing to Lady Esther Face Cream!

Heavy creams demand heavy-handed treatment...tugging at delicate facial muscles. Whether you are 18, 28 or 38—why chance looking *older than you really are?* Get the facts about my 4-Purpose Cream and give up old-fashioned methods.

The speed of life today puts *new demands* upon your face cream and calls for a cream of a *different* type. For heavy creams can't fit the tempo of 1939 and modern girls know it. They were the first to pass up heavy, greasy creams.

Lovely skin brings its own reward—every minute of the day. For no charm is more appealing than a youthful looking skin. So give yourself *"young skin care"*—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and you will see that life is gay and romantic. Yes, that life is fun for every girl who meets each day with confidence in her own beauty.



Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream has its wonderful following because it is a *modern* cream. It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you please follow the test I suggest below, and see if Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream isn't the one and only cream for *you?*

Convince yourself . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

ARE YOU sure your face cream really cleanses your skin? Is it making you look older than you really are? Find out with my amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test."

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Wipe your face with cleansing tissue, and look at it.

Then do the same—a second time—with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with tissue and *look at that!*

Thousands of women are amazed...*yes, shocked then and there*...to discover dirt upon their second tissue. They see with their own eyes that my cream removes pore-clogging dirt many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT!

For, unlike many heavy, "waxy" creams—Lady Esther Face Cream does a *thorough* cleansing job without harsh pulling or rubbing of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a more appealing skin—to keep your Accent on Youth!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (49)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME______________________________

ADDRESS___________________________

CITY________________STATE__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

GARBO GETS A LAUGH

These scenes are from M-G-M's *Ninotchka*, starring Garbo and Melvyn Douglas. Above, Douglas tries his funny story on Garbo. No sale

Above, Douglas is so taken away by his story that he tumbles off his chair. Still Garbo isn't amused

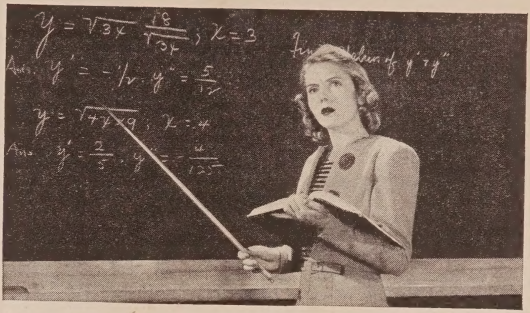
Down but not out! Douglas sprawls on the floor with the air of a man whose feelings are hurt. (Probably were!)

Victory! Garbo laughs, Douglas laughs and a good time is had by all. *Ninotchka* is a sophisticated comedy—Garbo's first

Women everywhere will be grateful!

Miracle Modess brings you "moisture zoning"

Worry no more. You needn't be looking in mirrors or asking people "Am I all right?" . . . The New Miracle Modess has come to your rescue!



Endure no more. If you suffer chafing discomfort on "difficult" days . . . here's news. Read the details of the New Miracle Modess below.

Today, at any dealer's you can buy the new Miracle Modess with "*Moisture Zoning!*" Here's new comfort! New peace of mind!

"Moisture Zoning" acts to zone moisture—hold it inside the pad. Now, longer than ever before, Modess edges stay dry, soft, chafe-free!

And of course, in Modess the filler is downy-soft *fluff*—so different from the filler in "layer-type" napkins. Modess starts softer, stays softer.

More good news—"Moisture Zoning" brings greater absorbency. And this, in addition to Modess moisture-resistant backing, is doubly reassuring.

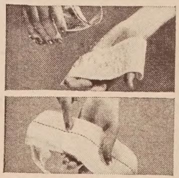
Today, get this amazing new Modess—the softer, safer sanitary napkin.

MODESS TRIUMPHS AGAIN!

FIRST WITH FLUFF FILLER

Modess was first to use a downy-soft "fluff-type" filler—entirely different in construction from layer-type napkins! The result? Greater comfort—because a Modess pad not only *starts* softer—it also *stays* softer. There's a world of difference in the filler alone!

FIRST WITH MOISTURE-RESISTANT BACKING

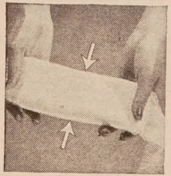


Modess was first to use a moisture-resistant backing as a precaution against striking through.

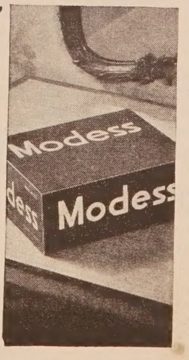
NOTE THE BLUE LINE

Modess has a colored thread along back of pad to make sure that you wear it correctly—with back AWAY from the body.

AND NOW..... "MOISTURE ZONING"



Now Modess brings you "Moisture Zoning," which keeps the edges of the napkin dry, soft, chafe-free longer than ever before. Greater comfort, greater safety! So get the new Miracle Modess today at any dealer's. It comes in the same blue box at the same low price.



EXCLUSIVE STORIES

SCREEN BOOK BRINGS YOU TWO MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. LISTED HERE YOU WILL FIND THE CONTENTS OF THE STORY MAGAZINE.

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MYSTERIES THAT HAUNT HOLLYWOOD .... By James Reid 54
RAY MILLAND—DIPLOMAT .... By Frederick McFee 58
CURLY CUES .... By Janet Lynn 60
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HOME MAKER LOMBARD

By

DUNCAN UNDERHILL

YOU can file away among your lavender and old lace the conception of Carole Lombard, prodigal screwball and Good Time Charlie. Replace it with the mental image of a canny, capable administrator of a farm, a home, a career-at-the-peak and a big stake in another just as important.

Who drives the toughest contract bargain in the Hollywood studios? Lombard. Who is the only city slicker who ever ran a farm, an orchard, a dairy, a hennery, a truck garden and a vineyard and showed a profit on the very first yield? You said it.

When Lombard cracks the whip in her executive capacity it gives off an authoritative crackle. Movie executives roll over and play dead; Mother Nature breaks out her most bountiful harvests; budgets balance themselves as if by magic, and the whole Lombardean cosmos whirs in an enchanted orbit.

The Gable-Lombard farm at Van Nuys-Encino, 20 miles north of Hollywood, is a complete job of Carole-instigated renovation, from door-knocker to duckpond, with the blithe blonde as boss architect, agriculturalist and economist.

When she and Clark took it over it was a pleasant enough country place, a rich man's retreat occupied by Director Raoul Walsh. Its annual outgo overbalanced its income in the ratio of ten to one.

The instant Carole chose it as her full-time residence it became automatically a Place with a Purpose.

Every one of its 21 acres was assigned a job, whether as pasturage, grazing land, farm, orchard or garden. Like all cosmopolites returning to the soil Carole visioned an ideal equation: the cost of running the establishment as a home would be offset by the increment of the earth—an economic delusion that has populated the poorhouses of nine states.

Carole suspected that her high hope might be a will-o'-the-wisp. But that didn't lessen her zeal to get the experiment under way. If it was going to be a dud, better get it done with at the outset and forget it.

The first operation in the Lombard Plan of Practical Farming was a complete remake of the house. The prime consideration was comfort, with efficiency running a close second.

BEHIND THE MASK

Architects had a hand in carrying out Carole's design for living, to be sure, but only insofar as their ideas could be made to coincide with hers.

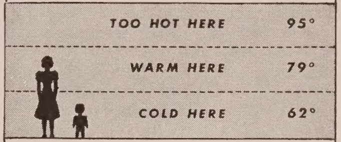
The wreckers went to work, to be succeeded by carpenters. After the preliminary havoc subsided, ten rooms emerged from the shambles of reconstruction, ten man-size rooms every one of which had a definite place in the Lombard scheme of things. The bar, for instance, is not an afterthought but an integral part of the dining room, which in turn is smack up against the living room. No extensive pedestrianism is necessary [*Continued on page 63*]

New Duo-Therm brings "ceiling-heat" down where YOU NEED IT!

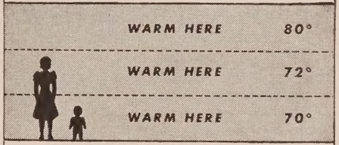
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU KEEP YOUR **FLOORS** SO NICE AND WARM!
OUR NEW **DUO-THERM** KEEPS THE ROOM COMFORTABLE FROM **TOP TO BOTTOM**!

DUO-THERM'S AMAZING NEW "POWER-AIR"* MAKES LAZY CEILING-HEAT WARM YOUR FLOORS!

COMPARE THESE RESULTS:

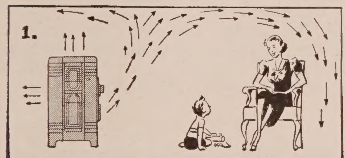


Ordinary heaters send heat *up*—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)

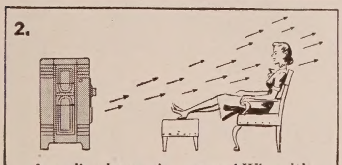


Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

Live in greater comfort—with a Duo-Therm!



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air* will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

WHEN a nip in the air says "Winter's coming!"—be ready for it with the clean, silent, trouble-free heat that a Duo-Therm gives you!

A Duo-Therm gives *regulated* heat—just turn the handy dial on the front panel! It gives *economical* heat—the patented Bias-Baffle Burner gives *more* heat per gallon of cheap fuel oil! And it gives *plenty* of heat!

You get the top-notch performer of all heaters—and on top of *that* you get Duo-Therm's sensational new POWER-AIR!

An amazing invention! No more "lazy" heat with *Power-Air!* It actually *drives* heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better to every corner of every room! It gives uniform, top-to-bottom heat—saves at least 5% in fuel costs—gives you greater heating comfort than this type of heater ever could before!

Use it on hot days too! In hot weather—let your *Power-Air* keep you from sweltering! It stirs up a 27-mile-an-hour breeze! Direct Power-Air up, down, right, left—anywhere! Use it to dry wet shoes, clothes, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair. Costs no more to run than a 60-watt lamp!

You pay no more for a Duo-Therm! Even with *Power-Air,* a Duo-Therm costs you no more than ordinary heaters! The beautiful new models, in the smooth Golden Fleck enamel finish, heat from 1 to 6 rooms. See them at your dealer's—and ask him about the easy-payment plan! Or tear out the coupon below and mail it today!

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New "Year-Round"
DUO-THERM
Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. S-911, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Send me all the facts on this new kind of heat!

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MYSTERIES THAT HAUNT HOLLYWOOD

By JAMES REID

NO FAMOUS person in Hollywood is immune to the danger of murder! It's a gruesome thought, but its truth lives in the minds of Hollywood's greatest stars. Behind the glitter and glamor of the film colony stalks the spectre of Hollywood's unsolved mysteries—mysteries which are no nearer solution today than they were when they first shocked the movie capitol. And no star can feel safe while these strange deaths are unsolved.

Officially, the William Desmond Taylor case is Hollywood's one and only murder mystery. Unofficially, there have been other baffling deaths. Paul Bern's, for one.

Bern was a producer, a quiet, sensitive man as famous for befriending unhappy people as for discovering talented ones. He heard and kept so many confidences that he was called "Hollywood's Little Father Confessor." One career he guided was Jean Harlow's. Doing so, he fell in love with her. Immediately after her first starring picture he married her. He was 42; she, 21.

One night two months later, Jean went to a small party at her mother's home, expecting Bern to follow and spend the night there. He never arrived. He was found by a servant early the next morning on the floor of the bedroom of the "honeymoon hideaway" in Benedict Canyon, in front of a mirror, nude—a bullet hole in his temple. A gun was found six feet away. On a cabinet nearby was a note to Jean: "Dearest Dear—Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and to wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you. You understand that last night was only a comedy."

A suicide note, or only a lover's apology for a day-old quarrel? A suicide note, the inquest decided. Despite the fact that Bern, the mender of broken hearts, wasn't a suicidal type. Despite the fact that a suicide may convulsively clutch a gun or convulsively drop it, but doesn't normally toss it six feet. There are still people who refuse to believe that Paul Bern killed Paul Bern. The mystery of his death still haunts Hollywood.

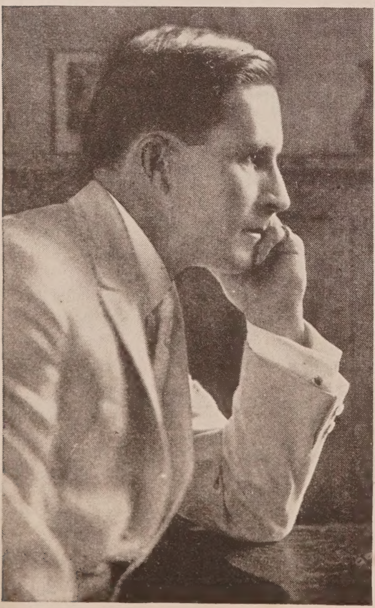
So does Thelma Todd's. The beauteous blond Thelma was found in the garage of her seaside cafe near Santa Monica, face downward on the floor of her car, half in and half out, her upper body wedged between the gear lever and the seat. There was a bruise on her head. This was not the cause of death. A heart attack was, said the inquest.

She had been to a party. She had taken only a few drinks. She had driven home supposedly alone. The official theory was that, arriving there, she started to get out of her car when she was seized with a heart attack and fell in the strange position in which she was found, bruising her head as she fell. The unofficial theory was different: Someone was with her or waiting for her. That person struck her on the head, rendering her unconscious. Then her body was stuffed half into her car, the motor was started, and the slayer fled—trusting carbon monoxide fumes to kill her.

There was the Jerry Jarnagin case. He was the popular songwriter-husband of actress Irene Franklin. In August, 1934, they were giving a small dinner party for his niece. All their guests had arrived and Irene was about to call her husband when they all heard a shot in a distant room. They rushed to investigate. They found Jarnagin on the floor, dying from a bullet wound. The coroner's jury called it suicide. He had been despondent and, moreover, the lethal gun was his own. But the inquest produced no clear explanation for this baffling fact: The gun was found in a chair across the room from the man who had supposedly turned it on himself.

TED HEALY'S death, just before Christmas, 1937, was strangely sudden. It went on the books as caused by "toxic nephritis, induced by acute alcoholism." But two days later newspapers bared a startling fact: Only 36 hours before his death, Healy had taken a terrific beating outside a Hollywood bar. Afterward he had needed medical attention.

Did that beating have anything to do with his death? His first wife wondered—out loud. "I'm convinced there was foul play in connection with Ted's death," she said. "Why can't the police say openly



Mystery surrounds the deaths of William Desmond Taylor, left, Paul Bern, above, and Thelma Todd, right. Until their strange deaths are fully solved, no star can feel comfortable

who it was that beat Ted so severely?"

She demanded an investigation. The authorities persuaded her to accept the official verdict. But I know of stars who refuse to accept that verdict—and who stay away from night-clubs, lest they meet Healy's fate.

Reid Russell was a handsome young man who sold automobiles in Hollywood. His work brought him into contact with many famous members of the film colony.

On an evening early in 1937 he telephoned his home, saying he would be home for dinner. But he never arrived, and his body was found the following day on a lawn swing at the estate of a famous writer.

Officially the case was called a suicide. But police, probing the mystery, made several strange discoveries. A ballistics expert stated that the gun found in Russell's hand had not been fired within a year. No shell from the bullet Russell supposedly fired into himself was ever found, and the case is still a riddle—unofficially.

Classic of all the mysteries that haunt Hollywood is the William Desmond Taylor case. After 17 years Hollywood still asks, "Who killed Taylor?"

Early on the morning of February 2, 1922, Taylor's Negro valet found the famous director sprawled on the floor of his study, face upward. Nearby was his overturned desk chair, from which he had fallen. One close look told the valet that his employer was dead. He phoned the police. Detectives soon arrived at the swank bungalow court. They saw only a dead man stretched out placidly on the floor of a room that was completely in order, except for his overturned chair. "Heart attack, probably," they said.

BUT death certificates aren't issued on the basis of theories. There had to be an autopsy. As they lifted the body onto a morgue stretcher, a lead slug fell from Taylor's clothing. And they saw the small, dark bloodstain on the rug. Taylor had been shot in the back.

The police could find no gun. But in one of his riding boots they found passionate love letters. The fact that they were written in code and that they were hidden hinted that the director had feared someone's finding those letters. Who was that someone?

The Negro valet didn't know anything about the letters. All he knew was that Taylor had been violently in love with a famous screen actress. The valet revealed that she had visited Taylor only the evening before. They had quarreled and she had gone home alone about 7, just before the valet, himself, had left for the night. The actress denied any romance, but admitted the visit.

The autopsy surgeon said Taylor had been dead 12 hours when found. That placed the time of his death between 7 and 8 p. m. Neighbors in the next bungalow had heard a shot at 7:45. Immediately afterward they had seen an indistinct figure, wearing trousers, a heavy overcoat with turned-up collar and a hat with a turned-down brim, leave the Taylor bungalow by the rear door.

That vague description and the bullet were the only clues to the killer. The only solution was to answer the question: Who would want Taylor dead? They had to work on the axiom: "Find the motive and you'll find the killer."

A plethora of possible motives developed. Police discovered, for one thing, that his real name was not Taylor, but Deane-Tanner. Why had he changed his name? And why had he kept his past a mystery? Was he hiding from someone? Had his past caught

[*Continued on page* 62]

I wished the floor would open up and swallow me!

Wednesday, September 6th

We were playing "tell-the-truth" at our Wednesday club meeting. It was Joan's turn and they asked her whose wash line had the worst case of tattle-tale gray in town. The next minute, I wished the floor would open up and swallow me. Joan was pointing straight at me!

Thursday, September 7th

I swore I'd never forgive her—but the very next day Joan dashed over with a peace offering. She said she hated to hurt my feelings, but it was time somebody told me to quit using lazy soaps that don't take *all* the dirt out of clothes. She said her washes looked messier than mine till she discovered Fels-Naptha Soap—and she gave me some to try.

Wednesday, September 27th

Well, the club met at my house a few weeks later—and am I glad I tried Fels-Naptha! I'll tell the world there's nothing like its grand combination of richer *golden* soap and gentle *naptha* for getting clothes honestly clean! My linens and things looked so gorgeously white, the girls were simply dazzled! You bet it's Fels-Naptha and me for life—and no more tattle-tale gray!

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BANISH "TATTLE-TALE GRAY" WITH FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

TUNE IN HOBBY LOBBY every Sunday evening. See local paper for time and station.

GIRL WITH A PAST

In United Artists' *The Housekeeper's Daughter,* Joan Bennett plays a girl with a "past." Menjou is a newspaperman

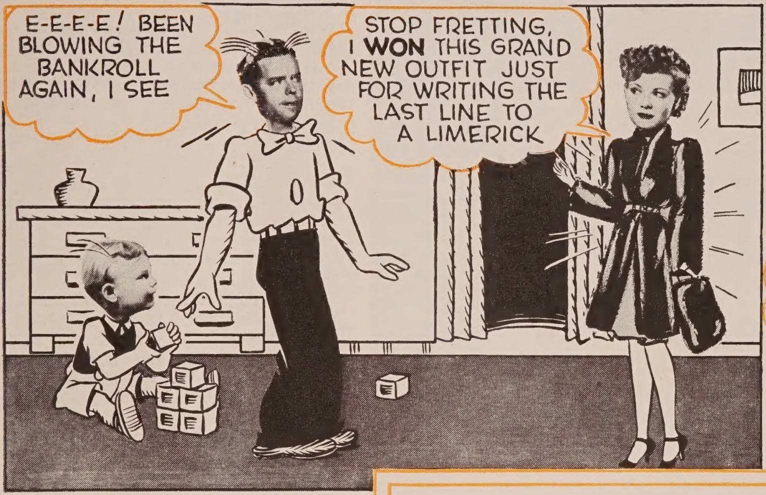
Above, a romantic scene from *The Housekeeper's Daughter.* Beautiful Joan Bennett and John Hubbard are the players

Here's Joan looking over the shoulder of John Hubbard. Story hinges on a murder mystery solved by Menjou and Hubbard

As the make-believe daughter of the housekeeper in a wealthy home, Joan falls in love with the owner's son

A WARDROBE A DAY *GIVEN AWAY!*

IN THE "BLONDIE" OF THE MOVIES DONUT LIMERICK CONTEST


E-E-E-E! BEEN BLOWING THE BANKROLL AGAIN, I SEE
STOP FRETTING, I **WON** THIS GRAND NEW OUTFIT JUST FOR WRITING THE LAST LINE TO A LIMERICK

WHY DON'T YOU ENTER MY CONTEST AND WIN A WARDROBE TOO?

See Columbia Pictures' "BLONDIE BRINGS UP BABY" featuring Penny Singleton as "Blondie," Arthur Lake as "Dagwood," and Larry Simms as "Baby Dumpling" — at your neighborhood theatre.

All you have to do is complete this Limerick:

"Hey, Penny!" yelled Arthur one night,
"I'm hungry and I want a bite!"
Said Penny, "Okay, sir!
This swell donut bracer
--------------------------------------"

IT'S EASY! IT'S FUN! Think of it . . . *your* last line that completes the "Blondie" Donut Limerick may earn you a complete new Fall outfit . . . may even win you the grand prize of a glorious Hollander Hudson Seal fur coat!

GET YOUR OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANK TODAY. It gives all the rules of this simple contest . . . plus hints to help you win. You'll find the Official Entry Blank tucked in every package of those tempting Tested Quality Donuts that are made before your eyes.

REMEMBER — A COMPLETE WARDROBE GIVEN AWAY EVERY DAY FOR 8 WEEKS. You have a new chance to win every day—submit as many "last lines" as you like, as often as you like . . . but be sure you write each last line on a separate Official Entry Blank.

TESTED QUALITY DONUTS HAVE "WINNING GOODNESS" — they're America's *prize* donuts, made of wholesome ingredients . . . crisp, golden brown . . . pure, delicious, digestible! Let your whole family enjoy these grand taste-treats often . . . and, at the same time, remember: the more "last lines" you enter, the greater your chance to win a wardrobe . . . and that smart fur coat!

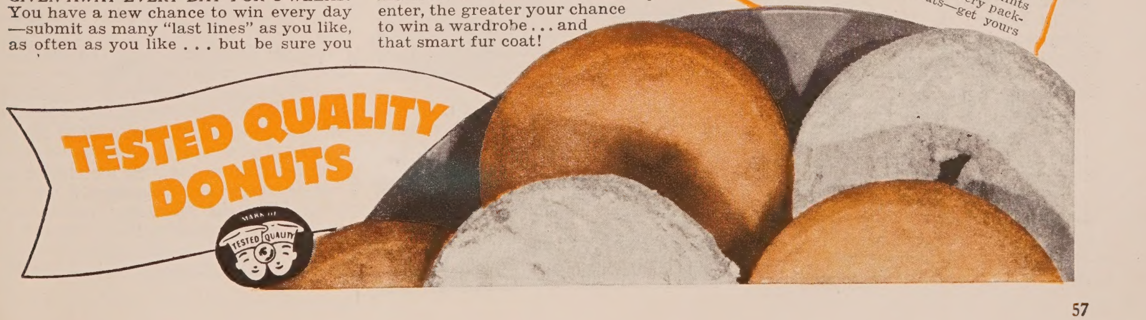
ONE COMPLETE WARDROBE given away EVERY DAY for 8 weeks:

Joyce Hubrite Dress	**Aris-of-Paris Gloves**
Mary Barron Slip	**Mojud Hosiery (2 pairs)**
Shur-tite Handbag	**Enna Jettick Shoes**

PLUS a Grand Prize of
$300.00 HOLLANDER HUDSON SEAL COAT

GET YOUR ENTRY BLANK WHERE YOU SEE THEM MAKING TESTED QUALITY DONUTS

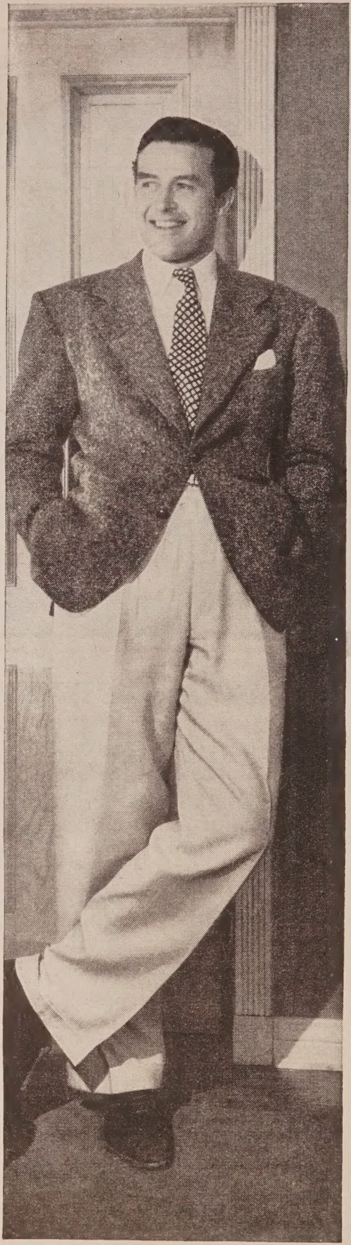
To win, your last line must be written on the Official Entry Blank. This entry blank gives full rules of the contest, many hints to help you win. It's packed in every package of Tested Quality Donuts—get yours today.


TESTED QUALITY DONUTS
MARK OF TESTED QUALITY

RAY MILLAND—DIPLOMAT

By

FREDERICK McFEE



In London they say, "Please," but Ray Milland prefers the Hollywood cameras

IT WAS a lucky break for the studio that Ray Milland owned two pairs of pants!

On the set where *French Without Tears* was being produced in London, everything was in readiness to shoot the scene. Actors were in their places. Technicians at their post of duty. The presence of Ray Milland was the one necessary requisite to get things under way. His tightly-closed dressing room door gave evidence that Ray was being uncermoniously detained.

"Please, Miss, where are those white trousers I gave you to be cleaned and pressed?"

It was Ray Milland's voice calling out to the little wardrobe girl. She stood there embarrassed.

"But, Sir," she said nervously. "You only gave them to me day before yesterday."

"I know. They were supposed to be back here the next morning weren't they?"

"Oh, no, sir," she cried. The possibility of such a suggestion horrified her. "Cleaning and pressing is sent to Perth, Scotland. Your pants won't be back until a week Thursday!"

"That one little wardrobe girl took care of four men, four women and four standins," says Ray. "When I had to wear the same shirt the following morning, she took it home at night and washed it. There is a great difference in Hollywood. A complete wardrobe staff is assigned to every picture. Men and women are handled separately. Each studio has its own dry cleaner. He works all night to give players fresh costumes every morning. In Hollywood they duplicate every outfit before a picture starts. In emergencies this prevents production delay. London producers are more optimistic. They run the risk."

Being a gentleman and a diplomat, Ray refuses to be compromised into stating emphatically which studio he prefers. "There are advantages and disadvantages in both," is the way he explains it. "It's harder making pictures in London because they take things easier. There's no drive. That makes it nice if one isn't anxious to get back to a new home waiting in Beverly Hills.

"In London they show greater consideration in many ways. Permanent dressing rooms are built right on the set where you are working. The dressing rooms in Hollywood are spacious and beautiful enough to live in all year 'round. But the building they are in is oftimes a good city block away from the set. There they rig up a makeshift portable.

"When they need you for a scene in London, the assistant director knocks gently on your door and whispers, 'I *hate* to trouble you but we are ready. Would you *mind* coming?' In Hollywood the assistant director begins warning the actors five minutes before they are ready to shoot the scene. He keeps shouting, 'We're waiting,' until you arrive breathless in front of the camera.

"Invaluable time is the all-consuming factor that rules the Hollywood studios. Not an atom is wasted. Each company has a business manager who has the shooting schedule figured down to a fine system. In London the electricians work a ten hour stretch. Regardless of when they start however, eight o'clock every night is the deadline. One night we were right in the middle of a scene. It was eight o'clock and the lights went out. Everyone laughed. The director goodhumoredly said, 'I thought sure I'd make it. We'll get it first thing in the morning.' If that had happened in Hollywood, there would have been fireworks in the production department. The business manager would have been held responsible."

If you've ever tried to crash a Hollywood studio, you've learned it's about as simple as taking Garbo out truckin' at the Troc. Even with a letter of introduction (unless you're sent by a person of *great* importance), you are rushed through so fast you could fly a kite in the breeze. In London they are polite to *everyone*. No deference is shown titled visitors.

Ray found there was a great deal of difference in customs. Asked if tea was served at four every day on the set, he replied, "The only time I ever had tea served on the set was in Hollywood when I was working with English people. However, there is a tea bar attached to the sound stages in London."

In England the studios are out in the country, not within a stone's throw of the finest residential districts as they are in Hollywood. In Hollywood actors dash back and forth. Oftimes they go home for lunch. Getting to work is a slow painful process in London. Automobile taxes are so high there are flocks of bicyclists on the road.

"Factory workers often ride eight abreast across the road," says Ray. "I had to wind my way in and out when I drove my M. G. (An M. G. is the make of a midget car) to the studio. The country is *the* thing in England, so motorists have to be just as careful as they are in the city."

Hollywood actors would never dream of living in the studio. Nor would it be allowed. London studios have old mansions right on the lot that have been retained for domestic accommodations. Ray and his wife preferred living more comfortably in the city. When Mrs. Milland was called back to Hollywood, Ray decided to move into 'Littleton Hall,' on his own lot. The first night, when Ray opened a closet door to hang up his clothes, a suit of armor came clanking down on him. All night long Ray tossed and turned. He was positive he heard a whispering voice. He could almost "swear" he felt a cold, clammy hand pat him on the head.

OPINION

"I'm not superstitious or easily frightened," says Ray. "But I prefer the Hollywood ghosts to the ones in London. At least in Hollywood I know they eventually turn out to be Boris Karloff or Bela Lugosi! According to legend, centuries ago 'Lady Caroline' lived in 'Littleton Hall' with her husband. He was so insanely jealous of her beauty he sealed her up in a room to prevent people from looking at her. Every night at twelve 'Lady Caroline's' ghost was supposed to return for a visit. London studios are famous for such traditions."

According to Ray, fans are fans all over the world. "Their fountain pens leak just as much in London as they do in Hollywood," he says. "There they follow actors around on bicycles. When you go to the theatre they follow your cab. They usually arrive there first and ask for your autograph all over again. One girl darted in front of my cab one evening and was knocked down. I had visions of a lawsuit as I ran to her side. 'I'm *so* sorry,' she apologized as she got up and ran away. 'I won't do it again—honest I won't.'

"The messenger boys are the nicest fans and the most amusing. When some shoes I bought were delivered, they came wrapped one in a package. A different boy delivered each package so each could get an autograph. The fans in London are much more curious than they are in Hollywood. They were shocked when I said I did not own a swimming pool. They think there is a nightly premiere complete with lights and cameras in Hollywood. They thought I was joking when I said I go to bed at nine every night when I'm working. Their faces dropped when I said I only had two cars and both of them were Fords. The question most asked was, 'Is that Dorothy Lamour's own hair?' When they insisted that I tell them how I *knew* it was, I finally said: 'Because she's combed me out of it often enough.'"

In the "Three Horseshoes," where he went for bread and cheese and a pint of bitter, a Cockney fan addressed him. "Come on mate," he said, with a friendly smile. "Stick your plates of meat under the Cain and Abel." Translated from the Cockney this means, "Put your feet under the table." In other words, sit down!

"Even though I started in the London studios, I feel more at home in Hollywood," says Ray. "I never got beyond extra work in London. When I walked on the set it was just like making pictures there for the first time. I saw the same extras I used to work with ten years ago. For just a quick second I had an awful feeling. I felt as if it had all been a wonderful dream and there I was right back where I started."

When he finished the picture, Ray eagerly looked forward to spending the week-end in the country house he bought his mother. But the edge was taken off by a gruesome spectacle that brings a lump to his throat every time he thinks of it. "They were wonderful to me in London," says Ray. "But I didn't realize until this trip how grateful I am for all my blessings. When I kissed my mother goodbye, I said goodbye to four hideous gas masks that were lying on a chest in the hallway. They were always ready, always waiting. As long as I am lucky enough to be in pictures—Hollywood looks pretty good to me."

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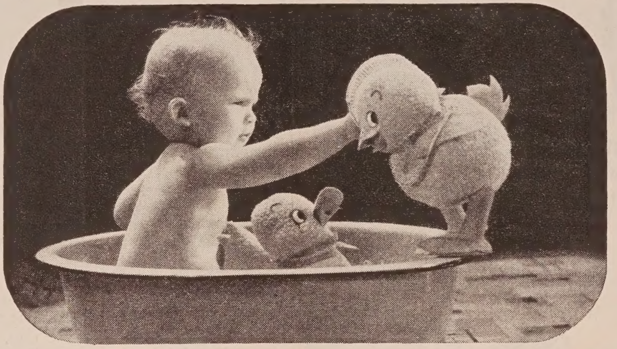
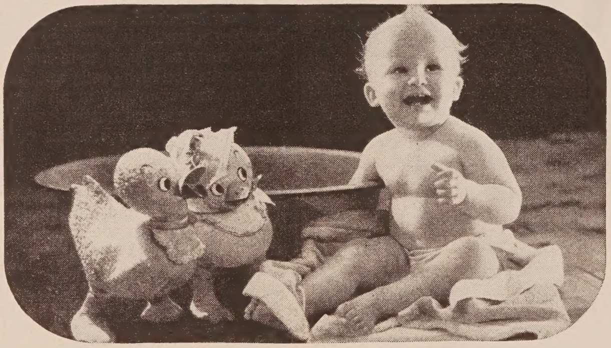
"Just listen to 'em!...'Afraid of a little pan of water, eh?' says Duck-Luck... 'Who's afraid?' says Hen-Pen. 'I just don't like water, the horrid kut-kut-kadacket stuff!'...'You chicken-hearted coward!' says he...'You wet smack!' says she...!"



"Oh, stop your nonsense, Hen-Pen—it's swell once you're in! Just hold your nose and shut your eyes... don't you know we'll get sprinkled with lovely, downy Johnson's Baby Powder when we get out? In you go now—KERSPLASH!"



"Look, gang, here comes the Johnson's... hold everything! Prickly heat and chafes won't get much chance at *us!* And oh-h, boy—when that soft white shower comes down the small of your back, you'll get a thrill right down to your pinfeathers!"

Johnson's
Baby
Powder

"Didn't I tell you? *Everybody* likes Johnson's Baby Powder. The talc in it's specially fine, and it helps keep babies comfortable as can be. It doesn't cost much, either!"

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CURLY CUES

By
JANET
LYNN

Lillian Bond who has a feature part in *The Housekeeper's Daughter* is in style with her short, tumbling-all-over-curls

YOU can take your cue from Lillian Bond this fall, because curls are definitely the order of the day. Short curls like hers, tumbling all over your head. Longer ringlet curls massed at the nape of your neck, caught with a bow or barrette, chignon fashion. Curls swept off the forehead, pompadour style, or brushed forward in feathery bangs. All these curls are high style news because they make you look pretty and feminine—and that's important in an era of Victorian basques and bustles.

You needn't worry about conforming to this fashion, even if your hair is straight as a string. With the aid of a good permanent wave, you can have curls that are as soft and glossy and natural looking as though you'd been born with them. But it must be a good wave. You don't want your hair to be frizzed, dried-out and robbed of all its gloss—as it's so likely to be if you let yourself be fooled into getting a bargain permanent!

Here are the rules you should follow when getting your wave.

1. Get a nationally advertised permanent, and see that the *sealed* packages of supplies for your wave bear the manufacturer's name.

2. Be sure that the operator is experienced in giving permanents, and in working with this particular system. Satisfied customers and good waves to her credit speak volumes!

3. Ask for a test curl or two to be made on your hair—and choose the moister curl as a guide to the proper solution and heating time for your type of hair.

Let me suggest, before you get that permanent, that you write me for the name of a very reliable waving system. I can recommend it! Especially attractive features are its quickness and its comfort. You see, the metal clips that "cook" the hair are heated to the required temperature *before* they are put on your hair. They're cooling off all the time they're on your hair—so they can't possibly burn it! These clips are made of a light weight metal, so that they seem to weigh nothing at all on your head.

The supplies for each wave—pads or sachets and scalp protectors—are sealed in individual, sanitary cellophane packages. The scalp protectors, due to an exclusive manufacturing process, are much thinner than usual—so that the operator can wind your hair closer to the scalp, give you more wave, and one that will take longer to grow out. There's a special cream treatment for brittle ends, too—makes them soft and glossy!

We've been having fun trying new hair styles here at the office! And not by any lengthy process of rearranging our hair, either! These hair-do illustrations are printed, in color, and are cut out to fit

TROUBLED BY A BEAUTY PROBLEM?

Write Janet Lynn for help with your hair, skin or figure worry. She will be glad to give you advice, free of charge. Simply send a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York.

around your face. You fold them, according to the directions, and fit the style to your own hairline. Then take a peek in the mirror. If the effect is becoming, fine and dandy; if not, try the rest on till you find one or several that do look well on you. There are twelve styles, and each one is pictured clearly enough so that you'll have no difficulty arranging your hair to match. There are also instructions your hairdresser can follow—if you prefer. The whole set is given you, absolutely free, when you buy a bottle of a certain fine shampoo. It, by the way, is especially good for hair that tends to be too oily, or has the slightest trace of dandruff. The copious lather washes the hair and scalp surgically clean, and gives the hair and oil glands of the scalp a chance to function normally. Fifty cents brings you a generous bottle of the shampoo and the hairstyles. Want the name?

I've always been a hair brushing enthusiast, because I discovered that five minutes of brushing night and morning will help normalize an over-oily or too dry condition of the hair and scalp, but now I advocate brushing the hair back into place, during the day, whenever it is disarranged. That's because I discovered a tricky little comb and brush combination that fits into my purse as easily as a comb—and is twice as handy. The bristles (on each side of the comb) smooth and polish the hair as they sweep through and help put each curl in its place. The "tail" of the comb can serve as a handle—but it's particularly efficient for making curls. I've been using my comb and brush for about three months, week-days and week-ends too, and the bristles are as sturdy, and as firmly set as ever. Once you find how easy it is to keep your hair arranged with this, you'll never want to be without it. The price is only a quarter. Want to know more?

Just room to tell you about a grand new lipstick and cream rouge I found in my snooping about. I like this type of rouge, because it can be applied in the morning or early in the evening—and doesn't have to be renewed frequently. You should dot it on sparingly, after your powder base, and smooth it to an even film with your finger tips. Properly blended, the cream rouge gives your cheeks a natural looking color that stays bright for hours. The lipstick is creamy enough to go on easily, and to give your lips a dewy look—yet it isn't greasy enough to smear or run down into the little crinkles of your lips. Try applying it generously, and blotting off the excess after about five minutes. That gives the lips a smooth, even film of color that is particularly permanent. Both the rouge and lipstick come in several flattering, smart shades. The cases are a pretty baby blue—and the rouge container has a convenient hinged top. Be sure to wear rouge and lipstick of the same shade if you want your make-up to be perfectly matched! Price is 10 cents each, for generous sizes.

Write me before November 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my reply, and address your letter to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York.

"Why would any mother want to make a little girl cry!"

Grannie shows Millie a modern way to raise her child

1. GRANNIE: Land's sake, Millie, haven't you gone far enough? A body would think you had a grudge against the child.
MILLIE: But Grannie, I'm doing it only for her own good.

2. GRANNIE: My stars! Since when did using force on a child do any good? I heard the doctor tell your Cousin Sue that using force can throw a child's whole nervous system out of order.

3. GRANNIE: He said it's wrong to make children take *anything* they don't like. A child should get a *pleasant*-tastin' laxative...
MILLIE: That's easy. I could give her the one Uncle Joe takes...

4. GRANNIE: Hold your horses, dear. A laxative strong enough for Uncle Joe can be TOO strong for a tot. The doctor said a child should get a laxative made only *for children.* So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.

5. GRANNIE: He said Fletcher's Castoria meets every medical requirement for a child's laxative. It tastes nice. It's mild because it's made especially and only for children. It acts natural-like. And it's SAFE...How about getting a bottle now?

6. MILLIE: Grannie! Am I dreaming! Or is she really taking this Fletcher's Castoria without a peep?
GRANNIE: You're not dreaming, Millie. You'll never have any laxative troubles in this house again!

Chas H. Fletcher CASTORIA

The modern—SAFE—laxative made especially for children

TOM ALMOST LANDED IN THE DISH-PAN!

1. "If you don't fix this clogged drain," storms Mrs. Tom Burch, "you're going to be in the dishwashing business!"

2. "Huh? Who, me?" blinks Tom. "Wait! Wait! I'll go and get some Drāno!"

3. Down the drain goes Drāno! It *digs out* all the clogging grease and muck —gives a clear, free-flowing drain!

Drano
Rx
1 Teaspoonful every night
Dr. Tom

4. "Thar she flows!" boasts Tom. "Now use a teaspoonful each night—and *keep* the drain clean!"

Copr. 1939, The Drackett Co.

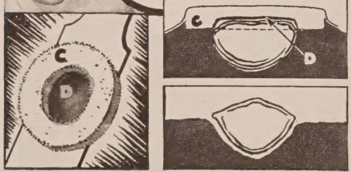
P.S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno —to *guard against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Drāno
CLOGGED DRAINS

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

"UNCORK" YOUR CORN THIS EASY WAY

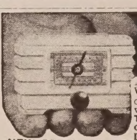


●Don't suffer. Now it's easy to remove those painful corns and prevent their coming back. Just do this:

1 Put scientific Blue-Jay pad (C) neatly over corn. It relieves pain by removing pressure. Special Blue-Jay medicated formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted right out.

2 Simply by avoiding pressure and friction which caused your corns you can prevent their coming back.

Don't take chances with old-fashioned home paring that means risking serious infection—only affects the surface of a corn—leaves the base imbedded in your toe. Follow the example of millions who have gotten quick relief the easy, scientific Blue-Jay way. Don't suffer needlessly. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters today—only 25c for 6. Same price in Canada. **BLUE-JAY**



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BEAUTIFUL — PLASTIC — CABINETS

Midget radio fits your pocket or purse. Weighs only 4 ozs. Smaller than cigarette package! Receives stations with clear natural tone. **NO CRYSTALS** to adjust—**NO UPKEEP**—only one moving part. WIRELESS, TUBELESS, BATTERYLESS! **ENTIRELY NEW PATENTED DESIGN.** Has enclosed geared luminous dial for perfect tuning. Many owners report amazing reception and distance.

ONE YEAR GUARANTEE

Sent complete ready to listen with instructions for use in homes, offices, hotels, boats, in bed, etc. **TAKES ONLY A SECOND TO CONNECT—NO ELECTRICITY NEEDED!**

SEND NO MONEY! Pay postman only $2.99 plus postage on arrival or send $2.99 (Check, M.O., Cash) and yours will be sent complete postpaid. A most unusual value. ORDER NOW! **MIDGET RADIO CO., Dept. F-11, Kearney, Nebr.**

Brush Away **GRAY HAIR** *and* **LOOK 10** *Years Younger*

● Now, at home, you can quickly and easily tint tell-tale streaks of gray to a natural-appearing shade—from lightest blonde to darkest black. Brownatone and a small brush does it—or your money back. Used for 27 years by thousands of women (men, too)—Brownatone is guaranteed harmless. No skin test needed, active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Lasting—does not wash out. Just brush or comb it in. One application imparts desired color. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Easy to prove by tinting a test lock of your hair. 50c at drug or toilet counters always on a money-back guarantee. Retain your youthful charm. Get BROWNATONE today.

Mysteries That Haunt Hollywood

[*Continued from page* **55**]

up with him at the other end of a .38 calibre revolver?

One person who knew that past and had kept quiet about it was a former English valet. He had fired the man a few weeks before. Afterward he had asked the man's arrest on a check-forging charge. The Englishman had vanished. Had he come out of hiding long enough to seek revenge on his ex-employer, whose secrets he had kept? Authorities publicly offered to quash the forgery indictment if the English valet would appear, tell what he knew about Taylor, reveal his own whereabouts the night of the murder. Their offer wasn't taken. He still hasn't been found.

Someone might have feared Taylor, rather than vice versa. A dope addict, for instance. Only a few days before his death, Taylor had gone to the District Attorney. He had seen signs of a narcotic traffic starting in Hollywood. He wanted to stop it. Such news travels fast over the underworld grapevine. And a drug addict, hopped up, would be capable of firing a bullet into a man's back.

PERHAPS Taylor had a jealous rival. Or perhaps—well, a checkbook lay open on the desk, a pen beside it. Perhaps he was about to write a check, with a gun at his back, when his visitor realized that the check could never be safely cashed. Taylor, with a past he apparently wanted to hide, was a natural target for blackmail. And a blackmailer is usually as desperate as his victim.

Taylor knew his killer. That seems as certain as the fact that, up to now, no one else has known—to the point of proving it. Several times the case has been reopened, only to become more of a riddle each time.

That thought haunts Hollywood.

Above, Marlene Dietrich gives Groucho Marx her autograph, while Groucho acts as a desk

Home Maker Lombard

[*Continued from page* 52]

to reach strategic points. Once the rooms were laid out on these heroic lines, Carole ordained that every inch of leftover space under the eaves, staircases and gables should be utilized as dressing rooms, closets, lockers and stowage holes. As a result it is doubtful if there is a cubic millimeter of waste space under the roof.

After the carpenters moved out, Lombard and Gable moved in again, this time to haul off and do a job of decorating. In this phase of the undertaking the professionals came in a bad second. Connoisseurs were called in to display their stuff and make their nominations. But after they had submitted their merchandise they retired, hat in hand, while Mme. Gable pitched in and with her own expressive hands bullied the inanimate objects into schemes and patterns she preferred.

The result is a hugely liveable house with none of the spacious flossiness of over-refinement about it. Learned critics of style and color might find flaws in it but it's a swell place to live and that, after all, was the object of the game.

Once the comforts of the owners were provided for, Carole set about stocking the farm. For a starter 200 chickens were installed in specially designed henhouses. Turkeys—enough to be commercially profitable—were added as sustenance fowl. The Lombard acumen is demonstrated by the fact that M-G-M buys its turkeys from her. Name value has some attraction for the commissary buyers, to be sure—visitors are impressed by the fact that they are eating white meat and giblets grown on the Gable-Lombard farm—but the turkeys have to be prime as well as famous to make the grade at Metro.

The same showmanship goes into the selling of the walnuts, peaches, oranges, lemons, apricots and grapes grown on the Lombard acres. If the customers are willing to pay a few cents above the market price to get products with name-value, it's okay with Carole. All is grist that comes to her mill.

Ducks, cows, a pair of mules, six horses, a goat, and a varying number of rabbits—it's hard to keep track of the rabbits even on Carole's adding machine—round out the brute personnel of the farm.

Originally there were two racehorses, Clark's pets, but the new Lombard management banished them. In the first place, racehorse ownership doesn't fit in with Carole's plans for constructive living. Another objection was that the thoroughbreds were too high-strung and kept the lowlier animals keyed up. A third reason, and probably the determining factor, was that they were chronic non-winners.

Thanks to a newly-installed irrigation system, one of the Lombard engineering improvements, the farm grows its own hay and alfalfa and after feeding its own stock has some left over to sell. Poultry, eggs and garden vegetables are home-grown in sufficient quantity to provide for the needs of the owners and the staff.

On the whole place there are but eight employees, a minimum for such a beehive of activity. These are Carole's secretary—successor to the memorable "Fieldsy"—a butler, a cook, two maids, a caretaker, a groom and a handy man. The payroll knows no such thing as a chauffeur, Carole and Clark both preferring to drive their own cars—Fords—to the studio and on their errands around the countryside. They customarily make the run into Hollywood in something under 30 minutes.

The nerve center of all the Lombard activities is Carole's office on the first floor of her home. This is a chintzy place, its bright colors and an informal settee softening somewhat the atmosphere of deadly seriousness that overhangs it. The physical equipment is a desk, a typewriter, some files, a check protector, and The Boss.

Here it is that Carole cracks the whip, making up budgets, plotting her film future and tucking in the loose ends of her complex but endlessly diverting daily life.

Until now she has lived for others, giving so freely of her time and resources and sympathy that she had almost literally no reserves. The new regime does not mean that she will abandon her army of pals—ranging from colleagues in the upper film brackets to stray incompetents and ne'er do-wells she has befriended on her long upward climb. It merely means that she is putting first things first—her own happiness and the solidity of her life with Clark.

It will be a long snowy day in California when anybody can truthfully say that Carole failed a friend. Under the new order of

[*Continued on page* 64]

HONEY, I GOT THE JOB!
BUT JUST A SHORT TIME AGO . . .
WHY, JOE! WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?
LOOKING FOR A JOB, DON! THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN BREAKING RIGHT FOR ME FOR A LONG TIME NOW!
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY
LISTEN, JOE-- I KNOW OF A FINE OPENING! AND YOU CAN GET IT, TOO, IF...WELL, IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE MY DENTIST ABOUT YOUR BREATH!
MY BREATH!
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL *PENETRATING* FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S...
NO MORE WORRIES FOR US, MARGIE! I GOT THE JOB-- AND IT'S A GREAT ONE, TOO!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢ OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
BAD BREATH KEEPS SUCCESS AWAY— PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

START YOUR CHILD OUT with a real chance in life! Many doctors say that nothing takes the place of cod liver oil in helping children to build strong bones and good teeth. And in aiding grown people to recuperate after illness. And now there's A BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL—SCOTT'S EMULSION.

1—Scott's Emulsion has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

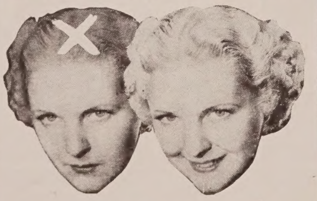
2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

BLONDES WITH DARKENED HAIR



Special New Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely!

Blondes, has your hair darkened unattractively? Don't let it stay that way! Remember blonde hair requires special care. Its texture is so delicate that ordinary shampoo methods may cause it to fade, streak or darken.

Do what millions of other blondes do. Use New Blondex, the special shampoo that washes it shades lighter and brings out the full radiant loveliness, the lustrous sheen and highlights that can make blonde hair so attractive. New Blondex costs but a few pennies to use and is absolutely safe. Fine for children's hair, too. Get it today at any good store.

New BLONDEX THE BLONDE HAIR SHAMPOO

SKIN CLEAR and Exquisitely LOVELY

"Gone like magic" is the song of happy thousands for whom KREMOLA, an M. D. doctor's prescription, has cleared away pimples, blackheads, and surface skin blemishes. A clear-up—not a cover-up! Keeps dry skin *moist*! Your money refunded if pimples and adolescent purplish pits do not go. Try KREMOLA, $1.25 at drug and department stores, or send direct.
Dr. Beery's Freckle Ointment—Used for 40 years for clearing up embarrassing facial freckles. Your money back if not delighted. 65c at your drug or department store. **Kremola, Dept. F-3, 2975 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.**
Send for FREE SAMPLE—State which

NOW! *Beautiful* NAILS AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE

So natural they even have *half-moons.*

NEW! Smart, long tapering nails for everyone! Cover broken, short, thin nails with NU-NAILS. Can be worn any length and polished any desired shade. Defies detection. Waterproof Easily applied; remains firm. No effect on nail growth or cuticle. Removed at will. Set of Ten, 20c. All 5c and 10c stores.

NU-NAILS • *ARTIFICIAL FINGER NAILS*
4042 W. Lake St., Dept. 17-M, Chicago

Home Maker Lombard

[*Continued from page* 63]

things she will be at the beck and call of everybody who has a real claim on her time and affection. But she will not be instantly accesssible 24 hours a day and she will think twice before obeying her first impulse, which is always over-generous.

Carole knows personally every detail of what goes on about her. She hires and fires, investigates references and chooses with infinite care the people with whom she and Clark come into every-day contact. She supervises the vast joint correspondence and when her secretary is overloaded takes a stab at typing her own business letters. The result is something short of perfect, but distinctive. Everything Carole turns her hand to is branded with her own special trade-mark of earnestness and sincerity, even though a note of irrepressible flippancy creeps in here and there.

Her strictly personal indulgences have been trimmed until they are practically nonexistent. The favorite Lombard wardrobe has always been predominantly informal, running to hard-wearing and inexpensive garments such as slacks, lounging pajamas and shorts. For special occasions she buys appropriately expensive gowns but gets enough mileage out of them to justify the cost. And when they have outlived their usefulness in her wardrobe they are passed on to enrich that of a less fortunate friend, perhaps a script girl, a manicurist or an old side-kick from Mack Sennett days.

Carole's expenses around the studio are and always will be the highest in Hollywood. Her tips are lavish and she is always aware of the existence of the 50 crew members who are her anonymous co-workers on every picture. If she feels hungry or thirsty at an odd hour, she sends out for refreshments for everybody on the set. This is no mannerism or applause- seeking gesture; just an essential part of her built-in good sportsmanship. Pictures have treated her well and she believes in ploughing back some of the proceeds in good-will.

But her domestic life is something apart, an enterprise that demands unceasing vigilance lest laxity or self-indulgence imperil its steady course. In burdening herself with the endless details of its physical management Carole feels that she is buying a million dollars' worth of happiness insurance.

In every feasible way she has adapted her life to conform with Clark's tastes. Hunting and horsemanship, his two chief hobbies, are also hers. The gun room at the Encino house is a shrine, not to be entered lightly or irreverently.

The one touch of outright swank about Carole's home is the patio furniture—a set of artfully contrived bright yellow pieces with a really regal history. They were once the property of King Edward VII, a notorious lover of luxury, and for years graced Buckingham Palace.

Carole, characteristically, bought them at an auction. What appealed to her about them was not the fact that they once had belonged to a king-emperor but that they corresponded with Clark's idea of comfort—that and the bargain price.

The Lombard film contracts are on a one-picture basis. And the Lombard personal life is just as cautiously plotted—every move carefully calculated to advance the common cause of rich, productive living.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

DEANNA DURBIN has a wager with Frank Shaw, assistant director on Universal's *First Love,* her current picture, that the sweater she is knitting will be finished before the picture. Deanna has had a similar wager with Shaw on every one of her five pictures before *First Love.* So far he hasn't collected a bet.

● **Leo Carrillo, featured in *Rio,* tells Sigrid Gurie, featured in picture, how he keeps in training for his screen roles. Every Sunday he "rides fence" on his 3,000-acre ranch at Santa Monica Canyon, which is enclosed in 50 miles of wire.**

● Joan Bennett has been mussed up!

Heretofore known as one of the most beautiful and ladylike personalities on the screen, Joan has undergone a change for her current role in *Green Hell,* which will be released through Universal. She's still a lady, but a lady marooned in an upper Amazon jungle—and ladies in a jungle don't look like beauty shoppe creations. Even her half-inch fingernails had to be sacrificed.

In her opening scene of the picture, Joan is supposed to be stricken with jungle fever. To make the scene realistic, makeup experts made her complexion wan and sallow. Her hair had to look wet and stringy, her clothes soiled and rumpled.

Just as Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were about to go into the scene, Director James Whale noticed her half-inch long fingernails. "You can't have fingernails like that in a jungle," he commented.

Joan grimaced—those nails being her pride and joy—but she called for a nail file and did away with the last vestiges of her former self.

She's a new Joan Bennett now.

AKIM TAMIROFF, who rates a star over his dressing room door, is voluntarily playing a "bit" part in the new Madeleine Carroll-Fred MacMurray feature, *My Love for Yours.* In fact he asked for the job, that of portraying a window washer. Evidently he sees in this role a diversion from the big parts which he usually plays, since he observes:

"For once I play myself. I have no disguises. I have no accent but my Russian one. And I play comedy. That is what I want. This is a fine part. That it is small means nothing."

Don Gallagher, Bing Crosby's dialogue director, is living proof that Hollywood is far from a vacationland. Don hasn't had a let-up in over a score of years and during that time, according to the Paramount studio, he has managed double doses of work.

Gallagher said on a set of *The Star Maker,* Crosby's latest feature, that he works about "87 weeks every year." This is his way of saying that he is active every week in the year with considerable over-time added. This aide of Bing started on the stage when he was four years old and has worked ever since—acting, writing and directing for stage, screen and radio. In the studio they call him "the busiest man in Hollywood."

● And now comes "third dimensional music." That's what Louis R. Lipstone, head of the Paramount music department, calls the weird symphonic score of *The Cat and the Canary,* starring Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard—and he defies even the most experienced musicians to tell how the eerie effects were achieved.

"I call the score 'third dimensional' because it describes, not the physical action of the picture, but the mental emotions of the characters," Lipstone explains.

With an orchestra playing dimly in the background of a huge sound proof stage, the recording featured a chorus of very high sopranos, together with a vibraphone, a metal percussion instrument similar in form to a xylophone, but containing motor driven resonators for sustaining the tone and producing a vibrato effect. The microphone was placed in an open steel vault at one side of the stage.

ELIZABETH PATTERSON, who plays personal maid to Isa Miranda in *Diamonds Are Dangerous,* is supposed to be responsible for the elaborate coiffures Miranda wears in the picture—that is according to the script. According to Patty she knows nothing about elaborate hairdos and has to have her own personal maid on the set to dress her hair for the picture.

MARRIAGE CAN STAY ROMANTIC
IF, THROUGH THE YEARS, YOU GUARD AGAINST DRY, LIFELESS "MIDDLE-AGE" SKIN!
I KNOW HOW I'D FEEL IF I WERE A MAN... AND MY WIFE LET HER SKIN GET DRY, LIFELESS AND OLD-LOOKING! THAT'S WHY I'M SO CAREFUL ABOUT MY COMPLEXION AND NEVER USE ANY SOAP EXCEPT PALMOLIVE!
WELL YOUR MARRIAGE CERTAINLY HAS STAYED ROMANTIC, AND I'VE NEVER SEEN A LOVELIER COMPLEXION! BUT WHY IS PALMOLIVE SO GOOD FOR GUARDING AGAINST DRY SKIN?
BECAUSE PALMOLIVE IS MADE WITH OLIVE AND PALM OILS, NATURE'S FINEST BEAUTY AIDS. THAT'S WHY ITS LATHER IS SO DIFFERENT, SO GOOD FOR DRY, LIFELESS SKIN! IT CLEANSES SO THOROUGHLY YET SO GENTLY THAT IT LEAVES SKIN SOFT AND SMOOTH...COMPLEXIONS RADIANT!
THANKS FOR THE GOOD ADVICE, DARLING! FROM NOW ON THIS LITTLE BRIDE IS GOING TO USE PALMOLIVE REGULARLY, AND START KEEPING HER MARRIAGE ROMANTIC!
MADE WITH OLIVE OIL!
THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS SO GOOD FOR KEEPING SKIN SOFT, SMOOTH, YOUNG!
PALMOLIVE

I've found THE face powder that has EVERYTHING!

Wake up the sleeping beauty of your complexion! Amazing new "texture of youth" Park & Tilford Face Powder is vacuum-sifted to blend with your skin. This exquisite powder looks and feels velvety ...naturally lovely, even at night, and stays on unbelievably long! Delightfully scented. Go today and see what the youthful Skin-Tone shades of Park & Tilford Face Powder will do for you!

$1 and 50¢ sizes. Trial 10¢ size at ten-cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD Face Powder

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE CONSTIPATED UNLESS—

You correct faulty living habits—unless liver bile flows freely *every day* into your intestines to help digest fatty foods. SO USE COMMON SENSE! Drink more water, eat more fruit and vegetables. And if assistance is needed, take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They not only assure *gentle* yet *thorough* bowel movements but ALSO stimulate liver bile to help digest fatty foods and tone up intestinal muscular action.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are harmless. Used successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards in treating patients for constipation and sluggish liver bile. Test their goodness TONIGHT! 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢.

MAISIE MAKES GOOD

By JERRY ASHER

THE sound of a pen scratching across a piece of paper broke the stillness of the room. At a huge desk cluttered with masculine paraphernalia sat a golden-haired young woman. Her skin was pale—almost blue-white under the artificial light. Her tailored coat, gloves, bag and shoes were black. The red of her lips matched the color of her large leghorn hat. Half-circled around her were a number of anxious studio executives. Impatiently they peered over her shoulder, waiting for the pen to stop.

With one last final flourish the writing ceased. The girl in the red hat hesitated for a moment—as though reconsidering what she had done. Then she faced the executives.

"Gentlemen," said Ann Sothern, with a twinkle in her eye, "You asked for it. There's my signature on your contract."

The rest is Hollywood history. Before *Maisie* you couldn't have given Ann away on the M-G-M lot. Even with a new set of dishes. Today every producer has an "Ann Sothern part." Everyone is taking deep waist bows for the success of *Maisie*. To Ann goes all the credit. Before they made the picture no one attempted to secure Ann by contract. They had no intention of even using her again. Ann created a spot for herself on sheer merit. Now that she has it, she's going to fight to keep it.

After ten years of struggling to prove what she can do, Ann finds herself facing "sudden" recognition in Hollywood. The obvious flattery she dismisses with a shrug. But genuine gestures touch her beyond words. Shortly after signing with M-G-M Ann dined at the Trocadero. Norma Shearer walked up to her table. "I've just heard that you signed with us. Welcome to the family."

On another evening at the Trocadero a friendly gentleman tapped her on the shoulder.

"I'm sure you don't remember me. But I had to tell you that I'm so glad you've come such a long way."

Ann was sure she didn't remember him. She was also sure he was confusing her with someone else. She thanked the gentleman and dismissed him from

GLAMOR

her thoughts. Later on he danced by Ann again.

"When I met you," he continued, "You were Harriette Lake. You came to my party—given for me by Fred and Adele Astaire."

So much had happened since those days of embryonic success. Ann hadn't thought about that party in years.

"Do you mind if I tell you my name? I am Louis Bromfield!"

Hours later Ann recovered from the shock. She was deeply pleased to think the famous author had remembered her. And Ann was very appreciative when she received this message.

"Your performance in *Maisie* was one of the finest things to come out of Hollywood. You gave it a warm and genuine part of your own self and talent. Such things are not seen often on the screen."

The message came from Madame Maria Ouspenskaya, who has turned in a performance or two herself. Ann and the famous Russian actress have never met.

Once Ann was fired off the M-G-M lot by the same executives who today are fighting for her services. In comparison to the petulant miss they once knew, Ann is a paradox. She is still the same delightfully-decorative breezy-going girl. But underneath there is more steel. "Everyone loves Annie," was the slogan when she was at RKO. At Columbia they called her "good ol' Ann." And no one was ever given a worse run of pictures. Ann isn't ever going to allow that to happen to her again.

Contrary to their expectations, Ann didn't do nip-ups when M-G-M asked her to sign. It took her days to make up her mind. She considered her possibilities from every angle. When she signed, they promised Ann that Adrian would do her clothes. When the time came Adrain was up to his teeth in work. Besides, he was anxious to get away and marry Janet Gaynor. The studio promised Ann that she could do characters. Her first picture was a straight comedy lead. Ann was disappointed. At least she hoped to look her best. The Ann Sothern who was once too good for her own good would have accepted a designer of lesser importance. At the insistence of the Ann Sothern who has learned to stand up for herself, the studio did an unprecedented thing. Off the lot they sent for Bernard Newman, who has his own exclusive dress salon in Beverly Hills. He made the clothes that Ann wore in the picture with Franchot Tone.

"Someone will probably say that *Maisie* has gone to my head." But Ann isn't too concerned at the prospect. "I used to be terribly sensitive. I worried myself sick if anyone said anything unkind about me. I've had to learn that someone always says something unpleasant anyway. It's impossible to please everyone.

"I know I'm not a big star. But I want to keep working and improving to be ready if my big chance does come along. If I am to do it, *now* is the time. I've been in this business a long time and I've known what failure is. I hope never to face it again. I could never forgive myself if I hurt anyone along the way. But after a while you learn a bitter lesson. Everyone is looking out for himself. I want to do good work. That's the reward I'm after."

Knowing how tough it is to get started, Ann is trying to help her sister Bonnie, who composes and sings under the name of Zoe Richards. When "Zoe" took a job singing with a Huntington Beach orchestra, Ann drove down to give her a reception. When she entered the ballroom, the door man held out his hand. Thinking he wanted to be friendly, Ann smiled sweetly and extended her own hand in greeting. The boy took her palm and smacked down on it with a rubber stamp. A "10c" mark remained. "What's *that* for?" Ann asked.

"Just in case you want to go out between dances. That shows you've paid!"

By the time M-G-M gets through with her, Ann will be recognized by doormen in this and every other country. This Christmas toy departments will feature a special "Maisie" doll. They look like Ann and are dressed in character. Ann's beautiful hands served as a model for white china book ends.

Second to her ambition to forge ahead, Ann's best quality is her sense of humor. It takes a pretty regular person to tell this one on herself. The day she started *Fast and Furious* she received a corsage of orchids. Ann asked the prop man to keep them in the frigidaire of the studio commissary. That night Ann wore the orchids to the Helen Hayes premiere at the Biltmore Theatre. During the first intermission Ann hurried down the aisle and disappeared in the ladies room. When she returned to her seat, her corsage had mysteriously disappeared.

The next morning Ann asked the prop man if he was sure he had taken her orchids to the commissary. The prop man assured her that he was sure. Later on he came to Ann again. He had checked to find out if the orchids had been close to anything else.

"That's when I learned," Ann cried, "that my corsage had spent the entire day resting on a barracuda!"

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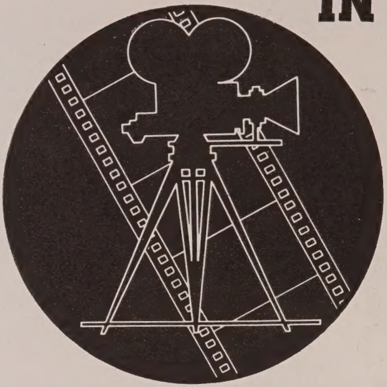
IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD



By
CHARLES SAMUELS

In this exclusive department SCREEN BOOK gives you the real insider's view of Hollywood. Here, in "It Happened in Hollywood," you will find the amusing true stories one star tells another about a mutual acquaintance when they lunch together at the Brown Derby or in the studio commissary. Some of these stories are funny, some pathetic. All of them are "Hollywood." The author, Charles Samuels, is widely known as a script writer for the major studios. Look for "It Happened in Hollywood" next month.

NO HIT has a stranger history than a recent smash offering that bolstered the reputations of two stars—fast fading at the time.

It all started when a certain writer was not notified that his contract was being renewed. The deadline for the notification that the option had been picked up came . . . and went.

Disheartened, he went home and told his wife to pack up.

"I'm leaving this burg," he said. "We'll go to New York and try to sell a play."

They had enough money left out of his earnings—although he made only a paltry $500 a week which, in the movie village, is considered a coolie's wage—to finance a stay in New York.

The couple went, saw, but did not conquer.

The writer's play was produced and flopped.

"What now?" asked the author when he saw the savage notices in the newspapers the day after the opening.

"I have a surprise for you," his wife said. "We're going back to Hollywood."

"On what?" asked the playwright. "We're broke."

"No, we aren't," she assured him. "I didn't say anything at the time but I left $400 in our checking account—just for a rainy day like this."

Cashing the check, they boarded the train for the Coast. But because the writer had authored a stage flop, the studios were averse to hiring him. The rest of the $400 dribbled away.

"I think our bank might lend me a thousand dollars," the writer told his wife. "That's if I speak to the president."

"I'd say you were crazy, if we had anywhere else to go," she told him.

Drawing a deep breath, the writer tried to put the bite on the president. He made a long speech to the effect that banks should invest in talent as well as mortgages.

"Just a minute," said the president. He rang a buzzer and called for the writer's account. Then he turned to the nervous author.

"Why do you want to borrow a thousand dollars when you have over six thousand dollars deposited with us?"

The writer gasped and reached for the statement. He saw what had happened. The studio had picked up his option, even though they neglected to notify him. They'd been sending his check to the bank every week for six months!

It was all too much for the writer. He talked it over with his wife and they decided to go to the head of the studio and explain what had happened. The executive listened with interest.

"So I guess we'll have to give you people the money back!" the author concluded sadly.

"What!" exclaimed the executive in horror. "You know there are men in this studio gunning for me. That's all they have to hear to discredit me completely—that I paid a writer his salary for six months when he wasn't even here!"

"But what can I do? I can't keep the money," protested the writer.

"No, but you can dig up an old manuscript from your trunk. I'll buy it, and charge the money we paid you to the cost of the story."

It could happen *only* in Hollywood but the story (which had been rejected by every studio in town) was purchased in that manner, produced, gave new box-office appeal to the two aforementioned stars and was an outstanding hit of the year.

The production helped the executive fight off his enemies within the studio. The writer? He's been working ever since—at an increased stipend.

* * *

The most timid actor in Hollywood is credited with having chased out of town a very tough mob of Chicago racketeers. These ugly and quick-shooting

Watch for the next installment of "It Happened in Hollywood" in December SCREEN BOOK.

gentlemen had decided to establish in the movie city a profitable little "Protection Racket." That's the familiar little underworld game of approaching the victim and suggesting he let you "protect" him from molestation. If he agrees, you get paid off each week. If he refuses, you have his house bombed or have a muscle-man administer a beating so he realizes how much he needs protection.

As their first victim, they chose a nervous bachelor, a famous supporting player who often earns more than the stars he plays with. They thought he was such a frightened fellow he'd be easy prey. But when they offered him their protection, he asked irritably, "Protection against what?"

"There's an awful lot of bad boys in Hollywood," the mob leader said. "They might try to kill you or blow up your house. But they wouldn't dare do that if they knew we were protecting you."

"Huh," sniffed the actor. "I'm such a sick, nervous man I wouldn't mind dying. And I have two homes. If they blow up one, I'd move into the other one."

The shakedown artists held a conference. They decided that if they couldn't bully this frightened little man into line, they might as well give up. If that's how actors were, what chance would they have against the more manly performers?

The same night they went back to Chicago where men of wealth are more reasonable when threatened with property loss or physical injury.

* * *

The "yes men" who have to bow and scrape for their daily bread before the most dictatorial of all the major studio producing chiefs would have been astounded if they could have heard this same producer, their lord, master and Simon Legree, being squelched the other night in the Vine Street Brown Derby.

At the time, he was sitting with a powerful banker who finances the studio's pictures. The lot's most important director, whose hit pictures are credited with paying for the producer's numerous flops, passed and was called over.

"I was looking at the scenes you made yesterday," the producer said, glowering. "I didn't like that one you made on the wooden bridge. I want you to re-shoot it."

The director smiled and turned to the banker, "I know you finance the pictures on our lot," he said, "but don't let this pigeon-brained boob fool you. My contract gives me complete control of all my productions. This guy can't change anything or even suggest changes. As a matter of fact, my contract expressly states that he isn't even permitted to *look* at my rushes without my permission. Good evening."

No technicolor process yet invented could have reproduced the gorgeous reds and purples that covered the producer's face as his ace director proceeded calmly to his own table.

* * *

Another famed director isn't taking his vacations in New York any more—for an excellent reason.

Last time he "relaxed" in the Big Town, he threw a very damp party. A Broadway chorine, who remained in his suite after the other guests departed, suddenly discovered that her most precious possession, a diamond bracelet, was missing from her wrist.

"You stole it," she screamed in a drunken fury. "Give me my bracelet, you crook! I won't leave until you do!"

The phone rang while the director was trying to quiet her. It was his wife calling long-distance from California. The girl continued to scream "I let you kiss me and make love to me. Where is my bracelet!" When his wife asked who was talking about loving and kissing, the director hung up. The distracted wife kept calling the suite. Harried and perspiring, the director refused to answer it until he and the girl searched the suite thoroughly.

They found the diamond bracelet finally in the lady's own purse where she herself had put it hours before. But when he at last could talk to his wife in peace, he didn't attempt to explain the chorine's screaming.

"I'm taking the plane for Hollywood in an hour," he said.

He kept his word—and he hasn't been back to New York since.

* * *

The movie colony has long puzzled over the ease and skill with which a famous film executive gets rid of his girl-friends when he has tired of them. Here is the lowdown:

This man rotates between Hollywood, London and New York regularly. If a New York or London sweetie becomes wearisome, he ships the lady to Hollywood, provides a mansion and a car. The parting is always tearful. Because the girl has no friends in the movie town, he anticipates that she will soon get lonely.

When the trick works and the executive gets word from the servants in the mansion that his light-'o-love is philandering with

[*Continued on page* 73]

Honey says
"MEN HATE THE TOUCH OF SCRATCHY, CHAPPED HANDS"
BEAUTY ADVISOR
OH, HONEY—YOU'RE JUST THE PERSON I WANT TO SEE! I NEED BEAUTY ADVICE—QUICK
WELL, THAT'S MY JOB—WHAT'S WRONG, CAROL?
LAST NIGHT TED TOOK ME TO A DANCE..
HEY! HOW ABOUT CUTTIN' IN ON MY DATE?
GEE, TED... CAROL'S CUTE BUT—WELL, HER HANDS GIVE ME THE SHIVERS. ROUGH AS A MAN'S
THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT ME... OH, I'LL NEVER COME TO ANOTHER DANCE AS LONG AS I LIVE!
YEAH... SWELL PARTY
BUT THE BOYS ARE RIGHT, HONEY... MY HANDS ARE ALWAYS CHAPPED... SO'S MY FACE. SURELY YOU KNOW SOMETHING WONDERFUL I CAN USE!
INDEED I DO! C'MON, WE'LL GET SOME HINDS LOTION RIGHT AWAY—
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NICE SOFT HANDS YOU'VE GOT THERE, LADY!
HEY, FELLAS—I BROUGHT HER
GEE, IF HONEY COULD SEE ME NOW!

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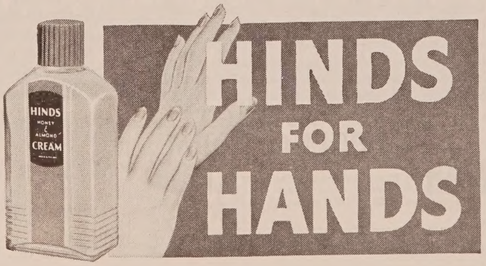
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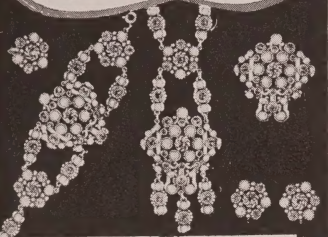

VIVIEN LEIGH *as Scarlett O'Hara in David O. Selznick's "Gone With the Wind," filmed at Selznick International Studios, Culver City, California.*

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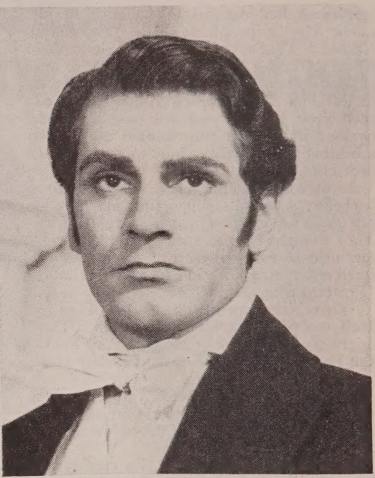

Laurence Olivier prefers comedies to dramas, but invariably is cast in tragic roles. He is shown above as he appeared in United Artists' powerful drama, *Wuthering Heights*. At left: En route to Hollywood and another heavy role in *Rebecca*

By

GROVER WALLACE

EVER since *Wuthering Heights* women refuse to let Laurence Olivier forget that he got cheated out of love, thanks to Death and David Niven, and they are all for making it up to him.

So much so that when he took his brooding spirit away from the gloom of the *Wuthering Heights* and tried to bury himself in the role of the whimsical playwright in the Broadway smash called *No Time For Comedy* he found himself a hopeless fugitive from maternal anxiety and the lambent passions of the young idea. Life became so sad that Mr. Olivier sought refuge in Europe, war-scares or no, and left the play to its own devices.

Small wonder.

Assorted female wild-life jammed the alleyway after the curtain and the New York Mounties tlot-tloted over to preserve life and private property rights.

Girls from the Bronx scaled the fire-escapes to watch him undress.

Maidens from Brooklyn climbed into his cab—three of them—and demanded to ride along with him. If three were too many, the spokesman pointed out, the Olivier could decide which of the three beauties was to attain immortality by riding home with him.

"Come on. Choose."

In desperation he said they were all "especially attractive" and remarked that it would be oafish to name one, so wouldn't they all run along and be nice little ladies.

"Why you lousy ———" quoth the most eloquent.

In fear of his life, he dumped them out at the next red light where, fortunately, an Irish gendarme held the fort.

Cafe society was no better behaved.

Three little debbies sachayed down the aisles night after night and watched his performance with an optical light that was never seen on land or sea. Then they sent him gardenias with a plea that he wear them, one at a time, and then return them so they'd remember him by these tokens forever.

They harried the doorman with programs to be autographed.

They sent him telegrams, special deliveries and "by hand" testimonials.

They ogled at him in his favorite dinner rendezvous.

Not since Rudolph Valentino has this democracy harbored so fatal a charm as Mr. Olivier's.

The cinema's current golden boy is a strange, serious gentleman who likes adulation as much as a seal yearns for the Sahara sands. He is baffled by it. He says:

PERSONALITY

"Being a matinee idol—if that's what I am—doesn't make me proud and it doesn't make me happy. It's meaningless. I don't understand it. I wonder if they do."

A HAMLET in modern dress, he swears that his forte is comedy, even if Hollywood insists on assigning him the mood indigo. On the set he is easily the most silent individual of the lot. He smiles as if smiles cost $1 apiece. But no one ever protests that up-ish is the word for Olivier. It isn't. The word is English.

For all this dour quality, L. O. has his kittenish moments, which never fail to delight the whole crew. Let him muff a line and he is apt to make faces at the camera or to unleash a whole torrent of high jinks. Sometimes even the directors are pop-eyed.

If the captain hates the sea, the man with the smoky eyes and the dense eyebrows and the all-pervading agony of the soul that so charmed you in *Wuthering Heights* doesn't give a fig for the movies. He regards himself first, last and always as a "stage actor."

Hear him out:

"Acting for a camera is a terrible bore. The enormous waste of talent, energy and resources are to me a constant dismay. Still, all actors get around to making films. So why squawk?"

Newspapermen and mention in the press are hardly his prime interest. He tells reporters very candidly that he's a boring fellow. He iterates it and reiterates it as he sits there politely, making a gallant effort at chit-chat. Reporters have left the Olivier person in something of a huff and their city editors have backed them up with headlines that were anything but calculated to warm the heart of producer Sam Goldwyn. As for Mr. Olivier, white bread or brown—it makes no difference.

On the sartorial side he is top-flight. He leans, naturally enough, toward British styles and patterns and goes in for smart grays set off, more than likely, by white shirts sporting a jaunty purple stripe. He likes a posy in his lapel.

Matinee idols ever since Adam have been chronic addicts of the spotlight, but not the reigning favorite. He hates the hurly-burly and avoids the Broadway night-spots like a plague. He goes to so few places where there are photographers lurking that his publicity advisers find him a problem child.

Hobbies he has none. His only sport is swimming. Baseball bores him. Ditto for polo.

He picks his friends with the same care and good taste that he does his suits. They are few but fervent.

At thirty-one, Laurence Olivier can look back on an amazing twenty-year theatre career that includes all the way stations from William Shakespeare to Noel Coward. In fact, he made his debut back in 1921 in Shakespeare's home town, Stratford-on-Avon. He was a cute number exactly eleven years old and dressed up as a girl in connection with a drama fete to celebrate the Bard's birthday. He wowed the customers. He was so terrific, as we say here in America, that local wise men urged him to pass up Oxford and to give his all to the Theatre.

He's been doing it ever since: *Private Lives*, with Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward, in London town; *Rats Of Norway* with Gladys Cooper; *Perfect Understanding* with Gloria Swanson, a British film which he labels as "the worst picture I ever saw"; *Biography* with Ina Claire; the lead role in *Journey's End*; and a host of plays including *Adding Machine, Macbeth, Paris Bound* and *Beau Geste*.

Once he almost got to play opposite Greta Garbo. That was in 1933 when M-G-M cabled him to catch a liner and hustle to Hollywood to do the lead in *Queen Christina*. En route he worried himself sick wondering if he would make the grade.

A few days of shooting and he found his fears confirmed. The rushes, he confesses, were "absolutely terrible." Furthermore, Miss Garbo wanted John Gilbert for the part.

If *Wuthering Heights* made him, he still feels, modestly, that the assignment was tailored for Gable. Give him a gay part any day, he implores. There's nothing he would rather do than bright comedy.

Meanwhile, David O. Selznick attends his return to Hollywood where he will transfer to a gelatin sound track the sensational role of Max de Winter in Daphne DuMaurier's best-seller, *Rebecca*. The part is anything but gay.

Apparently, mourning becomes Olivier. And comedy can wait.

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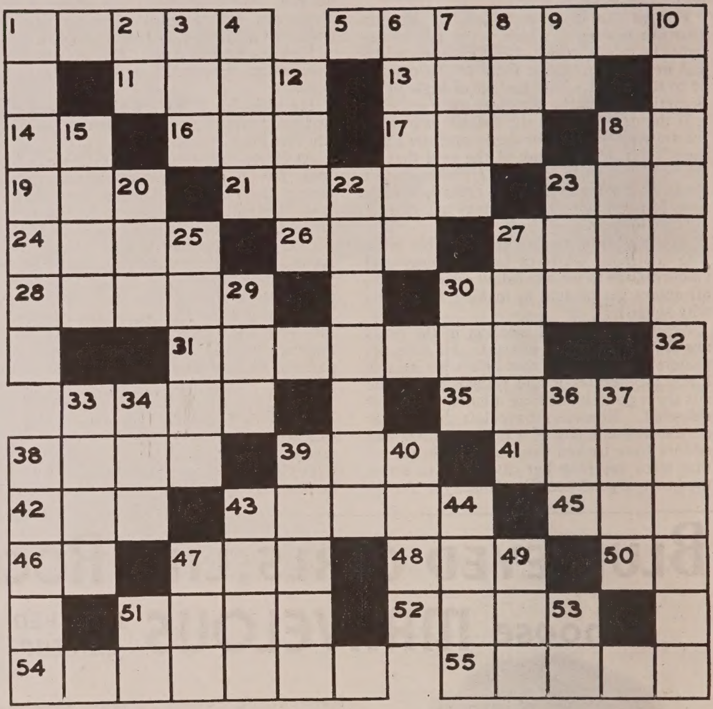

ACROSS

1. Hero of *Stunt Pilot.*
5. Robert Taylor's wife.
11. *Back ——— to Heaven.*
13. First name of a comedian in *Career.*
14. Initials of Edith Fellows.
16. ——— *Gun Troubadour.*
17. Leading man in *These Glamour Girls.*
18. *News Is Made ——— Night.*
19. Movie stars work under ——— lights.
21. Heroine of *Should a Girl Marry?*
23. Mickey Mouse's coat.
24. What you shed at sad films (sing.).
26. There are none in *The Women.*
27. Alice Faye's husband.
28. Whose role is that of Aunt Phoebe in *Second Fiddle?*
30. He had title role in *The Cowboy Quarterback.*
31. She's Tarzan's screen mate.
33. *Mystery of the White* ———.
35. A star of *The Women.*
38. Mrs. Ross in *Each Dawn I Die.*
39. It spatters when thrown at comedians.
41. Sound made by M-G-M's Leo.
42. You saw her in *The Lady and the Mob.*
43. His first name is John (poss.).
45. *Never Say* ———.
46. His last name is Kendall.
47. Mr. Grimes in *On Borrowed Time.*
48. Mother of Disney's porcine performers.
50. Nita Naldi's initials.
51. *The Marines Are* ———.
52. Boris Bebenko in *Unexpected Father.*
54. A star of *It's a Wonderful World.*
55. Ann Lawson in *They Shall Have Music.*

DOWN

1. Place to see stars of this puzzle.
2. Eddie Black in *The Kid from Kokomo.*
3. *I Am ——— Afraid.*
4. *Man About* ———.
6. Pete in *Five Came Back.*
7. Measure of film.
8. "It" girl, a former star.
9. *You Can't Cheat ——— Honest Man.*
10. Cowboy singing star.
12. *Where the Buffalo* ———.
15. A star of *Invitation to Happiness.*
18. Sara Haden portrays this relative in Hardy Family series.
20. Deanna Durbin's birthplace (abbr.).
22. Locale of *Gone With the Wind.*
23. ——— *Love or Money.*
25. First name of Mr. Novarro.
27. Phil Regan's singing voice.
29. First name of director of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips.*
30. He feuds for fun with Walter Winchell.
32. ——— *on Trial.*
33. Singer in *Second Fiddle.*
34. You saw her in *His Exciting Night.*
36. His last name is La Rocque.
37. Mrs. Miller in *They Shall Have Music.*
38. Whose wife is Joan Blondell?
39. He has title role in Mr. Moto series.
40. Martha Jones in *The Beachcomber.*
43. Vamp of silent films.
44. ——— *at Sea* (sing.).
47. *Streets of ——— York.*
49. ——— *Willie Winkie.*
51. ——— *Couldn't Say No.*
53. Robert Elliott's initials.

(Solution on page 75)

It Happened In Hollywood

[*Continued from page 69*]

some Hollywood playboy, the "betrayed" man rushes to the Coast.

Reproaches follow. The girl goes out of his life with no balm suits or complaints that he has abandoned her. The canny fellow gets each of his ladies to "two-time" him and then he has the right to complain that *she* has broken *his heart* and not the reverse.

* * *

There is a "talking writer" on one of the major lots who is very well paid. This man can tell a wonderful story but he can't write for sour apples. Some smart producer got the idea of having an intelligent secretary go everywhere with the fellow because he was liable to think of a plot any time.

It was the girl's job to write down everything the "talking writer" said and then put it into readable shape.

"But I often think of these stories in my sleep," said the writer when the arrangement was explained to him. "Suppose I wake up with one and have no one to tell it to?"

"Put a dictaphone in your bedroom," his boss suggested.

"Those things make me self-conscious. I can't use them."

The problem was solved, it is said, when the writer married an expert stenographer.

* * *

One of the best paid art directors in pictures had a fantastic experience recently. After seeing the fights at the Hollywood Stadium one Friday night, he went in his limousine to a restaurant.

As he was getting out of the car, his set designer who had been drinking more than enough that night, drove past and waggishly backed his car into his chief's.

The bumpers locked. Laughing bibulously, the set designer drove off. What he didn't know was that the art director's car was attached to his. The other man yelled—but in vain.

Hopping into a taxi, he spent hours trying to find the set designer who was driving the two cars. He couldn't locate the man anywhere and expected he had been arrested for drunken driving.

At the studio in the morning, the set designer came in and was angrily asked, "Where is my car?"

He protested he didn't remember anything about carrying off his chief's car and it certainly wasn't attached to his in the morning. They were working on a picture and the art director was afraid to complain to the police for fear his indispensable assistant would be traced as the man who had sent the limousine crashing into a store, or maybe into some people.

But two days later, he was telephoned by an angry parking lot owner.

"The other morning I came to work and found your limousine parked in my place," he said. "I didn't know it was yours and waited for some one to come and get it. I finally traced the ownership to you through the motor license bureau."

Miraculously, the car must have been detached en route and rolled into the parking lot by itself. Either that or the set designer is Hollywood's biggest liar.

TITLE CHANGES

Motion picture studios are noted for their tendency to swap titles in midstream. As a service to its readers, SCREEN BOOK will tip you off regarding titles which have been changed during the past month.

Old Title	*Players*	*New Title*
My Love For Yours	M. Carroll-F. MacMurray	Honeymoon in Bali
Hobby Family	Henry O'Neill-I. Rich	Everybody's Hobby
Dead End Kids at Military School	Dead End Kids-J. Litel	Dead End Kids on Dress Parade
20,000 Years in Sing Sing	J. Garfield-P. O'Brien	City of Lost Men

IF YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY FIGURE LISTEN...

Posed by professional model

HOW THOUSANDS OF THIN, TIRED, NERVOUS PEOPLE

GAIN NEW POUNDS, NEW STRENGTH *Quick!*

HERE'S grand news for many of the thousands of thin, tired-looking, jittery, discouraged girls who have never seemed able to add an ounce, and seldom attract friends and have the good times they deserve.

For thousands of other girls have easily put on 10 to 25 pounds of naturally attractive flesh—have gained wonderfully improved health and pep and, with these, many new friends and enviable social success—by simply taking these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets for a few weeks.

Why they build up so quick

The reason is easily understood. You see, scientists have discovered that great numbers of people today are thin and rundown, tired and nervous—often unable to eat or sleep properly—only because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these scientifically prepared, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets. So it's easy to see why they have helped so many skinny, washed-out people quickly to gain new, much more attractive pounds, new pep and enjoyment in life.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you normally attractive flesh, new energy, the price of this first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast, and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results. Look for IY stamped on each tablet.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, here's a special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets, cut out seal on box and mail to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with first package—or money refunded. All druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2811, Atlanta, Ga.

TUNE IN ON JOHN J. ANTHONY'S GOOD WILL HOUR. See your local newspaper for exact time and station.

MEN DON'T LIKE

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Your own natural complexion may be much more lovely and youthful than you realize. It's true healthy glory may be dulled by a "mask" of hidden dirt—dirt that ordinary cleansing methods never reach.

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This massage removes pore-deep dirt, blackheads and whiteheads. It also stimulates the circulation of the blood in the skin—leaving your face gloriously refreshed, stimulated.

You be the judge! Send 10c for generous jar of Pompeian and two booklets of helpful beauty hints. Give yourself this three-minute massage . . . and be convinced by results.

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INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS,

Associate Editor

Have just seen William Holden in *Golden Boy* and we would like to have a brief biography of him.—Ralph and John.

The discovery of Bill Holden is a story in itself. Studio officials, in their search for an actress to portray the role of Anna in *Golden Boy* looked at the test which Holden had made with a promising young feminine player. Holden, whose real name is Bill Beadle, was sent for, given a new test and shortly afterward signed for the part. Bill was born in O'Fallen, Illinois, on April 17, 1918. His performance in this picture rated him a new contract with Warner Brothers, and he is scheduled to do *Invisible Stripes* next, in which he is co-featured with George Raft. His favorite sports are swimming, boxing, and baseball.

Bill Holden as he appears in Columbia's *Golden Boy*. His next will be Warner's, *Invisible Stripes*

Could you please tell us where and how we may obtain scene stills from *The Man in the Iron Mask*?—Barbara and Diane.

For each still desired, send 25c to United Artists Studios, 1041 North Formosa Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Are Russell, James and Lucille Gleason related?—Mrs. Claude B.

Russell is the son of James and Lucille Gleason.

Where may I obtain the August, 1937, issue of SCREEN BOOK, please? Also, please tell me whose picture was on the cover.—E. J. S.

The item below will supply you with the information for the first part of your question. All back issues cost 15c. Lovely Irene Dunne graced the cover of the August, 1937, issue of SCREEN BOOK.

Can you please tell me where Darryl F. Zanuck may be reached by mail?—Carmencita.

Mr. Zanuck is in charge of production at 20th Century-Fox Studios, Beverly Hills, California.

Will you please tell me which issue of SCREEN BOOK a story on Sonja Henie entitled "My Daughter Sonja," and written by Mrs. Selma Nilsen Henie, appeared in? Where and how may I obtain this issue?—Virginia L.

The story you refer to was published in the March, 1938, issue of SCREEN BOOK. You may obtain a copy of this issue by submitting 15c to Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Connecticut.

Will you please give me the cast of the picture *Vivacious Lady*.—Mary R.

Ginger Rogers, James Stewart, James Ellison, Phyllis Kennedy, Jack Carson, Florence Lake, Alan Bruce, Spencer Charters, Ray Mayer, Charles Coleman, Beulah Bondi, Frances Mercer, Charles Coburn, Franklin Pangborn, Grady Sutton, Alec Craig, and Willie Best.

Will you kindly send me the following information on William Lundigan.—S. G.

Real Name—William Paul Lundigan.
Age—25.

Have you a question about the stars? Each month Joan Votsis will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Birthplace—Syracuse, N. Y.
Height—6 feet, 2 inches.
Weight—170 pounds.
Marriage (s)—None at time of writing.
Address—Warner Bros., Burbank, California.
Hobbies—Writing radio playlets.

Sorry, S. G., but I could not comply with your request to send this information through the mails.

I recently came across an old radio magazine and in it was a short article about a "Dutch" Reagan. I would like to know if this sports announcer is now known on the screen as Ronald Reagan.—A. V. C.

For four years Ronald Reagan broadcast sports events and became widely known as "Dutch" Reagan. It was through his announcing job that he was given a screen test.

Could you please tell me where I can obtain a picture of Della Lind. She played in *Swiss Miss* with Laurel and Hardy some time ago.—Billie P.

Although Miss Lind is no longer under contract to M-G-M, try writing to them at Culver City, California. Do not forget to enclose 25c which covers cost of mailing.

Will you please tell me the name of the picture in which Robert Taylor portrayed the role of Lieutenant Perry. Barbara Stanwyck was his leading lady.—LaVerne D.

It was *This Is My Affair.*

Was Rudy Vallee ever married to Alice Faye?—W. W.

Miss Faye's first and only husband is Tony Martin.

Will you please tell me who played the role of Howard Stevens in *Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation*? He also played the part of Phil in *The Hardy's Ride High.*—Irene M.

John King is the young man you refer to.

Kindly tell me if Priscilla Lane ever made a picture entitled *Episode.* If she did please tell me who played opposite her.—Pat's Fan.

Episode was the working title of the picture which was finally released under the title of *Four Daughters.* John Garfield and Jeffrey Lynn had the male leads. See SCREEN BOOK's title change box on page 73 for up-to-the-minute information on picture titles.

Please settle an argument by telling us whether or not Constance Moore and Pauline Moore are related.—Dottie-Mae E.

The Misses Moore are not related.

Could you please tell me when and where Bonita Granville was born, and if her real name is Granville?—Peter L. M.

Bonita is the daughter of Bernard Granville, former musical comedy star. She was born in New York City on February 2, 1923.

Will you please give me a brief biography of George Sanders, including his age, if married, to whom, nationality, and the pictures he has played in.—Cynthia M.

Mr. Sanders was 33 on July 3rd. He is an Englishman, and at present writing is not married. Pictures made in England include, *Strange Cargo, Things to Come, Find the Lady* and *Dishonor Bright.* His Hollywood credits are: *Lloyds of London, Love is News, The Lady Escapes, Slave Ship, Lancer Spy, International Settlement, Four Men and a Prayer, Mr. Moto's Last Warning, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, The Saint Strikes Back, The Saint in London.*

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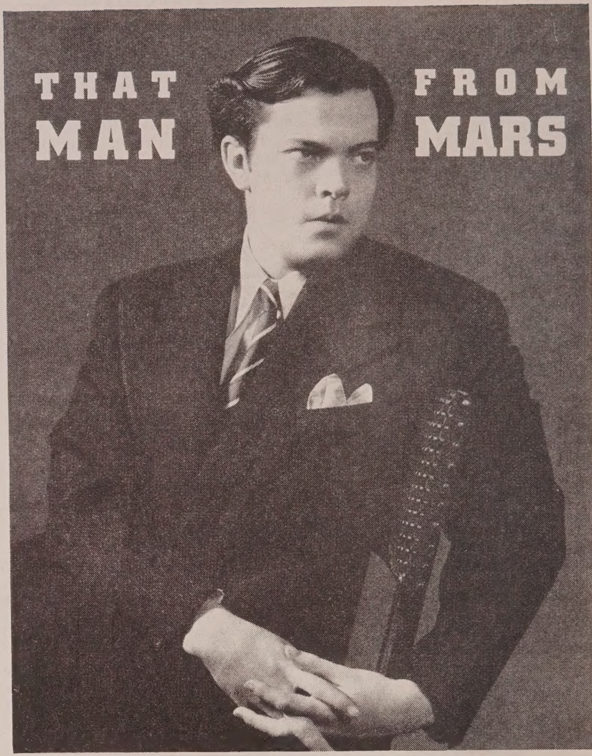


Above, America's hobgoblin, Orson Welles. His Hollywood contract is one of the most amazing ever written

By JOHN FRANCHEY

PERSONALITY

ON THE night of October 30, 1938, the Martians paid us an unexpected visit, en bloc, and landed in New Jersey.

A thousand wary citizens, confronted with the menace from Mars, telephoned every paper in New York. Thousands more notified the gendarmerie, warned the military.

Then began a mass hegira from the area invaded. Soon roads were choked with fugitives, a stream of automobiles fleeing pell-mell South, West, North—anywhere except into the ocean.

Hospitals were besieged by those whose nerves collapsed under the strain.

Police struggled to establish calm, but in vain.

Civilization was at the brink. Pandemonium was king.

And everywhere above the din sounded the cry, "If you love life, flee. The Martians are upon us."

But civilization managed to muddle through. The morning papers explained how come. A jittery East-coast population read and blushed.

The Martians emphatically had not called on us—yet. The alarms were premature. What had happened was that countless late-dialers-in on a radio dramatization had been so carried away with the ether realism that they had believed it.

The same morning papers made swift to explain that the new high in realism was the brain child of Orson Welles, celebrated stage actor, radio performer and producer. Mr. Welles was even quoted as being awfully scared and apologetic. The afternoon papers showed him with a 24-hour beard, a haggard face and eyes that had that haunted look. It certainly did appear as if realism had done Mr. Welles wrong.

But just as it happens in the once-upon-a-time stories, it all came out fine in the end. No one died of shock, a careful checkup reported. The pro letters to the broadcasting company outnumbered the con's, five to one. And barring the single irate demand of a lad from Passaic who swore that an over-energetic female Messiah had grabbed him by the neck to save him from the Martian peril and ripped his Sunday shirt, all was ducky. Mr. Welles, himself, went shopping on Fifth Avenue and bought the laddie a shirt such as only the governor of the sovereign state of

New Jersey might wear—baby-blue silk with a detachable collar.

After that poor Mr. Welles took to wearing a beard and buried his hurt soul in a disastrous production of *Five Kings,* a Shakespearean crazy-quilt. This only made things worse—to the tune of $30,000. Licking his wounds, he retired to his acres at flossy Sneden's Landing, N. Y., for a time-out before the dramatic wars in the fall. And here the movie moguls descended upon him with the most astounding contract ever devised and said, "Sign."

Orson Welles read the provisions, took a double glance at the number of ciphers attached to his weekly stipend and signed. Then, with a whoop, RKO announced it to the world. The cinema had finally bagged the Great Hobgoblin.

The most fabulous contract ever filed away in a studio safe is 60 pages long and gives Orson Welles every privilege and option except using the physiognomy of the Chairman of the Board of RKO to stop a custard pie. Welles will be a quadruple Poo-bah. He will:

A. Produce
B. Direct
C. Write script
D. Star in his masterpieces

And Mr. Welles will be nobody's yes-man. He took pains to set that down in the 60-page manuscript that made screen legal history.

Meanwhile, what's he like—this guy who can wangle a contract that Gable couldn't get?

Hollywood's new White Hope is a monolith of a man with the expression of a baffled cherub, his dark hair combed carelessly back over his head. Booming of voice and serious of mien (before his elders) he is inclined to appear senatorial. But before the young or women's groups he is a charm boy with his hands in his pockets, an oversize imp with a deliberate slouch about him.

He is 24 years old with a background that would make you gasp if you ever had time to read it in its entirety.

His capsule history ought to begin with his high-jinks at the famous Todd School in Woodstock, Illinois. Here he enrolled at the age of eleven. And here the drama virus attacked him. He gave in without a struggle.

Picture, if you will, a lad with a round, plum-pudding face and dressed in knee-pants directing plays at the age of 13. This very wonderboy was to direct 40 before he bid adieu to Todd. Besides directing he played the lead roles when he liked them enough. Once he played three parts in *Julius Caesar* and the judges, thinking he was three different acting-fools, gave him first and second prizes.

No mere mortal, he decided to give Harvard the go-by after his prep school days. Instead, he allowed, he would write a commentary on Shakespeare. Did he go, with all his 16 years, to the New York Public Library for research? He did not. He traipsed to Africa where he stayed with an Arabian chieftain who owned a harem. In this aesthetic setting, he wrote his monumental "Everybody's Shakespeare," with stage directions which are simply nifty. Reluctantly he bid adieu to Araby and went home.

Life palled on him. At Todd School he had done some brilliant painting. Now he took to writing. He turned out some strange tales—he admitted to this writer—under the pseudonym of Ken Blackwell. Later this same Orson Welles, master of all he surveys, was to write music reviews for a man who held down the critic's post on a Chicago paper.

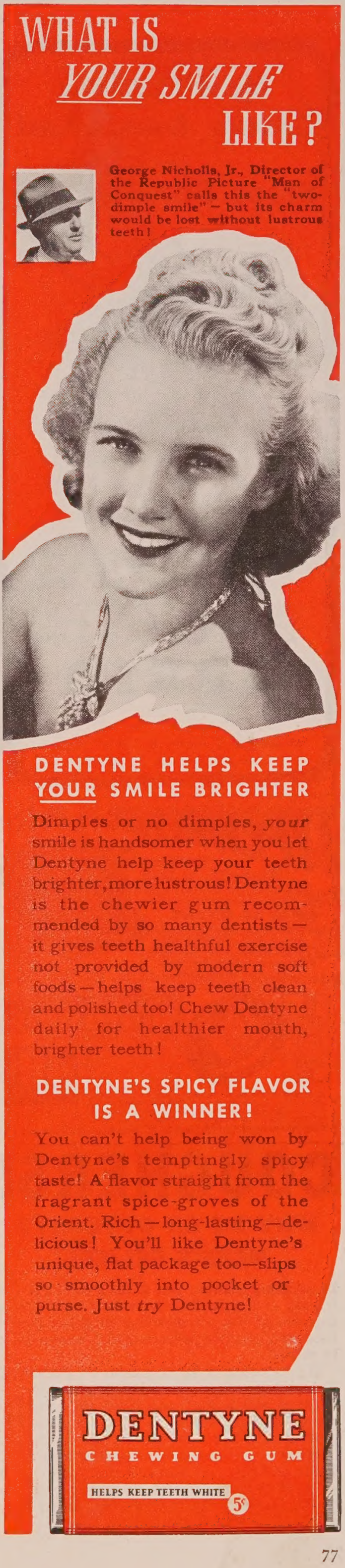
This brief subjugation of the arts soon gave him the ho-hums. His first love swooped back upon him. The theatre beckoned, so he caught a boat for Ireland.

Here in Dublin he perpetrated his famous fraud on the Gate Theatre. He told them he was a celebrated actor on a busman's holiday from the renowned Theatre Guild of New York, and did they need a swell actor. They did. He was hired. His playing was received with general Gaelic glee.

Back on this continent with an enviable reputation, he sought out his friend, Alex-

[*Continued on page* 81]

Circled above is Gene Autry, singing cowboy and idol of millions. This photo shows a small part of the mob that greeted him in Dublin during his recent trip abroad



WHAT IS *YOUR SMILE* LIKE?

George Nicholls, Jr., Director of the Republic Picture "Man of Conquest" calls this the "two-dimple smile" — but its charm would be lost without lustrous teeth!

DENTYNE HELPS KEEP YOUR SMILE BRIGHTER

Dimples or no dimples, *your* smile is handsomer when you let Dentyne help keep your teeth brighter, more lustrous! Dentyne is the chewier gum recommended by so many dentists — it gives teeth healthful exercise not provided by modern soft foods — helps keep teeth clean and polished too! Chew Dentyne daily for healthier mouth, brighter teeth!

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WE CAN'T FORGET

Left to right, seated: Lucille Gleason, Edward Arnold, Gloria Stuart, Fred Beetson and Kenneth Thompson. Standing, Russell Hicks, Ralph Morgan, Irving Pichel, Jean Hersholt, president of Motion Picture Relief Fund, George Murphy, Huntly Gordon, Walter Abel, and Porter Hall

By
JEAN HERSHOLT

WHEN faced with starvation, Ginger Rogers sits with her head in her hands.

When considering the horror of eviction for non-payment of rent, Joan Crawford taps the edge of a desk with her fingers.

When medical care is necessary and there is no money to pay for it, Robert Montgomery paces the floor.

Those are three startling sentences. But I know that Ginger, Joan and Bob won't object to them, since I have seen Ginger sitting with her head in her hands, Joan tapping on the edge of a desk, and Bob pacing the floor countless times as the executive committee of the Motion Picture Relief Fund convenes to consider ways of easing the heartache that lies behind the scenes of the film capital of the world.

And believe me, there is heartache in this glamorous place we call home. The film writers don't write scripts about it; the newspaper columnists don't gossip about it. But it's a problem so big that Joseph M. Schenck and Mary Pickford and Walter Wanger also wrestle with it. And Ralph Morgan, Billie Burke, Samuel Goldwyn, Conrad Nagel, Leo McCarey and Basil Rathbone, and every other actor, director, writer, and producer help.

They all know that in an average month, the Motion Picture Relief Fund will be called upon to feed more than 2,500 hungry families of people formerly connected with the film industry.

It will also save more than 75 families from being evicted from their homes, pay more than 200 overdue utility bills amounting to more than $900, and provide medical care for more than 300 patients.

I don't suppose that more than 10,000 of the hundred million people who go to the movies every week know what the Motion Picture Relief Fund really is.

As you probably realize, the making of motion pictures constitutes a major industry, the fourth largest in the United States. That industry employs thousands of people on permanent weekly payrolls and hires tens of thousands more in a temporary capacity. This latter group includes actors, writers, assistant directors, cameramen, sound technicians, scene shifters, carpenters and many other craftsmen who work only when a picture is being prepared for production or is actually shooting.

As in any other industry, when production lags, these people don't work. Many of them do not earn enough to carry them through an unduly long layoff. And that is where the Fund comes into the picture.

It is the official relief agency for the entire film industry. Operated under the guidance of the Screen Actors, Writers, Directors, and Producers Guilds, it is a democratic institution run by workers in the industry for the benefit of their fellow workers.

It has a three-fold purpose: to furnish temporary financial assistance or medical help to those who have run into a short streak of bad luck; to carry for an indefinite period persons forced on relief through illness or a prolonged stretch of unemployment; and finally, to provide per-

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

manent care for those veterans of the industry for whom there is no longer an active place, but who have nowhere else to turn for a livelihood.

The first two problems, those of helping people over a tough spot in life, have been partly solved. It cost $280,000 last year to do it, and never was money more willingly spent, or given.

The last problem is a more difficult one. What of those people who will never again be able to work? The writer who once wrote the screenplay for our biggest success . . . the leading lady we played opposite years ago . . . the director who first saw that we could act and encouraged us . . . the fellow on the camera dolly who saw that the lighting and angles were right for us . . . the little hairdresser on the lot . . . the prop boy whose hair turned gray before our eyes . . . the script girl who is no longer a girl . . . even the receptionist in the main lobby.

We had lunch beside them in the commissary and held story conferences with them in their offices. We played cards with them between takes.

And now, through no fault of their own except their inability to stop having birthdays, they are no longer able to make a living. Nor were they able to put enough by to care for themselves in their latter years. In short, they are destitute and reliant upon some central relief agency for food and shelter.

We can't forget these people, many of whom helped to make the industry what it is today, and we're not going to! And here is why.

If you should happen to be near your radio on Sunday evening these fall and winter days, tune to the Screen Guild Theatre, heard over the Columbia network. The time is 7:30 p. m. E. S. T., and I tell you that because it's important to us that you listen.

On the program you will hear Roger Pryor as master of ceremonies, Oscar Bradley as musical director and at least two of the great Hollywood stars—Carole Lombard, Charlie McCarthy, Clark Gable, Jack Benny, Jimmy Stewart, William Powell, Myrna Loy, for example—as guests of honor.

And if you listen carefully, you may possibly hear in the background, almost as a theme, the cheers of all Hollywood. For the Screen Guild Theatre is the means by which we are taking care of those old friends of ours who will never be able to work again.

Each week, the Relief Fund receives $10,000 from its sponsor in payment for producing the Screen Guild Theatre. But that money doesn't go to the stars who appear on the broadcast. They don't even get lunch money out of it. Instead, the entire sum is deposited in a special account for the building of a permanent home for the Hollywood oldsters.

The great stars appear, rehearse new material, work hard at night after their day's work is over. Each week, the fund for the Home grows. About $220,000 was earned last year. Another $300,000 will be earned this year.

It's a great feeling to see this dream of ours come true. It's especially great because of the willingness with which the stars contribute their services.

The best way to appreciate the amount of work the big stars devote to this ideal is to consider it this way: They spend a full week at their office, which happens to be the sound stage of a motion picture studio. They get up at six o'clock in the morning to be on deck in make-up and begin shooting by eight. Twelve hours later, they're ready to remove the grease paint and go home.

But on the four nights of the week preceding the Screen Guild Theatre broadcast in which they are to appear, they don't go home. They sit in a smoke-filled studio at Columbia Square and rehearse until one o'clock in the morning. And on Sunday, they rehearse from eight in the morning until the show goes on the air at 4:30 p. m., Pacific Time. You might think that the movie

[*Continued on page* 80]

Irene Dare, the new RKO-Radio skating sensation, and her dad, Harry Davidson, try a numbers puzzle between scenes of *Everything's On Ice*

I like its
ONE-TWO *action*
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CLEANSER

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Cuts grease quickly

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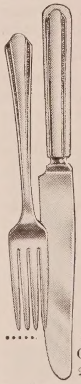

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I am enclosing______windmill pictures from Old Dutch labels [or complete labels] and______¢ for which please send me______Wm. A. Rogers Dinner Knife and Fork.

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Offer extended to Dec. 31, 1940: Good only in U.S. and Canada

Exciting New Brilliance

FOR DRY, DULL HAIR!

If Your Hair is Dry, Dull or Hard to Manage, Here's a Thrilling Way to Reveal Its Natural Gleam and Lustre

FOR DRY, unruly hair, authorities generally recommend oil treatments. *And that is why thousands of women use Mar-O-Oil Shampoo*—it gives you an oil treatment and an oil shampoo at one and the same time!

Amazing Benefits!

Mar-O-Oil is utterly *different* from any other shampoo you have tried. Contains imported olive and natural vegetable oils—*therefore lubricates as it cleanses.* And Mar-O-Oil does more than merely wash away surface dirt. Its cleansing oils go to the *very base* of the hair shaft and gently flush away dirt, waste, loose dandruff flakes. Your hair is left radiantly clean and lustrous—soft and easy to manage.

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Mar-O-Oil forms no soapy lather, no sticky suds, and rinses away completely in rinsing water. *Leaves no gummy film or oily deposits to dim hair's natural beauty.* Contains no free alkali, no harsh chemicals, therefore cannot dry out the hair, no matter how frequently used. Ask your hairdresser for a professional Mar-O-Oil Shampoo, or get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10c store.

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YOU MUST BE SATISFIED—OR MONEY BACK! We are so confident you will like Mar-O-Oil far better than any other shampoo, *that we make this guarantee:* Buy one bottle of Mar-O-Oil and follow directions. Use ½ bottle. *If not thoroughly pleased,* return to J. W. Marrow Mfg. Co., Chicago, and your money will be refunded in full. You be the judge.

We Can't Forget

[*Continued from page* 79]

people would balk at working so hard on an enterprise which doesn't increase the size of their personal bank balances one sou. But they don't look at it that way. Their scripts have to be the best; their performance must be flawless. So the greatest writers in Hollywood—men like Grover Jones, Robert Riskin, Charles Brackett, Ben Hecht—work just as hard as the stars to contribute new and original material. Directors like Frank Capra, Leo McCarey, Ernst Lubitch and Norman Taurog spend hours helping to achieve that necessary perfection.

They all know that if the shows are not the best, people will stop listening; if people stop listening, the show will go off the air, and if the show goes off the air, the Fund won't be able to build its new home.

I can give some examples of how stars, directors and writers made sacrifices for the sake of the Screen Guild Theatre last season.

Delmar Daves, the brilliant writer who wrote the screen play, *Love Affair* in which Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer starred, wrote another brilliant comedy *Alone in Paris* shortly afterwards. He could have sold it at his own figure to any one of several major studios. Instead he presented it, free of charge to the Screen Guild Theatre as a vehicle for Irene Dunne when she made her guest appearance on the broadcast.

James Cagney and Priscilla Lane, who had gone to Dodge City with the preview party for the picture of the same name, were given permission to take their time returning to the studio and enjoy a brief vacation along the way. Instead, they both rushed back to Hollywood by plane to appear with Andy Devine and Donald Meek in the Screen Guild Theatre's comedy *Two Fingers of Providence.*

And Victor Fleming, who was busy directing *Gone With the Wind* when he agreed to do his bit for the Screen Guild Theatre, altered the shooting schedule of the great Civil War epic in order to keep his appoint-

[*Continued on page* 82]

Lucille Ball, RKO star, is pictured on the tennis courts during a recent holiday

That Man from Mars

[*Continued from page 77*]

ander Woollcott, and showed him his clippings. Woollcott sent him to Katherine Cornell who grabbed him up for one of her leading men. He played in *Romeo and Juliet, Candida* and *Barretts of Wimpole Street.*

When this tour was over, he sought counsel with himself. According to the newspapers, Marse Franklin Delano R. was fooling around with a theatre project. Why couldn't he land a company? He'd show them real directing, real producing.

The government was a mite leery about turning over one of its projects to him. Finally it capitulated. At this writing it is the brightest spot in the whole federal theatre history. Project Number 891 was given over to Orson Welles with the advice, and prayer, "Go easy, please."

Orson Welles does not take readily to counsel. He shot the works. In a few weeks he bourgeoned forth with a production of *Julius Caesar.*

The critics went mad about it. Welles had dressed Brutus, Caesar's murderer, in the great coat of a Fascist general, thereby giving the play a new angle. He had used no scenery. But he had used lighting effects with something like inspiration.

From this point on he was made. He produced a version of *Macbeth* laid against the jungles of Haiti. Again the critics roared. They actually began calling him by such sweet-sounding titles as the "Theatre's Saint George."

Now Mr. Welles belonged to the ages.

All this was before Mr. Welles sicced the Martians on us and was wafted to Hollywood.

Meanwhile, Mr. Welles has set to work. With all Hollywood on pins waiting to see what he will do with his first picture, *Heart of Darkness,* taken from a story by Joseph Conrad, he goes his blithe way.

Awe is the word for the feeling Hollywood is exhibiting toward its White Hope, 1939 model. It's amazing but true.

The only one who refuses to be awed or over-duly impressed is—guess who?

You're right.

Shirley Temple!

WHY WASTE WAIST LINES?
DOWN WITH WHALEBONE BOA CONSTRICTORS
WE WO WEAR CORSET
ORRY KELLY

This picture explains itself. The pickets are Priscilla Lane, Lola Lane and Gale Page. Orry Kelly, fashion designer who helped bring corsets back, peers unhappily from the steps

THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT

on thrifty people who dodge winter by GREYHOUND

Come on down and bathe in the sun! You belong on a surf-board skimming along the Gulf Coast—or under a beach umbrella on Florida's sands—up in a western saddle, riding Southwest desert trails—or getting a taste of movie glamour in Southern California. And you *can* be there—Greyhound's low fares simply shrink up the miles between your home and America's exciting winter playgrounds!

Just about 1/3 the cost of driving a car—that's all you pay to enjoy the warmth and luxury, the doubled sightseeing opportunities of a trip South by Super-Coach. Turn sun-worshipper this winter the Greyhound way!

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Send this coupon to nearest information office, listed above, for colorful booklet full of pictures and information about FLORIDA and GULF COAST ☐, SOUTHWEST ☐, CALIFORNIA ☐. Please check one desired.

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GIVE your hair the radiant, dancing gleam that men adore! It's *easy* when you rinse with Nestle COLORINSE after each shampoo. Adds new beauty—brilliant lustre! 12 shades. 2 rinses for 10¢ at 10¢ stores; or 5 for 25¢ at drug and dept. stores. Colorinse your hair for glorious glamour—*today!*

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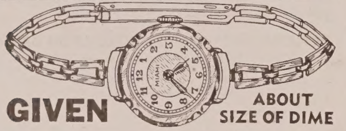

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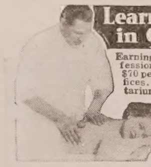
ABOUT SIZE OF DIME

NOTHING TO BUY! GIRLS! LADIES! Send Name and Address. Charming Watch or Big Cash Commission. Send No Money. Given for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** Big Colored Pictures with our well known **White Cloverine Salve**, used for burns, chaps, sores, etc., easily sold to friends at 25c a box (with picture FREE) and remitting per catalog. SPECIAL: Choice of 20 gifts for returning only $3. Be first. 44th year. Write today for order of Salve and Pictures, postage paid. **WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., Dept. 50-19. Tyrone, Pa.**



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HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE AND NIPPLE

SEE YOUR DOCTOR REGULARLY

SAFEST *because easiest to clean*

We Can't Forget

[*Continued from page* 80]

ments for rehearsal of the radio broadcast.

I could relate dozens of comparable incidents, but these will serve to illustrate the interest shared by every prominent Hollywood person in the film capital's own radio show.

Practically every star in Hollywood can tell you who has appeared in the series so far and who will appear next week. They will tell you, with justifiable pride, that the building fund now totals $280,000—a quarter million of it in government bonds—and that the radio show earned all but $60,000 of the entire amount.

And now, with provisions made for earning the money necessary to build a permanent home for our less fortunate fellow workers, we are giving special attention to the actual construction plans for a home.

This is not, however, a matter into which we are going to rush without thorough consideration. It is a venture that must be investigated from every angle by men qualified to pass upon such an important undertaking.

We intend to get reports on the operation of the most successful homes in the United States, and develop the best features of each to our own particular situation.

Bankers, real estate men, architects, contractors, builders—anybody concerned with any detail of building—will be asked for a report and suggestions. These reports will be studied thoroughly, and only then will we make plans for actual construction.

Our home is a matter of far-reaching importance to the industry. Once set up, it is an undertaking which must endure permanently. The futures of hundreds of people are concerned in it, and for this reason we must look well before we leap.

I suppose that it's hard for people outside the profession to realize what it will mean to us to have a permanent home for our own people. But it will be the first home exclusively for picture employees. And when the final brick is laid in that building, the film industry will have achieved one of its greatest ambitions.

Director Lubitsch explains a difficult scene to Garbo. M-G-M's *Ninotchka* will be Garbo's first sophisticated romantic comedy

MY SIN WAS LOVE

How many girls have met with heartbreak because they were too modern for their own happiness? She was a woman whose ideals were too high to accept the casual marriage code which made a mockery of all the finer human relationships. Surrounded by divorce and its needlessly cruel aftermaths, she resolved that her life was to be different.

But how could she foresee the heartbreak which was to follow her through a whole life of striving to find a better code than the one she knew? Her poignant story will tear at your very heartstrings. Don't fail to read MY SIN WAS LOVE in the new issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale.

In the same issue you will find the gripping confession of a girl whose suffering was the result of an empty sacrifice. You won't want to miss I GAVE HIM MY YOUTH.

Other vital dramas from real life include HE WASN'T WORTH A BROKEN HEART, SECOND-FIDDLE WIFE, AS GOOD AS MARRIED, FREEDOM FOR A NIGHT.

10¢ All in the November issue! Get Your Copy Today!

ROMANTIC STORY

CO-ED TO CO-STAR

SUCCESS STORY

By
HELEN
HOVER

Above, Brenda Joyce, Hollywood's latest Cinderella, and co-star in *The Rains Came*

THERE'S a big black and blue mark on Brenda Joyce's left arm.

Every morning when she wakes in her soft bed and reminds herself that she must shower quickly and get on the set because the director is waiting for her, she pinches her arm to make sure she's not dreaming.

Just a year ago Brenda was a co-ed who wore angora sweaters and pork-pie hats.

And today. Well, she remembers the premiere of *The Rains Came.*

She had entered the theatre on the arm of her boy friend, Owen Ward. The autograph seekers had swarmed around Myrna Loy, had run after George Brent, had yelled for Tyrone Power.

The picture was over, the swelling crowd was still outside. She clung quivering to Owen's arm.

"There she is! There she is!"

In a minute the mob was around her, shoving autograph books in her face, begging for the signature that had topped a scrawling English Major exam 12 months ago.

Who is this dame named Cinderella!

Brenda was born in Kansas City. Her parents separated when she was very young and her mother took her to San Bernardino, 75 miles away from Hollywood.

Living so near the movie capital, Brenda was immediately bitten by the movie bug. But what girl isn't? Formula stuff, so far.

In Brenda's case there were no early indications that her movie hopes would ever materialize. People who met her sometimes said, "You oughta be in pictures." But that's the line heard by many a girl who is now toting trays.

Brenda was sensible. She lived what can probably be recorded as the most normal life possible in a movie colony. She went to U. C. L. A. and concentrated on athletics. She was elected president of the Girls' Cabinet, she joined the Dramatic Society and appeared as a lovely but frightened Portia in *The Merchant of Venice,* she wore pleated skirts and cotton beer jackets, and she went to the movies Saturday night with her boy friend, Owen Ward.

That naturalness was to pay dividends.

Darryl Zanuck said just the other day that the reason he made Brenda his Fern Simon—selecting her over 56 experienced actresses and gambling his $2,500,000 production on her—was because she most nearly represented the unspoiled, typical American girl. He even issued orders that she must not be

[*Continued on page* 84]

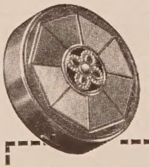
Yes -
YOU WILL BE
MORE
BEAUTIFUL WITH
Princess Pat ROUGE

SUPPOSE YOU FOUND you were less beautiful than you could be . . . and then discovered a way to new loveliness . . . wouldn't you act—and quickly? Of course! Well, ordinary rouge certainly doesn't give you all the beauty you could have. It gives that 'painted, artificial look'.

Now, let's see about Princess Pat rouge. You've a good reason to change to Princess Pat—*if it can give you thrilling new beauty.* And it does because it's duo-tone, an *undertone* and an *overtone* make each shade. Not just another rouge, but *utterly different.*

When you apply Princess Pat rouge it changes on your skin! Mysteriously, amazingly it has become such gloriously natural color that *no one can tell it is rouge.* Do you want that? Color that seems actually to come from within the skin, like a natural blush. Only more thrilling—bringing out hidden beauty you never knew you had. Somehow, with such glamorous color, you radiate beauty, compel admiration. Your mirror tells you such a tale of sparkle and animation that confidence in your own loveliness bids you be irresistible . . . and then you *are.*

But remember this—only Princess Pat rouge has the *duo-tone* secret. It changes on your skin—matches your individual type. Try Princess Pat rouge. Until you do you *will never know your own beauty.*



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KEEP FREE OF CORNS

Quickly Relieves Pain!

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No Need Now to Suffer From CORNS, CALLOUSES, BUNIONS or SORE TOES!

Try this new sensation in foot relief—New *SUPER-SOFT* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. Discover for yourself how speedily they relieve pain of your corns, callouses or bunions; how comfortable they make new or tight shoes; how easily you can keep free of corns, sore toes or blisters this new, scientific way!

These soothing pads of fleecy softness stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure. 630% softer than before! Thin SEAL-TIP Edge molds pad to toe. Does not come off in the bath. Separate Graduated *Medications* included for quickly removing corns or callouses. Get a box today! Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere. Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Soft Corns between toes.

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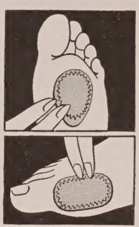
NEW Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads



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ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., BOX 41, WOODSBORO, MARYLAND.

ITCH STOPPED QUICKLY

Quick relief from itching of eczema, rashes and other externally caused skin troubles

Use D.D.D. Prescription

35c bottle, at druggists, proves it or money back

Wake up your liver bile

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Co-Ed to Co-Star

[*Continued from page* 83]

changed in any way but kept a typical American girl!

The villain in the shape of the Wolf at the Door approached our heroine while she was a sophomore at college. Last year she and her mother shook the piggy bank, and the weak clink they heard sounded like a death rattle.

The two women sat down and talked things over.

"There's that job as house mother in the Missouri college," said the mother. "I'll take it. It should help."

"If you work, I'll work too. I'll quit school."

"But you've only another year or two to go."

"Pooh!"

"But you'll be all alone here."

"Double pooh!"

BRENDA has the sort of mouth she builds up with lipstick. She has to, to soften the determination back of it.

Brenda's mother left to take care of the girls at Westminster College's Beta Theta Pi sorority, while her own daughter was trying it alone.

Brenda did fairly well on her own. She has the sort of face that photographers pray for. It has more than beauty. It has fascinating angular planes and a fresh-scrubbed American look. Before long Brenda was posing for Squimpenpuffle (Squimpenpuffle-Make-Your-Feet-Happy) Shoes, and showing her white, strong teeth in a wide smile to show that you, too, could have beautiful teeth if you used Scourem toothpaste.

Sparkling water and California fall sunshine tempts Sheila Bromley, Warner Bros. player. Her next picture is *Playing With Dynamite*

"HONEYMOON IN BALI"

In a few weeks "Honeymoon in Bali," starring Madeleine Carroll and Fred MacMurray, will be showing to enthusiastic audiences from coast to coast. But you may enjoy it *now*—by getting your copy of the new MOVIE STORY Magazine which presents a vivid, full-length story version of the film, together with four pages of sparkling scene stills from the picture itself.

Hundreds of thousands of film fans buy MOVIE STORY every month. They have discovered the thrill of previewing, in the comfort of their own homes, every big hit picture produced.

In the November issue, now on sale, there awaits you a program packed with coming hit pictures starring Tyrone Power, Myrna Loy, George Brent, Joan Bennett, Bette Davis, Errol Flynn, Claire Trevor, John Wayne, and others.

10¢ All this grand entertainment costs you just 10 cents. Get Your Copy Today!

MOVIE STORY MAGAZINE

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

Mrs. D. J. MAHLER

Remove superfluous hair privately at home, following directions with ordinary care and skill. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again by killing the hair root. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 45 years of successful use all over the world. Send **6c** in stamps **TODAY for Illustrated Booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever." Dept. 56N D. J. Mahler Co. Inc., Providence, R. I.**

Up until this time, Brenda had done nothing very tangible in the way of getting into films. A movie career was one of those vague desires which she tacked on to the end of her bedtime prayers.

But Fate mooched in. When Brenda showed up to play tennis one afternoon (her partner was champ Jane Stanton, so you can imagine the sort of racket Brenda slaps around) there was an older woman present.

"Meet my friend, Frances Bailey," introduced Miss Stanton.

What happened after that is one of those things people call a miracle.

Miss Bailey was a Hollywood agent. She scrutinized Brenda, took in the Junoesque contour of her face, the sound, supple lines of her figure, then asked for some photos. Those photos eventually found their way to the desk of Lew Schreiber, 20th Century-Fox talent head. Mr. Schreiber, at that moment, was going daffy because he had to find a Fern Simon for his boss.

No one knows what there was in Brenda's photographs which made Mr. Schreiber tear to the front office with them. He had looked through hundreds of pictures of pretty girls, and Brenda is pretty.

Evidently, her photos expressed the American personality and determination of Fern Simon in *The Rains Came*. Fern, you remember if you read the book, was a spirited young American girl. What set her apart from her less spectacular sister was a naive attitude which, coupled with self-confidence and a superb poise, developed into a magnificent sort of ruthlessness. She had a candor and a determination and a dumb-bunny helplessness which made people want to do things for her.

[*Continued on page* 86]

Here's what people mean when they say, "out on the limb." The demonstrator is lovely Jane Wyman, Warner Bros. player

"You'll LOVE it! THIS MAGNIFICENT HOPE CHEST GIVES INSURED PROTECTION"

Exclusive Roos UTIL-TRAY is full-length size; rounded corners, lined bottom. Tilts up for easier access to chest

UTIL-TRAY fits snugly into the Waterfall lid—permits filling the chest to full capacity. Tray may be lifted out at any time.

No. 4800

$29.75 Slightly Higher in West

— A Roos Special Gift Value!

FOUR FEET LONG! Equipped with Self-Rising UTIL-TRAY

Clip this ad and leave it out "carelessly" for him to see tonight. He'll thank you for the hint that here's a gift you'd really LOVE. A big, roomy 48" chest, made with the heart of genuine aromatic red cedar as recommended by the U.S. Bureau of Entomology for moth protection. With it you get a MOTH INSURANCE POLICY, so you know it's safe for furs and woolens. SEALTITE LID prevents escape of protective cedar aroma. Modern Waterfall design, with exterior of matched Orientalwood, Claro, Striped and American Black Walnut veneers. See this featured value now at your furniture or department store.

WRITE FOR *folder S-70 showing many other modern and period styles. We'll send name of nearest dealer.*

ROOS Sweetheart CEDAR CHESTS 70 Years of Quality

ED ROOS CO., FOREST PARK, ILLINOIS

"It's a perfect idea, Joléne, designing shoes right here in Hollywood" says-Ida Lupino appearing in "THE LIGHT THAT FAILED" a Paramount Production

You'll thrill to the exciting flattery of the styles of the stars. Joléne, famed movieland stylist, recreates the costly originals seen by her at Hollywood's famous fashion centers. Select your favorite Joléne style today.

$3 to $4

JOLÉNE Shoes
STYLED IN HOLLYWOOD
TOBER-SAIFER SHOE COMPANY ST. LOUIS

Free! MOVIE STAR SKETCH BOOK
Write for your free copy and name of your nearest Joléne dealer.
JOLÉNE'S HOLLYWOOD STUDIO D
6715 Hollywood Blvd.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

4 FOR $1.00

(REGULARLY $2.50)

4 DANISH PRINCESS 5 O'CLOCK TEASPOONS

CORRECT AND SMART FOR FRUITS, SHERBETS, DESSERTS, TOO.

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DEWY-SHEEN LIPS Win!

New Kind of Lipstick

IN the Contest of Love—let the new, thrilling DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK keep your lips looking dewy-moist . . . lustrous as satin—truly kissable! Try it! Discover the seemingly magical charm of DEWY-SHEEN! $1 at drug and department stores.

10c Ten-Cent Stores

Twin Sisters DEWY-SHEEN LIPSTICK

PAT PENDING

JEWELED WATCH

ONE YEAR TO PAY for RING

Watch given FREE of extra charge with every ring ordered NOW and **paid for within one year on our easy two $2 payment plan!** (total $4). Simulated diamonds set in 925-1000 pure Sterling Silver and 1/30 14K natural yellow GOLD. 10 day **FREE trial. We gladly trust you!** SEND NO MONEY with order—send postcard—your order shipped SAME DAY by RETURN MAIL.

GOLD STANDARD WATCH CO., Dept. S-3911 Newton, Mass

In Canada: G. S. WATCH CO.

Dept. S-3911, Empire Life Bldg., Montreal

SWIMPROOF "Dark-Eyes" EYELASH DARKENER

SWIM, perspire or cry and always be certain your lashes and brows remain attractively dark. Use "Dark-Eyes" instead of ordinary mascara. *One application lasts 4 to 5 weeks.* Ends daily make-up bother. Never runs, smarts, smudges or harms lashes. Indelible. Try it! $1 at dept. and drug stores.

"Dark-Eyes" INDELIBLE DARKENER

"Dark-Eyes," 2110 W. Madison St., Dept. 30-M9, Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 25c (coin or stamps) for generous trial package of "Dark-Eyes" and directions.

Name........................ *Town*................

Address........................ *State*................

Co-Ed to Co-Star

[*Continued from page* 85]

Brenda amazed veterans like Myrna Loy and George Brent with her ease and poise when she walked on the set. This, they knew, was the first time she had ever worked—even *walked*—on a Hollywood set. Tyrone Power called her "the girl with the undazzled calm."

Her "undazzled calm" was a very valuable commodity to her. She received a real workout in the picture. She was put through a movie earthquake and flood. On the last day of shooting she had to row through muddy water while two eagles lighted on her shoulders. She went through the scenes effortlessly, while Bird Trainer Curly Twiford held his breath. When it was over, he wiped the sweat from his face.

"Wow! I'm glad that's over," he said. "If she had made the slightest nervous move, those eagles would have clamped down on her with their talons and ripped her shoulders like shredded wheat."

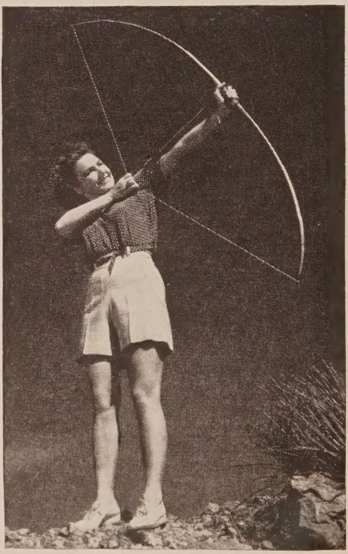
Then it was Brenda's turn to gulp!

Calmness appearently is a family trait. When Brenda wired her mother in Missouri that she had landed in the movies, Mama's answer to that epochal news was a one word wire: "Whoopee!"

Brenda retains the simplicity of a small town girl. She loves food, especially roast beef and avocados. She doesn't drink. She reads herself to sleep each night; when not working she gets at least nine hours sleep. And she has the same boy friend.

Owen Ward and Brenda have been going together since high school days, and they had planned to be married this past summer on the occasion of Owen's graduation from U. C. L. A. But that's off, for many reasons, all of which stem from Brenda's new film career.

[*Continued on page* 88]



Lovely Rosemary Lane pulls a mean bow and shoots a high arrow. She will be seen next in Warners' *Four Wives*

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning shows there may be something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

SUFFERERS FROM PSORIASIS (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE) Use DERMOIL

MAKE THE ONE SPOT TEST

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and **Dermoil** with amazing, true photographic proof of results also **FREE.**

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE FREE

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. **Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2** weeks or money is refunded without question. Generous trial bottle sent **FREE** to those who send in their Druggist's name and address. Make our famous "One Spot Test" yourself. **Write today for your test** bottle. Print name plainly. Results may surprise you. **Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 6, Northwestern Station, Dept. 101, Detroit, Mich.**

WHAT WOUDN'T YOU GIVE to live a more normal life—unaffected by asthmatic attacks? You *can* live more happily, more comfortably—in spite of your affliction—if you have Dr. R. Schiffman's ASTHMADOR handy. Its aromatic fumes reduce the severity of the attack—promote normal breathing. Get ASTHMADOR today at your druggist's—powder, cigarette, or pipe mixture form. For a free sample write: **R. SCHIFFMANN CO., Los Angeles, Calif., Dept. A-6.**

Life's worthwhile again—

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMADOR

PAIN FREE

HAPPY HEAD

KOHLER 10c

ANTIDOTE for relief of miserable pain due to HEADACHE

ONLY 10c ALL DRUG STORES

FAN CLUB EXCHANGE

I'm interested in joining a Tommy Wonder Fan Club. Please give me the name and address of the president.—Gloria K.

Sorry, Gloria, but Fan Club Exchange does not have a Tommy Wonder Club on record. In the event we are notified of one, your request will be forwarded to the proper source.

I would like to join a Sonja Henie Fan Club. Please tell me how to go about it.—Mary C.

Miss Henie's studio does not permit its players to have fan clubs. Sorry, Mary.

I am an ardent admirer of J. Carroll Naish and would like to form a fan club in his honor. How can I reach him?—Shirley Howard.

Write to Mr. Naish at Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California. Let's hear from you again when the club is organized.

Please send me information on how to join the following clubs: John Payne, Anne Shirley, Robert Donat and Gene Autry. Is there a club for Richard Greene? Judy Garland?—Theresa D.

Your name and address has been sent to the presidents of the first four clubs, Theresa, and they will shortly send you full details. We have no record of a Judy Garland Fan Club, and Mr. Greene's studio does not sanction fan clubs.

I would like to form a fan club honoring William Holden and would appreciate your informing me where to contact him. Also, please give me the address of the Joan Crawford Fan Club.—Freddie S.

Mr. Holden may be reached at Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California. Let's hear the final disposition, please. We are no longer giving out the addresses of the prexies of the various fan clubs but have forwarded your name and address to Miss Marion Dommer, president of the Crawford Club. You'll hear from her shortly.

I have been wondering about the activities of Fernand Gravet. I haven't heard of his late pictures although I follow the movie books and hear most of the latest gossip. Will you please tell me if there is a fan club for him, and if not, will it be possible to start one.—Donna M.

About 18 months ago Warner Brothers tendered Mr. Gravet a "Bon Voyage" party at New York's "21" Club at which all fan magazine editors were present. That evening Mr. Gravet sailed for France and has not returned to these shores since. He is engaged in making French films, and it is uncertain at this moment when he will again be Hollywood-bound. We have no record of a Gravet fan club on file and regret to inform you that it is impossible to contact him just now.

SPECIAL NOTE

To our readers who sent in requests for information regarding the various fan clubs, we wish to say that all requests which contained full names and addresses have been forwarded to the presidents of the respective clubs. However, there are a number of requests on hand that contained no addresses and we would appreciate it if you would send in your request once more with the proper details. Thank you.

Please do not send membership fees to us. Your money should be sent to the president or treasurer of each club.

NEW CLUB

We have just received notice of a new club formed in the honor of Loretta Young. The president is Miss Rhoda Lynde of Brooklyn, New York. Since Miss Young is no longer connected with 20th Century-Fox, this club, both Miss Young and Miss Lynde assure us, is on the up and up. So come on all you Young boosters, let's have those requests.

I am a sincere admirer of Eleanor Powell. I would like to know if there is a Powell club. To whom do I write, please?—Sylvia S.

Your request has been forwarded to Miss Eleanor Morgenson of Cedar Falls, Iowa. Eleanor will gladly send you full details.

Are you interested in joining Fan Clubs in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the various fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

EX-LAX MOVIES

"Mother comes to the Rescue"

JILL: O-oh, Mommy! Do I have to take that nasty old medicine again?
MOTHER: No, dear. Here's a laxative you'll really enjoy. Its name is Ex-Lax.
JILL: Yummy, that's fun to take! It tastes just like swell chocolate.
MOTHER: Yes, and Ex-Lax won't upset your little tummy or sicken you. It's so nice and gentle.
LATER
JILL: Ex-Lax was fine, Mommy. I feel so much better this morning.
MOTHER: So do I, daughter. I took some Ex-Lax, myself, last night.

The action of Ex-Lax is thorough, yet *gentle!* No shock. No strain. No weakening after-effects. Just an easy, comfortable bowel movement that brings blessed relief. Try Ex-Lax next time you need a laxative. It's good for *every* member of the family.

10¢ and 25¢

FOR RELIEF OF CONSTIPATION
EX-LAX
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE
ACTIVE INGREDIENTS WHITE & YELLOW PHENOLPHTHALEIN
18 tablets 25¢

OATMEAL CLEANSER HELPS REMOVE BLACKHEADS

For blackhead conditions consider your skin cleansing method! Lavena is pure Oatmeal Powder specially refined and processed for regular daily cleansing in place of soap or creams. Get Lavena today at leading 10c stores. For free information write Lavena Corporation, Dept. 206, 141 W. Jackson, Chicago.

Lavena OATMEAL SKIN CLEANSER

LINIT makes COTTON GOODS look and feel like LINEN

Linit is the modern starch... it keeps dainty garments looking clean longer...it penetrates the fabric...it restores the original dressing that made them so pretty when new. Keep your cotton goods lovely with Linit.

LINIT PERFECT LAUNDRY STARCH

FREE: Send post card for Linit Chart, it reveals the modern expert method of home laundering. Address: Corn Products Sales Co., Dept. F-11, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Sta., N. Y. C.

For Husky Babies!

If your baby isn't thriving, ask your doctor about Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk. Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have attested to its successful use as a diet for infants. Partially pre-digested by malt enzymes. Contains minerals and natural vitamins of the milk and grain. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. FWG-11, Horlick's, Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

Horlick's *The Original Malted Milk*

Back Pain and Kidney Strain

Wrong foods and drinks, worry, overwork and colds often put a strain on the Kidneys and non-systemic and non-organic Kidney and Bladder troubles may be the true cause of Excess Acidity, Getting Up Nights, Burning Passages, Leg Pains, Nervousness, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, and Puffy Eyelids. In many such cases the diuretic action of the Doctor's prescription **Cystex** helps the Kidneys clean out Excess Acids. This plus the palliative work of **Cystex** may easily make you feel like a new person in just a few days. Try **Cystex** under the guarantee of money back unless completely satisfied. **Cystex** costs only 3c a dose at druggists and the guarantee protects you.

Hair OFF Face Lips Chin Arms Legs

Happy! I had ugly hair . . . was unloved . . . discouraged. Tried many different products . . . even razors. Nothing was satisfactory. Then I developed a simple, painless, inexpensive method. It worked. I have helped thousands win beauty, love, happiness. My FREE book, "How to Overcome the Superfluous Hair Problem", explains the method and proves actual success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also trial offer. No obligation. Write Mme. Annette Lanzette, P. O. Box 4040, Merchandise Mart, Dept. 9-C, Chicago.

Co-Ed to Co-Star

[*Continued from page 86*]

As soon as Brenda was plunged into film work, she realized the complete social adjustment she would have to make. There were scripts to learn, six A. M. studio calls, "can-you-pose-for-some-publicity-stills" requests. Ergo! The regular dates she had had with Owen for six years now had to be cut.

Owen is a good sport about it—so far. He is so delighted at his girl friend's success that he can't see the danger signal ahead. It's *her* work they talk about; *her* career; *her* opportunities; *her* future. Bit by bit, his own plans—now so unimportant compared to hers—are being edged out of the picture.

A fine, independent young chap with the vigorous qualities that made Brenda fall for him, he will probably rebel at being the obscure partner.

In two or three years, according to prophecies made about her, Brenda will probably be one of the most successful stars in Hollywood. At the age of 22 or 23, she may be enjoying a four-figure weekly salary and a success that few men know before middle age.

But Owen?

The going is slow in this depression-ridden era for a young college graduate. How can he hope to be the Head Man in the house, now that the girl has so completely outstripped him. How can he ever catch up with her? The wedding has been called off this year. Hollywood, where this is an old story, is wondering if the promise these two kids made to each other will be kept.

Lana Turner is the beautiful player pictured above. Her latest picture is M-G-M's *These Glamor Girls*

ONE TOUCH DOES IT!

Takes you out of the "sweet and sour" class. Long-lasting freshness is "yours for greater comfort"

Now you can dust away armpit odor and stickiness and check sloppy perspiration with one touch of close-clinging Spiro, the Powder Deodorant. Protects against odor on feet—sanitary napkins. Use after shaving. So safe, actually soothing. New size, costs but a few cents. Sold everywhere. Get SPIRO today.

★ ***For those who prefer it there is now a Spiro Cream Deodorant in the same economical sizes. At dealers everywhere.***

MEN & WOMEN WANTED

WEAR HOSIERY WE FURNISH

for your personal use sent with outfit. Cash earnings start quickly. Everybody buys hose. Guaranteed to wear from four to eight months (depending on number of pairs) without holes, snags or runs or replaced free. Big repeat sales. Charles Mills, Minn., earned $120 in one week and received 2 new cars as extra bonuses. W. A. Wheeler, Ky., made $63.85 the first week. Send no money, just hose size. Rush name on penny postal for sample outfit details. Act now.

Wilknit Hosiery Co.
Midway R-9,
Greenfield, Ohio

Make UP TO $32.50 IN A WEEK

HOSE FOR YOUR PERSONAL USE SENT WITH OUTFIT

NEW, PRACTICAL TRAINING MODERN... BOOKKEEPING

Learn bookkeeping by *new Job Method.* No tiresome study of theory and rules. You learn by doing. Every step interesting. Planned for people who want to learn modern bookkeeping easily, yet thoroly. No previous knowledge necessary—everything covered from ground up. Short—inexpensive—easy payment terms. Write for free information. No obligation. Address Dept. 1130-H.

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To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get NURITO, the fine formula, used by thousands. No opiates. Does the work quickly—must relieve cruel pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or your money back. Don't suffer. Ask your druggist today for trustworthy NURITO on this guarantee.

30¢ BUYS A CLASS or CLUB PIN!

Pins handsomely silver plated, 1 or 2 colors, club name or school letters and year. Also sterling silver and gold plate pins. Smart sterling silver rings that are up-to-the-minute! (also available in 10 kt. gold) Bastian's clean cut, quality work has led the field for 45 years. Write for Free 1940 catalog showing over 300 designs.

RINGS $1.40

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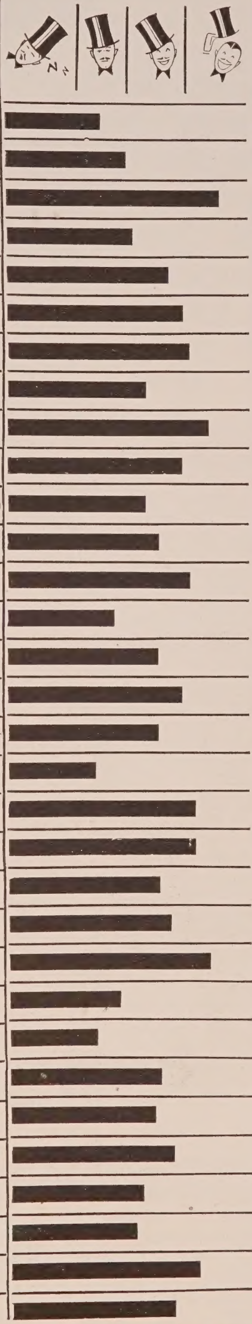
FREE ENLARGEMENT

Just to get acquainted, we will beautifully enlarge any snapshot, photo, Kodak picture, print or negative to 5x7 inches FREE—if you enclose this ad with 10c for return mailing. Information, on hand tinting in natural colors with a FREE frame, sent immediately. Your original returned with your free enlargement. Look over your pictures now and send your favorite snapshot or negative today as this free offer is limited. DEAN STUDIOS, Dept. 290, 118 N. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(*Read the Ratings in the Toppers' Face*)

Picture Title	Who's In It
OUR LEADING CITIZEN	Bob Burns—S. Hayward
THESE GLAMOR GIRLS	L. Ayres—A. Louise
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS	R. Donat—Greer Garson
IN OLD MONTEREY	G. Autry—S. Burnette
IN NAME ONLY	C. Grant—C. Lombard
EACH DAWN I DIE	J. Cagney—G. Raft
FIFTH AVENUE GIRL	G. Rogers—Tim Holt
THE UNDERPUP	G. Jean—R. Cummings
THEY SHALL HAVE MUSIC	J. Heifetz—A. Leeds
WIZARD OF OZ	J. Garland—F. Morgan
WINTER CARNIVAL	A. Sheridan—R. Carlson
FOUR FEATHERS	J. Clements—J. Duprez
THE STAR MAKER	B. Crosby—L. Campbell
I STOLE A MILLION	G. Raft—C. Trevor
ELSA MAXWELL'S HOTEL FOR WOMEN	L. Darnell—J. Ellison
NURSE EDITH CAVELL	A. Neagle—G. Sanders
LADY OF THE TROPICS	R. Taylor—Hedy Lamarr
QUICK MILLIONS	J. Prouty—S. Byington
WHEN TOMORROW COMES	C. Boyer—Irene Dunne
THE OLD MAID	B. Davis—M. Hopkins—G. Brent
FIRST LOVE	D. Durbin—E. Pallette
MAN IN THE IRON MASK	L. Hayward—J. Bennett
THE WOMEN	Shearer—Crawford—R. Russell
ANGELS WASH THEIR FACES	Dead End Kids
GIRL FROM RIO	Movita—W. Hull
SUSANNAH OF THE MOUNTIES	S. Temple—R. Scott—M. Lockwood
FORGOTTEN WOMAN	S. Gurie—D. Briggs
ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES	B. Rathbone—I. Lupino
PLAYING WITH DYNAMITE	Jane Wyman—A. Jenkins
FLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT	P. Regan—J. Parker
ON BORROWED TIME	L. Barrymore—B. Bondi
DUST BE MY DESTINY	J. Garfield—P. Lane



NOW! Use Westmore Make-up as the Stars Do!

Bud Westmore, Beauty Expert at 20th Century-Fox, and Alice Faye, *now starring in the 20th Century-Fox Technicolor picture,* "Hollywood Cavalcade."

At last! House of Westmore Cosmetics the stars actually use, for screen *and* street wear, are now available to *you!* They're color-filtered . . . no "aging gray" tones . . . no sharp shadows from harsh lighting! Complete line, including foundation cream *like no other you've ever tried,* powder to match, rouge, cream rouge, lipstick, and eye shadow! Used exclusively in 20th Century-Fox productions. 25¢ in variety stores everywhere. Big economy 50¢ size at drug stores!

Get Perc Westmore's Make-up Guide with Measuring Wheel which enables you to determine your own face type. Tells you exactly how to make up for *your type . . .* for *more glamour!* 25¢ wherever Westmore Cosmetics are sold. If the store near you hasn't it, send 25¢ and your name and address to: The House of Westmore, Inc., Dept. (D-11) 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

House of WESTMORE
6638 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

FREE TO ASTHMATIC SUFFERERS

Free sample of Dr. Guild's **GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMATIC COMPOUND** enables you to experience the quick relief this pleasant smoke vapor has brought to asthmatic sufferers for 70 years. At nearly all drug stores, cigarettes, 50¢ for 24. Powder, 25¢ and $1.00. Write today for free sample. The J. H. Guild Co., Dept. FW-13, Rupert, Vermont.

FREE SAMPLE

Earn $25 a week AS A TRAINED PRACTICAL NURSE!

Practical nurses are always needed! Learn at home in your spare time as thousands of men and women —18 to 60 years of age—have done through Chicago School of Nursing. Easy-to-understand lessons, endorsed by physicians. One graduate has charge of 10-bed hospital. Nurse Cromer of Iowa now runs her own nursing home. Others prefer to earn $2.50 to $5.00 a day in private practice.

YOU CAN EARN WHILE YOU LEARN!

Mrs. B. C., of Texas, earned $474.25 while taking course. Mrs. S. E. P. started on her first case after her 7th lesson; in 14 months she earned $1900! You, too, can earn good money, make new friends. High school not necessary. Equipment included. Easy payments. 40th year. Send coupon now!

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 811, 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send free booklet and 16 sample lesson pages

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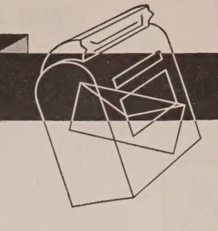

THE POSTMAN RINGS

$15.00 Prize Letter

No Double Features in Texas!

DEAR EDITOR:

Three rousing cheers for the Lone Star State! Natives of Texas may be forced at times to endure a blistering sun and sticky, humid heat. We may be the victims of a wildly erroneous reputation which pictures our state as a world center of crudity, long horned steers, rowdy new rich and home on the range. *But we have no double features!*

Our motion picture theatres are conspicuously free from such attendance stimulants as blatant bingo games, gift sets of china, or bank night. The entertainment on which we thrive consists of a newsreel, a choice little comedy, and *one good feature.*

Is it a wonder, then, that when we read of the public groaning beneath the weight of double and even triple features, we smile smugly and burst into off-key versions of "The Eyes of Texas?"—*Nell Joan Ranson, 2339 Quenby Road, Houston, Texas.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Supporting Players Deserve More Credit

DEAR EDITOR:

There's nothing strange about folks admiring those who are bright and glamorous. But in doing so, we often overlook those further removed from the limelight; possessing a quality that merits our attention.

In praising and applauding the stars of a picture, we seldom pay the supporting players the same compliment. Yet this group has proven beyond a doubt how important they are to a production. They have accomplished this on ability alone—without the usual interviews and publicity accorded stars in building a career.

More than once, the fine work of these players has made a picture outstanding. Yes, even turned mediocre films into worthwhile entertainment. John Carradine, Nella Walker, Lewis Stone, Fay Holden, Samuel Hinds and Emma Dunn are but a few to whom we owe praise for their splendid work. —*Julie Chaszar, 726 Casgrain Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

Leave Glamor Boys Alone

DEAR EDITOR:

It is silly for feminine movie fans to dramatically voice their sorrows about their favorite male stars getting married—as witness the flow of indignant protests over the recent marriages of Gable, Power and Taylor, the screen's three glamor boys. Some of these vociferous ladies seem to feel that they have actually been "wronged" by these marriages!

They should realize that the Elaine Barries who do marry their screen heroes are few and far between. Yes, to be the wife of a popular, romantic screen star must be a headache!

Tearing buttons off their shirts, stealing pieces of wearing apparel as souvenirs, soliciting autographs, hiding under their beds, sending "mushy" letters and telephoning them long distance is a waste of effort and a particular nuisance and source of embarrassment to the star. Why won't the ladies be more reasonable and be content to worship in silence?—*Sylvia Grill, 1388 Shakespeare Avenue, New York, N. Y.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Verdict Is In

DEAR EDITOR:

Those movie goers and critics who have been criticizing Hedy Lamarr for not doing any acting in *Algiers* and saying that she can not get by on face value alone, have spoken their last word against her.

I saw Hedy in *Lady of the Tropics* the other day and stayed for three shows. Besides being beautiful and alluring she has proven that she is a marvelous actress as well. Those who doubt it should see her second American made film.

Our No. 1 Glamor Girl certainly has shown us she is not only the most gorgeous creature to come to our screen in years, but is also an excellent dramatic actress as well.

Here's to Hedy!—*Shirley Prince, 5245 Addison Street, Philadelphia, Pa.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Unexplored Field

DEAR EDITOR:

Recently I saw a foreign made picture that was quite unique. This picture, a sound film, depicted the life and the works of one of the world's greatest composers of music.

Wake up American producers! This is almost an unexplored field. Fame and fortune awaits some clever producer for one day soon music lovers and movie lovers alike will sit side by side enjoying the music and the events in the lives of Tschaikowsky, Wagner, Chopin, Ravel, Shubert, and the master, Beethoven.—*Dorothy Logan, Lloyd Apts, 47th and Broadway, Los Angeles, California.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

It's "Lee"

DEAR EDITOR:

As a pleasant antidote for old age I take in two shows every week, read SCREEN BOOK from cover to cover every month, talk movie language at every opportunity, yet I don't know my movie pronunciations!

It would be a surprising pleasure for thousands of fans and would make it easier to pronounce names like Hedy Lamarr, Charles Boyer, Robert Donat, Claudette Colbert, Mischa Auer, Merle Oberon and many others.

There is much talking in a picture, so why not voice the names of the stars and feature players before running the usual printed presentation of the cast? Then, when my grandchildren ask, "Grandmother, is it Vivien Leigh (Lay or Lee), I can answer (in puffed-cheek fashion, I'll admit), "It's 'Lay,'" my dear. Or is it "Lee?"—*F. F. Rowe, 15776 Rosemont Road, Detroit, Michigan.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

The Story's the Thing

DEAR EDITOR:

Now at last "they" out there on the coast begin to see a great light. They are realizing that we who pay the nightly freight are intelligent adults who crave real drama and sound, logical plots. Or do you suppose that having seen the success with which such superb foreign films as *Grand Illusion* have been received, that "they" have at long last decided that the "story's the thing" and to heck with the million-dollar-super-colossal spectacle and costume piece?

When, in one month, Hollywood gives us such typically fine screen fare as *The Old Maid, In Name Only, When Tomorrow Comes* and *The Wizard of Oz,* who can find fault with the movie moguls?—*Helen M. Smith, c/o Sgt. H. E. Smith, U. S. Army, R. P. B., Governors Island, New York Harbor, N. Y.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Juvenile Jitters

DEAR EDITOR:

I've just got to get this off my chest. Why do juvenile stars have to be so cute? Or maybe my stomach isn't as strong as it should be.

What I mean by "cute" is—the wink from little fancy pants, assured nod to the audience, and the take-off, "Here I go, watch me!"

The young stars are swell . . . sure, but people know when they're watching a show or a show-off. — *Lester M. Diehl, Roscoe, New York.*

Let your movie mutterings erupt on this page! You get cash prizes and the rest of us get the fun of reading your opinions—however violent they may be. Anything goes: praise, blame, constructive criticism, suggestions about what you'd like to see on the screen, etc. Write to Letter Page, SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE, 1501 Broadway, New York City. The first prize letter published in this department gets $15; second prize, $10; third, $5; all others printed, $1. Keep 'em short!!!!!!

Confessions of a Private Secretary
Better Say Kotex Better for You
SUPER KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
REGULAR KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
JUNIOR KOTEX SANITARY NAPKINS
ALL 3 TYPES AT THE SAME LOW PRICE

Slave to a buzzer . . . that's me!

Yet I wouldn't trade the rush and excitement of my job for anything. But you see, I just haven't time to worry about myself, so my napkin *must* provide perfect peace-of-mind. That's why I use nothing but Kotex Sanitary Napkins, made with layer after layer of soft, filmy tissue. One after another these layers absorb and distribute moisture *throughout* the pad; check striking through in one spot.

Looks Count Plenty . . .

in this job of mine. A girl must look poised and efficient and that means I must *feel* my best—can't afford to be uncomfortable no matter what! But with 3 sizes of Kotex Sanitary Napkins it's now a simple matter for *every woman* to meet her individual needs *in comfort* from day to day.

Lady of the Evening . . .

still looking and feeling my best at the time so many girls are irritable. Again Kotex Sanitary Napkins come to my rescue, thanks to those *patented pressed ends.* Believe me, they make a world of difference—no more embarrassing bulky feeling—no more worry about shifting, bunching and chafing.

KOTEX* SANITARY NAPKINS
(**Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Office*)

And don't forget QUEST, the Kotex Deodorant Powder, positively eliminates all body and napkin odors.

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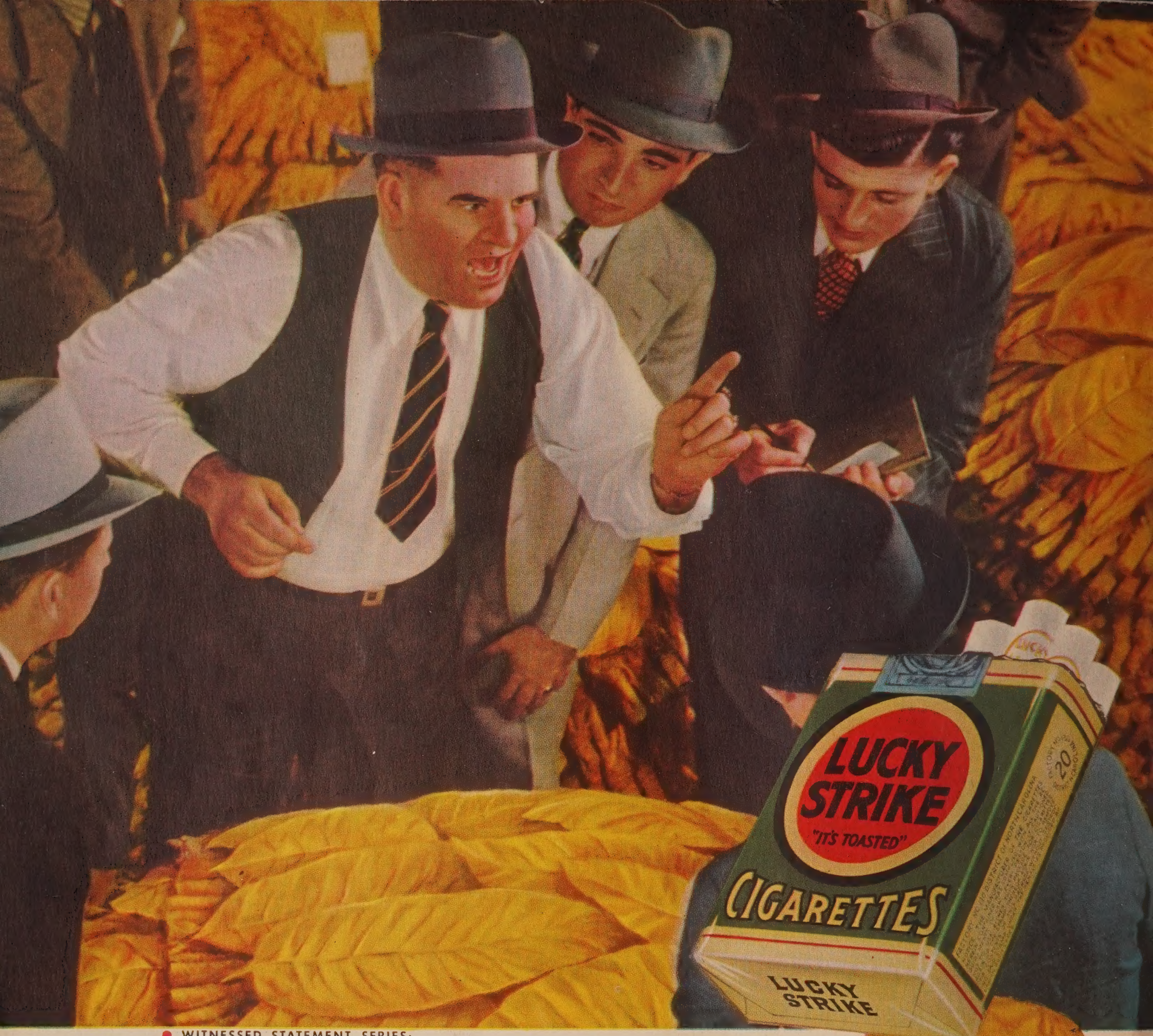

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Because "IT'S TOASTED"

30—

"The U.S. Government has helped farmers raise finer tobacco—and the better grades go to Luckies!" says Earl Forbes, auctioneer. He's been "in tobacco" 22 years; has smoked Luckies for 13 years.

Have you tried a Lucky lately? Luckies are better than ever because the U.S. Government, the States and Universities have experimented with soil, seed, and plant foods. They have developed new methods that have helped farmers grow finer, lighter tobacco in the past several years.

As independent tobacco experts like Earl Forbes point out, Luckies have always bought the Cream of the Crop. Aged from 2 to 4 years, these tobaccos, better than ever, are in Luckies today. So Luckies are better than ever!

Try Luckies for a week. Then you'll know why sworn records show that among independent tobacco experts—auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen—Luckies have twice as many exclusive smokers as have all other cigarettes combined! **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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Screen BOOK

MAGAZINE
(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

HOLLYWOOD LIFE IN PICT

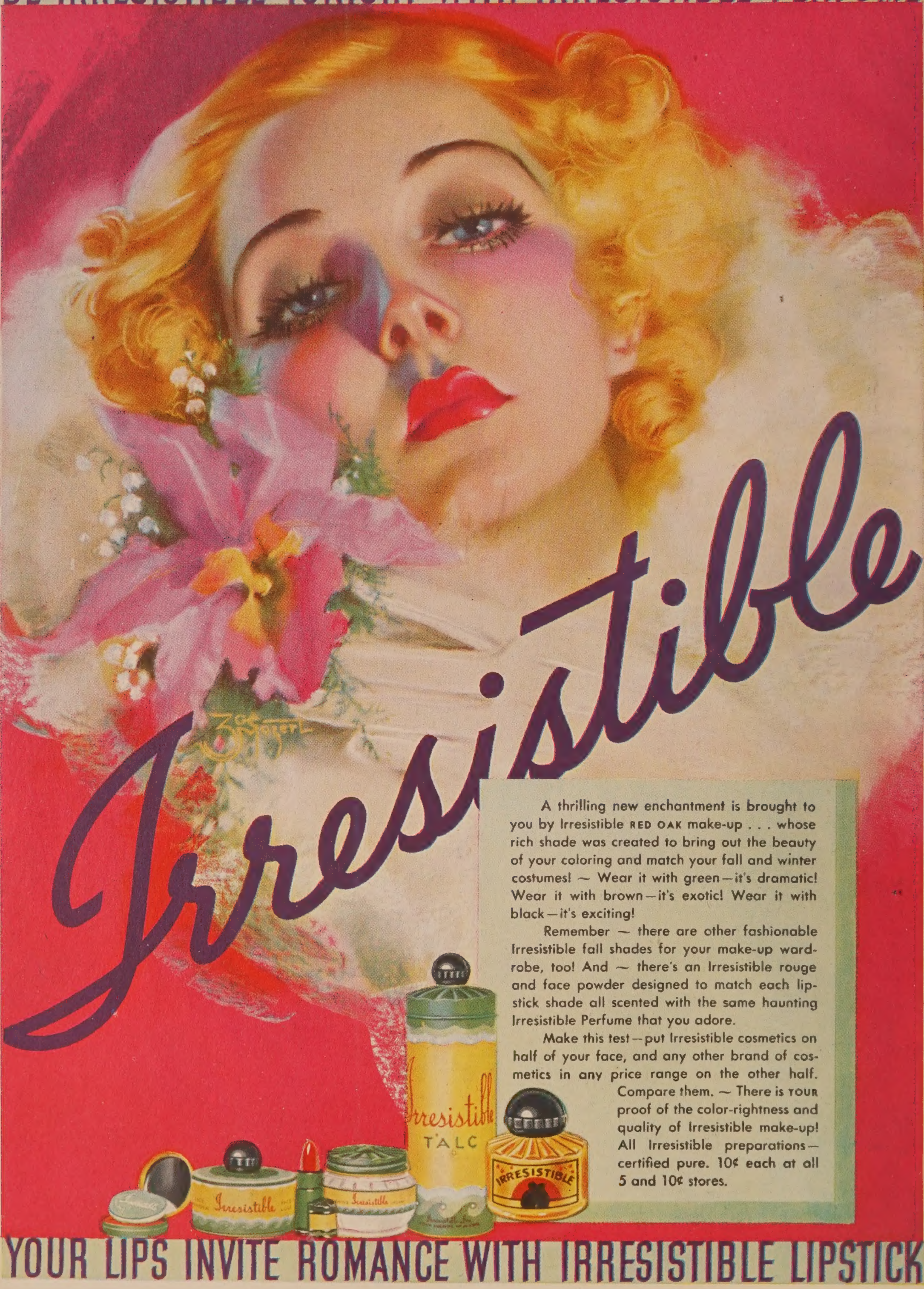
DECEMBER
NSC

10¢

DEANNA
DURBIN

INSIDE STORY OF "THE GRAPES OF WRATH"

BE IRRESISTIBLE TONIGHT WITH IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME



A thrilling new enchantment is brought to you by Irresistible RED OAK make-up . . . whose rich shade was created to bring out the beauty of your coloring and match your fall and winter costumes! — Wear it with green — it's dramatic! Wear it with brown — it's exotic! Wear it with black — it's exciting!

Remember — there are other fashionable Irresistible fall shades for your make-up wardrobe, too! And — there's an Irresistible rouge and face powder designed to match each lipstick shade all scented with the same haunting Irresistible Perfume that you adore.

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YOUR LIPS INVITE ROMANCE WITH IRRESISTIBLE LIPSTICK

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Her evening frock said "Stop and Look" but her lovely smile added "Stay"

Your smile is precious, priceless—it's YOU! Help guard it with Ipana and Massage

Romantic gown of changeable taffeta with deep square neckline and new puff bustle.

Don't ignore the warning of "Pink Tooth Brush"—Ipana and massage makes for firmer gums, brighter smiles!

ANY MAN with an eye for beauty will always admire the girl in a glamorous gown. But how soon he turns away if her smile is dull and dreary!

For a girl can be dressed in the latest fashion and *still* win pity instead of praise—if she ignores the warning of "pink tooth brush"—if she lets her smile grow dingy.

Don't let this happen to *you!* Don't risk your looks—the winning appeal of a lovely smile—by neglecting the proper care of your teeth and gums. "Pink tooth brush" is a danger signal. Heed it promptly!

If your tooth brush "shows pink," *see your dentist.* It may mean nothing serious. The chances are he'll tell you that modern, soft-cooked foods are depriving your gums of vigorous chewing—denying them enough healthful exercise. He'll probably suggest "more work for lazy gums" and, as so many dentists do, he'll often add, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to keep teeth clean and sparkling but, with massage, to help the gums as well. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums each time you brush your teeth. Circulation is aroused within the lazy tissues—gums tend to become firmer, healthier, more resistant.

Don't wait for "pink tooth brush" to flash its warning. Get a tube of economical Ipana at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, sounder gums—a smile that wins admiration!

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
IPANA
REG U S PAT OFF
TOOTH PASTE
BRISTOL-MYERS CO
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USED ALWAYS REPLAC

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

SCREEN BOOK

Incorporating SCREEN PLAY MAGAZINE

VOLUME XXII
NO. 5
DECEMBER • 1939

W. H. FAWCETT, Publisher
WILLIAM HARTLEY, Editor
RALPH DAIGH, Managing Editor
AL ALLARD, Art Director
GORDON FAWCETT, Hollywood Manager

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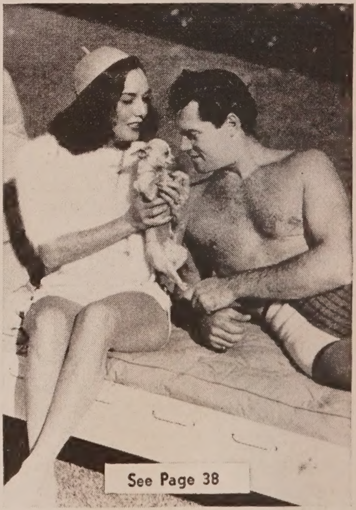

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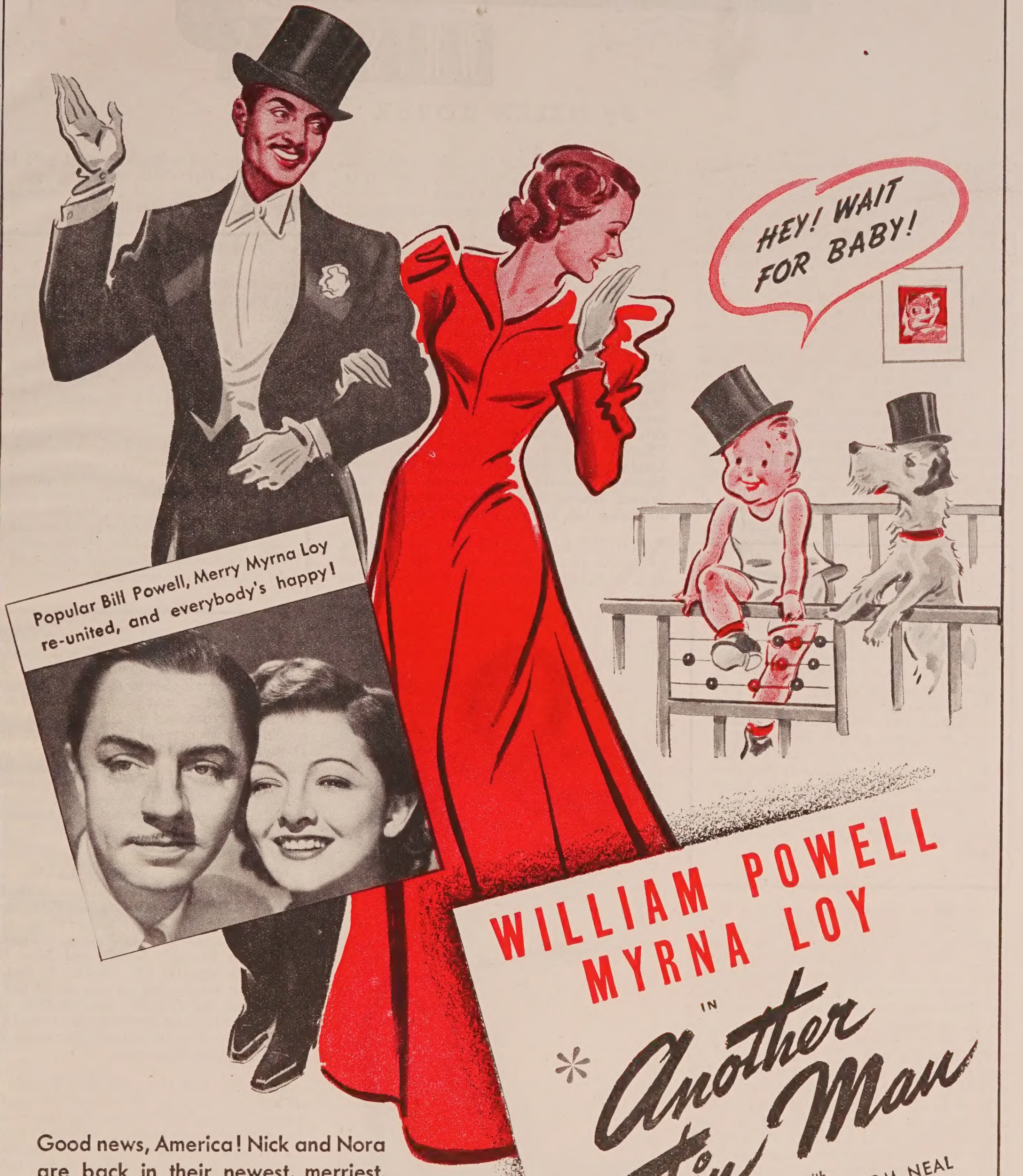
IT'S A BLESSED EVENT *


HEY! WAIT FOR BABY!

Popular Bill Powell, Merry Myrna Loy re-united, and everybody's happy!

WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY

IN

* Another Thin Man

with
VIRGINIA GREY • TOM NEAL
RUTH HUSSEY • C. AUBREY SMITH
Directed by W. S. VAN DYKE II
Produced by HUNT STROMBERG
A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

Good news, America! Nick and Nora are back in their newest, merriest, most amazing adventure—with Asta, and a brand-new member of the family! Wait 'til you meet him! It's the BEST from Mr. and Mrs. Thin Man!

FILMLAND WHISPERS

By HELEN HOVER

THE Crawford-Martin romance is on ice again. Although the couple used to break up and make up on an average of eight times a week, it looks serious this time. Charlie seemed very glum about it at Grace Hayes' Lodge, and a friend tried to cheer him up. "After all," said the friend, "this has happened before. You'll be together again." Martin shook his head dolefully. "No. I'm afraid it will never be the same any more. Before this, when we broke up, we used to be so angry at each other, we wouldn't talk. But now we're still friends! That's what hurts!" Both Joan's and Charlie's friends are secretly glad it's over. Joan's friends felt that she was taking it too seriously, and they wanted her to meet other men. Charlie's friends felt that the romance with one of Hollywood's most glamorous and successful stars was blinding him with too much stardust, was actually slowing his incentive to work and hindering his career as a promising young writer.

> *No news has been so heartening as that of William Powell taking diving lessons from a professional lifeguard. Everyone was despairing of Bill's life for the past two years, and while he is still far from being a well man, this interest in sports indicates at least a partial restoration of health. Bill leased a home with a swimming pool on Tower Drive in Beverly Hills and was so smitten with it, he decided to do some of the aqua-ing himself. Asked his doctor if he could swim and dive and the doc okayed these two fairly strenuous sports for him. Bill now performs a back jack-knife and a running half-gainer with the greatest of ease.*

◑ You'll be hearing and seeing a lot of Linda Ware. This fourteen-year-old singer of *The Star Maker* is the greatest rival of Deanna Durbin. While she's not as pretty as Deanna, there are some who think her voice possesses a better quality. Linda has lived one of those lives that scenarists are afraid to write because it seems too fantastic. Her real name is Beverly Jane Stillwagon and her mother died when she was three. Her father re-married and left on a long trip with his bride. Relatives took care of Linda and she stayed with an aunt and uncle in Detroit. Recently a judge awarded custody of Linda to the aunt and uncle who had raised her. Although Linda isn't earning much yet—she has a contract which graduates from $150 to $2,000 a week—her worries are over. Now she is trying to get her two older brothers out here. She was separated from them when she was three, because no one relative was able to care for the three children and they were each put in different homes. Linda knows that one of the boys is a jockey and the other does odd jobs around the stable. As soon as her salary is upped a bit (when you remember that some of her salary goes to an agent, and half is placed in trust, she hasn't much left) she is going to send for them to come to Hollywood to live with her.

Talking of Linda reminds me that the great Stokowski didn't show much consideration for the child's feelings when she sang with him at the Hollywood Bowl last September. This was the greatest evening in Linda's life—her debut before a tremendous audience with the great Stokowski conducting. After the concert was over, a photographer hopped on the stage and asked the maestro to pose with Linda. The 14-year-old was quivering with excitement at this great moment. But Stokowski was curt. "Sorry," he said, "I'm busy," and he fled. Linda looked deflated. Maybe you can't blame Stokowski for running. His girl friend, Garbo, was in the audience, with her other boy friend, Gaylord Hauser.

YOU'VE heard of the man who built a house around the beautiful doorknob he had. Well, here's one for the books: Dolores Del Rio received a hand-wrought gold belt from Chela Del Rio's collection, was so smitten with it she had a gown especially designed to go with it!

Genevieve Hall, talented dancer, singer and actress, performs a mean rhumba in Universal's forthcoming *Rio*

> *No wonder Paul Muni is such a great actor. He always throws himself right into the character of the part he is playing, and carries that mood through into his private life. Was on the set of* We Are Not Alone *when I saw the most marked exhibition of this. Paul has a stiff, healthy temper and in an argument he can be counted upon to be right in the thick of the fray. There was a flare-up between Muni and Eddie Goulding, but while Goulding got red and started to explode, Muni's only retort was a shrug of the shoulders. This restraint was too much to believe, but later we found out the reason for it. Muni had just completed a scene of the stoic, little doctor who would not talk—and he was still in character!*

● Don't be surprised if the much fought-over heiress, the young Gloria Vanderbilt, makes a picture debut. When she was in Hollywood with her mother, they displayed much interest in a movie career, and now she is being coached by Alice Faye's voice coach. This, coupled with the fact that Darryl Zanuck is planning to produce a film called *Public Debutante No. 1* with Elsa Maxwell also in the cast, plus his own desire to sign up little Miss Vanderbilt, indicates that the sub-deb who dodged news photographers will take more kindly to motion picture photographers.

The height of effete civilization was reached when Herbert Marshall with Lee Russell, and Edna Best with Nat Wolf made a merry foursome at the Victor Hugo after the premiere of the Ice Follies. Marshall held Miss Russell's hand, and Miss Best looked lovingly at Mr. Wolf. It was all very, very sweet, and no one could tell by looking at the friendly quartet that very soon Mr. Marshall and Miss Best would be divorcing each other to take their respective escorts as marital partners.

ALL this talk about Shirley Temple retiring from the screen next year is plain hooey. Even though Shirley will soon celebrate her eleventh birthday, she's still pretty, talented—and box office! Besides she has a mother who is very intelligent, and unlike most screen mamas is not blind to her darling's true worth. Mrs. Temple has long felt that Shirley's screen roles have been entirely too angelic, has been fighting for more robust roles. Now Shirley has such a part in *The Bluebird.* Shirley doesn't rely on cuteness here, but on genuine characterization. In the first part of the picture,

[*Continued on page* 8]

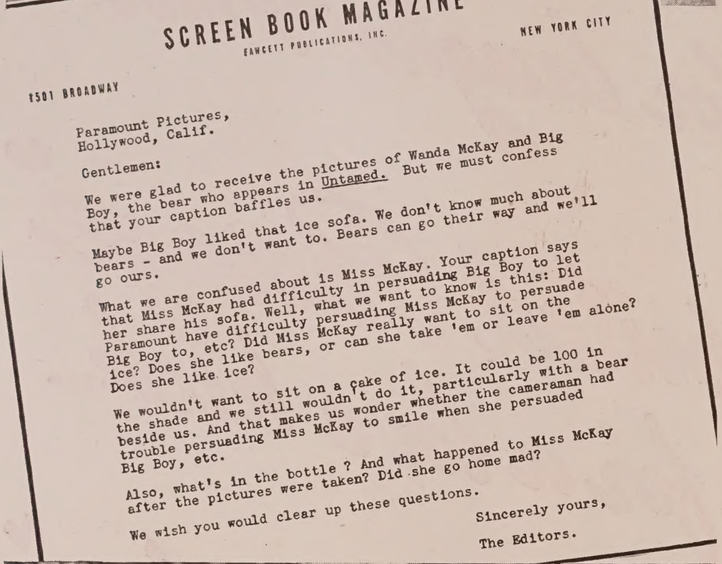
He *must* take me to see these

"The Cat and the Canary" for laughs & thrills

"Disputed Passage" for a love kick

"Rulers of the Sea" for a romantic adventure

PARAMOUNT ADV.



SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE
FAWCETT PUBLICATIONS, INC.
NEW YORK CITY

1501 BROADWAY

Paramount Pictures,
Hollywood, Calif.

Gentlemen:

We were glad to receive the pictures of Wanda McKay and Big Boy, the bear who appears in Untamed. But we must confess that your caption baffles us.

Maybe Big Boy liked that ice sofa. We don't know much about bears - and we don't want to. Bears can go their way and we'll go ours.

What we are confused about is Miss McKay. Your caption says that Miss McKay had difficulty in persuading Big Boy to let her share his sofa. Well, what we want to know is this: Did Paramount have difficulty persuading Miss McKay to persuade Big Boy to, etc? Did Miss McKay really want to sit on the ice? Does she like bears, or can she take 'em or leave 'em alone? Does she like ice?

We wouldn't want to sit on a cake of ice. It could be 100 in the shade and we still wouldn't do it, particularly with a bear beside us. And that makes us wonder whether the cameraman had trouble persuading Miss McKay to smile when she persuaded Big Boy, etc.

Also, what's in the bottle ? And what happened to Miss McKay after the pictures were taken? Did she go home mad?

We wish you would clear up these questions.

Sincerely yours,

The Editors.

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 6]

Shirley is a pert little snip whose neck you'd like to break. Mrs. Temple watched happily, "I'm glad that Shirley is a little hateful. Her roles have been entirely too monotonous. She has been too sweet to be real. Now she has a chance to show she's a real child, and a real actress. This will break up the monotony!"

● Springtime in December Dept.... Betty Grable would like a New York theatre offer so she can be near Artie Shaw . . . Love has made Binnie Barnes co-edish. She's sporting Mike Frankovitch's fraternity pin . . . Franchot Tone sends Mary Healy orchids, and the little New Orleans singer has a terrific crush . . . All this about Vic Orsatti and Sonja Henie getting serious isn't so. Orsatti wishes it were . . . John Howard goes for Kay Griffiths . . . Eleanor Powell's favorite private dancing partner is Billy Seymour, prominent jeweler . . . Buddy Westmore has fallen hard for Rosemary Lane . . . burly Wally Beery looking very coy as he reveals that he plans to marry again very soon. Won't tell the name of the bride, but explains, "I'm not the kind of a guy who stays single" . . . Olivia de Havilland still playing the field, but making Pat diCicco her favorite . . . Andrea Leeds now has a horse named after her. Charles S. Howard is naming one of his two-year-olds "Miss Leeds" because Andrea will soon be a member of the wealthy, horse-racing family . . . Jean Parker stepping with Captain Douglas Dawson but insisting that her heart still belongs to hubby . . . No wonder Isa Miranda never dated any of the eager Hollywood bachelors. She was a secret bride. He's Alfred Guarini, her manager . . . David Niven spending most of his last remaining days in Hollywood with Joan Valerie . . . Ann Rutherford's first serious beau is Marvin Baronsweig of West Point.

Who do you think stole the show at the gala premiere of *The Rains Came*? Not Constance Bennett. Not Norma Shearer. Not Dietrich nor Loy nor any of the la-de-da glamor queens, but tiny Gladys Parker who draws cartoons and designs screwy clothes for a living. Half-pint Miss Parker may not have the looks of our movie queens, but leave it to her to wear something that would have everyone staring. She wore a white jersey gown with a weird trim of black jersey hands appliqued on the shoulder. And on the hands were appliqued ruby fingernails. Top that, by golly! Nearest approach to her for pure, unadulterated exoticsm was Claudette Colbert who dazzled the crowds with a lipstick red gown and matching turban. Myrna Loy was a surprise. Myrna plays the world-weary, sophisticated Lady Esketh in the picture, did a complete about-face when she turned up at the premiere in an angelic, fluffy white gown with huge skirt and rosettes. Looked like a deb at her coming-out party. Brenda Joyce showed up with her college boy friend, Owen Ward. Hollywood had been predicting that Brenda would give Owen the go-by for a more glamorous swain. But Brenda is an unusual girl. She's sticking by her first love—movie career or no movie career.

TAKE the news that Hedy Lamarr and Joan Bennett are palsy-walsy with a smile, sister, with a smile. Although both

[*Continued on page* 12]

This is the Nail Polish that swept the country in 6 months

DURA-GLOSS by Lorr
HUNTER RED
LORR LAB. PATERSON

"FINGER-NAIL" CAP

You simply must try it!

Join the millions of women—yes, millions!—who are switching to a longer lasting, high-gloss nail polish—**Dura-Gloss!** Yes **Dura-Gloss** is taking the country by storm, because it's an entirely new nail polish. You get richer color, a polish with more "body," that wears longer, resists chipping longer, keeps its brilliance longer! You owe it to the beauty of your hands to try **Dura-Gloss**—today!

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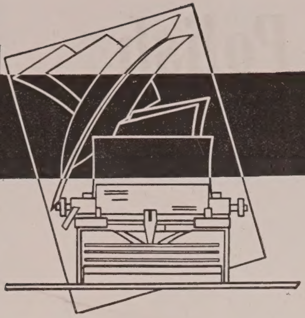
Makes your fingernails more beautiful

CHOOSE YOUR COLOR by the patented "**Finger-nail**" bottle caps, which show you 20 style-approved shades exactly as they will look on your own nails. At cosmetic counters. **10c**

Shown above: HUNTER RED, Fashion's new shade for Fall

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th



UNREELING HOLLYWOOD

WE'RE going to talk about propaganda this month. We suggest that those who don't like serious editorials skip the following paragraphs and pick up our comments in the next column.

Webster defines propaganda as "methods for the spreading of doctrines and principles." We often wish that words were as simple as Webster likes to make them. For the word "propaganda" conjures up a confusion of meanings almost defying analysis.

There is Communist propaganda and Fascist propaganda. There's peace and war propaganda. There's British propaganda, German propaganda, big business propaganda, religious propaganda—as many kinds as there are beliefs in the world. And the business of the propagandist is to make *you* believe what *he* believes. His propaganda is either "good" or "bad," depending on one's point of view.

We are concerned in this editorial with propaganda as disseminated through the movies. And at the moment we're worried about war propaganda.

We made the statement that the goodness or badness of propaganda depends on one's point of view. Ours is that America has no business in a European war, and that propaganda designed to influence American thinking toward war is "bad."

Propaganda lurks in pretty packages. It can lie in a half-truth, the twist of a word or phrase. There are two ways for a newsreel commentator to describe a scene showing American planes flying in battle formation. He can say, "This shows how the aviation force will look *when* war comes." Or he can say, "This shows how the aviation force would look *if* war comes." Doesn't seem to be much of a distinction, does it? Yet we would say that the first statement smacks of the propagandist while the second doesn't.

COMING NEXT MONTH!

INTIMATE PICTURES OF ROBERT TAYLOR AND BARBARA STANWYCK AT HOME

* * * *

MAKING A WESTERN WITH GENE AUTRY AND MANY OTHER SMASH FEATURES

January SCREEN BOOK—on sale Dec. 5

We recall seeing a newsreel of a labor strike meeting several months ago. The sequence concluded with a brief shot of the strikers with hands raised in salute. To innumerable people who saw that sequence, the salute must have been interpreted as that of the Communist clenched fist. In reality, the strikers were pledging allegiance to the flag. The newsreel commentator neglected to point that out, thus creating propaganda to the effect that the strikers were Communists.

We mention this only to illustrate a propaganda method. There are other methods even more insidious.

Several months ago we discussed a film called *Four Feathers*. Although much of this picture was admirable, it was definitely in the war propaganda class. You will recall that it pictured the price of cowardice from a militarist's viewpoint. Until the hero went to war, his spiritual life was miserable.

Such pictures should be judged intelligently by those who see them and criticized for what they are.

Certain current events naturally cause us to form strong opinions. In any discussion of this sort, someone always asks: "Where does news leave off and propaganda begin?"

We think the answer is that news becomes propaganda when only one side of the story is told. A movie or a newsreel becomes a propaganda vehicle when the life of a soldier during war is pictured as being wholly enjoyable.

We believe that American theatre-goers may be shown propaganda pictures before the end of the year. And we want to do something about it.

It will be the policy of this magazine to point out every picture which, in the opinion of the editors, presents propaganda. It is not our intention to ask readers to stay away from such pictures; we respect your intelligence too much for that. But we do ask you to protest to your theatre manager when you feel that a film is dangerous to the peace of this country.

● ● ●

WE HAVE a reader in the middle west who writes, saying, "On your editorial page you always tell us about stories and pictures you'll publish in the next issue. Sometimes they don't appear. How come?"

The answer lies in the complication of Hollywood life. Here's an example. Suppose we announce that the next issue will contain pictures of Sally Beautiful's home. The announcement is made because Sally has promised those pictures to SCREEN BOOK, and has set a date for SCREEN BOOK's photographer to visit her.

A few days before the pictures are to be taken, Sally's studio calls her up. "Sally," says executive Blotz, "you go into production tomorrow. Report to the studio at seven in the morning."

So Sally reports, works every day for six weeks and SCREEN BOOK doesn't get its promised pictures. It isn't Sally's fault nor is it ours. We can only say that when Sally's free again she'll keep her promise.

Next month you *will see* a picture story of how Gene Autry makes a western. You *will see* Barbara Stanwyck and Bob Taylor at home. You *will see* scene stills from Walt Disney's full length feature, *Pinocchio*. And you'll read a grand story on Hollywood's food foibles. Did you know, for example, that Fanny Brice puts mayonnaise on vanilla ice cream? That's just one of the amazing tastes that baffle waiters in Hollywood.

There will be dozens of other first-rate features, but in deference to our middle western reader we won't mention them here. Just don't forget to buy your copy of January SCREEN BOOK early. It goes on sale at your local newsstand on Dec. 5.

● ● ●

ON PAGE 30 of this issue, you will find an announcement of the D'Orsay award for good grooming. The award is given annually to the woman in public life who merits the title "best groomed."

This year the award has been given to a screen star. Five leading Hollywood designers were the judges, and you can find their decision by turning to page 30.

THE EDITOR.

IT'S ZENSATIONAL!
IT'S ZINTILLATING!
IT'S ZUPERB!
IT'S GOT ERYTHING!
AY OOFY AGS!
TORRID TEMPTING TUNES!
RADIANT RAPTUROUS ROMANCE!
LOUD LINGERING LAUGHS!
TO BE SPECIFIC IT'S TERRIFIC!

IT'S **Zorina**

SHE'S HEAVENLY!

She's the gal who put romance into dance—direct from the role in 'I Married an Angel' that made her the toast of the stage!

IN WARNER BROS.' ENTERTAINMENT WHIRLWIND

ON YOUR TOES

On your toes . . . it's on the way with loud, long laughs provided by

EDDIE ALBERT

The sensation of 'Brother Rat'—he's a super-sensation in this!

and ALAN HALE • FRANK McHUGH
JAMES GLEASON • Directed by Ray Enright

Screen Play by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay • Adaptation by Sig Herzig and Lawrence Riley • Based on the Musical Play by RICHARD RODGERS, LORENZ HART and GEORGE ABBOTT • A First National Picture

TWICE AS SPICY, TWICE AS FUNNY, TWICE AS GAY AS THE BROADWAY PLAY!

TANGEE
Lips made for Kissing
PAINTED
TANGEE

This Cream Base Lipstick Gives Your Lips Tempting Smoothness, Luscious Color

Tangee is like no other lipstick! It's orange in the stick but changes "magically" to your most becoming shade. It doesn't coat your lips with greasy paint but gives you the soft, smooth, colorful lips that women love and men admire. And its special cream base helps prevent "dry-lips" and chapping. Just try Tangee and see what loveliness and charm it gives you!

For Your Cheeks...This "Natural Blush" Rouge blends with your Tangee Lipstick and actually seems to give your cheeks a "natural blush."

Face Powder...With an "Underglow"—Tangee Powder has the Tangee Color Principle and helps give your skin a flattering "underglow."

BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES! There is only one TANGEE. Don't let some sharp salesperson switch you. Be sure to ask for Tangee Natural.

World's Most Famous Lipstick
TANGEE
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Try Tangee Theatrical, too, for special occasions. Its creamy smoothness gives your lips daring, exciting color—yet never looks "painted."

4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET

The George W. Luft Co., 417 Fifth Ave., New York City . . . Please rush "Miracle Make-Up Set" of sample *Tangee Lipstick*, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). (15¢ in Canada.)

Check Shade of Powder Desired:

☐ Peach ☐ Light Rachel ☐ Flesh
☐ Rachel ☐ Dark Rachel ☐ Tan

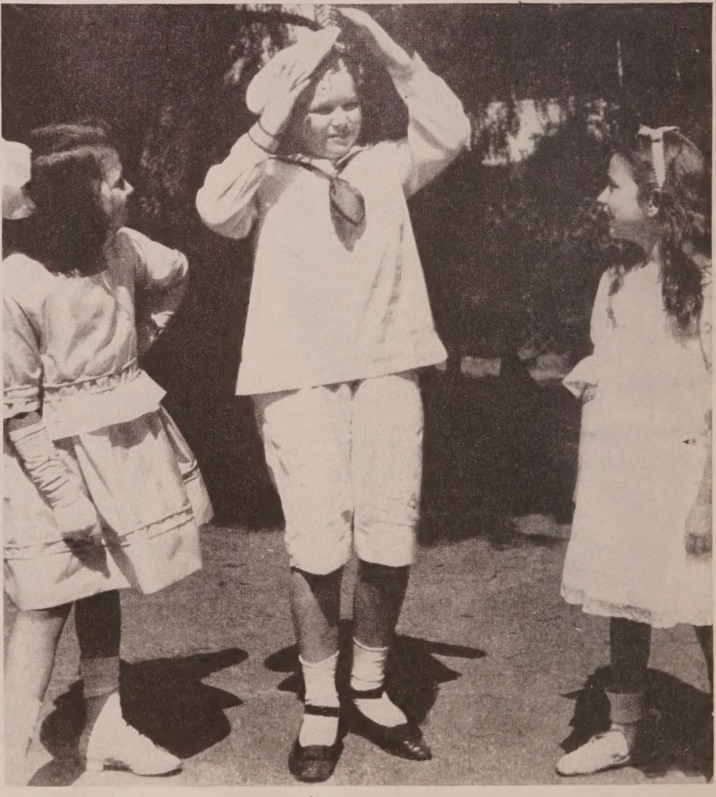
Name____________________
[Please Print]
Street____________________
City__________ State__________ F129

FILMLAND WHISPERS

[*Continued from page* 8]

girls vigorously deny in print that they are pouting at each other, Joan still refuses to let Melinda visit Gene Markey and Hedy at their home. It's no secret that Gene, who is naturally very much attached to his daughter, would love nothing better than for her to visit at his home and spend a week or a month there. Hedy is quite upset, too, because the little girl is not allowed to visit them. Joan explains that Melinda is too young to understand the meaning of two homes. Friends of Hedy retort that children of divorce have so many adjustments to make, that they can take the matter of two homes in their merry little strides.

● If David O. Selznick doesn't watch out, he'll soon vie with Earl Carroll as a "girl discoverer." In a different way, however. So far, Selznick has gambled three important star assignments on lesser known girls—Vivien Leigh as Scarlett, Ingrid Bergman in *Intermezzo,* and now Joan Fontaine in *Rebecca.* It's no secret that most of Hollywood's ingenues would have given their eyelashes for the role, and Joan Blondell once confided that she'd take that part for nothing. But fragile Joan—who has been known as Olivia de Havilland's kid sister up to now—got it and thus starts an upward spurt in her career. What with capturing that fat role and Brian Aherne, no wonder most of the Hollywood girls wish Joan had stayed in Japan where she was born. Incidentally, Brian Aherne may have shied away from matrimony for 43 years, but he proved himself to be the model husband that puts all other m. h.'s to shame. Brian gets up a half hour before his wife does, makes her



Here is a rare and heretofore unpublished photo of a famous male movie star who once attended a Hollywood school for girls. Turn to page 24 for a picture of the star as he appears today

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

coffee and calls her at 6 a. m. That's what Joan says, anyway.

> *We are happy to report that a decision of great importance has been made. Due to the protests of thousands of movie fans throughout the nation, Darryl Zanuck promises that Alice Faye, in* Little Old New York *will not—positively not—wear boy's trousers.*

Sign of Success Department: Brenda Joyce, the U. C. L. A. co-ed who played Fern in *The Rains Came* was sure she wouldn't go over in the picture. Was positive the fans wouldn't like her and her budding movie career would be cut short. She was so certain of this fact, that while she worked in the picture, she budgeted to the bone. Voila! Time passes. The day after the preview Brenda bought a small house not far from the studio for her mother and herself. Until recently, the two had to live apart because of finances. The purchase was Brenda's first visible indication that she knew she'd be around in pictures for a little while longer!

Claire Trevor co-stars with John Wayne in RKO-Radio's stirring action drama of the 1760's, *Allegheny Uprising*

WHAT a baseball game "Big Boy" Williams held. The members of his team, who included George Murphy, Dick Arlen, Andy Devine, Cy Bartlett, Harry Carey and Ralph Byrd showed up in regulation uniform, then learned that the game would be played on donkeys! The opposing team was a group of cowboys from Newhall.

The rules of the game were to be just like any other baseball game, the only exception being that the players would ride donkeys!

[*Continued on page* 15]

No job for Mary, not while she's Marked—

son, Mary
DATE OF BIRTH
Feb. 26, 1919
POSITION WANTED
PREVIOUS EXPERIENCE
REFERENCES (NO RELATIVES)
She needs Mum
Mr. F or Miss Grady
at

EVERYONE knows Mary is a whiz for work. She's quick, she's clever, she's attractive-looking, too. Why, then, can't she get a job—why can't she *keep* one?

If Mary only knew! It seems a *small* thing...yet many a capable, charming girl loses out in business, yes—and in romance—because others haven't the heart to tell her she needs Mum. Why take the needless risk of underarm odor? Mum so *surely* guards your charm!

Wise girls know a bath alone isn't enough for underarms. A bath removes *past* perspiration—but Mum prevents odor *to come.* More business girls—more women *everywhere*—use Mum than any other deodorant. It quickly, safely makes odor impossible through a long day.

SAVE TIME! Busy girls find Mum takes only 30 seconds.

SAVE CLOTHES! The American Institute of Laundering Seal tells you Mum is harmless to fabrics—so safe you can use Mum *after* dressing. Even after underarm shaving Mum won't irritate skin.

SAVE POPULARITY! Without stopping perspiration, Mum makes underarm odor *impossible* all day long! Get Mum today at any druggist's. In business... in love ... guard your charm!

MUM IS FIRST CHOICE IN HOLLYWOOD

SCREEN STARS KNOW MUM PREVENTS ODOR IN ADVANCE. MUM MAKES YOU SURE OF YOUR CHARM.
TO HERSELF: IT'S HOURS SINCE I'VE HAD MY BATH, BUT THANKS TO MUM, I KNOW I'M SWEET.

Important to You—

Thousands of women use Mum for sanitary napkins because they know that it's safe, gentle. Always use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

"Eyes of Romance" WITH THIS AMAZING NEW Winx

Here's the "perfect" mascara you've always hoped for! This revolutionary new *improved* WINX Mascara is smoother and finer in texture—easier to put on. Makes your lashes seem *naturally* longer and darker. Your eyes look larger, brighter...sparkling "like stars!"

New WINX does *not* stiffen lashes—leaves them soft and silky! Harmless, tear-proof, smudge-proof and non-smarting.

WINX Mascara, Eyebrow Pencil and Eye Shadow (in the new Pink packages) are Good Housekeeping approved. Get them at your favorite 10¢ store—*today!*

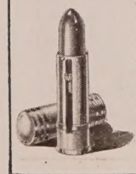
Winx
FOR LOVELY EYES
Creamy Mascara
Winx Creamy mascara
BROWN
READY TO USE • NO WATER NEEDED

Money-Back Guarantee!

Amazing *new* WINX is *guaranteed* to be the finest you've ever used. If not *more than satisfied,* return your purchase to Ross Co., New York, and get your money back.

Now DOUBLE Your Allure with New WINX Lipstick!

WINX LIPSTICK gives your lips glamour ...makes them appear youthful, moist... *the appeal men cannot resist!* Comes in 4 exotic, tempting colors. Is non-drying—and STAYS ON FOR HOURS. *For a new thrill,* wear the Raspberry WINX LIPSTICK with the harmonizing Mauve WINX Eye Shadow. Fascinating! Get WINX LIPSTICK, at 10¢ stores, *today!*



MAGIC HARMONY! Winx LIPSTICK WITH WINX EYE MAKE-UP!

FAN CLUB EXCHANGE

Tex Ritter and Margaret Hunloke

Please give me detailed information about the Tex Ritter Fan Club mentioned in a recent issue of SCREEN BOOK—Rita D.

Miss Margaret Hunloke, pictured above with Mr. Ritter, is president of the Ritter Club. Dues are 50c per year, entitling member to personally autographed photo of Mr. Ritter, the club paper, *Ritter Round-up* which is published quarterly, and a membership card. Miss Hunloke is presently planning to sponsor a contest for her members and will give as prizes original neckerchiefs which Mr. Ritter wears in his pictures.

I have scanned SCREEN BOOK'S Fan Club Exchange for many issues in the hope I would hear of a Joan Woodbury Fan Club, but to no avail. If there is one will you kindly forward my name and address to the president?—Bill H.

No sooner said than done, Bill. I've just received a letter from Miss Jean Caffey announcing a Joan Woodbury Fan Club. Miss Caffey tells me that Joan Haden of Hollywood, California is the president. She also says she knows there are a lot of Joan Woodbury fans that want to join the club and the only way the fans can find out about the club is "through our helpful column." So come on you Woodbury fans, let's have your names and addresses.

Please let me know if there is a Groucho Marx Fan Club, and if so, the details.—Phyllis A.

I have no record of a Groucho Marx Club on file, Phyllis. Sorry.

S. O. S.

Is there an honest-to-goodness, dyed-in-the-wool Tito Guizar fan floating about who'd like to take over Miss Virginia Haas' club for Tito? Virginia is going to be married shortly and will be moving to Mexico City, and will be unable to devote all her time and attention to the club. If anyone is interested, please write me immediately for complete details.

I would like to start a fan club for Brenda Joyce and would appreciate your informing me where to contact her.—Robert B.

Sorry, Robert, but Miss Joyce is under contract to 20th Century-Fox, the studio which does not permit its players to have fan clubs.

Please give me a few details of the Norma Shearer Fan Club.—George K.

Marian Whitney is president of the Norma Shearer Club. Marian tells me that each member receives an autographed photograph from Miss Shearer, one year's subscription to *Smilin' Thru,* the club journal, the use of the "Shearer Scraps" library and a membership card. Members participate in annual Norma Shearer celebrations and occasional theatre parties. Arrangements are made to meet motion picture star members. Dues are 50c per year. The honorary officers include Norma Shearer, president; Leslie Howard, vice president; Bette Davis, secretary. Other honorary members of the club are Errol Flynn, Gertrude Lawrence, Jimmy Fidler, and yours truly. I've sent your request to Marian. You'll hear from her shortly.

Do you know of a Merle Oberon Fan Club? If so, to whom do I write?—Avis R.

Yes, Avis, I do. Miss Muriel Aldcroft is president of the only Oberon Club on file. I've sent your request on to Muriel and she'll send you full details in the near future.

Are there any fan clubs honoring the Bennett sisters, Joan and Connie?—Ann V.

Frank Farally is president of the Joan Bennett Fan Club. Your request has been forwarded to the proper sources. I do not know of a club for Connie Bennett. Sorry.

Are you interested in joining Fan Clubs in honor of your favorite stars? FAN CLUB EXCHANGE, conducted by SCREEN BOOK Magazine's Associate Editor, Joan Votsis, is devoted to the whereabouts and activities of the various fan clubs. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Write to Fan Club Exchange, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, N. Y. C.

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 13]

Once a ball had been hit, the batter had to jump on his donkey and ride around the bases. Things were going along fairly well until Andy Devine made a hit. It entitled him to a home run, by all the rules of the game, but when the bulky Andy leaped on his docile donkey, the little beast let out a wild bray and started for the mountains. Andy finally stopped when he reached a high board fence and the burro couldn't take it with him aboard. The game was a lot of fun—but I don't think it will be too popular a game. Not unless the players can wear tin suits.

● You wouldn't recognize Dietrich these days. Remember when Marlene used to act quite imperious, as befitted a movie queen who took her glamor seriously. Well, it's an about face for Marlene now. When she reported for work on *Destry Rides Again* at Universal, she was as docile and sweet as a beauty contest winner from Wichita getting her first screen break. She okayed all of her costumes quickly and agreeably, was happy they were ready for fitting, thanked everyone for his attention and then hurried home with the script. Her personality has changed completely and she's adored by her co-workers—instead of feared, as she used to be. The first day on the set, the assistant director approached her and said, "When we need you, I'll call 'Miss Dietrich.'" Marlene said, "Don't call, just whistle," and then bought him a gold whistle for the purpose. Marlene took quite a comedown in salary. Gets $75,000 for this Western epic. No, that's not peanuts, but it doesn't compare to what she rated a few years ago. But she's much happier. Now she has an opportunity to forget her legs, her hollow cheekbones and her sanguine Continental manner. She'll bounce around in this one as a saloon entertainer and I'll bet next year's fur-lined gloves that she'll get a second grip on her career. One of the numbers Marlene sings is a cowboy ditty titled "Joe the Wrangler," and she'll sing the number accompanied by a three piece hill-billy band. Marlene never looked happier than she does right now.

Sooner or later it comes to all men, and Edmund O'Brien is no exception. Edmund is a prominent stage actor in his own right, but here in Hollywood he is still known as "Nancy Kelly's boy friend" and is a nonentity to the fans who judge their gods by celluloid strip. Nancy and O'Brien drove in from Santa Monica in an open car and stopped outside of the Brown Derby. O'Brien's hair, which is normally light and wiry, was standing on end as a result of the long, open drive. A group of fans, who always gather outside of the famous restaurant, spotted the pair. "Oooh, look—there's Nancy Kelly!" "Who's that guy with her," another asked, rather inelegantly. They took in Edmund's hair. "Why, he's Stokowski!"

Those who thought Doug Fairbanks, Jr., would turn tony when he took an Eastern socialite for a bride, are in for a pleasant

[*Continued on page* 17]

5 Men Ran After
The HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER
Who Did Things To Them She Hadn't Oughter!

She wasn't much at cooking or sewing... Housework to her was a bore... But when it came to nightfall... The Town beat a Path To Her Door!

ED... He and the Deakon ate together, lived together, were pals to the end... and Hilda was the end!

SCREW-LOOSE BENNY, the lady-killer... Even he was Hilda's fella!

The HOWLING HIT that has America in stitches!

LEFTY... a big, bad wolf 'til Hilda tamed him!

HAL ROACH wants you to meet

THE DEAKON... Percy the Passion Flower they called him. He thought he knew women... 'til he met Hilda!

The HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER

Joan BENNETT ★ Adolphe MENJOU

And Introducing Hollywood's Newest Heart-Throb John HUBBARD

Wm. GARGAN Geo. E. STONE Peggy WOOD Donald MEEK Victor MATURE

Directed by HAL ROACH • Screen Play by RIAN JAMES and GORDON DOUGLAS

From the Novel by DONALD HENDERSON CLARKE • Released thru United Artists

Would YOU like to SLENDERIZE your SILHOUETTE?

And.. Wear Dresses SIZES SMALLER

PARIS says, "The hourglass waist is here with its splendid illusion of romantic slimness!" . . . Yes, and Thynmold's figure control helps you suit the new vogue to your own individuality, thanks to its *laced back!* Let us send you a Thynmold Girdle and Brassiere—test it 10 days—and if you cannot be fitted with a dress *smaller* than you normally wear, it won't cost you a penny!

Appear SLIMMER *instantly!*

■ If you want the thrill of the year, make this simple silhouette test! Stand before a mirror in your ordinary foundation. Notice all the irregularities caused by bumps of fat . . . notice the thickness of your waist . . . the width of your hips. Now slip into a THYNMOLD Girdle and Brassiere and see the amazing difference. The outline of your new figure is not only smaller, but all the ugly, fat bulges have been smoothed out *instantly!*

Test THYNMOLD for 10 days at our expense!

■ Make the silhouette test the minute you receive your THYNMOLD. Then wear it 10 days and make the mirror test again. You will be amazed and delighted. If you are not completely satisfied . . . if THYNMOLD does not correct your figure faults and do everything you expect, it will cost you nothing.

Mail Coupon for Free Folder Today!

■ THYNMOLD is the modern solution to the bulging waistline and broad hips. Its pure Para rubber is perforated to help perspiration evaporate . . . its soft inner lining is fused into the rubber for long wear and the special lace-back feature allows ample adjustment for change in size. The overlapping Brassiere gives a support and freedom of action impossible in a one-piece foundation.

Mail coupon for illustrated folder and complete details of our 10-day trial offer!

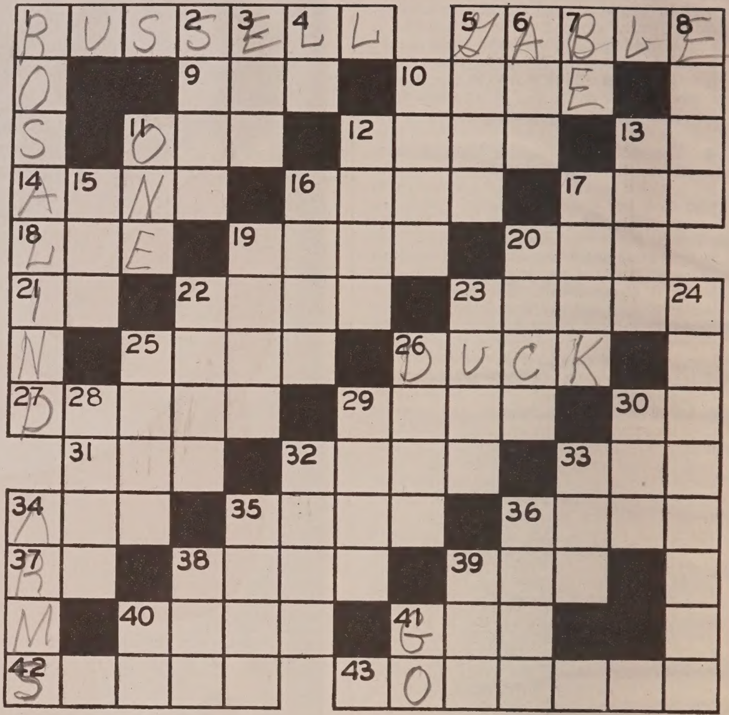
Thynmold GIRDLES

DIRECT PRODUCTS CO., INC.
DEPT. 1312, 41 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
Kindly send me illustrated folder, describing Thynmold Rubber Girdle and Brassiere, sample of perforated material and details of your 10-day Trial Offer.

Name --

Address --

CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. A star of *The Women.*
5. Rhett Butler in *Gone With the Wind.*
9. Eileen in *Hotel for Women.*
10. Star of *The Chicken Wagon Family.*
11. *In ——— Monterey.*
12. Actor wed to Grace Bradley.
13. Mr. Lahr's initials.
14. Heroine of *Should a Girl Marry?*
16. Hilda in *Confessions of a Nazi Spy.*
17. William Holden had title role in *Golden———.*
18. Star of *The Spellbinder.*
19. He had lead in *They All Come Out.*
20. *The ——— Who Dared.*
21. *They Asked for ———.*
22. *Frontier ——— Express.*
23. She sings in *The Star Maker.*
25. Heroine of *The Underpup.*
26. You've seen him in Walt Disney comedies.
27. ——— *of a Champion.*
29. Middle name of Laura Crews.
30. Miss Munson's initials.
31. He's billed as the "Wonder Dog" of films.
32. Pat O'Brien's girl friend in *Indianapolis Speedway.*
33. Part one has to perform in a screenplay.
34. Dick Powell's birthplace (abbr.).
35. *Andy Hardy ——— Spring Fever.*
36. The girl in *In Old Caliente.*
37. Initials of one who had title rôle in *Frontier Marshal.*
38. He was Mr. Bailey in *Captain Fury.*
39. Fight manager in *The Kid from Kokomo.*
40. Star of *Hidden Power.*
41. Cowboy's "shooting iron."
42. To perform as does Sonja in *Second Fiddle.*
43. A star of *The Old Maid.*

DOWN

1. First name of 1 Across.
2. *Miracles for ———.*
3. Final scene.
4. Mr. Nolan's initials.
5. Manfredi in *Hotel for Women.*
6. *Stop, Look ——— Love.*
7. *Dust ——— My Destiny.*
8. Aunt Demetria in *On Borrowed Time.*
10. Andrea's boy friend in *They Shall Have Music.*
11. ——— *Third of a Nation.*
12. What donkeys do in sound fiilms.
13. Dusty in *Trouble in Sundown.*
15. It divides court on which Fred Perry plays.
16. State in which Grace Moore was born (abbr.).
17. Leslie Howard once worked as clerk in this.
19. Joe Souther in *Only Angels Have Wings.*
20. What Mickey and Minnie are.
22. You've seen this famous dog in Our Gang Comedies.
23. Star of *The Girl from Mexico.*
24. Whose role was that of Nick in *I Stole a Million?*
25. First name of 40 Across
26. Charles Ruggles raises and trains these animals.
28. You must use these for modern movie enjoyment.
29. *Port of ———.*
30. ——— *Leading Citizen.*
32. Miss Kelton's first name.
33. *The ——— and the Canary.*
34. *Babes in ———.*
35. First name of 32 Across.
36. Mr. Fenda's nickname.
38. *Some Like It ———.*
39. 31 Across was one before he grew up.
40. Initials of Mrs. Ralph Forbes.
41. *Good Girls ——— to Paris.*

(Solution on page 86)

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 15]

surprise. At the lush premiere of *Rulers of the Sea,* the usual crowd of fans was hanging on to the ropes. At the end of the show, star after star brushed past the fans and dashed into their cars. Doug did the same. But before he could shut the door, his wife reached out and collected all the autograph books of the fans clustered about the limousine, dumped them on Doug's lap and said, "Sign them. The Troc can wait." And sure enough, Doug signed them all. Mrs. Doug was rated a "real guy" by the crowds.

WE LIKE Bob Burns' devotion to his wife. Because she has been in a cast for a month due to an injured back, Bob turned down offers to appear at both World's Fairs, because he doesn't want to leave her bedside. His answer to all offers is simply, "I don't want to leave my wife," and a fat guarantee can't budge him.

● The reason for those ridiculous reports that Mickey Rooney and Ann Rutherford have been making faces at each other has at last been discovered. Most folks, so used to romantic matching (in newsprint!) of players who act opposite each other smelled something fishy when no romance rumors were forthcoming about Mickey and Ann, in spite of their "Hardy" association. Well, the two juveniles don't socialize together as a twosome, but not because they can't stand the sight of each other. The reason is simple: Mickey is a goofy, irrepressible screwball; Ann is quite a sophisticated young lady. They both travel in different circles—Mickey with the more hoydenish crowd who goes in for swing and jitterbugs, Ann with a more settled bunch. Matter of fact, you'd never recognize Ann when she's dressed up in black dress, high-heeled sandals and hat with a snood. She doesn't look like Polly Benedict at all, by gad. Mickey, too, is going to become the town's most eligible bachelor if he doesn't watch out. When his option was lifted recently, he got an "up" in salary. M-G-M figures he's going to be just about their biggest male money-maker, next to the Great Gable. Mickey still gets the same salary for himself, the raise gets salted away in his trust fund. Boy, wait'll he's 21!

All this talk about Robert Donat being afraid to come to America because of his health is so much hooey. Real reason is much more commercial. Two expensive breach of contract suits are pending against him here, and he doesn't want to spend his time dodging process servers. Both Warner Brothers and Producer Eddie Small claim priority over M-G-M for his services. This is too bad, because the war has halted movie production in England and it means that Donat will be off the screen for a long time.

LUPE VELEZ' new boy friend, Clayton Moore, has a lot to live up to. Moore is an ex-circus aerialist and got a big break when he supplanted Jon Hall in *West of Pago Pago.* He was posing for some publicity photographs in Lupe's back yard, diving into the pool, chinning himself on the springboard and walking on his hands. Some neighborhood boys were perched on a nearby fence, taking it all in. When Moore was through with his acrobatics, one of the kids yelled: "Okay, superman, now let's see you swing from the trees like Weissmuller!"

● Sad situation among the bachelor ranks in Hollywood. With the wholesale attack of marriages this past year, the girls had been hoping that the new crop of young actors would replenish the ranks. But no, it seems that the handsome newcomers already had heart interests before they signed their contracts, and what's more, they're remaining faithful to 'em. That's a twist this town of fluctuating romances can't quite understand. Robert Preston, for instance, the dashing guy with the devil-may-care grin and twinkling eyes who you saw in *Beau Geste* shuns the glamor girls like a fly shuns a swatter. Preston wears a ring with the initials K. F. It stands for Kay Filtus, whom he met when he was in the Pasadena Playhouse. He also carries a charm in the shape of a shamrock in a horseshoe, and is always fingering or tossing it. That was a gift from Miss Filtus, too, so you can imagine how hard Preston has fallen. Bill Holden, the young "Golden Boy," is also immune to Hollywood's sirens. His heart also belongs to a Pasadena girl. In fact, when Holden learned that the studio was planning a publicity romance with him and an older actress, he put his foot down. Even refused to escort

[*Continued on page* 71]

"Camay is so gentle — **it's a Real Treat for My Skin!"**

SAYS THIS LOVELY OHIO BRIDE

Camay's lather seems different to me . . . for while it's thorough, I find it's easier on my skin than the other soaps I've tried. Each beauty cleansing is a treat—and leaves my skin so gloriously fresh!

Middletown, Ohio (*Signed*) HELEN ANDERSON
August 1, 1939 (*Mrs. Townsend G. Anderson*)

BEAUTY—ROMANCE! When a girl has *both*—doesn't it seem wise to follow her beauty advice? Charming Mrs. Anderson says, "Camay helped me keep my skin lovely—Camay can help *you!"*

Camay has that priceless beauty cleansing combination of *thoroughness* with *mildness.* It gets skin completely clean... is gentle, too. Time and again, we've tested Camay against several other famous beauty soaps on many different types of skin. Repeatedly Camay proved definitely *milder!* Try Camay for your beauty *bath,* too! It helps keep back and shoulders lovely—is a fragrant aid to daintiness. And Camay's price is amazingly low. Get three cakes of this fine soap today—use it regularly!

Trade Mark Reg.
U. S. Pat. Off.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Patroness of Music

At Her Piano—Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton is greatly admired in New York social and musical circles for her charm and talent.

Young Fashion Artist

Begins Art Career—Katherryn Hernan first started working as a fashion artist and designer in home-town Dallas, Texas, department store.

—But they BOTH give their skin the SAME FAMOUS Simple Care!

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON: With so many demands on your time, Mrs. Hamilton, how can you keep your skin looking so beautifully cared for?

ANSWER: "My skin care is amazingly quick and simple. But I do use two creams. Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing and softening my skin—Pond's Vanishing Cream to smooth roughnesses."

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON: You're known as quite a tennis fan, Mrs. Hamilton. Doesn't all that exposure to sun and wind roughen your skin?

ANSWER: "It might if I weren't careful to protect my skin with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Just one application of that smooths little roughnesses right away!"

QUESTION TO MRS. HAMILTON: How do you keep your make-up so flattering throughout a long evening?

ANSWER: "By preparing my skin for make-up with 2 Creams. When I first cleanse my skin with Pond's Cold Cream and then smooth it with Pond's Vanishing Cream, make-up goes on evenly and is really there to stay!"

Begins Day with tennis. Then committee meetings of 4 musical organizations. Above, studying seating plan of Lewisohn Stadium.

At The Opera—Mrs. Hamilton is a Wagnerian enthusiast. Frequently entertains at her delightful Sutton Square home.

From Choosing current fashions to trying modeling herself was Katherryn's recent venture. In New York now, she shows promise.

Like Most Texans, Katherryn loves riding. But here she's more interested in the thrilling words her companion whispers.

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN: Katherryn, is there any close tie-up between fashion and complexion?

ANSWER: "Oh, very close! I soon realized that a good skin peps up even an inexpensive outfit. That's why I'm so careful always to use both Pond's Creams."

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN: You mean Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream? Does each do a separate job for your skin?

ANSWER: "That's just the point. It seems to me that cleanliness is the first requirement for a good skin—and I've found that Pond's Cold Cream is a grand cleanser. What's more, I love the way it softens my skin!"

QUESTION TO MISS HERNAN: Now then, what does Vanishing Cream do for your skin?

ANSWER: "Well—when I'm outdoors a lot, it protects my skin from exposure. And I always use Pond's Vanishing Cream before make-up. It's a marvelous powder base."

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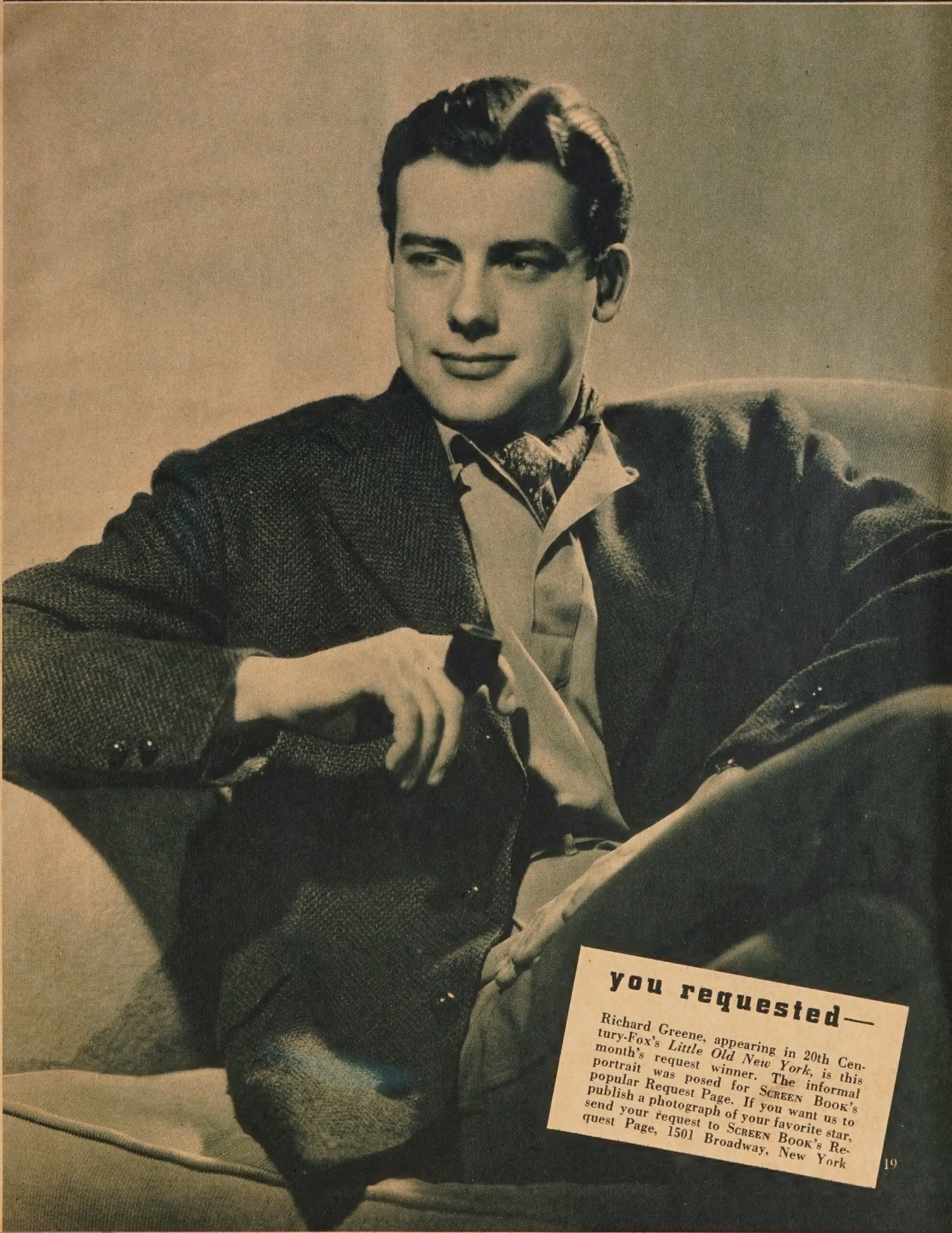
Use these 2 Famous Beauty Aids to DOUBLE your charm

FREE
POND'S
BUY THIS
GET THIS FREE
POND'S POWDER

Both for the Price of One!

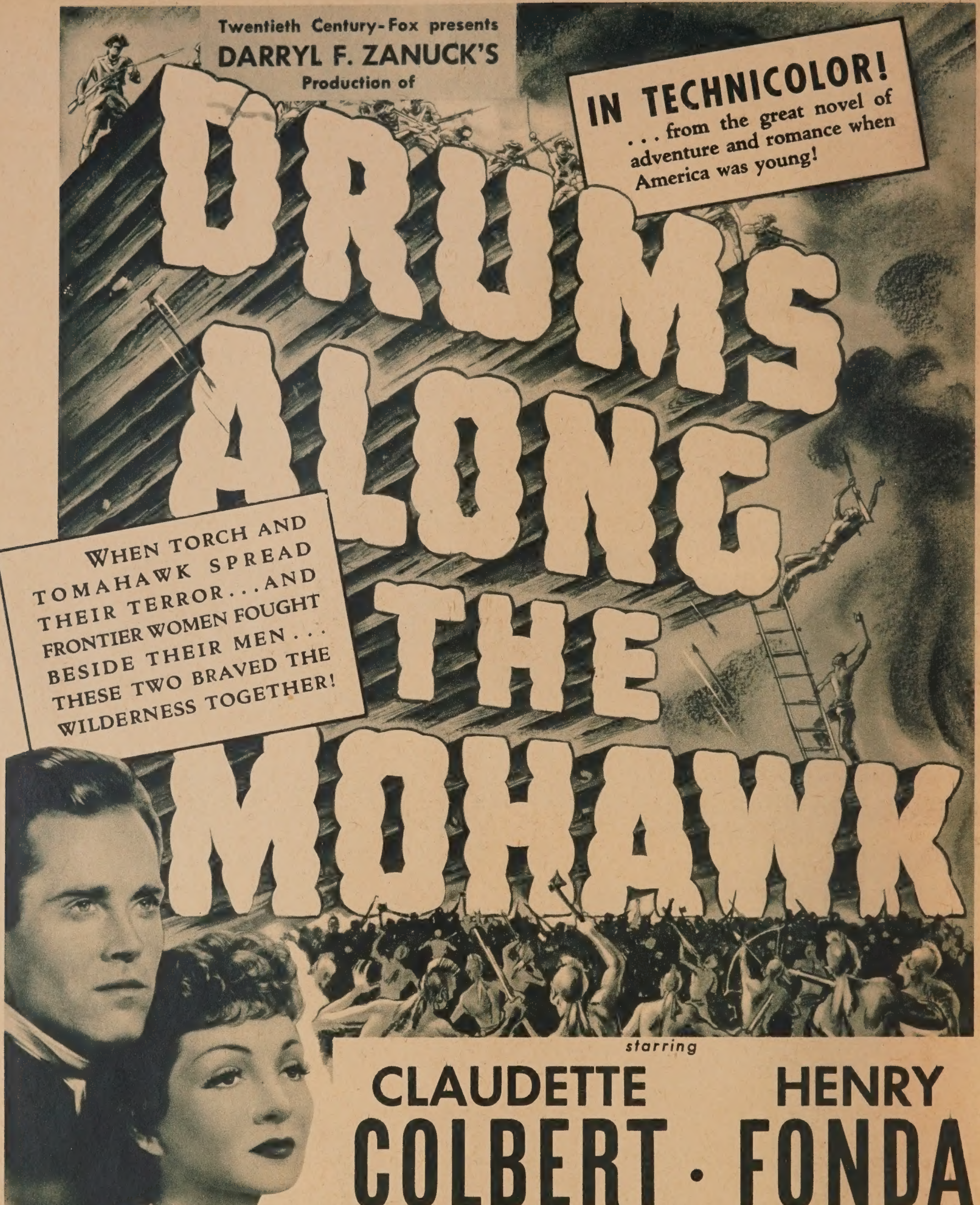
For a limited time only, choose a flattering shade of Pond's Powder FREE (generous box) with your regular purchase of a large-size jar of Pond's Cold Cream.

THIS IS SCREEN BOOK'S PICTURE SECTION
STORIES BEGIN ON PAGE 58



you requested—

Richard Greene, appearing in 20th Century-Fox's *Little Old New York*, is this month's request winner. The informal portrait was posed for Screen Book's popular Request Page. If you want us to publish a photograph of your favorite star, send your request to Screen Book's Request Page, 1501 Broadway, New York



Twentieth Century-Fox presents
DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK

IN TECHNICOLOR!
. . . from the great novel of adventure and romance when America was young!

WHEN TORCH AND TOMAHAWK SPREAD THEIR TERROR...AND FRONTIER WOMEN FOUGHT BESIDE THEIR MEN... THESE TWO BRAVED THE WILDERNESS TOGETHER!

starring

CLAUDETTE COLBERT · HENRY FONDA

with EDNA MAY OLIVER · EDDIE COLLINS · JOHN CARRADINE · DORRIS BOWDON · JESSIE RALPH ARTHUR SHIELDS · ROBERT LOWERY · ROGER IMHOF

Directed by JOHN FORD

Associate Producer Raymond Griffith · Screen Play by Lamar Trotti and Sonya Levien · Based upon the novel by Walter D. Edmonds

NO SPICE FOR "SUGAR"

"SUGAR" Geise is an extra girl. Tomorrow, next month, next year she may be elevated to stardom. But until that lucky day comes along, "Sugar" will keep right on trying. There isn't much "spice" in her life, she hasn't time for extensive night clubbing. But she gets satisfaction out of knowing that someday Lady Luck may smile.

"Sugar" is no ordinary extra. Versatile, an expert dancer, she often makes as much as $250 a month. She lives alone and likes it, is 23 years old, has been in show business since childhood. LeRoy Prinz gave her the nickname "Sugar" when she was three years old. Her real name is Tanya.

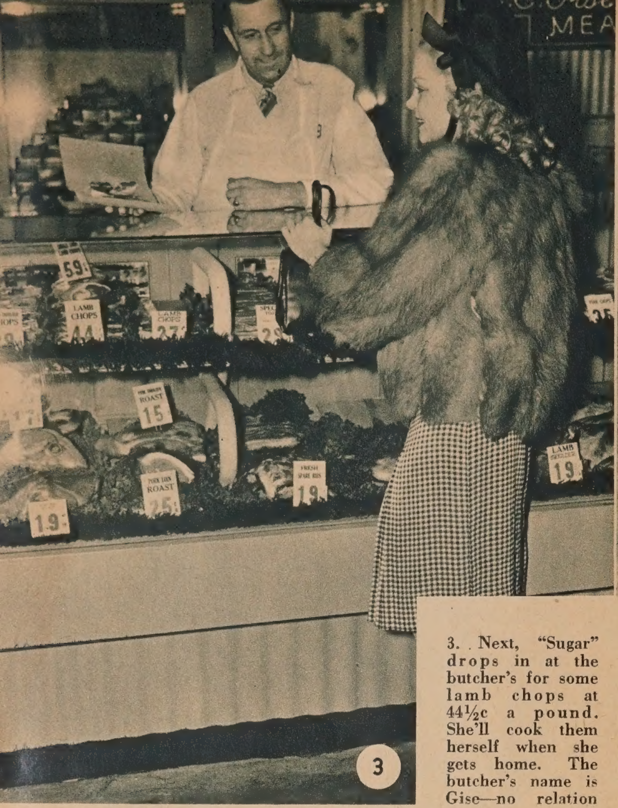
Her father, Harry Geise, is a songwriter, was the first radio station manager to put Amos and Andy on the air. Her mother was a screen actress in 1916, appeared with Chaplin, Ben Turpin and Agnes Ayres. "Sugar" pays $75 a month rent, smokes but doesn't drink much.

(*Editor's note: This is the third in a series of picture stories of extra girls. The next will appear in an early issue of this magazine.*)

1. Work is over for the day, and "Sugar" starts home. Recently she has been working at RKO-Radio

2. "Sugar" stops to buy lingerie on the way home. She is supposed to resemble, Dorothy Lee, screen actress, shown at left

CONTINUED


MEA
59
LAMB CHOPS
44
ROAST
15
PORK LOIN ROAST
25
FRESH SPARE RIBS
19
LAMB SHOULDER
19
19
3

3. Next, "Sugar" drops in at the butcher's for some lamb chops at 44½c a pound. She'll cook them herself when she gets home. The butcher's name is Gise—no relation

4. Home at last, "Sugar" peels off her stockings, gets ready to slip into cool clothes. When these photos were taken the young actress was living at the Alto Nido apartments

7. "Sugar" dresses for her evening date. She smokes but doesn't drink much because she knows that "benders" won't help her career. Besides, she has to rise early

8. It's just nine o'clock and "Sugar" doesn't look happy at the realization she has only three hours left before bedtime. She goes out with a leading screen comedian

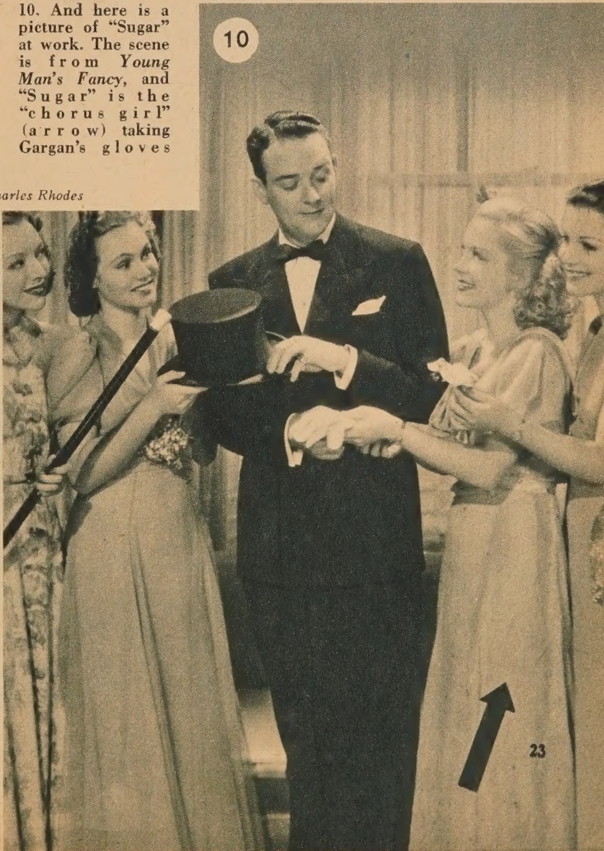
5. Comfortably gowned, "Sugar" feeds her dog, Gloria. Gloria is no ordinary dog, has a high chair and eats this way every night. Unusually intelligent, Gloria knows tricks

6. "Sugar" is going out tonight, so off goes the dressing gown and on goes the make-up. Gloria watches intently. "Sugar's" facials are home-made and cool fresh water plays an important part

9. Bedtime at midnight. "Sugar" has to be on the set tomorrow, so she must look rested. Being smart, she takes good care of herself, picks her friends carefully

10. And here is a picture of "Sugar" at work. The scene is from *Young Man's Fancy*, and "Sugar" is the "chorus girl" (arrow) taking Gargan's gloves

Photos by Charles Rhodes



RULERS OF THE SEA

A PARAMOUNT PICTURE

RULERS OF THE SEA, starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Margaret Lockwood and Will Fyffe, tells the story of the coming of steam navigation to the Atlantic. The picture is based on the voyage of the *Sirius*, a 703-ton steamer which crossed the Atlantic in 1838. The movie's historical accuracy is best illustrated by the fact that Paramount calls its record-breaking boat *Dog Star*—the astronomers' nickname for the star, *Sirius.* According to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica,* the *Sirius* "was considered a big steamship in her day and was one of the first steamers to be fitted with a condenser instead of using salt water in her boilers. . . . She sailed from London to New York by way of Cork with 100 passengers and although she was grossly overloaded to modern ideas she made the passage in safety."

Photo on this page shows Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as David Gillespie, *first mate on the sailing ship* Falcon, *and later second engineer of the steamer* Dog Star

David Gillespie (Doug Fairbanks, Jr.) is mate of the *Falcon*, a sailing ship. He hates the brutality of the captain, decides to quit when a sailor dies needlessly and is buried at sea (above).

In Greenock, Scotland, lives an old mechanic, *John Shaw* (Will Fyffe) and his daughter *Mary* (Margaret Lockwood). Shaw has invented a marine steam engine but can get no funds

Gillespie talks to *Shaw*, listens to the old man's dreams of steam navigation. He decides to help *Shaw* with his invention

With plans completed, *Gillespie* tries to interest ship owners, meets with laughter. "Steam will never replace sail," they say

After many hardships the partners obtain funds, charter the *Dog Star*. Photo shows *Gillespie* supervising loading of coal

Dog Star steams for New York, makes trip successfully. Inventor *Shaw* dies, content in the knowledge that Mary will wed *Gillespie*

HEDY LAMARR

Appearing in
M-G-M pictures

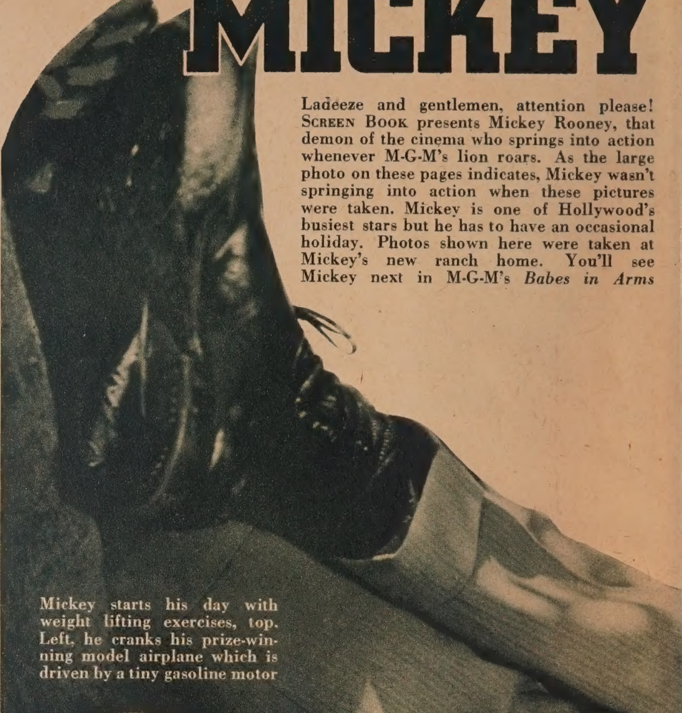
Arabian Fantasy

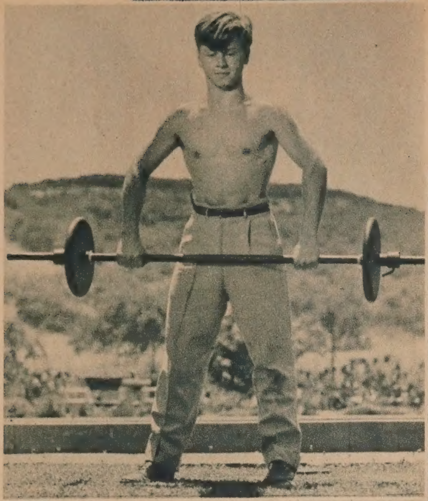
The *Thief of Bagdad* is Alexander Korda's latest production. Filmed once before, with Doug Fairbanks, Senior, in the leading role, the story is one familiar to moviegoers. Above photo shows a torture scene. At right, John Justin and Sabu examine a giant's hand

Circle, John Justin and June Duprez as *Ahmad* and the *Princess*. Below, an unusual photo of the stars' stand-ins. Left to right, Josephine Grainger, stand-in for June Duprez, Tocky Mayers (for Justin,) Jalil (for Sabu) and Eddie Cross (for Conrad Veidt)

MICKEY

Ladeeze and gentlemen, attention please! SCREEN BOOK presents Mickey Rooney, that demon of the cinema who springs into action whenever M-G-M's lion roars. As the large photo on these pages indicates, Mickey wasn't springing into action when these pictures were taken. Mickey is one of Hollywood's busiest stars but he has to have an occasional holiday. Photos shown here were taken at Mickey's new ranch home. You'll see Mickey next in M-G-M's *Babes in Arms*





Mickey starts his day with weight lifting exercises, top. Left, he cranks his prize-winning model airplane which is driven by a tiny gasoline motor

Who said this gentleman farmer stuff was easy? At left, Mickey operates a hand cultivator and acts as though he likes it. Work finished, he enjoys a dip in the swimming pool (circle). At right, *Andy Hardy* makes a characteristic face while arguing with a mother hen. "What! No eggs?"

ROONEY'S Holiday

Lunch time, and Mickey whips into a dish of scrambled eggs. Looks as though he won the argument with the hen. Above, siesta time

Screen Book Sponsors d'Orsay Award TO HOLLYWOOD'S BEST GROOMED WOMAN

d'Orsay Gold Medal Award

THE most coveted award made to actresses on the legitimate stage has been the d'Orsay gold medal award for good grooming. This trophy of feminine perfection has been awarded only twice in this country, once to Katharine Cornell and once to Gertrude Lawrence.

This year SCREEN BOOK was able to persuade Parfums d'Orsay of Paris and New York to make their award to a Hollywood actress under the sponsorship of this magazine.

Then the fun started. Perhaps you have your own ideas as to who is Hollywood's best groomed woman. But don't forget: All actresses are well groomed before the camera. The one woman deserving of the d'Orsay gold medal must be the epitome of good grooming all the time, whether she is before the camera or not, in formal clothes, in bathing suit or play suit, or even in comfortable knock-about slacks.

SCREEN BOOK had to find that woman.

Here's how we did it. Our Hollywood fashion editor and our beauty editor interviewed columnists, other fashion and beauty editors and those persons close to all the stars to pick the list of Hollywood's 15 best groomed women. Here is that list, a precious thing, arrived at after many opinions were noted and taken into consideration:

JOAN BENNETT
JOAN CRAWFORD
MADELEINE CARROLL
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
MARLENE DIETRICH
IRENE DUNNE
OLIVIA deHAVILLAND
NORMA SHEARER
JANET GAYNOR
DOROTHY LAMOUR
PRISCILLA LANE
JEANETTE MacDONALD
GINGER ROGERS
ROSALIND RUSSELL
LORETTA YOUNG

Is your favorite on the list? We hope so. But now that the 15 best groomed women were chosen, the job had only started. Out of the 15 we had to find the one woman most deserving the award and title of "Hollywood's Best Groomed Woman."

HOWARD GREER

Howard Greer, designer and one of the judges, was born on an Illinois farm. He grew up on the wrong side of the tracks in Lincoln, Neb. He went to Nebraska Wesleyan for a year and for two years to the University of Nebraska.

He then went to work for a department store as salesman. A few months later he was promoted to assistant window-trimmer. At this crucial period in his life Greer was writing letters asking for any kind of a job. One day, out of the blue, came a note from Lady Duff Gordon, who offered him a job in her Chicago emporium. After Chicago came New York, and after New York the war.

Mr. Greer saw eleven months of service in the front lines. He was demobilized in Paris where he remained two years.

Then he came back to America steerage and did the third Greenwich Village Follies. That show attracted the attention of Jesse Lasky, who brought Howard Greer to the coast for a five-year contract at Paramount. Mr. Greer is now conducting his own business.

EDWARD STEVENSON

Edward Stevenson, head designer for RKO, was born in Idaho, the son of a railroad official. He has created gowns for Barbara Stanwyck, Lily Pons, Ann Sothern, Irene Dunne, Lucille Ball and innumerable other stars.

Stevenson was brought up in Hollywood, sketched in the various studios during his High School vacations. After graduation he worked as an assistant designer at Fox studios. Following a period of association there, he worked for a dress manufacturer, then became head designer at First National studios.

Three years later he left First National to go into the field of personal custom designed clothes. He went back into the studio designing field when he was put under contract to Hal Roach studio. From there he came to RKO Radio as assistant to Bernard Newman. Following Newman's resignation in 1936, Stevenson was appointed his successor, and has remained at RKO in the capacity of head designer. The most recent pictures Stevenson has worked on are "In Name Only," "Reno," and "Swiss Family Robinson."

TRAVIS BANTON

Born in Waco, Texas, Designer Travis Banton migrated to New Mexico at the age of 6 years. Two years later he was attending the public schools of New York City, where his father had accepted a position.

When his public school career was ended, Banton went to Columbia University. The next year was spent in the Art Students League, followed by a year in the New York School of Fine and Applied Arts.

Banton quit school to join the navy at the outbreak of the World War. In March, 1919, he was discharged, got his first job as a fashion designer with Madame Frances in New York.

Banton soon branched out for himself and created his own designs. He decided to spend a year in Paris. Upon his return, he continued working independently. One day he received a note of introduction from Will Hays to Walter Wanger of Paramount Publix Corporation.

Mr. Wanger was impressed with young Banton and immediately sent him to Hollywood to work on the designing of costumes for "The Dressmaker of Paris."

How to do it? Who was most capable of picking the one woman most deserving the title, when admittedly they are all excellently groomed?

"Ask the famous Hollywood designers," someone said, "the men and women who design the costumes these stars wear, who see them at home, socially, on the lot and off."

That was the solution, and the list of 15 was submitted to Hollywood's five leading designers whose pictures appear on these two pages. Each was asked for his first, second, third, fourth and fifth choice. Not one of the designers is aware how the others voted.

After a careful tabulation of the ballots the results are as follows:

First:	**MARLENE DIETRICH**
Second:	**LORETTA YOUNG**
Third:	**CLAUDETTE COLBERT**
Fourth:	**ROSALIND RUSSELL**
Fifth:	**NORMA SHEARER**

Presentation of the d'Orsay gold medal will be made over a nation-wide radio hook-up shortly after this magazine reaches the newsstands.

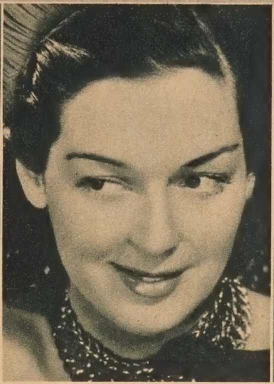
THE WINNER

MARLENE DIETRICH

HONORABLE MENTION - - -

LORETTA YOUNG

CLAUDETTE COLBERT



ROSALIND RUSSELL

NORMA SHEARER

GWEN WAKELING

Gwen Wakeling, one of the few outstanding women in her chosen field, is designer for 20th Century-Fox. Born of Canadian parents, Miss Wakeling received all of her training in this country rather than Europe. Her first drawing lesson was given by an old Yaqui Indian who worked for her father.

After doing commercial work, she designed studio costumes for DeMille and RKO, styled the wardrobes for such stars as Ann Harding and Constance Bennett. After leaving RKO she went to New York, freelanced and returned to Hollywood to join the 20th Century-Fox staff. Her clothes are always "young," a source of constant delight to Loretta Young, Alice Faye and others for whom she designs. Shirley Temple is the youngest star on Miss Wakeling's list.

She believes in simplicity in clothes, feels that fashions stem from and always reflect the politics and economic trends of the day. Her most recent creations are the wardrobes appearing in "The Rains Came" and "Drums Along The Mohawk."

MILO ANDERSON

Milo Anderson, our fifth judge, who designs for Warner Bros. stars, is noted as the foremost authority on period clothes in Hollywood, and is also famous for the costuming of Technicolor pictures.

When Milo was eight, his parents moved to Hollywood. At the age of 17 he went to work for Goldwyn. The first thing he ever did was to design the costumes for Eddie Cantor's picture, "The Kid From Spain." It was also his first experience with dressmaking! So successful was his work, however, that it won him a two-year contract and screen credit.

He was assigned to Mary Pickford's picture, "Secrets." That great star became one of Milo's most ardent boosters. He was established at once as a period authority, although he was still only 17. When the Goldwyn studio closed for a time, Milo was "farmed out" to Warner Bros. where he assisted Orry-Kelly on costumes for "Voltaire."

Anderson also costumes modern stories. One of the best known pictures in which his costumes have been featured is "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

SATURDAY

Today I'm going to the beach with Ralph Byrd Screen Book's photographer Charlie Rhodes is going along to take some pictures. We'll leave about noon —

IT'S A DATE

This month SCREEN BOOK's staff photographer gives you exclusive pictures of Lya Lys' and Ralph Byrd's beach date

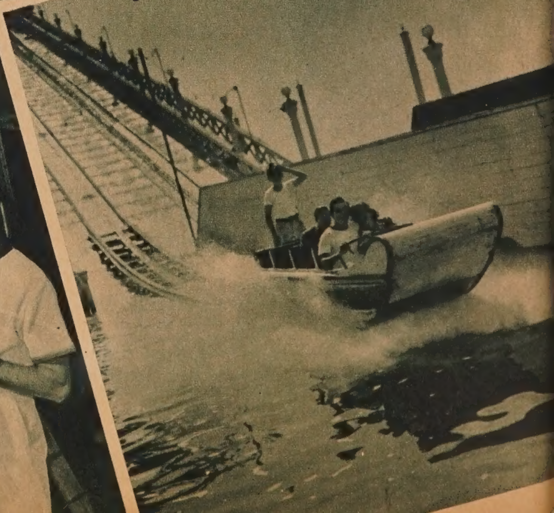
All set for some fun at the beach, Lya Lys and Ralph Byrd start off with the merry-go-round

BEER NEAR HE
OOCH 15¢
A SLU

The Fun House puts Miss Lys and the screen's Dick Tracy into spirit of things

SEE A BABY CHIMPANZEE
BOTH HERE ALIVE!
HALF HUMAN HALF APE ALIVE

Gordon Fawcett, SCREEN BOOK's Hollywood Manager, takes in some of the side shows with the charming young couple



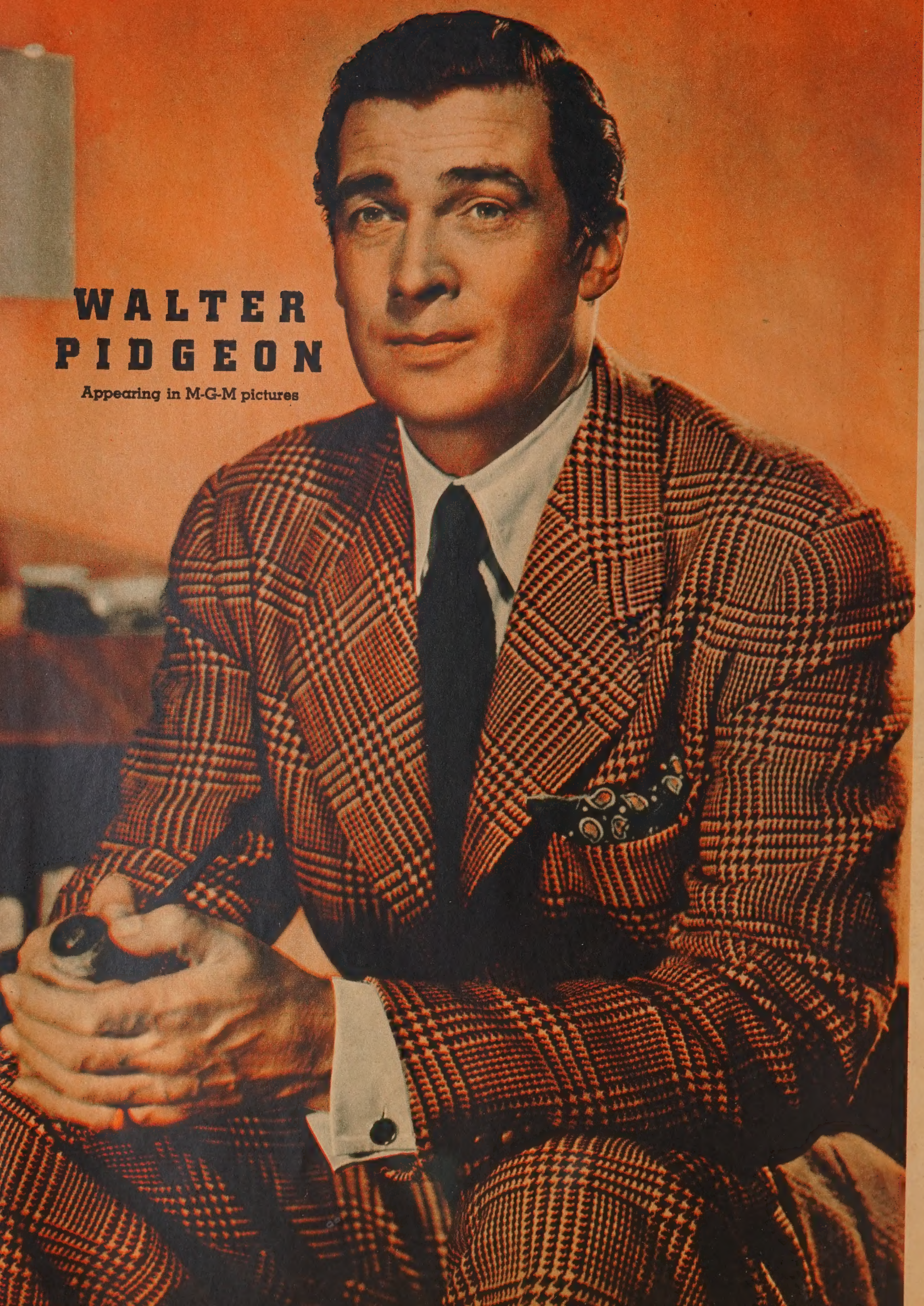
Leaving the House of Fun, Lya and Ralph meet two barefoot, but none-the-less avid, fans

Armed with frozen custard and prize knick-knacks, the couple stroll toward the beach and a swim

Next on the program is the chute-the-chute thrill ride, left, a highlight of any amusement park

A quick change into swim suits and the daters bravely wade into the icy water, hand in hand

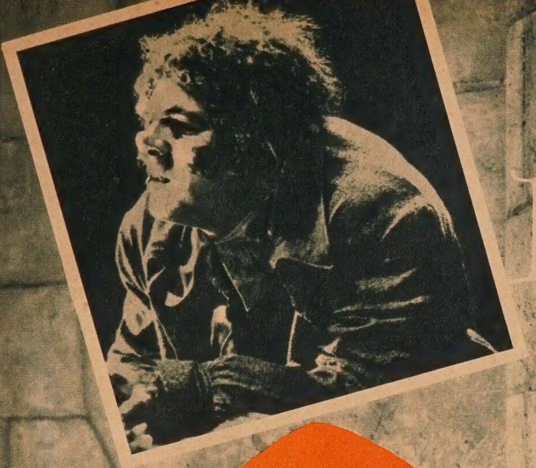
Time out for a little relaxation before putting away a pleasant day's memories for some future reminiscing



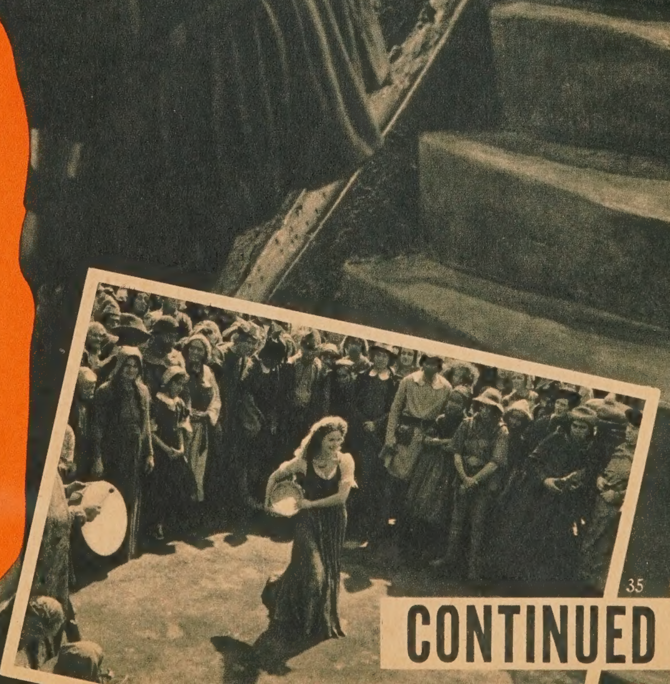
WALTER PIDGEON

Appearing in M-G-M pictures

The Hunchback of Notre Dame



In RKO's *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, Charles Laughton plays *Quasimodo*, the hunchback, Maureen O'Hara plays *Esmeralda*, and Edmund O'Brien plays *Gringoire*, the poet. The role of the hunchback was made famous by Lon Chaney (shown at top in his famous make-up). Laughton's *Quasimodo* is pictured at right. Lower photo shows *Esmeralda*, the gypsy girl, dancing in the streets of Paris. Of *Quasimodo*, Victor Hugo wrote: " . . . his whole person was a grimace. A huge head, bristling with red hair; between his shoulders an enormous hump, a counterpart perceptible in front; a system of thighs and legs so strangely astray that they could touch each other only at the knees. . . . One would have pronounced him a giant who had been broken and badly put together again"



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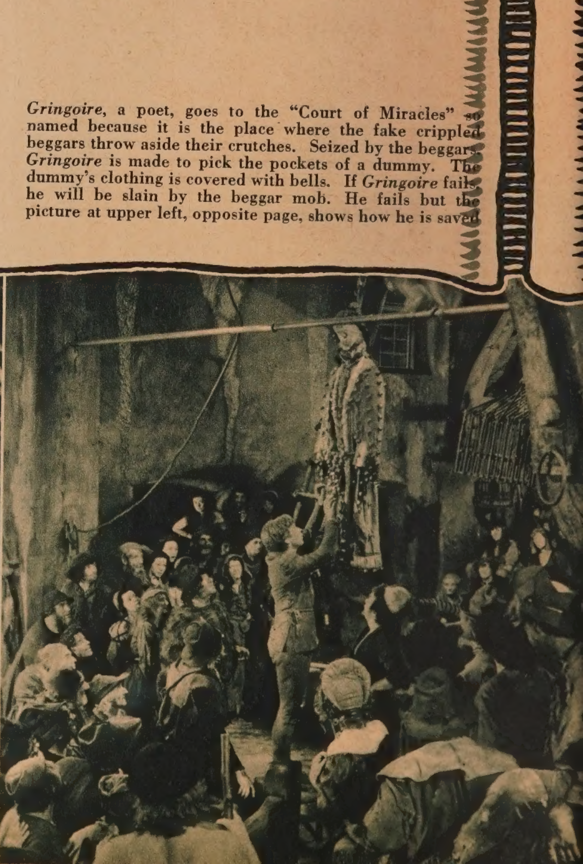
A street feast in the Middle Ages. In the days of *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, such feasts took place in an atmosphere of fighting and licentiousness. Everyone got drunk, stuffed himself with food. The food was usually supplied by a wealthy member of nobility, but sometimes the poor attacked the city storehouses and helped themselves. Whole oxen were roasted, fingers took the place of forks. The village dogs cleaned up what was left

Today we go to the movies for entertainment, but during the Middle Ages people saw "morality plays." These plays, primitive in their acting and staging, were performed outdoors and were free to all who wished to see them. They told a simple religious story or a fable, and ended with a moral. In the scene shown above Death threatens clergy, nobility and pauper alike. The ladder sometimes was used to depict a character's ascent to heaven

In *The Hunchback of Notre Dame, Quasimodo*, the hideous hunchback, is elected Pope of the Fools in a street pageant. As he is borne through the streets, his benefactor, an archdeacon, sees him, strikes away his gaudy costume and makes him kneel in prayer. *Quasimodo* leaves the crowd and follows the clergyman. The heavy makeup makes the role of *Quasimodo* a severe task

Gringoire, a poet, goes to the "Court of Miracles" so named because it is the place where the fake crippled beggars throw aside their crutches. Seized by the beggars, *Gringoire* is made to pick the pockets of a dummy. The dummy's clothing is covered with bells. If *Gringoire* fails, he will be slain by the beggar mob. He fails but the picture at upper left, opposite page, shows how he is saved



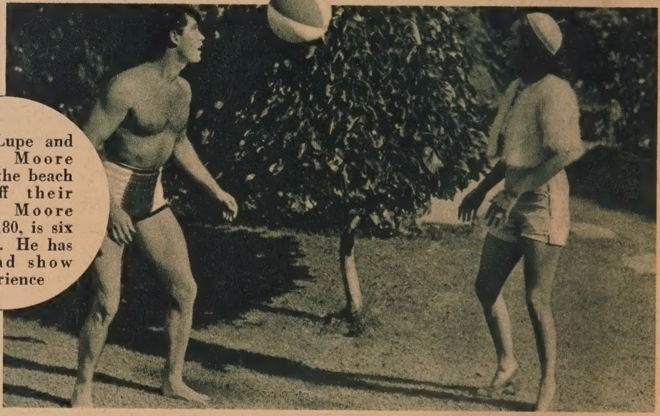
Above. *Gringoire* can be saved only by being claimed as a husband by one of the wretched beggar women. After they have all turned him down, *Esmeralda*, the gypsy dancer, claims him—to the surprise and delight of *Gringoire*

Esmeralda is convicted of witchcraft, upper right. The sentence is death. During the Middle Ages men and women were executed for offenses as slight as stealing bread

Below, *Quasimodo* is sentenced to be lashed for committing a petty crime. Thirsty, pain ridden, he is given water by *Esmeralda*. Later, when she is in trouble, he saves her

MEET LUPE'S

Anyone who reads the gossip columns knows that Lupe Velez likes 'em tall, strong and handsome. Since 1927, her tempestuous activities have been headline news. Hardly a week passed during her marriage to Johnny Weissmuller when the papers failed to report a new fight. Today, divorced recently from *Tarzan*, the Mexican pepper pot has found a new Tarzan. His name is Clayton Moore and he has been signed by Edward Small to appear in *South of Pago Pago*. Moore comes from Chicago, is an all-around athlete. He was an aerialist in a circus, a Golden Gloves champion and a star sprinter. Pictures on these pages show Moore with Hollywood's hottest tamale



Right, Lupe and Clayt Moore bounce the beach ball off their heads. Moore weighs 180, is six feet two. He has had road show experience

Lupe gets a ride on the chair, with Clayt acting as strong man. The dog in Lupe's lap is "Mr. Kelley"

"Hold tight, 'Mr. Kelley'!" Lupe's dog doesn't seem to be enjoying life as much as her mistress and the boy friend. (P. S.: "Mr. Kelley" didn't fall off.)

NEW TARZAN

Upper left, Lupe encourages Moore as he does his daily dozen. Edward Small discovered Moore while looking through the test of a young actress

Above, Lupe acts as gun rest for her new Tarzan. Temperamental Lupe can't stand still long, has a habit of shaking her shoulders

Patient "Mr. Kelley" stands on Clayton's head while Clayton does a hand-stand. Lupe likes pets, once owned 70 canaries

Hey, there, Moore! Watch yourself. Your gal friend once bit a horse for doing less than this. And what nice, firm teeth Lupe has!

—Photos by Charles Rhodes.

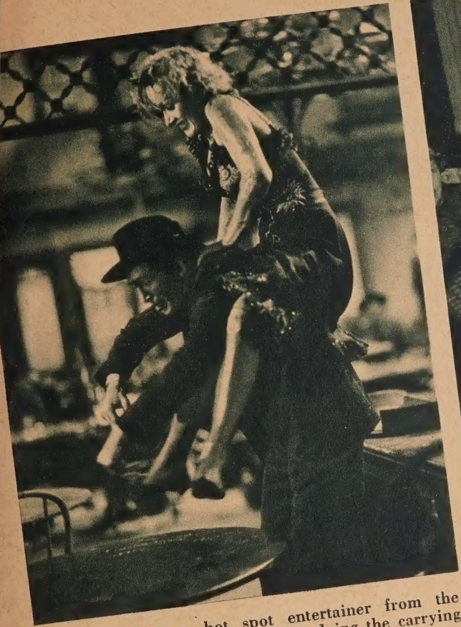
BLUE ANGEL GOES TOUGH

Believe it or not, it's Marlene Dietrich! This scene shows what happens when Marlene flourishes a pistol in Universal's *Destry Rides Again*

Bottle throwing comes into style when Marlene decides to bust up a barroom. This is her first western

Una Merkel is in the brawl, too. She sits astride Marlene, grabs her toes

How to cool off two angry women. Jimmy Stewart is doing the pouring at this tea party



How to remove a hot spot entertainer from the scene of action. Jimmy Stewart is doing the carrying

Marlene lashes out at Stewart with a lusty kick. Marlene's beautiful legs have been photographed many times but never before like this

Splash! Both girls are thoroughly doused and the brawl is over. *Destry* marks Marlene's departure from familiar glamor roles

Weary Marlene sits on the floor and thinks things over. One would hardly believe this bedraggled girl won this year's d'Orsay award for good grooming. (See page 30)

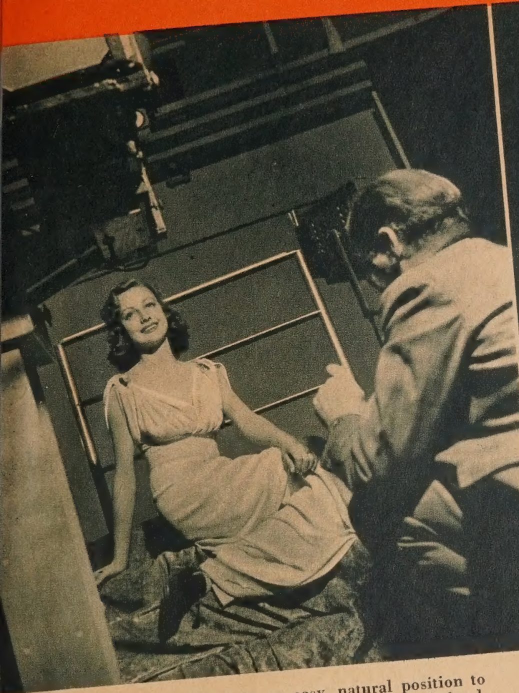
POSING FOR GLAMOR

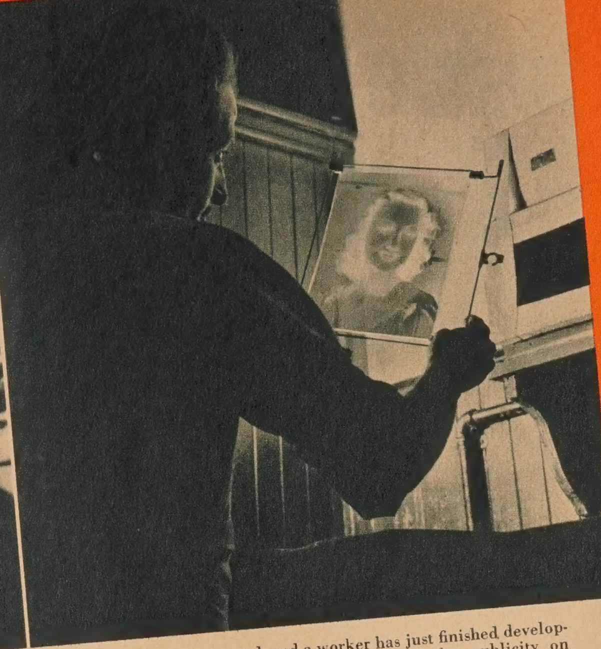
SCREEN BOOK'S editors, knowing that you like beautiful photos, felt that you would also like to know how they are made. Above, Virginia Grey, the subject, checks her make-up with the help of Clarence Bull, photographer

The portrait photographer watches details. Here, Clarence Bull straightens hairs which have risen because of the hot lights. If not patted back they'd pick up light and distract from the photo. Now Virginia is ready for posing (at right)

Below, the enlarging process. The image of the negative is being projected from the enlarger onto sensitized paper. Bull says Miss Grey is the typical girl, hence his methods can be adapted by the amateur

The enlargements are now washed to remove printing acids. Water pours in and out of this tank in a steady stream to keep the printing solution from staining the photos. Virginia, of course, has gone home hours ago



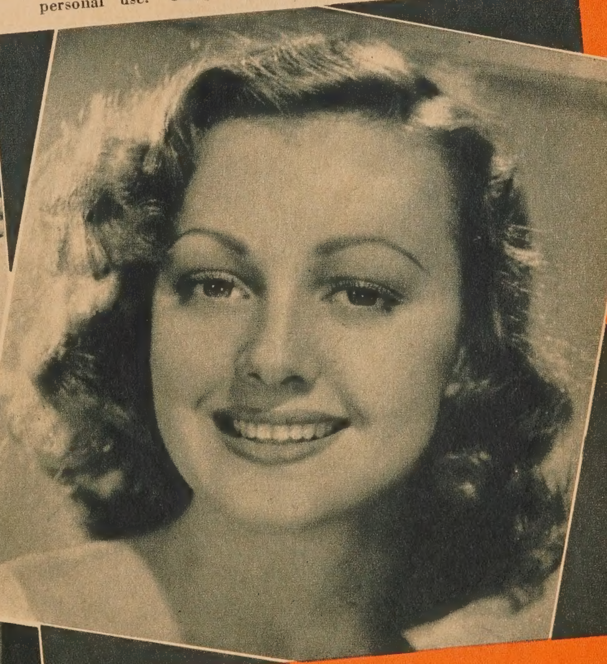


Bull has seated Miss Grey in an easy, natural position to avoid strain. Stiff positions place lines in neck and shoulders where they are not normally found. This is a head shot, so Virginia doesn't bother to change from sport shoes

Even a glamor girl needs a little retouching. The worker below is filling in marks made by dust particles during the developing and printing. Often the negative itself is retouched before being used for printing

The negative is exposed, and a worker has just finished developing it. This glamor photo is being made for publicity on M-G-M's *Thunder Afloat*. Normally one of the finished photos would be sent to SCREEN BOOK. (Next stage, far left)

Below, the finished job. Note the highlights, how deep shadows are washed out, how natural is the smile and position. Miss Grey kept some of these photos for her personal use. Others went to the publicity department



NELSON EDDY'S NEXT—— BALALAIKA

Nelson Eddy and Ilona Massey are shown above as they appear in their second picture together, *Balalaika.* The lovely star from Budapest made her debut in *Rosalie* with Eddy and then began a year and a half of grooming to perfect her English and acting before making her major debut in a co-starring role. Her training is similar to Eddy's who waited almost two years before he went into *Naughty Marietta* and then became a star overnight. Circle: Miss Massey in a comedy singing scene with a group of mustachioed gentlemen

Nelson Eddy is an interested listener while Charles Judels explains why Miss Massey doesn't like the Cossacks

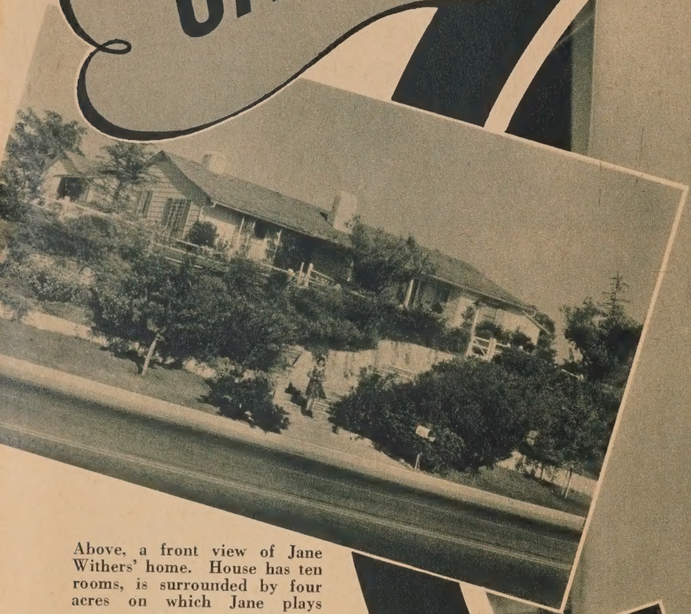
Subbing for Nelson Eddy, Charlie Ruggles does a bit of romantic yodeling while Ilona plays the balalaika

Balalaika is a story of Russia prior to and during the Revolution. Above: Miss Massey in one of the gayer scenes

Feodor Chaliapin, Jr., son of the famous Russian basso, Ilona Massey and Nelson Eddy brush up on *The Volga Boatmen*

AT HOME WITH JANE WITHERS

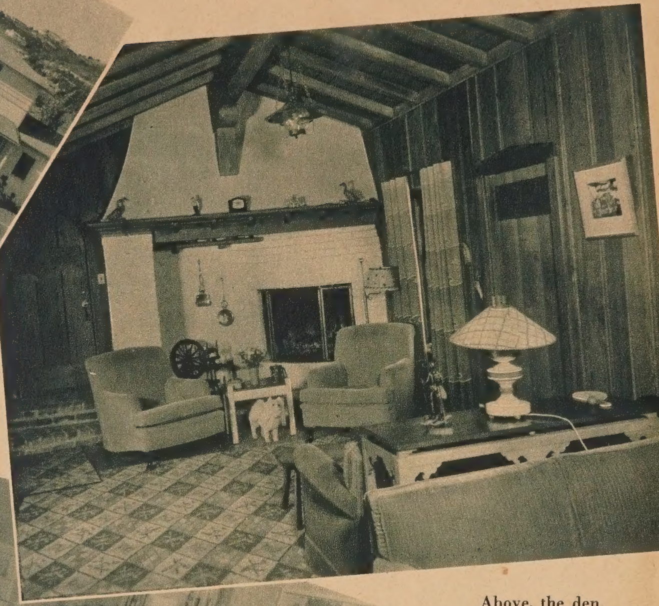
Below, an old fashioned wood gate, on which Jane loves to swing, marks the entrance to Jane Withers' Westwood home



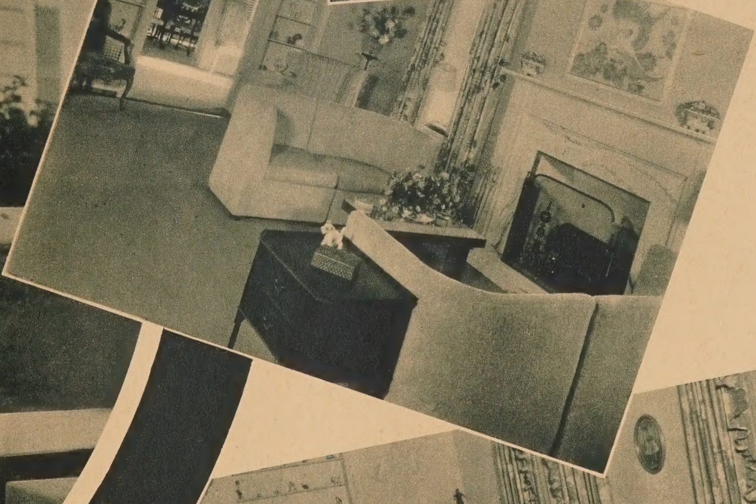
Above, a front view of Jane Withers' home. House has ten rooms, is surrounded by four acres on which Jane plays

Below, the dining room. Above the buffet hangs a modern version of an old Danish mirror

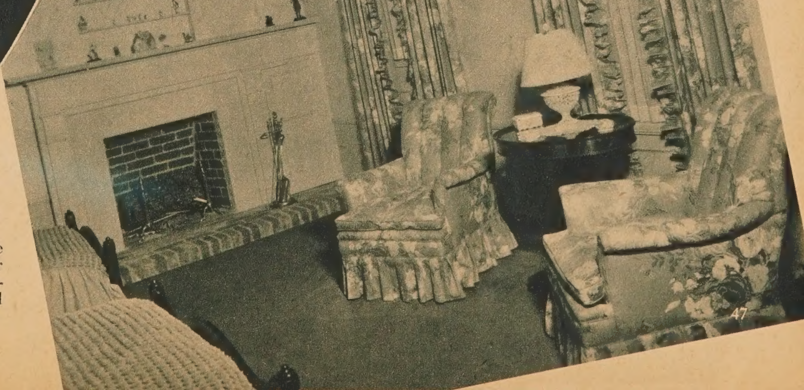
Jane Withers is shown at left in front of the swimming pool and play house on her beautiful Westwood estate. Jane, busy much of the time with movie work, has learned to swim and dive expertly in her own pool. The top floor of the recreation house is hers



Above, the den. The walls are stained pine. Jane is appearing in the 20th Century-Fox production, *High School*



At left, the living room of Jane's home. It is furnished with period and modern furniture, and is significant for its cool appearance



At right, the large master bedroom occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Withers

"SLUG" RATHBONE

One of the most fortunate of screen actors, Basil Rathbone receives a wide variety of roles because of his ability as a "character" actor. In his latest Universal picture, *Rio*, he appears as the escaped convict shown in the photo montage on this page. His makeup is hideous, his costume—rags. But in the same picture, he also appears as a suave gentleman. (See opposite page)

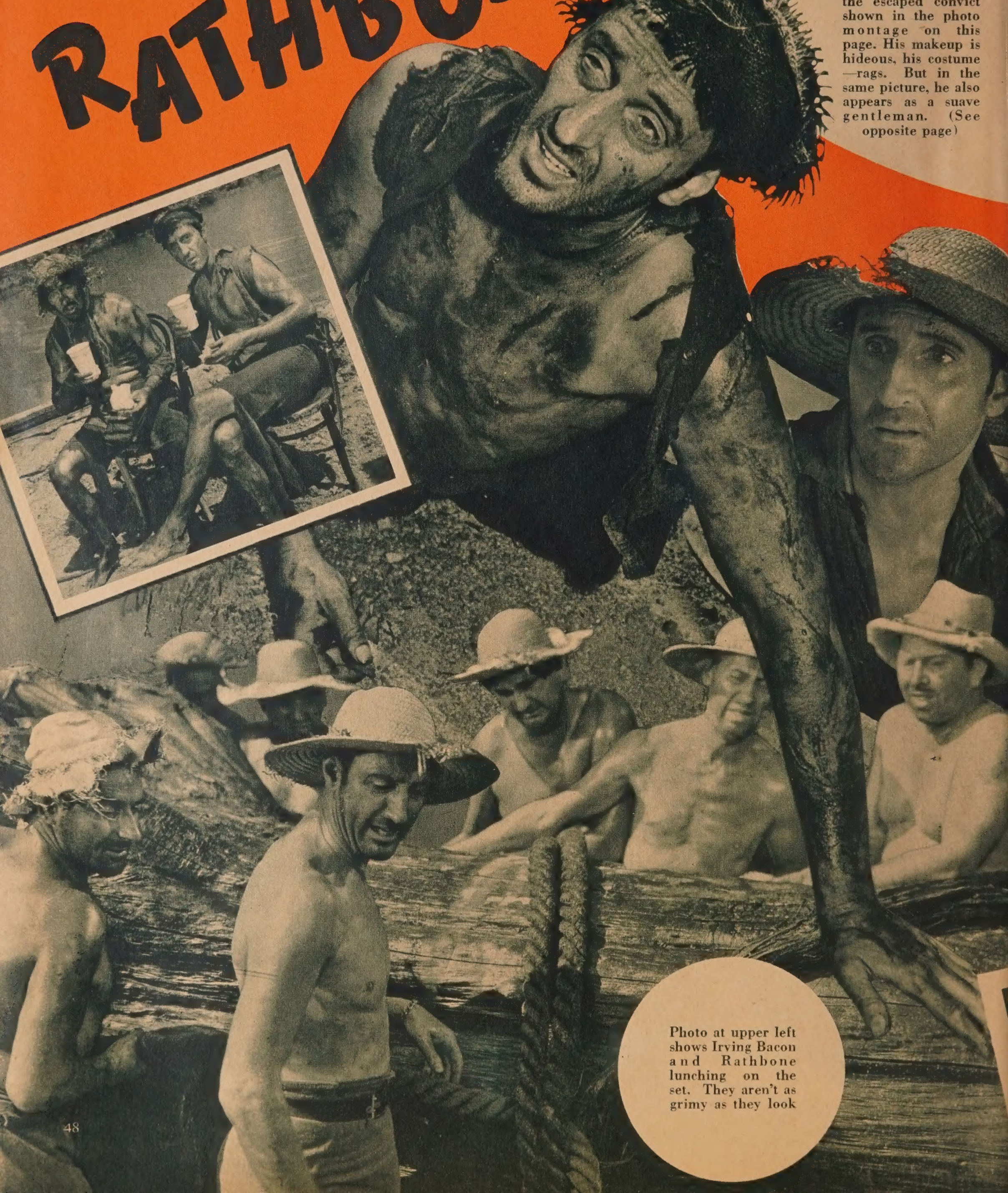


Photo at upper left shows Irving Bacon and Rathbone lunching on the set. They aren't as grimy as they look

Note how these pictures contrast with those on opposite page. Sigrid Gurie is the beautiful girl. Rathbone has played villains of almost every type, has been tagged "Base Basil" and "Beastly Basil." He doesn't mind—except when old ladies point to him and say, "There's that horrible man"

"GENTLEMAN" RATHBONE

Above and left, Rathbone, the heel; Rathbone, the lover; Rathbone, the gentleman; and King Rathbone. The King scene is from *Tower of London*

GARFIELD LOSES HIS ~~PANTS~~ CENSORED!

"Pants" is a word not used in society. Still and all, John Garfield *is* losing his—ahem!

In Warners' *Years Without Days,* John Garfield is a prisoner who is given ill-fitting clothes

Garfield talks it over with a prison guard. "Even a prisoner has a right to clothes that fit"

Here's how Garfield deals with a prison guard. But don't try this on your tailor if the new suit doesn't fit

Lady Esther says—

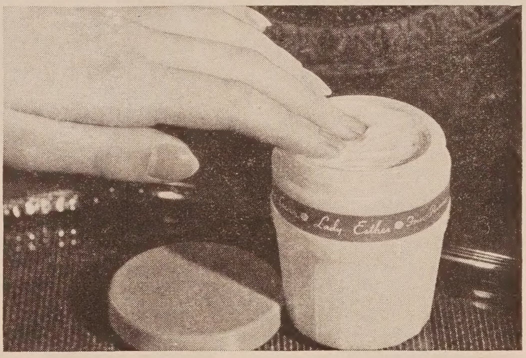
"Forsake all Heavy, Waxy Creams for 1 month and keep your Accent on Youth!"

Go ask youth—and a whole chorus will tell you to *stop using* heavy, "waxy" creams. In a blind test, young women under 25 voted overwhelmingly—over 2 to 1—for Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Why let heavy creams defeat your loveliness? Why chance looking *older than you really are?* Give up those heavy, "waxy" creams that demand pulling of delicate facial muscles—and turn, with youth, to my *more modern* cream!

Modern life with its fast tempo is a challenge to your face cream. Indeed it calls for a completely *different kind* of cream from the heavy types popular ten years ago. Modern girls realize this, and have adopted my 4-Purpose Face Cream.

A softly glamorous complexion points the way to tender glances ... to compliments and romance! Why deny yourself life's gayest moments? Why not look truly appealing? Give *your* skin "young skin care"—with my 4-Purpose Face Cream—and see each day bring fun ... more happiness. You can be so alluring when you're *sure* of charm!



Just one month will show you that Lady Esther Face Cream is a *modern* cream that keeps your Accent on *Youth.* It goes on lightly and easily, thoroughly removes imbedded dirt—leaves your skin feeling gloriously smooth and fresh. Won't you make the test I suggest below and see if Lady Esther Face Cream isn't the *one* and only cream for *you?*

See the difference . . . make this amazing "Cleansing Tissue Test" NOW!

TODAY, there is a very easy way to discover whether you are using the RIGHT face cream. You simply compare your present cream with Lady Esther Face Cream.

First, cleanse your complexion with your present cream. Remove it with cleansing tissue, *then look at it.* Then do the same with Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream. Now, wipe it off with fresh tissue and *look at that.*

Thousands of women have been amazed ... yes, *shocked then* and *there* ... to see dirt on their second tissue. For Lady Esther Cream removes pore-clogging dirt that many other creams FAIL TO GET OUT.

Renounce all heavy creams for *just a month.* You'll find Lady Esther Cream, unlike many old-fashioned creams, cleanses thoroughly without harsh pulling of delicate facial muscles and tissues. It cleans gently, lubricates the skin, and (lastly) prepares your skin for powder.

Prove this, *at my expense.* Mail me the coupon and I'll send you a 7-day tube of my Face Cream (with my 10 new powder shades). Start now to have a fresh, youthful-looking skin!

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (50)

LADY ESTHER,
7130 West 65th St., Chicago, Ill.

FREE Please send me your generous supply of Lady Esther Face Cream; also ten shades of Face Powder, FREE and postpaid.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ STATE__________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

DAY AT THE CIRCUS

Peerless Pauline

Horseplay rules the roost when the Marx Brothers go to the circus. Above, Harpo hides in a coat

Above, how to remove a lady's train. Groucho is doing the kicking; the victim is *Mrs. Dukesbury*

Plot of the story is the Marx' search for money. Above photo shows Groucho working on a likely prospect, *Pauline*, the upside-down walker

Left, the face on the ballroom wall. The strange creature behind *Mrs. Dukesbury* is a giraffe from —you guessed it—the circus

Want a rosy, thriving baby? *Study Martha!*

First Year: A GRAND START...ON CLAPP'S STRAINED FOODS

4 MONTHS

"Doctors speak so highly of them—that's the best reason for choosing Clapp's Foods," Martha Michener's mother says. "But it was nice, too, that Martha was just crazy about the flavors!

"You can see why Clapp's are so good—the Clapp people have 18 years' experience. They were the first to make baby foods, and they're the only big company that makes nothing else."

12 MONTHS

"Weighing day was great fun! Martha always made a splendid gain—one time she put on 4 pounds 3 ounces in 3 months! She was so active and sturdy, too, the picture of health. Plenty of vitamins and minerals in her Clapp's Strained Foods, all right.

"Her baby book shows that she started to feed herself the day she was a year old!"

Clapp's
BABY FOODS
STRAINED FOODS

17 VARIETIES

Every food approved by doctors. Pressure-cooked, smoothly strained but not too liquid—a real advance over the bottle. Clapp's—first to make baby foods—has had 18 years' experience in this field.

Soups—Vegetable Soup • Beef Broth • Liver Soup • Unstrained Baby Soup • Strained Beef with Vegetables

Vegetables—Tomatoes • Asparagus • Spinach • Peas • Beets • Carrots • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apricots • Prunes • Apple Sauce • Peaches and Pears

Cereal—Baby Cereal

Runabout Years: DOING BEAUTIFULLY...ON CLAPP'S CHOPPED FOODS

2 YEARS

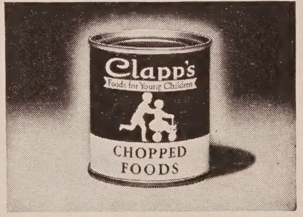
"Never any of this won't-eat business with Martha. Lots of babies get fussy as they grow older—don't take kindly to coarser foods. But Martha went on to her new Clapp's Chopped Foods without a bit of trouble.

"They have the nice flavors she was used to in her Strained Foods, of course, and they're so evenly cut, just the texture doctors advise for older babies."

3 YEARS

"Martha likes variety—she has 3 toy elephants of different colors—and she's the same way about food. Clapp's gives her a wide choice—she still gets 12 kinds of Chopped Foods, including the substantial Junior Dinners and that grand new Pineapple Rice Dessert.

"Yes, we're very proud of Martha's health record. If you want a baby to have the best, I'm sure it pays to insist on Clapp's!"



12 VARIETIES

More coarsely divided foods for children who have outgrown Strained Foods. Uniformly chopped and seasoned, according to the advice of child specialists. Made by the pioneer company in baby foods, the only one which specializes exclusively in foods for babies and young children.

Soup—Vegetable Soup

Junior Dinners—Beef with Vegetables • Lamb with Vegetables Liver with Vegetables

Vegetables—Carrots • Spinach Beets • Green Beans • Mixed Greens

Fruits—Apple Sauce • Prunes

Dessert—Pineapple Rice Dessert with Raisins

Free Booklets—Send for valuable information on the feeding of babies and young children. Write to Harold H. Clapp, Inc., 777 Mount Read Blvd., Rochester, N. Y.

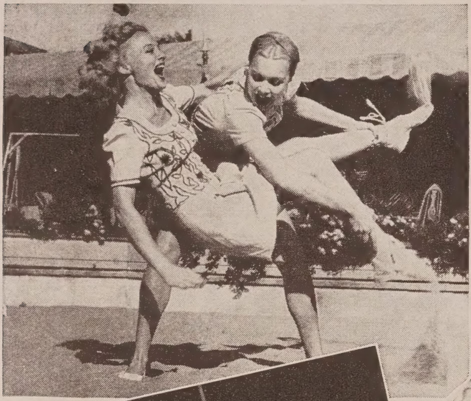
CLAPP'S BABY FOODS

STRAINED FOR BABIES....CHOPPED FOR YOUNG CHILDREN

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

Glamor Go Hang

Snapped while on vacation after completion of their latest picture, *Playing with Dynamite,* are Warner starlets, Jane Wyman and Sheila Bromley. Large photo shows Jane giving Sheila a "piggy-back" ride. Directly below: Jane decides to have some fun and starts swinging Sheila almost to the ground



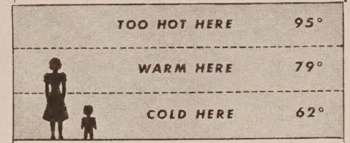
Sheila holds on to Jane for dear life (above) and takes a surprised Janey along with her

All's well, and it's Sheila's turn to pick up Jane. Throwing glamor to the winds, the gals really had a grand vacation

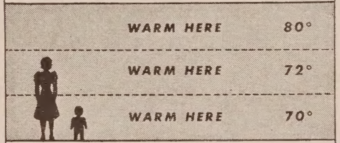
Duo-Therm's new "Power-Air" heater
KEEPS FLOORS WARM—by force!

OUR FLOORS ARE LIKE ICE! BUT YOURS ARE SO WARM!
YES—OUR NEW DUO-THERM BRINGS HEAT DOWN WHERE WE NEED IT!

KEEPS HEAT MOVING—GIVES EVEN, TOP-TO-BOTTOM COMFORT—
COMPARE THESE RESULTS:



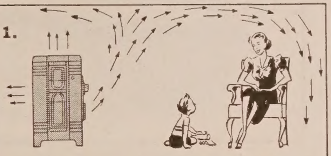
Ordinary heaters send heat up—where it "loafs" on your ceiling. Result: your floors are drafty, chilly. Your ceilings are hot—*note the chart and temperature difference!* (Tests made in a standard home.)



Duo-Therm's new Power-Air forces ceiling-heat to "move on"—forces it down—puts it to work on your floors! *Note these actual test figures!* Duo-Therm's powerful *blower* gives you the same *positive forced heat* as a modern basement furnace!

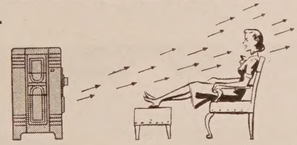
Enjoy warmer winters—with a Duo-Therm!

1.



Plenty of heat in winter! Your Duo-Therm *Power-Air** will drive heat to every corner! You get uniform, "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—and *extra* heat for every room!

2.



A cooling breeze in summer! When it's hot and sticky, plug in your *Power-Air* and let a brisk, refreshing breeze help keep you cool!

EVEN if this should be one of those bitter, old-time winters—you'll be warm and comfortable with the clean, cheap, silent heat this new fuel-oil Duo-Therm gives!

It gives you *more* heat from every drop of oil—because of its patented Bias-Baffle Burner! It gives *regulated* heat—at the turn of a handy dial. It gives a flood of *extra* heat when you open the radiant door!

And in addition—it gives you what *no other heater* can give you: *POWER-AIR!*

Greater heating comfort than ever before! Duo-Therm's amazing new *Power-Air* drives heat all through your house—circulates heat faster, better, to every corner of every room! It brings lazy ceiling heat down where you need it—gives uniform "floor-to-ceiling" comfort—saves at least 5% in fuel costs! And it does *more* . . . .

Gives you cooler summers, too! In hot weather—your *Power-Air* will pour out a cooling 27-mile-an-hour breeze! You can direct it anywhere—up, down, right or left! You can use *Power-Air* to dry wet shoes, clothing, laundry—winter or summer. Women can dry their hair.

And *Power-Air* costs little to run! It takes no more current than a 60-watt lamp.

A Duo-Therm costs no more! A Duo-Therm, even with *Power-Air*, costs you no more than ordinary heaters! See the beautiful new models at your dealer's—today. They come in the handsome Golden Fleck enamel finish—they heat 1 to 6 rooms—they're sold on easy payments. Or mail the coupon—now!

*Patent applied for

New "Year-Round"
DUO-THERM
Fuel Oil Circulating Heaters

TEAR OUT AND MAIL—TODAY!

DUO-THERM DIVISION,
Dept. S-912, Motor Wheel Corporation, Lansing, Michigan
Tell me about this new Duo-Therm heater!

*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*__________ *County*__________
*State*____________________

WANTED!

WANTED—

Edward Everett Horton, alias *Edward Everett* and *Everett Horton.* This man is wanted for scene stealing, extortion of laughs from everyone who has ever seen him on the screen, and questioning regarding the death of 98 year old Timothy Glupp of Cranberry Corner, Minnesconsin, who passed away from a severe attack of laughter after seeing Horton on the screen. Horton is dangerous, and should not be taken after heavy meals.

* * *

DESCRIPTION—

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Studied at Columbia University, intending to become a lawyer. Became interested in dramatics, appearing in a number of college plays. After leaving school got a job with a small stock company and stepped from that into pictures. Has a nervous appearance, likes dogs, collects antiques. Owns a summer place at Lake George, New York, where he spends an occasional vacation fishing. Is six feet tall, has gray-blue eyes and brown hair.

* * *

This really isn't Eddie Horton's fingerprint. It belongs to a stranger who was passing through the office when SCREEN BOOK's editors got this crazy idea

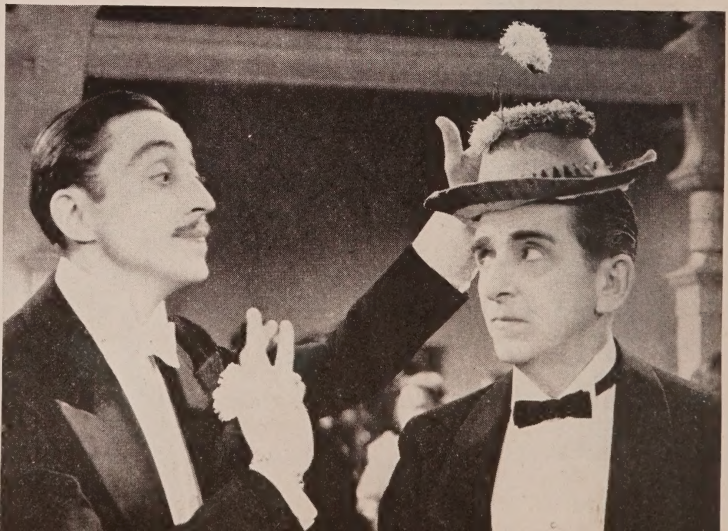
RECORD—

Horton first appeared in *Too Much Business* and subsequently appeared in more than a score of silent pictures. His first talking assignment was in *The Terror,* the second talking picture ever made. He has appeared in more than 30 talking successes among which are *Top Hat, The Gay Divorcee, $10 Raise, Holiday, Reaching for the Moon, Front Page, A Bedtime Story, The Way to Love, Alice in Wonderland, The Merry Widow.* Has appeared in dozens of other films.

When he played in *Holiday* with Katharine Hepburn several years ago, it was his 76th screen assignment. His stage engagements are just as numerous. Almost every studio has used him, and he has appeared with almost every star in Hollywood.

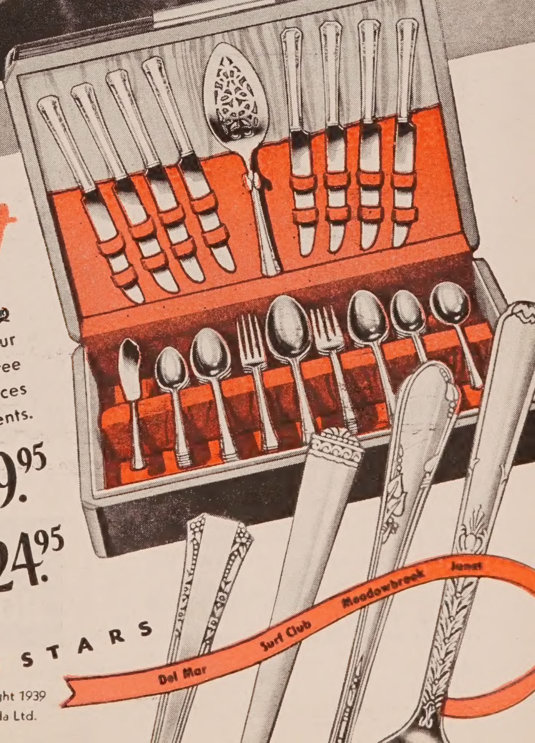
LAST SEEN IN—

Horton's last film was Universal's *Little Tough Guys in Society.* (Scene at right)



1881
ROGERS
by Oneida Ltd. Silversmiths
PRESENTS . . .

THE TABLE OF GLAMOROUS
JOAN BENNETT
Starring in "Housekeeper's Daughter"
A Hal Roach Production



The Glamour Chest

You needn't be a Hollywood Star to have a service of 1881 ® ROGERS ® silverware for your own! Not when the Glamour Chest waits at your silverware dealer's right now! See the stunning designs . . . the Free Tarnish-Proof Chest . . . the completeness of these budget-priced services for eight! And—your dealer will gladly arrange planned payments.

40 PIECE SERVICE for EIGHT—Tarnish-Proof Wood Chest contains 8 Teaspoons, 8 Salad Forks, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Dessert Spoons. Chest is FREE with set. $19.95

• • •

52 PIECE SERVICE for EIGHT—FREE Tarnish-Proof Chest contains 16 Teaspoons, 8 Dessert Spoons, 8 Hollow Handle Knives, 8 Forks, 8 Salad Forks, 1 Butter Knife, 2 Serving Spoons, 1 Sugar Spoon, and, as OUR GIFT, a Pierced Pastry Server ($2.50 value) FREE. $24.95

THE ★ SERVICE ★ OF ★ THE ★ STARS

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EXCLUSIVE STORIES

SCREEN BOOK BRINGS YOU TWO MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE. LISTED HERE YOU WILL FIND THE CONTENTS OF THE STORY MAGAZINE.

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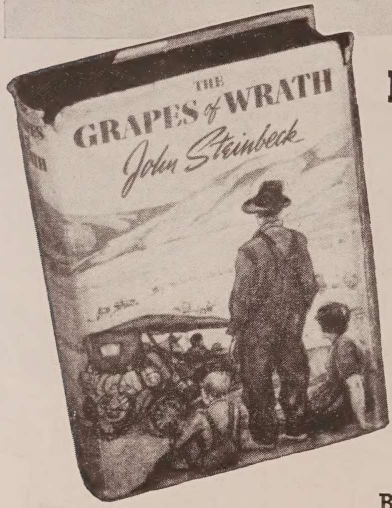
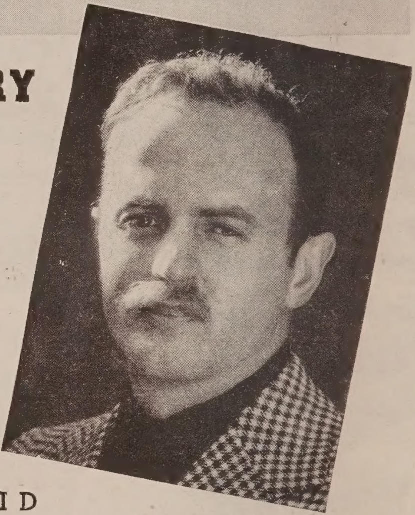


INSIDE STORY of "THE GRAPES of WRATH"

By JAMES REID



Darryl Zanuck, producer

THE GRAPES OF WRATH is more than a book. It is a bombshell. It first exploded last April, blasting Americans right out of their armchairs. It is still exploding, with repercussions of violent argument. The movies usually don't like to handle explosives. Why are they touching *The Grapes of Wrath*?

When Darryl Zanuck bought the movie rights and paid $70,000 for them, Hollywood thought he was crazy. How could he ever put the story on film? Dynamite and celluloid don't go together.

Cynical outsiders didn't think Zanuck was crazy. They thought he was simply a minion of Wall street, obeying orders. They said Wall street had written a blank check and told him, "Get the movie rights to that story at any cost—and kill it. Make sure that nobody will ever put it on the screen."

With a derisive snort, Zanuck took cognizance of both sets of rumors. He said, in effect, that he was nobody's fool—and nobody's tool. He was a movie producer, trying to give his customers what they wanted. He believed they wanted *The Grapes of Wrath*. So, by Gad, he was going to give it to them.

Everybody sat back to see what would happen. There were plenty who thought that nothing would happen—that Zanuck's announced intentions would die on the vine.

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

He fooled the skeptics to the extent of assigning high-powered, high-priced Nunnally Johnson to write the script. He hired a big investigating agency to check every factual statement made in the book. He put the research department to work, digging up background material. He hired blunt, forceful John Ford to direct the picture. He started lining up a cast—and he went off the 20th Century-Fox lot to get some of his players.

But the skeptics were determined not to be fooled altogether. If Zanuck wasn't killing *The Grapes of Wrath*, they said, it was because he was changing it in picture form, prettifying it, taking all the sting out of it, covering up the human suffering that had impelled John Steinbeck to write his novel.

They said that the picture would, at the most, concern itself only with the first part of the book—the less explosive part. They said that the picture would show only the *Joads'* forced exile from their dust-smothered Oklahoma farm and their desperate trek West, and would close with their arrival in California in a blaze of sunshine, bright-eyed about the future.

The picture went into production on Oct. 2. Despite all the rumors that it would never be made, you will see it sometime during January. And, also contrary to rumor, you will see a picture with the same story and in the same mood as Steinbeck's book. Don't take our word for that. Take the word of Nunnally Johnson who should know. Not only did he put the screen play on paper, but he is also putting it on film. He is associate producer of the picture.

A tall, lean Southerner, sharp-witted and outspoken, Johnson disposes of all the rumors with a few pungent words.

For example, that rumor that the picture is in danger of being shelved even now. With biting logic he says, "If you buy a story for $70,000 in order to kill it, you kill it. You don't put out $200,000 more for a funeral."

Then there are those continuing rumors about how the story is going to be changed. Johnson says sardonically, "I don't know what the skeptics are expecting. Apparently something like *It Happened One Night*—with everybody traveling in a Greyhound bus." He shakes his head, appalled by the impressions that get around Hollywood.

"No one told me, 'Let caution be your guide.' Zanuck said emphatically, 'Get as much of the book in the script as you can.' I knew we would have only nine or ten thousand feet of film to play with. I didn't dream how much I could get in. Only one important sequence had to be left out—the sequence in the box-car and the flood. The order of some of the other sequences is altered. Their content isn't.

"Before production could start, Steinbeck had to okay the script. He not only okayed it. He was enthusiastic about it."

The Grapes of Wrath is a story of The Dispossessed, a story of a whole race of Americans forced off their own land and unable to find another home. "It tells the truth, which needs to be told," one faction claims. "It exaggerates. Things aren't like that," another faction argues. Buying the story for the movies, Zanuck has been called everything from a crusader to a Communist. Johnson says, "Let's get the record straight. What Zanuck is, is a movie producer.

Two Magazines in One!
Enjoy SCREEN BOOK's
Picture Section—
Then Read the Exclusive Stories

"There was just one reason why he bought *The Grapes of Wrath*. He saw in it possibilities for a good picture. It was one of the most dramatic stories he had ever read—with characters that were vital human beings, honest and real. It was a story of a great exodus as seen through the eyes of one family. Since time immemorial, stories of great exoduses have been big. They can't help being big, telling what happens to a whole people picked up from their own land, set down in another. The classic example is in the Bible—the story of the people of Israel going from Egypt into the land of Canaan.

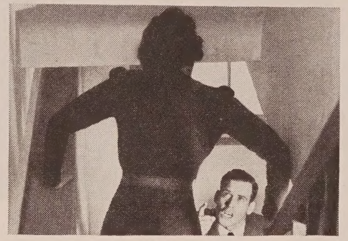
"Of course," he adds, pointedly, "the fact that *The Grapes of Wrath* is a best-seller doesn't hurt it in Zanuck's eyes. Only he read it before it was a best-seller. He was so sure of its possibilities as a picture that he didn't wait to see what kind of bid somebody else might throw in, so that he could raise it a thousand. He offered $70,000 straight out. In case you aren't up on your figures, that's a lot of money to pay for any novel.

"He read the story first in a reader's report—a detailed synopsis, thirty-six pages

[*Continued on page* 68]

"You ought to hate yourself for spanking that child!"

Peggy shows Bill the modern way to bring up their child



1. BILL: You keep out of this, Peggy . . . I've got to make this boy listen to reason!

PEGGY: You're certainly going about it in a funny way.

2. BILL: Don't you worry—he'll take that stuff if I have to hold his nose to do it.

PEGGY: That's going from bad to worse. Don't you know that using force on a child can shock his entire nervous system?

3. BILL: Who said so?

PEGGY: The doctor! Where do you think I've been all morning! I told him about our struggles in getting Junior to take a laxative. The doctor absolutely "put his foot down" on force.

4. PEGGY: Then I asked him about giving Junior some of the laxative you take, and again he said NO. He said an adult's laxative can be too strong for a tot. So he recommended a modern laxative made especially for children.

5. BILL: Is there such a thing?

PEGGY: Certainly! Fletcher's Castoria. There isn't a harmful ingredient in it. It's mild, yet surprisingly thorough. It won't form a habit or cause any griping cramps. And it's *SAFE!*

6. BILL: He certainly takes it easy enough.

PEGGY: I'll say he does! Even the taste of Fletcher's Castoria is made especially for children. They love it. I don't see how any home can get along without it!

Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The modern — SAFE — laxative made especially for children

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

FLOSSIE MAKES 'EM FAMOUS

By GERTRUDE CORFY

Flossie Freedman, dramatic coach

"I COULD teach a movie newcomer to act in three months!" Flossie Freedman, maker of stars, confided to me over the luncheon table, and this I knew was no idle chatter. Miss Freedman's fame as an extraordinary teacher with powers of a feminine Svengali has been confidential teacup talk in the film capitals for years. Miss Freedman until now has preferred to watch her pupils rocket to fame from behind the scenes. But now for the first time it can be revealed that:

Annabella might never have seen her name in lights were it not for Flossie Freedman.

Elisabeth Bergner might never have been an English-speaking star were it not for Flossie Freedman.

Francis Lederer might never have had the opportunity to endear himself to the American public, Peter Lorre might never have had a chance to win fame, Dolly Haas, continental film star, might never have been signed by Warner Brothers were it not for Flossie Freedman.

And Sabu, the "Elephant Boy," might have been just another face on the cutting room floor, were it not for this remarkable woman.

She is a shy, unassuming, attractive little Britisher. She crossed the ocean to the United States recently on her first holiday spree in many years of slavish attachment to her rare job. Gaumont-British and other London producers reluctantly gave her a short leave of absence. She didn't stay long in New York before the temptation to see the glittering capital of filmdom—Hollywood—downed her.

Before she went west, I remember seeing her stroll by the sidewalk cafe of the Essex House in New York. Suddenly, to her amazement and the amusement and envy of a bevy of debutantes, she heard cries of, "Flossie, Flossie!" She turned in the direction of the voice. There was her former pupil, Francis Lederer, far from his usual poised, assured self, stumbling toward her. When the handsome actor reached her, he managed to resume his dignity and with much clicking of the heels, bent over to kiss her hand. Although he had not seen her for a number of years, he could not forget what a tremendously vital factor she was to him at the start of his career.

The story of Lederer's start toward fame began with a telephone call.

"Are you there?" asked a voice.

"Who's calling, please?" said Miss Freedman.

"This is Edward Lorillard speaking. (Of the well-known British producing firm of Grossmith and Lorillard). "Francis Lederer is expected here from Berlin tomorrow to start rehearsals in our new show *My Sister and I.* He will need coaching, direction and work in speech. We have already discussed the matter with two Oxford and Cambridge professors and wondered. . . ."

"Indeed! Why bother calling me then?" A slightly acid note could be detected in Miss Freedman's voice.

"Because we've promised to leave the final selection up to Mr. Lederer. Would you mind coming down to the theatre tomorrow morning at nine o'clock to meet him?"

Yes, you've guessed it. Those collegiate gentlemen just didn't stand a chance with Flossie in the running. The job was hers. The responsibility for Francis Lederer's success or failure as an English-speaking actor was shifted to the competent shoulders of the maker of stars.

Her work with him did not end with rehearsals. Whenever they were not needed at the theatre, they could be found at Miss Freedman's studio, where Lederer underwent interminable drilling to reduce his Czech accent. It wasn't until he came across words with "wor" in it, like *world, word,* etc., that he felt he had struck an impasse. He had mastered the English "w" sound, which in German and the Slavic languages is pronounced "v," but he just wasn't able to swing the three letters together. Even that proved to be not so unsurmountable an obstacle as he thought and we, today, would never dream that his charming, easy manner of speech was something for which he had to struggle mightily under the teaching whip of Miss Freedman.

During rehearsals of *My Sister and I,* Lorillard and Grossmith, the producers, used to sit together off in a little darkened

Pupil Lederer. He couldn't say "world"

Pupil Annabella. She'll always be French

Pupil Bergner. Flossie stared at her

corner of the theatre, consoling each other. They were sure that Francis Lederer would be a flop. But they reckoned without Flossie. Although the play itself was not a success, Lederer scored a tremendous personal hit, and Miss Freedman subsequently worked with him on *Autumn Crocus*, in which, incidentally, he later made his American debut, and Ben Jonson's *Volponi*.

Since Lederer was rehearsing *Volponi* in the afternoon and his evenings were also well occupied, the two, Flossie and Francis, used to start on *Autumn Crocus* around one o'clock in the morning. About five, they would have eggs, buns and coffee at Lyon's Cafe, one of those all-night London beaneries.

"Now, use your full voice when you speak the next line—good and loud," Coach Flossie said at one such breakfast.

"I shall complain to the management," bellowed Lederer, using his full voice.

The poor little cockney waitress, completely taken by surprise, came running over to their table.

"'Ow now, sir! Whut 'ave I done!"

When the explanation came forth that the foregoing was just a line from a play, she seemed somewhat appeased, but as she left the table her eyes were still puzzled. What queer people these actors were!

It was purely by chance that this star-maker found her way into the theatre. True, she had always evinced an interest in histrionics—to the extent of attending the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London, but the financial uncertainty of acting led her to the more sober paths of pedagogy. She taught elocution. Among her little students was the small daughter of a well-known producer, who at the time was in the throes of production at the Daly Theatre. He had imported an Hungarian actress for his new show and had hired one coach after another to teach her acting and speech in the British manner. All to no avail. She couldn't be understood. In desperation the producer turned to his wife, who suggested he give Flossie Freedman a week's trial. The advice proved excellent, the play opened and settled down to a long run. By some miraculous means, Miss Freedman had done in seven days what her high-priced colleagues had failed to accomplish in 21 days. Of course, after this feat, Miss Freedman's reputation flew by word of mouth around theatre and cinema circles.

Shortly after Francis Lederer left for America, the ring of the telephone interrupted a busy afternoon of packing in the studio. Flossie cursed mildly but went to pick up the receiver.

"Zis iss Mees Be-e-ergner. Mees Freedmann? Meester Lederer hass told me about you und I vould like vit you to study. I can come zees afternoon, no?"

"Is this Elisabeth Bergner?" Flossie had heard of her but had never seen her. "Well, I'm very sorry but I'm right in the midst of some open trunks and the furniture is quite upset. I won't be able to receive you this afternoon."

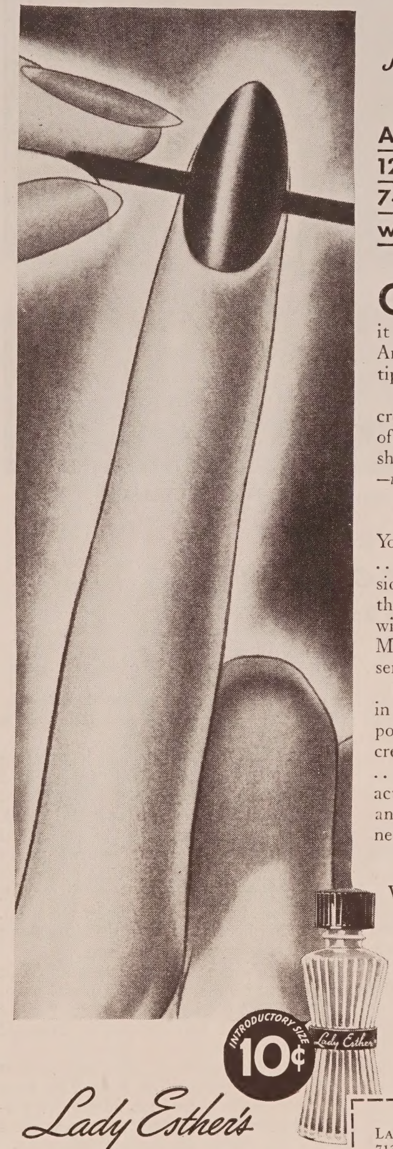
"Iss your evening free?"

"No, I've a dinner engagement."

The date was finally set for Miss Bergner's apartment on the following day. That evening Flossie Freedman was sitting with a friend at a table in a little Hungarian restaurant when she noticed a woman at another table. Rudely, Flossie stared, turning only once to her dinner partner to apologize for not conversing with her. The attractive object of her attention began to squirm. It was only when the party at the other table arose to leave that Flossie became her normal self.

"That girl is an artist," she said. "I

[*Continued on page* 69]



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says Lady Esther

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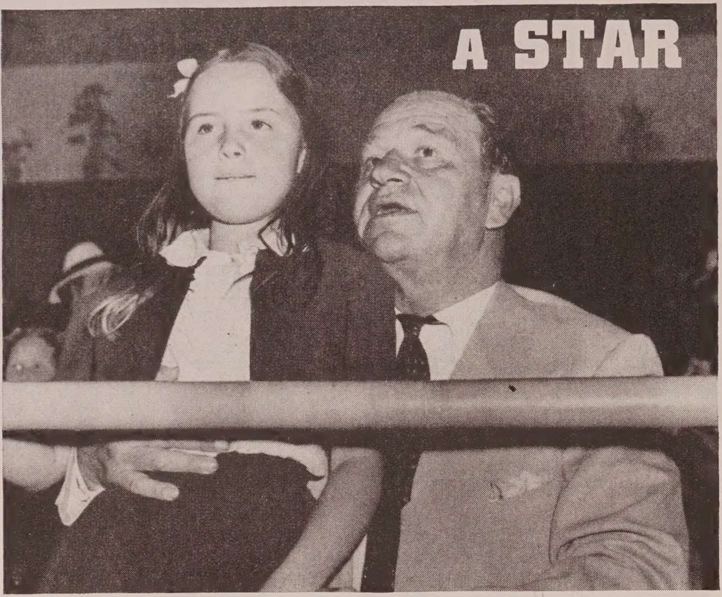
MY DAUGHTER WILL BE A STAR



Wallace Beery is pictured above with his daughter, Carol Ann

By
WALLACE BEERY
as Told To
MAY MANN

FOLKS have been wondering out loud about my taking Carol Ann to night clubs and buying her fur coats and showering her with luxuries. Some have remarked in my hearing that nine-year-old children should be home in bed instead of at Earl Carroll's or the Trocadero. Others hint that I'm spoiling her. I'm wondering what they'll say when they hear that I'm going to make her a movie star!

Well, I haven't taken time until now to announce my plans for Carol Ann and my motive for taking her out in public with me. The reason is that Carol Ann and I have been too busy making the most of her summer vacation. We've been to New York, Washington, D. C., and Yellowstone this year in my plane. But now that we've settled down to school routine again, I want folks to know that I'm not making any mistakes by Carol Ann.

In the first place, I've always taken Carol Ann out with me. I never go any place she can't go too. As for night clubs, well, we've been to a few, early in the evening for dinner to celebrate some special occasion. But if it's all right for child stars in Hollywood to wear fur coats and dine out with their parents occasionally, it's all right for Carol Ann. She's going to be working in pictures right away, too. I think she'll be as famous as any of them. In fact I'm going to see to it that she's a star—and a big one.

Now straight off I can hear some parents saying I shouldn't do it. So I want to make it clear that I love Carol Ann more than anyone else in the world. I want her to have a happy, successful life. You know, my responsibility to Carol Ann is more than that of an average father. For she is not of my own flesh and blood, but my daughter by adoption. So giving her the right start is just about the most important job I have.

I realize that I'll be accountable in carving a movie career for Carol Ann. But if I did not believe that it is for her ultimate good and happiness, I would not take such a step.

No one knows Hollywood and motion picture life better than I do. I've been in pictures for more than 30 years, probably longer than most people in pictures today. I've seen girls and boys made happy and successful in movie work and I've seen them beaten by their own folly into failure and bitterness.

But any honest person with talent and the will to succeed will get ahead. It's those who let "glamor" go to their heads and forget the fundamental principles of sane and happy living that usually end up heart-broken and disillusioned. The play boys and girls don't last long and I've seen a little fame and popularity make snobs out of some. Then I've seen the matinee idols and glamor queens break under the strain of trying to keep on top, keep their names up in those big electric lights.

But Carol Ann is intelligent. Fame and money are not strangers to her. I've told her that fame is no more than being the kind of person people like. And you've got to have good qualities to have folks like you. And you can do a lot of good with money. I've been preparing Carol Ann right along so she'll be able to avoid the pitfalls and select the right course.

To be truthful, if it were not for Carol Ann and my ability to help her I would quit pictures today. I've made my money in Hollywood. I've got more now than I'll ever use. And I'll leave it all to Carol Ann. So earning movie money is not my main objective for her.

You see I've been around the world a lot. I've hobnobbed with all classes of people. And I've found that working people are often much happier than the idle rich. I've met lots of debutantes who've been bored simply because they didn't have anything to work at.

I don't ever want to see that sparkle of happiness go out of Carol Ann's brown eyes. I want her to stay interested and active, and she will when she has work to occupy her mind, fill her time. Work is stimulating, no matter what kind it is. And I've done everything from cleaning locomotive engines to working on section gangs.

The most important thing is, however, that Carol Ann herself wants to work in pictures. I've always believed that you should raise children so they stand on their own feet and think for themselves. So I've been waiting all these years for Carol Ann to say what she wanted out of life.

This summer she came to me and said, "Daddy I want to be in pictures again."

I said, "Are you sure?" And she said, "I've watched the kids who work at the studios and they have lots of fun. And besides, with you being father, everyone expects me to."

Then I realized fully just how much satisfaction and lasting happiness movies have given me. It's not only the joy of accomplishment and entertaining folks, but my life has been rounded out by thousands of friendships of people half way around the globe who know me through seeing me on the screen.

I haven't the least fear for Carol Ann's future. She's a natural born actress. She could have been in pictures all of these years, except I wanted her to get a good foundation in public school. When she was three and a half she made *China Seas*

INSIDE HOLLYWOOD

with me and Jean Harlow. The studio said then, "Wally, want a contract for Carol Ann? She'll be swell." But I said, "Nope, guess we'd better wait a few years and then ask her."

Movies are all right for children. Those that are in them consider themselves downright lucky. Folks who haven't been around studios say that movie children don't enjoy normal lives. But the fact is, they have the very best of everything. The law only lets 'em work six hours a day. Half of that time they're sitting on the sidelines while scenery is being changed and they play with games and read books and play with other kids.

They can bring their own playmates and they always have their stand-ins, who are the same age, for company. All you have to do is ask any kid playing in pictures if he's happy, and you always get the same reply. They are.

Now, I've always had Carol Ann go to public school, but when she goes into pictures she'll have a special teacher in the studio school. And believe me, these movie kids can outfigure a lot of us adults. They have to pass regular state school examinations.

I've been more or less coaching Carol Ann for acting right along. She became my daughter when she was nine months old. She was a relative on Mrs. Beery's side of the family. She was a brown-eyed little chubby mite and we took to each other right off. To celebrate her adoption I took her to Europe. Why, I had her nursing bottle and spare diapers loading down my pockets, while I carried her about showing her the sights all over the continent. She's as well-known over there as I am. When she was big enough to write her name she began signing autographs right along with me. Carol Ann's got her public ready-made.

I have a couple of thousand pictures of Carol Ann, taken right along through the years. The walls of my den are covered with them. They show her registering every expression there is. She's a natural born actress, can turn tears on or off and can readily visualize a scene.

She hasn't had any fancy drama coaches, but we've been rehearsing fairy book tales and scenes from my pictures for years. I read stories and Carol Ann acts them out. We go to movies and often Carol Ann and I act out the whole picture when we get home.

I'm not going to start her on top. She'll begin in featured roles. In a couple of years she ought to be pretty well on her way. When she's close to 17 or 18 I expect to be playing in her pictures. If she isn't a full fledged star on her own by then, I'll be a mighty disappointed man. I know how to help her. You know, I've produced, directed and made pictures years ago. In fact Gloria Swanson was only a little extra girl when we met and I got her started to stardom.

I'll see that Carol Ann gets a good contract and saves her money. I'm her guardian. I'm creating an estate for her. I started her out with about fifteen thousand and it'll build up so that by the time she is of age, she'll have close to a quarter of a million in her own name outside of any money that she may earn.

I've taken her to lots of parties in Beverly Hills. If they were night parties, we'd leave early to make her bedtime at nine o'clock. If you go to the Brown Derby, you'll see her hand print on the wall, put there when we had lunch on her fourth birthday. You see, I've always wanted Carol Ann to take Hollywood for granted, so that when she grew up, it could never take her.

Our first visit to a night club was this summer. We'd had to work every night

[*Continued on page* 82]

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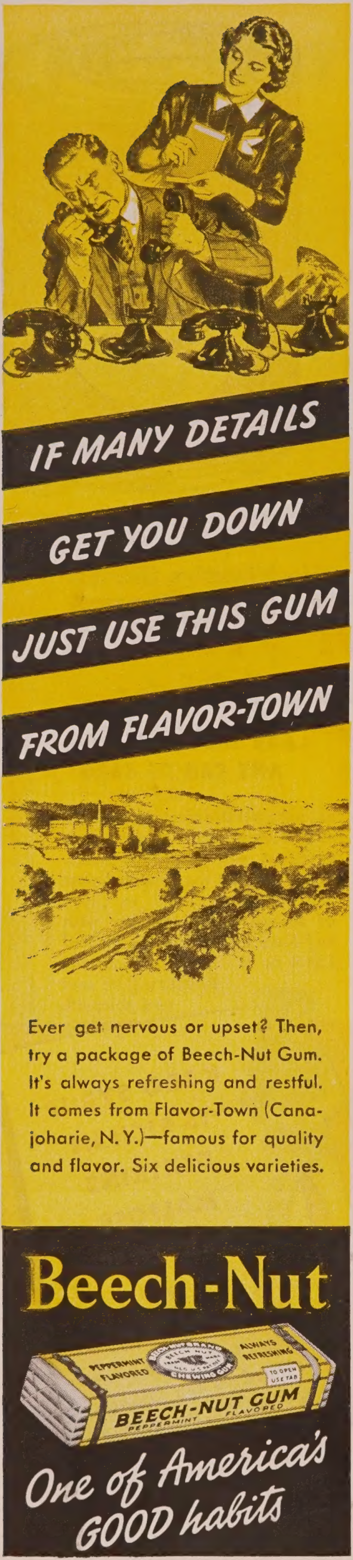

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One of America's GOOD habits

"CHIPS" GARSON

By KAY PROCTOR

USUALLY the fans themselves make a movie star out of a movie actor by the old Roman custom of Thumbs Up or Thumbs Down at the box-office.

Once in a while a producer with a one-track mind accomplishes the glorification by ramming a star-tagged player down the public's throat so doggedly that the public gets tired and says—oh, all right, have it your way!

In Greer Garson's case it was neither. It was the direct result of a mistake on the part of a studio projectionist and a woman unable to make up her mind.

But for those two lucky breaks, M-G-M's newest and brightest personality might have gone down in movie history as the Irish floppola who had the audacity to bear the same initials as the Swedish triple-threat. And how much we would have missed, we know now after having seen her unforgettably moving and tender *Mrs. Chips* in *Goodby, Mr. Chips*.

In its usual astygmatic way, Hollywood dates Greer from *Chips*. Or perhaps it just conveniently overlooks the incredible chain of events that happened in the years B. C. (Before Chips).

The first interesting thing about Greer is her name and her appearance. The double G combination was not a sly steal on Garbo; it was the name she was given by her parents at birth in County Down in north Ireland. Greer was her mother's maiden name and is a corruption of the Scottish MacGregor. Her father was George Garson who died when she was less than a year old.

Greer should be filmed in Technicolor to do her justice. Black and white gives no hint of the burnished copper tones of her mass of fine and fluffy hair; of the whiteness of her skin which betrays a natural redhead; or of the opal depths of her eyes which she insists are "press agent green." Judged by conventional standards she is not a beautiful girl but there is an arresting quality of aliveness about her face which makes classical perfection seem dull stuff. She is fashionably slim but not thin, the essence of unstudied grace (I'm so weary of these gals who have figured out and practiced every move in advance), and irrepressibly gay. And she is not, thank Heavens, a stylized glamor girl.

"I leave the glamor around here up to Coco," she said.

Coco is her smoky black French poodle who is a little embarrassed these days with the long "glamor" eyelashes Greer fashioned for him from the long hair around his eyes.

The next interesting thing about Greer is that *Goodby, Mr. Chips* was the first moving picture she ever made. She was winning fresh critical kudos on the London stage when Louis B. Mayer, Metro's big stick, saw her and with understandable enthu-

GLAMOR

siasm signed her to a Hollywood contract.

The third interesting thing is how uncomfortably close she came to never making even that one.

She arrived in Hollywood with an English maid, 32 trunks and her mother, Nina (who is a honey in the mother division) late in 1937 and rented a white furnished house which required only two servants. She made a routine test at Metro for a picture which subsequently never was made because of story trouble. Then she sat and sat and sat as weeks rolled into months.

Keyed for work as she was, the enforced idleness was unhinging her mentally, physically and emotionally. She pleaded for work.

"Relax, Baby," the studio said. "The right role hasn't come up yet."

"I don't know how to relax," she answered. "You've turned me out to pasture when I thought I would be running races every day. I can't stand it."

It turned out she couldn't. As one role possibility after another blew up she became genuinely ill of a nervous disorder which seemed to effect her spine. She underwent an operation and failed to improve. (Medical authorities are now admitting that worry and unhappiness have a direct effect on arthritis and similar ailments). Finally her doctor issued an ultimatum: Her only hope for a complete cure lay in another major operation which would mean ten months in a plaster cast after certain vertebrae had been wired together. Eventually she would be able to walk again but not much more.

"Give me a week to think it over," Greer answered.

Meanwhile a search for *Mrs. Chips* was under way. Metro was about to start the picture version of the delicate book and was determined none of that delicacy would be sacrificed. Hence, exact casting was of prime importance. Director Sam Wood interviewed actress after actress, viewed test after test. Each time his answer was the same. She's good, he said, but she's not *Mrs. Chips.*

On a certain Wednesday afternoon Greer sat at home with her decision yet to be made. Miles away in a studio projection room Wood was ready to view another test. The room darkened and an image was flashed briefly on the screen. Suddenly it was cut short and the lights went on.

"What's the matter?" Wood scarcely could control the excitement in his voice.

"Wrong test," the operator answered laconically. "Somebody named Garson. I've got the right one coming up. Sorry."

"Save your sorrow," Sam shouted. "I've found *Mrs. Chips*!"

A miracle of healing took place in Greer when she learned the coveted role was to be hers. Nothing so spectacular as an instantaneous recovery, of course, but with renewed courage she also won a renewed body. She sailed for England, made the picture and was ordered back to Hollywood. No more waiting for roles now; she was to start work at once as co-star with Bob Taylor in *Remember*. After that was to come the brilliant lead in *Susan and God.*

Greer did not want to come back, and told the studio so. She was deathly afraid of again being "put out to pasture" or left in idleness. Until the cameras actually started turning on *Remember* she did not trust Hollywood. Nor did she realize, I think, the smash extent of her film debut. With her mother she was dillydallying down the Pacific coast when an indignant wire instructed her to get the heck to Hollywood in time for the *Chips* premiere.

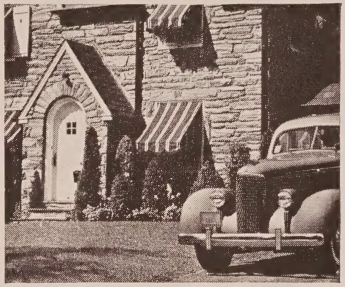
That premiere, by the way, was the first

[*Continued on page* 66]

Beware of the
ONE NEGLECT *
that often
Kills Romance

"An ideal couple" said all their friends when Jim and Vera were newlyweds, a few years ago. And "an ideal wife" thought Jim . . . But that was before they were married.

A lovely child the next year *should* have made their marriage still happier . . .



Plenty of money; in fact they seemed to have *everything* to make a marriage successful.

Yet they drifted apart... and their friends wondered why. So did Vera.

She was careless
[or ignorant] about
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HYGIENE

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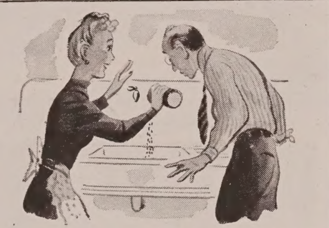
MR. HUNT GETS A LESSON!

1. "Welcome home, honey!" beams Mr. Hunt. "Everything's fine—except the kitchen drain got clogged, and I haven't washed the dishes for a week!"

2. "A clogged drain—with Drāno in the house?" explodes Mrs. Hunt. "Hand me that can of Drāno in the cupboard—and watch!"



3. In the drain goes Drāno—out goes the clogging muck! Drāno gets down deep and *digs out* all the grease, grounds and stoppage.

4. "See, darling?" smiles Mrs. Hunt. "Drāno *cleans* drains—and a teaspoonful each night helps *keep* them clean, free-flowing!"

P. S. After the dishes—use a teaspoonful of Drāno to guard *against* clogged drains. Never over 25¢ at grocery, drug, hardware stores.

Drāno
OPENS CLOGGED DRAINS

USE DRĀNO DAILY TO KEEP DRAINS CLEAN

Drāno CLEANS CLOGGED DRAINS

Copr. 1939, The Drackett Co.

I HATED MY MOTHER

Her own mother—a rival in love! What more tragic situation could a young girl face than to vie with her mother for the affections of a man? You will be enthralled by the pitiful confession of this girl who tells in heartbreaking detail of the tragedy that resulted from an unnatural triangle.

I HATED MY MOTHER is only one of twelve complete confession stories in the December issue of REAL LIFE STORY, now on sale. The same magazine includes a book-length true novel, OUTCAST LOVE, also complete. Get your copy today!

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSSTANDS 10c

Real Life Story MAGAZINE

"Chips" Garson

[*Continued from page* 65]

and so far the last attended by her. Premieres are one of the very few things she does not like about Hollywood. Others (which she admits are of little consequence) include the fortissimo advertising of everything salable from burials to bug-control and the lack of green beauty spots for Sunday walks such as she loved in England.

"I miss the forests, the river banks, the heather hills which are within an hour's ride from London and which are made for walking," she explained. "Here nobody walks, maybe because there are no places to walk. Everyone gets in a car and rides."

There are compensations, she readily agreed. The scenery, the sunshine, the happy healthy people and their friendly ways. The speed and ease with which things are done. Every house a dream house. The great vegetable markets with beautiful vegetables a penny a bunch. Strawberries the year around and "mile-high" ice cream cones. No drunkenness or children made barefoot from need. Two and three bathrooms to a house. (An English mansion of 20 bedrooms is lucky to have one bath to a floor, she said.) No fences to shut the magnificent flower gardens from view. Or if a wall is necessary, the owner makes a pretty concession by planting flowers outside the wall as well.

Greer is the acme of simplicity and friendliness. Despite the furore raised by her first performance and the coddling Hollywood has given her since, she no more has "gone Hollywood" than has the bed of zinnias which grow helter skelter in her back yard. She now lives in another white Beverly Hills house, still of moderate size. She makes few public appearances in night clubs because she sincerely believes actors are interesting only in character, and that their choice of toothpaste, pastimes or pets cannot conceivably concern anyone but themselves.

"If you create an illusion on the screen it cannot help but shatter it when you parade your personal life," she explained her theory. "How can an audience be expected to care a tuppence about Desdemona's death at 11 p. m. when it sees Desdemona doing a rhumba at 11:30?"

She has a healthy appreciation of the value of money because she has earned all she has. She has bought a piano and a new car, but she wears simple clothes and prefers romantic styles rather than the fashion of the moment. She waxed heartily indignant at a certain fashionable veterinarian who wanted to charge $5.00 for clipping Coco, and shopped around until she found a competent man who did the job for $2.50. She cannot abide swank or affectation and can give rude but amusing imitations of persons addicted to it. Occasionally she may be too honest in her opinions for her own professional good, but once she has said a thing she does not ask to take it back. She sits up straight without giving the impression of having a ramrod down her back. And she was as gracious and happy in this interview as if mountain breezes were playing tag with the curtains when, in truth, Old Sol was giving Hollywood the hotfoot to the official tune of 107.6 degrees!

There are three stories about Greer you should know.

The first is so fantastic it has to be true; a press agent would be fired for dreaming it up. When she returned from making *Chips* in England she timidly inquired if she could have a dressing room at the studio. That floored the casting director until he suddenly realized she had never had a dressing room at Metro because she never had made a picture there. In a week or so he proudly escorted her to the suite which was to be hers. Greer's eyes grew round.

"Does light and gas go with the *rent*?" she asked.

At the brilliant premiere of *Chips* in Hollywood the studio arranged for a sleek limousine to transport her to and from the theatre. It also was arranged for her to slip out a side door to avoid being crushed in the mob of waiting fans and autograph hounds.

"It proved to be quite an unnecessary precaution," Greer twinkled. "When the car with Mother and me in it finally pulled up in line neither of us heard anything that sounded remotely like 'There's Greer Garson, hooray!' People only said 'Who's the redhead?' One or two autograph hunters did approach me, but after one good look they disgustedly turned away and said 'Aw, that's nobody.' As we pulled away afterwards, still unrecognized, of course I caught a wistful look on Mother's face. She was wishing a bit that we were in the mob in the lobby getting pulled limb from limb!"

I learned the next story from a property man on the *Remember* set. In one scene Greer is supposed to fall from her horse into a mud puddle. The fall was filmed and the camera cut to Greer in the mud. Very carefully the make-up man applied a smidgin of mud on the Garson cheeks. Greer then looked in a hand mirror.

"I'm supposed to have fallen into this mud, am I not?" she asked.

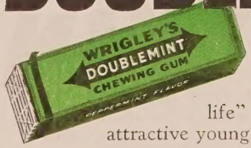
"Yes," the make-up man said, "but we can get away with just a little on your cheeks. No need to spoil your looks."

"Tosh!" Greer snapped and scooping two handfuls of the black and sticky stuff from the puddle at her feet, promptly doused her entire face with it. "Now," she said, "I look like I'd fallen in a mud puddle. If the audience can stand it, I can!"

January
SCREEN BOOK
Brings you Intimate
Pictures of
ROBERT TAYLOR and
BARBARA STANWYCK
AT HOME
ALSO
MAKING A WESTERN
WITH GENE AUTRY
and many other
smash features
ON SALE DECEMBER 5th

Hollywood's lovely new starlet **VIRGINIA VALE** *featured in* **RKO-Radio's** *new motion picture "Three Sons"*

Freshen up your taste with
healthful, refreshing, delicious
DOUBLEMINT GUM



"Look alive and act as if you enjoy life" is one of the popularity secrets of Hollywood's attractive young starlet, VIRGINIA VALE.

A fresh, pleasant taste in your mouth does much to make you feel more alive — and look it. And here's where healthful, refreshing, delicious Doublemint Gum can help you — the daily chewing freshens up your mouth, aids your digestion and helps your teeth stay clean, bright and attractive.

In energetic HOLLYWOOD and all over where people want the best (and get it), Doublemint Gum, with its cooling, long-lasting mint-leaf flavor, is a great favorite, as it's sure to be with you and your family. So begin right now to enjoy it as millions of others do.

Get several packages of wonderful-tasting DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM today.

T-241

PREPARE YOUR BOY for life's hard knocks. Strengthen his body. Give him cod liver oil. Many doctors claim nothing takes its place in helping children build strong bones and good teeth. Also in helping adults recuperate after illness. And now there is a BETTER WAY TO GIVE COD LIVER OIL...SCOTT'S EMULSION!

1—Scott's Emulsion has *all* the values of cod liver oil and is four times more easily digested.

2—Easily Digested—The exclusive method of emulsifying the oil permits digestion to start in the stomach, whereas digestion of plain cod liver oil does not begin until the oil passes into the intestines.

3—Easy to take—Scott's Emulsion has a pleasant taste. Easy to take and retain by children and adults.

4—Economical—Scott's Emulsion is an economical way to obtain the Vitamins A and D so necessary to strong bones and sound teeth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

TWO MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE is the only film publication bringing you a complete picture magazine plus an exclusive story magazine.

A SKIN SOFTENER THAT HELPS CORRECT DRY SKIN

Are your hands DRY and "scratchy?" Regular use of Italian Balm will help correct this condition almost at once. This famous SKIN SOFTENER furnishes moisture and soothing agents which promote softness, smoothness, beauty. Italian Balm's scientific, soothing properties will amaze you. Only 10¢, 20¢, 35¢, 60¢ and $1.00 a bottle—at toilet goods counters.

Campana
Italian Balm
Over 90 Million Bottles Sold

Inside Story of "The Grapes of Wrath"

[*Continued from page* 59]

long, which gave him the bare outline of the plot. He doesn't have time to read whole books to find out whether he wants to buy them or not. He has people who read them for him, sum up the plots. But he took time to read Steinbeck's book. I found that out when I was writing the script.

"He kept sending for me. 'What about this scene?' he would demand, mentioning some dramatic bit he had been brooding about. 'Are you getting it in?' All this stuff about his mutilating the story is sheer guff. He kept barking at me, 'Get this in. Don't leave that out.'"

Johnson answers another question.

"Sure, the picture takes sides just as the book does. But that doesn't make Zanuck either a Communist or a crusader. His position doesn't allow him to make pictures on the strength of his personal views on any subject. He isn't an evangelist. He is production head of a big movie company. His job is to make the best pictures he can, to show a profit. He can't gamble stockholders' money to indulge his own personal prejudices.

"The parlor pinks say the public is grown up; it cries for controversial pictures. Zanuck doesn't participate in any such wishful thinking. To the best of his knowledge, drama is still the only thing that pays off at the box office. You won't catch him making any controversial pictures or any non-controversial pictures without it. He isn't kidding himself, for a moment, that the public will go to see *The Grapes of Wrath* because it raises a great social question. He does believe that the public will go to see it because it is great drama. That, I repeat, is why he is making it."

Another tale has been going the rounds—that Zanuck bought *The Grapes of Wrath* because he had a sudden urge for making a million-dollar picture. Johnson squelches the tale.

"Nothing could be more preposterous than spending a million dollars to tell the story of a group of destitute people, when a million dollars would support hundreds of villages for a year. We're doing the picture as honestly and as unpretentiously as possible. It will be the most economical big picture ever made—and at the sacrifice of nothing important to the story. We haven't an expensive cast. Henry Fonda is the only big name in it. We have cast players for type and acting ability, not box-office rating."

That brings up one more reason why they are making *The Grapes of Wrath.*

"The book carries a tremendous challenge. Can the movies tell the story as honestly as Steinbeck did? We are trying to prove that they can. The script, for instance, practically wrote itself. The characters were flawless, their behavior was human, their dialogue was natural. Anybody would have been a fool to 'fix it up.' I didn't have to write a new story; all I had to do was to edit Steinbeck's. One executive, after he read it, said, 'This is the only script ever written with an eraser.'

"As in the book, the deputies chase the *Joads* out. *Casey,* the minister, is killed. *Tom* kills a man. *Connie* runs out on the family. And through the picture runs the same earthy humor, the same jeering at fate, the same refusal to admit they're licked when they know they're licked—the same unawareness that they are figures in a great tragedy."

NATIONALLY ADVERTISED BRANDS WEEK At Your Favorite Chain Variety Store—November 3rd-11th

Flossie Makes 'em Famous

[*Continued from page* 61]

wonder whether she paints or sculpts. I never saw such a sensitive face." It never occurred to Flossie that she might be an actress.

When Elisabeth Bergner saw her the next day, she laughed.

"So you are the staring lady vit ze squirrel coat!"

Thereafter, they were warm friends. They worked together tirelessly. Miss Bergner has become so dependent on her teacher that she has never done anything on the English stage or screen without her. And that goes all the way from *Escape Me Never* to her latest vehicle, *Stolen Life!*

Recently, Flossie Freedman was taken backstage after a performance of *From Vienna,* the Refugee Artists' Revue at the Music Box Theatre in New York, and introduced simply as "Miss Freedman." But that was sufficient to cause a wave of excitement.

"Oh," the actors exclaimed in awe, "you are Miss Bergner's teacher!"

When Flossie speaks of Annabella, she makes this remark about all French stage and screen stars.

"They are the most difficult to teach. No matter how long nor how arduously they study, they will always have a slight trace of an accent, for which, perhaps, we should be very thankful. There's nothing like a gargling "r" to lend a little romance to our language."

As most of us remember, it was Annabella's performance in *Wings Over Morning,* a Gaumont-British picture, that first brought Annabella to the attention of the Hollywood producers and the American movie-going public. But what we never knew before is that it was Flossie Freedman who made that performance possible! For though Annabella might have had the spark of a good actress, she knew little of the English language and the English screen technique.

The sinister, murderous-looking little figure of the underworld with the ogling eyes, who film fans have come to identify as Peter Lorre, might never have existed had not Flossie Freedman recognized and developed the very qualities that made up this character.

Peter Lorre was forced to leave his native land, Germany, in the early years of the Hitler regime. A motion picture producer acquaintance of his called Miss Freedman one Friday morning and told her that he'd sent a Mr. Lorre over to her studio for help in preparing for a screen test. The producer did not think it necessary to describe either Mr. Lorre's appearance or his capabilities to the actor's prospective coach.

When Flossie had ended the phone conversation and returned to her living room, she found Peter Lorre already there, down deep in the corner of her sofa, his legs curled under him. His round, sad eyes stared mutely out at her through his ever-present spectacles. She tried to open a conversation with a few English words but he only mumbled some German phrases, gestured futilely and finally allowed his hands to drop to his sides. Being a linguist of no mean calibre, she started to speak to him in his mother tongue, and put him somewhat at his ease. However, Flossie was a bit surprised by his strange appearance and consequently didn't quite know what kind of material to give him. For some reason, during her talk with the producer, her imagination had conjured up a tall, lithe, handsome young man. What in heaven's name could she do with this pathetic, inarticulate creature?

Through her confusion suddenly came a ray of light! She would give him gangster's dialogue, as Americanized as possible. All very fine, but where could she get a script of this type on such short notice? Undaunted, Flossie then and there decided to make it up herself! Lorre learned it letter perfect in two days! Monday saw him come through his screen test with flying colors and a nice fat American contract. Truly, it was a fine example of Flossie Freedmorphosis.

And later, with another wave of her amazing wand, Flossie transformed Sabu, an obscure Indian boy, to Sabu, the famous Hindu boy star.

The most important problem facing her when she undertook to coach this little brown-skinned boy was how to play the letters "f" and "th" on his vocal chords. There are no such sounds in Hindustani. In one scene of *Elephant Boy* Sabu was supposed to yell "Father! Father!" All that came out was "Wawa! Wawa!" But with constant drilling and almost saintly patience, the words emerged as Webster meant them to be pronounced and all the other little "f's" and "th's" came tumbling after.

TIME FOR A SHOWDOWN!
(AND MARY TOLD HIM THE TRUTH!)
LOOK HERE, MARY! I DON'T HAVE TO WAIT AROUND FOR YOU LIKE THIS! WHAT'S MORE, ONE OF THESE DAYS, I'M NOT GOING TO!
JUST AS YOU LIKE, PHIL!
AND WHILE WE'RE BEING SO FRANK, I HAVE A SUGGESTION FOR YOU! SUPPOSE BEFORE WE GO OUT AGAIN YOU TALK TO YOUR DENTIST ABOUT--ABOUT BAD BREATH!
PHIL SEES HIS DENTIST...
TESTS SHOW THAT MUCH BAD BREATH COMES FROM DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES AND STAGNANT SALIVA AROUND TEETH THAT AREN'T CLEANED PROPERLY. I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THESE ODOR-BREEDING DEPOSITS. AND THAT'S WHY...
COLGATE'S COMBATS BAD BREATH ...MAKES TEETH SPARKLE!
LATER...THANKS TO COLGATE'S
I'M NOT LATE, AM I, MARY?
NO. BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS A SINGLE MINUTE OF OUR EVENING, PHIL--SO I GOT READY EARLY!
NO BAD BREATH BEHIND HIS SPARKLING SMILE!
LARGE SIZE 20¢
GIANT SIZE 35¢
OVER TWICE AS MUCH
COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
MAKE SURE THAT YOUR BREATH IS OKAY! PLAY SAFE! USE COLGATE'S TWICE A DAY!
Good Housekeeping Bureau

"Colgate's special *penetrating* foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth . . . helps your toothbrush clean out decaying food particles and stop the stagnant saliva odors that cause much bad breath. And Colgate's safe polishing agent makes teeth naturally bright and sparkling! Always use Colgate Dental Cream—regularly and frequently. No other dentifrice is exactly like it."

Even Mary's conscience is carefree now!

No broken dates . . . no last-minute apologies . . . no more weak, embarrassing excuses for Mary! Now she relieves "regular" pain—lives actively and comfortably right through those dreaded days.

ARE *YOU* the woman Mary used to be? Shut off from life several days each month by the functional pain of menstruation—really giving up a full month of active living every year because of suffering which you think *must* be endured?

Today millions of enlightened women know what has long been common medical knowledge—*much of this pain is needless.* Like Mary, they wisely depend on MIDOL to help them through their trying days in comfort—as active and carefree as ever.

Unless there is some organic disorder calling for the attention of a physician or surgeon, MIDOL helps most women who try it. It is made for this special purpose—to relieve the needless pain of the natural menstrual process. As an experiment in comfort, get MIDOL now before periodic pain brings more miserable inactivity. A few MIDOL tablets should see you serenely through even your worst day! All drugstores have the trim and inexpensive aluminum cases, just right to tuck in purse or pocket.

MIDOL

Relieves Functional Periodic Pain

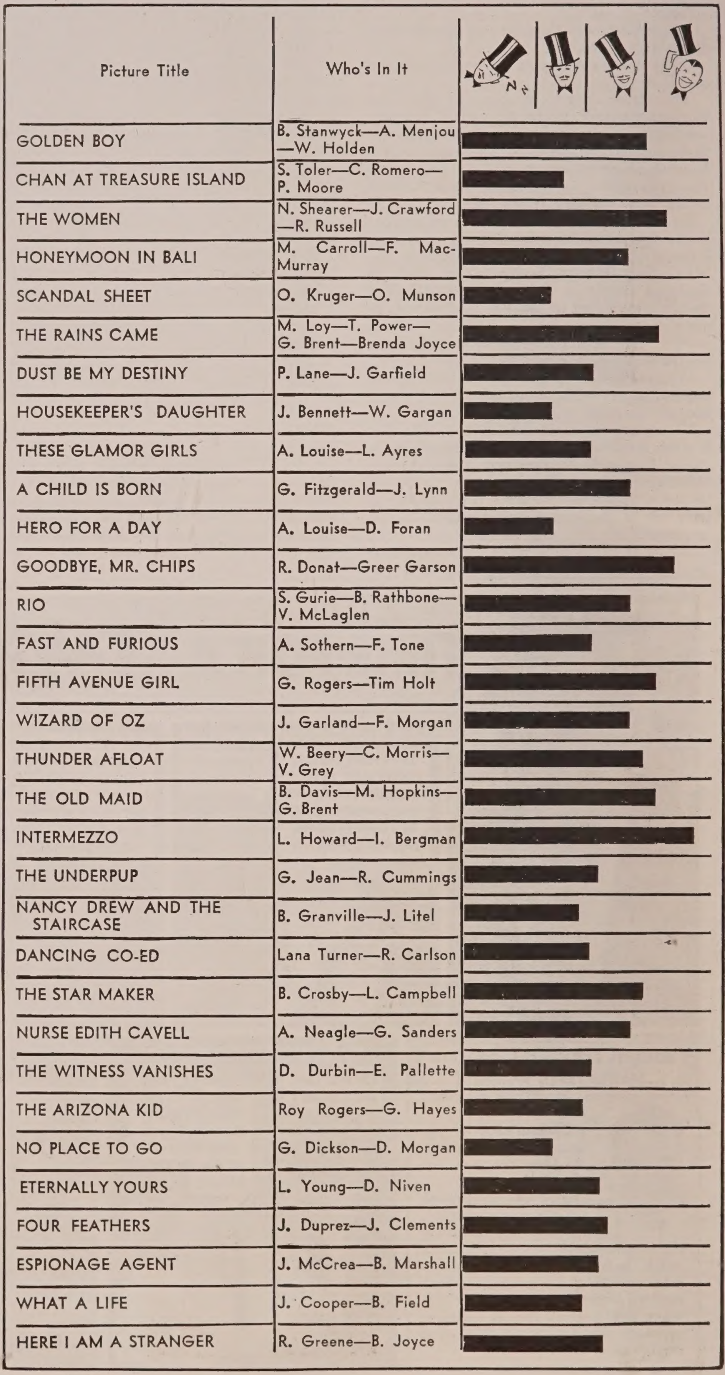
APPROVED BY GOOD HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

Midol is a special formula recently developed for its special purpose. Midol contains no opiates and no amidopyrine. The new Midol formula is plainly printed in full on the label of every package and is approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau.

GENERAL DRUG COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE TOPPER'S REVIEW CHART

(Read the Ratings in the Topper's Face. Turn to page 72 for complete reviews of current pictures)



Picture Title	Who's In It
GOLDEN BOY	B. Stanwyck—A. Menjou—W. Holden
CHAN AT TREASURE ISLAND	S. Toler—C. Romero—P. Moore
THE WOMEN	N. Shearer—J. Crawford—R. Russell
HONEYMOON IN BALI	M. Carroll—F. MacMurray
SCANDAL SHEET	O. Kruger—O. Munson
THE RAINS CAME	M. Loy—T. Power—G. Brent—Brenda Joyce
DUST BE MY DESTINY	P. Lane—J. Garfield
HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER	J. Bennett—W. Gargan
THESE GLAMOR GIRLS	A. Louise—L. Ayres
A CHILD IS BORN	G. Fitzgerald—J. Lynn
HERO FOR A DAY	A. Louise—D. Foran
GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS	R. Donat—Greer Garson
RIO	S. Gurie—B. Rathbone—V. McLaglen
FAST AND FURIOUS	A. Sothern—F. Tone
FIFTH AVENUE GIRL	G. Rogers—Tim Holt
WIZARD OF OZ	J. Garland—F. Morgan
THUNDER AFLOAT	W. Beery—C. Morris—V. Grey
THE OLD MAID	B. Davis—M. Hopkins—G. Brent
INTERMEZZO	L. Howard—I. Bergman
THE UNDERPUP	G. Jean—R. Cummings
NANCY DREW AND THE STAIRCASE	B. Granville—J. Litel
DANCING CO-ED	Lana Turner—R. Carlson
THE STAR MAKER	B. Crosby—L. Campbell
NURSE EDITH CAVELL	A. Neagle—G. Sanders
THE WITNESS VANISHES	D. Durbin—E. Pallette
THE ARIZONA KID	Roy Rogers—G. Hayes
NO PLACE TO GO	G. Dickson—D. Morgan
ETERNALLY YOURS	L. Young—D. Niven
FOUR FEATHERS	J. Duprez—J. Clements
ESPIONAGE AGENT	J. McCrea—B. Marshall
WHAT A LIFE	J. Cooper—B. Field
HERE I AM A STRANGER	R. Greene—B. Joyce

Filmland Whispers

[*Continued from page* 17]

the actress to the preview for the benefit of photographers—and the studio!

A near-catastrophe occurred when Martha Raye danced on the beautiful stage-dance floor at Earl Carroll's. Someone stepped on Martha's train, and tore it. "Migawd," Martha shrieked, "soon I'll be as nekkid as Mr. Carroll's showgirls! Lemme off!"

> *Hedy Lamarr's raven tresses may have knocked the "blonde" fad a little groggy, but the blondes aren't out yet. Beverly Hills' Burton Skiles started something when he invented his "Cellophane blonde." Gave it to Virginia Field, and now all the other blondes and would-be-blondes are sporting it. I don't know exactly how to describe the "Cellophane blonde" except to say the hair looks as shiny, and almost as translucent, as a wad of Cellophane crinkled together. In the evening, under a soft light, a head of Cellophane-blond hair looks lush enough to eat! Sonja Henie, Ona Munson, Marion Martin and Ann Sothern are others who are "Cellophaning."*

● When Sonja Henie returned from her European vacation this summer, she was so rushed with wardrobe fittings, rehearsals and script readings that she had no time for house hunting. She phoned an agent, took a quick look-see at a beautiful white furnished hilltop house in Bel-Air and quickly signed the lease. When she was settled in the house, she noticed that the linens and several other articles had the initials J. H. Sonja became curious and investigated the identity of the first resident. You can imagine her surprise when she learned that the house had belonged to Jean Harlow. Friends thought she might want to move, but Sonja took a different attitude. "Some superstitious people might balk at the idea, but I consider it a privilege."

GIR-RULS! Beauty tip from Wally Westmore. "Use shaving cream," he says, "instead of soap." Wally sprung that on Dorothy Lamour without warning while he was daubing make-up on her for *Typhoon*. "If you're really smart, Dottie," he said, "you'll use shaving soap—any good brand—on your face." "Shaving soap!" Dorothy whooped. Westmore consoled her. "We men have known for a long time that nothing is as soothing on the face as shaving soap lather. We use it to take away the bite and sting of the razor blade. So it must be darned mild." There it is, girls. Take it or leave it.

Many subtle changes are coming over Garbo. There is her new attitude toward clothes, for instance. Greta attended a fashion show at Irene's, and was blissfully looking at the beautiful creations when a few photographers appeared. Covering her face with her hands, she made a bee-line for the elevator. But she was not to be denied. Next day she re-appeared at Irene's, ordered three gowns. No photogs were around. Too bad her attitude toward the camera boys hasn't changed. Garbo really looks wonderful these days. Leaner, but more radiant, and the candid camera lads could catch the happy sparkle in her eyes more convincingly than the glamor photographers.

● Virginia Field has been kidding the shirt off Richard Greene ever since she learned that the baby who is to portray Greene in infancy in *Here I Am a Stranger* is a girl. The studio had quite a time finding the right baby. Both Greene, and Richard Dix, who plays his father in the picture, have pronounced dimples and it was essential that the baby have the same characteristic. A dozen infants were examined by the studio before they found one that fitted the part, and it turned out to be a Miss.

THE town is chuckling over a British movie Lothario who has been talking loud and long about quitting films to take a post in the British army. You would think that the European conflict had been declared just to make this gentleman a hero. He even requested his press agent to send out stories to the effect that he would go across seas to fight, rah-rah-rah—and would gladly die for democracy and the press item. Then someone uncovered the fact that our dashing hero was too aged to risk being called. Now he has to look to other fields for personal publicity!

IF YOUR EYES ARE BROWN, LIKE MERLE OBERON'S
you'll find new complexion flattery in MARVELOUS MATCHED MAKEUP

Starring in Alexander Korda's
"OVER THE MOON" in technicolor

Harmonizing Powder, Rouge, Lipstick,
Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!

What enchanting new loveliness it brings—this amazing new discovery by the makers of Marvelous! They studied girls and women of every age and coloring and found that *eye* color is definitely related to the color of your skin, your hair—that the color of your eyes is the simplest guide to cosmetic shades that are *right* for you!

So whether your eyes are brown, blue, hazel or gray—it's *easy* now to select cosmetics in correct color harmony to flatter your natural coloring. For the makers of Marvelous have created matching powder, rouge and lipstick, keyed to the color of *your* eyes!

You'll adore the smooth, suede-like finish which Marvelous Powder gives your skin . . . the soft, *natural* glow of your Marvelous Rouge . . . the lovely, *long-lasting* color of Marvelous Lipstick. You can buy each separately (harmonizing Mascara and Eye Shadow, too), but for perfect color harmony, use them together. At drug and department stores, only 55¢ each (65¢ in Canada).

Send for sample Makeup Kit—mail coupon today for generous metal containers of harmonizing powder, rouge and lipstick in the shades that are *right* for you!

55¢ EACH
FACE POWDER
MARVELOUS

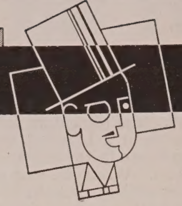
MARVELOUS
MATCHED MAKEUP
Keyed to the Color of Your Eyes!
BY RICHARD HUDNUT

RICHARD HUDNUT, Dept. M, 693 Fifth Avenue, New York City
My eyes are Brown ☐ Blue ☐ Hazel ☐ Gray ☐
Send me my Makeup Kit. I enclose 10¢ to help cover mailing costs.
Be sure to check color of your eyes!

Name______________________________

Street____________________City__________

FW-1239



TOPPER'S FILM REVIEWS

(Turn to page 70 for Topper's Review Chart)

OVER THE MOON
(United Artists)

THIS picture, English-made by Alexander Korda, prattles the familiar wheeze about the barren life and hard times of the feelthy rich. Once you've jumped that hurdle, you can settle down to some fair comedy and excellent Technicolor.

Merle Oberon is cast as the poor little rich gal who inherits eighteen million pounds from grandpop. Rex Harrison is the faithful boy friend who walks out on Merle and the eighteen million.

Our heroine tours Europe with a crew of assorted gigolos, female camp followers and mysterious strangers. At last she sees that money is the root of all evils, and looks up the boy friend.

The final scene deserves mention only because of its incongruity. An Italian gondolier who has spoken broken English up to that point breaks into song—in perfect English. They learn fast in Italy.

Good satire directed at the British upper classes and enough amusement to make you forget the story's creakiness. Rating: Average.

THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH AND ESSEX
(Warner Bros.)

THIS reviewer wishes he knew how to pack into 500 words an impression of a picture that deserves 5,000 words of praise—and criticism. *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex* is that kind of picture. Much of it is admirable. Much is disappointing.

For those who haven't opened an English history since graduation day, the story deals with the turbulent love of Elizabeth, Queen of England in the 16th century, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex. It also depicts the political intrigue of Elizabeth's day—none too accurately, this observer thought.

However that may be, high praise is due Bette Davis for her portrayal of Elizabeth. We believe that Bette's characterization is as good as Laughton's screen portrait of Henry VIII, Elizabeth's papa. Those who see this film will carry away not a recollection of the story but a sharp picture of Elizabeth, stormy, fickle, vain, headstrong, sympathetic, cruel, wise and lovable.

We wish we could say the same for the other characters. We can't. To the part of *Essex* Errol Flynn brings little but youthful vigor and good looks. The fault is not his; it lies in the strength of Bette's *Elizabeth*. A weaker *Elizabeth* would have made a stronger *Essex*.

Francis Bacon, portrayed by Donald Crisp, appears as a benevolent character who never could have written those essays we waded through in school. Vincent Price, an actor deserving of better roles, plays *Sir Walter Raleigh* as well as scant lines permit. Incidentally, those whose knowledge of Raleigh is limited to the cloak and mud puddle episode will be interested in meeting Raleigh, the semi-villain.

Olivia de Havilland is decorative as a lady-in-waiting and Alan Hale deserves mention for his excellent portrayal of an Irish general.

Warners will never be guilty of the sins of omission. All historical pictures tend to be too long, and *The Private Lives* is no exception. But it's never dull while Bette is

John Howard is pictured in a scene from the Paramount production, *Disputed Passage*

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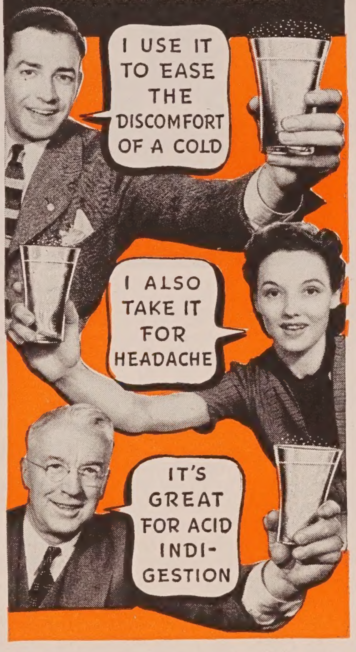
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around—and fortunately she's around most of the time.

One final impression and then we'll quit. For some reason, the love scenes between *Elizabeth* and *Essex* are not always convincing. Perhaps this is a clever device for suggesting that *Essex* really didn't love his queen, or perhaps Bette and Errol just can't get together in romantic sequences. Maybe it's a tribute to realism; after all, the real Elizabeth rarely washed, and drenched herself with perfume.

On which whimsical note we'll climb back into our tree. Rating: Very Good.

DISPUTED PASSAGE

(Paramount)

ONWARD medicine, and let the scalpels fall where they may! Those who liked Lloyd Douglas' book will like Paramount's picture. There are a few bad moments, but on the whole *Disputed Passage* is good entertainment.

John Howard plays the young doctor who gives his all to science and learns that there's a place in the world for love. Dorothy Lamour is the girl from China who wins Howard's heart. Akim Tamiroff is the old, hard-bitten scientist who tries to smash the affair between his protege, Howard, and Miss Lamour.

To Tamiroff, as usual, belong the acting honors. His portrait of a cold-blooded man of science is admirable, and the lines given him by Douglas are worth hearing. We are waiting patiently for the medical groups to protest about bringing some of the lines to the movie public. Protesting doctors, file your comments with Screen Book. We have a large waste basket.

We mentioned bad moments in the first paragraph of this review. One comes when Dorothy Lamour speaks her opening lines. The audience is totally unprepared for a Chinese accent and the reaction in many theatres will be a howl of laughter. But it's the script writer's fault, not Dottie's. (No sarongs, by the way.)

There should be a picture to end all pictures about doctors, and maybe this is the one. We have learned that doctors are noble, doctors are brave, doctors fall in love, love conquers sickness, science is wonderful and doctors perform operations under all sorts of difficulties. Doctors also lead dramatic lives. We are not trying to be flippant. We just think the point has been made.

At any rate, *Disputed Passage* is a much-better-than-usual picture about medicine men, and we recommend it. Rating: Good.

RULERS OF THE SEA

(Paramount)

WE LIKED this picture, but will comment only briefly because of the picture story appearing on page 24 of this issue.

Will Fyffe cops the honors in his portrayal of *John Shaw,* the eccentric old engineer who invents an engine capable of pushing a ship across the Atlantic. Doug Fairbanks, Jr., will make all of his followers happy in a role which shows him as a virile young visionary who helps *Shaw* with his invention. And Margaret Lockwood is a convincing Scottish lass who falls in love with Fairbanks.

Rulers of the Sea is good adventure and adequate entertainment. Rating: Good.

ETERNALLY YOURS

(United Artists)

THIS is a gay little item about a girl (Loretta Young) who marries a magician (David Niven). Although they love each other deeply, the girl decides to call it quits because she can't stand seeing "Pops" jump out of airplanes wearing handcuffs. She obtains a divorce.

The magician doesn't think much of this, and chases his former wife for the last three reels. She, in the meantime, has re-married, but this doesn't hinder our hero very much. The divorce is proved invalid and the magician and girl wind up in Connecticut with a lifetime of connubial bliss staring them in the face.

We almost forgot the rabbit. The magician, you see, owns a rabbit. The last scene shows bunny flirting merrily with a Connecticut rabbit, and the magician ushering the heroine into the cottage. We're left with the sly impression that there will be plenty of little bunnies before long, and plenty of little magicians.

This cute dramatic conceit irritates us considerably and illustrates the familiar Hollywood trick of messing up the end of a fairly good movie play. We can just hear Walter Wanger, Gene Towne, Graham Baker and Tay Garnett telling each other, "Now, we'll end this picture with bunnies. People like animals. They'll all coo when they see *our* bunny—and it will be a cute way to imply that magicians and pretty girls always wind up having babies."

Yaah! We didn't coo, Mr. Wanger. We went home and had three stiff drinks—and do you know what we had for supper? Well, we'll tell you. We had bunny on toast!

Don't get us wrong, folks. It's a pretty good picture. We neglected to mention that Broderick Crawford plays a capable secondary role. Rating: Good.

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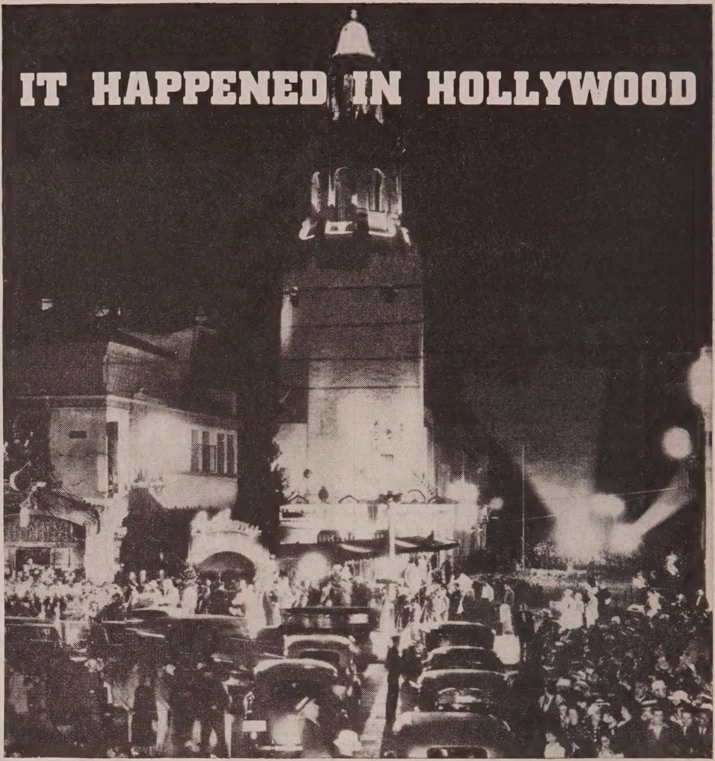
IT HAPPENED IN HOLLYWOOD



In this exclusive department SCREEN BOOK gives you the real insider's view of Hollywood. Here, in "It Happened in Hollywood," you will find the amusing true stories one star tells another about a mutual acquaintance when they lunch together at the Brown Derby or in the studio commissary. Some of these stories are funny, some pathetic. All of them are "Hollywood." The author, Charles Samuels, is widely known as a script writer for the major studios. Look for "It Happened in Hollywood" next month.

By
CHARLES SAMUELS

FRUITCAKE is far from being the only nutty thing in Hollywood at Christmas time. Agents who can't pay their rent give bottles of champagne (bought on the cuff) to studio gatemen, stenographers and office boys. The elite burghers of Beverly Hills decorate the pine trees on the front lawn four weeks in advance, also set up life-size plaster of paris replicas of Santa Claus, his sleigh and reindeer to show their hearts are in the correct place. And Hollywood is ablaze with illuminated Christmas trees.

Despite the annoying lack of snow and crackling cold weather, the determined film-flammers and assorted geniuses of filmville do everything they can to make it a Merry Christmas. Gay parties are held at all the studios and bonuses are distributed, if possible, to the well-paid slaves of the industry. Often, of course, the company's income doesn't permit such largesse.

There is no end to Hollywood's stories about disaster and great fortune that came at Yuletide to writers, actors and producers. But there is one particular dance director who will never be convinced that he isn't the particular pet of good St. Nick.

The day before Christmas last year this creator of terpsichorean routines drank a very hearty lunch. Full of old brandy and the idea that he was a superman, the well known dancing master turned his work over to his assistant and proceeded to his producer's office.

"I'm fed up with my work," he said, pounding vigorously on the desk. "The very soul within me is dying. I want to direct some dramatic scenes as well as dance numbers."

The producer said that was impossible.

"Okay," snarled the dance king, "I'm off your picture. Unnerstan'?"

The producer bowed and murmured, "I quite understand."

The brandy-bedazzled dance director felt the irrepressible im-

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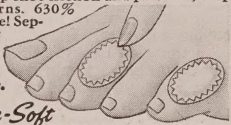

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pulse to tell off some one even more important and walked to the president's office.

"I want more money," he announced brusquely. "How do you expect me to live on seven hundred a week?"

"Now take it easy," warned the executive.

"I'm too good-natured," complained the dance director. "Give me a grand a week or I resign. Furthermore, I wish you a miserable Christmas."

Without even waiting for an answer to this ultimatum, he staggered out into the dancing sunlight, drove home to brood and to drink. At two o'clock in the morning he went to one of the town's most popular bars and dancing places.

"Drinks for the house!" he shouted wildly. "Give everybody whatever he wants. For myself, I'll have a beer and a ham sandwich."

When he'd finished his modest repast, the waiter submitted a bill. The dance man looked at it and screamed, "What kind of a robber's den is this that you ask me to pay $314 for a ham sandwich and a beer?"

"But, sir, you ordered drinks for the house," protested the horrified waiter.

"Sure I did, but I didn't say who was going to pay for them."

Leaving some change for his beer and sandwich, he departed, bristling with indignation. After sleeping through Christmas day, he woke up early the next morning.

"Oh, my job!" he moaned. "My poor job!"

Trembling and contrite, he went to the studio, determined to fall on his knees and beg the pardon of the two executives. But his producer met him with a smile.

"I have arranged for you to do those drama sequences," he said pleasantly before the dance man could utter a sound.

That didn't cheer up the latter one bit. He figured the studio chief hadn't told the producer the story of his insolence. Hat in hand, he proceeded with mournful step to the front office. The president sent out word he'd see him at once.

"Beginning next week," the executive told him, "you'll be paid $1,000 a week. We realize how valuable you are to the organization."

The dance director was too stunned even to mumble his thanks. When he reached his own office a strong-arm man from the night spot was waiting for him.

"T'ree hundred and fourteen smackeroos," the strong-arm man said. "And don't give me no hesitation waltz either."

"Okay, pal," grinned the dance director, reaching for his checkbook. "I was just celebrating a big raise in salary and being promoted to dramatic direction. Merry Christmas!"

* * *

Sometimes those "triumph tours" of the stars aren't so triumphant.

A studio press agent is still muttering in his sleep about the woe and travail of escorting a child star and his mother on a personal appearance.

The child star behaved himself, but the mother—oh, my! Her morals were impeccable but her manners and personal habits were a constant headache. A philosopher would have called the lady picturesque, but the publicity man is no philosopher.

After infinite pains he arranged a luncheon for the boy and mater in a Southern city. Mama distinguished herself by keeping her spoon in her cup while she drank her coffee. True to the finest traditions of Southern hospitality, the dowagers and young matrons present followed suit so their guest wouldn't feel embarrassed. Fortunately, no one's eye was knocked out.

The star's mama, who had never been in a hotel before the tour, complained that the beds were too soft, that bellboys were constantly grabbing her suitcases and everything else she could think of.

But the crowning surprise for the unhappy press agent came in New York. About nine o'clock in the morning, the hotel maid knocked on mama's door. Mama opened it and exploded, on seeing the maid.

"For the sake of decency," she said, "you could at least wait until I've *made up the bed!*"

* * *

One of Hollywood's famous executives has two characteristics that are more generally discussed than admired. The first is a complete inability to speak correctly. Even Sam Goldwyn's fabulous assaults on the King's English seem Oxford-ish compared to this man's garbled chatterings.

The second is a love-making technique that even Don Juan and Cassanova overlooked. When he rushes a new girl, the executive tells her:

"Oh, if you could only meet my dear wife sometime. What a woman! Charming! Beautiful! Intellectual!"

The idea of this curious harangue is to disabuse the girl in advance of any idea she might have that he would divorce his wife, no matter what playing around he indulges in.

But some time ago, at a Beverly Hills dinner party, a lovely stage actress put an

[*Continued on page* 76]

Honey says
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GRAND! I'D LOVE TO—WHAT IS IT?
LOOK! A FUR COAT! ISN'T IT WONDERFUL!
IT'S A BEAUTY, SALLY. SUCH A RICH, DARK BROWN... OH, BUT SALLY!!!
WHAT IS IT, HONEY—SOMETHING WRONG?
YOUR HANDS! SO RED AND ROUGH. THEY DON'T GO WITH THE COAT AT ALL... THEY BELONG IN THE KITCHEN SINK
HOUSEWORK AND COLD WEATHER JUST MAKE A MESS OF MY HANDS—I CAN'T HELP IT
WELL, HINDS CAN! HERE, SMOOTH YOUR HANDS WITH THIS WONDERFUL LOTION

UMM...THIS HINDS SURELY GOES ON WITH A NICE SOOTHING FEEL
IT'S MY JOB TO KNOW WHAT HELPS SOFTEN UP CHAPPED HANDS FAST—AND HINDS DOES. IT'S EXTRA-CREAMY—EXTRA-SOFTENING!
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THEY LOOK BETTER, TOO, SALLY—YOU'RE A PRETTY PICTURE RIGHT TO YOUR FINGER-TIPS... BUT DON'T FORGET—KEEP ON USING HINDS FOR THE KIND OF SOFT, EXPENSIVE-LOOKING HANDS THAT GO WITH FUR COATS!

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It Happened in Hollywood

[*Continued from page* 75]

abrupt stop to his unique amatory approach by exclaiming in a loud voice, "Do me a favor, brother. Either stop talking about how you love your wife, or take your hand off my knee!"

* * *

The inside story of one of the few filmland fist-fights that resulted in serious bruises has never been written. Whether the newspaper and magazine columnists of Hollywood are ignorant of the gory details or hesitated to report them because of the omnipotence of the loser is anyone's guess. But anyway, here is the story set down in print for the first time.

A top-bracket writer, whose stipend is $3,000 a week, one night threw a dinner party at his luxurious Beverly Hills home for the ace producer with whom he was working at the time. They had been quarreling bitterly over their current script and the writer visualized the elaborate dinner, to which only the mightiest of picture celebrities had been invited, as a love feast that would serve as a peace-making gesture.

As it turned out, it proved anything but. The producer unfortunately was in a highly irritable and critical mood and accepted the occasion as a fine time to rake his scribbler-host over the coals. This would have been a mistake anywhere, for the star scenarist is famous for his slashing wit wherever the literati gather. But that his boss should attempt to give him the business in his home while he was trying to appease him, enraged the gifted screen playwright no end.

"Where do you come in to criticize my talent?" he said softly. "I often wonder how you justify your salary to yourself. All you've ever contributed to a picture story conference is 'Change this!' or 'I don't like that!' The truth is that you can neither write, direct, act, whistle, sing or dance!

"Sure, you can pull things apart. But so can a baby! The real trick is knowing how to put them together!"

The producer blinked under this onslaught and relapsed into moody silence. Though a movie-maker of enormous reputation, he is not particularly famous for his speedy reactions. It was only after the party was over and he had left the writer's house with his wife and best friend, an agent, that it dawned on him how cruelly he'd been insulted by his highly-paid employe.

"Turn the car around!" he shouted to his chauffeur. "Go back to that house!" The little woman and his best pal, seeing how furious he was, suggested waiting until morning to wreak his vengeance.

"I won't wait a minute!" he insisted. "I'll go back and teach that cheap wise-cracker to have respect for his boss. I'll smash in his silly face!"

The author's house was dark when they

With no regard for decorum, Eddie "Brother Rat" Albert appears on the set dressed for comfort. Seated is Ray Enright, director of Albert's current Warner picture, *On Your Toes* got there. When the doorbell wasn't immediately answered, the producer became impatient and went to the rear to see if the back door was open.

While he was gone, the butler opened the front door. He explained politely that his master had retired for the night. But eager to prevent an exchange of blows, Mrs. Producer and the agent rushed upstairs.

When the glaring, panting producer appeared, the writer decided to steam him up a little more, just in case the mogul's temper was running out.

"What is your wife doing in my bedroom?" he demanded. "Take her away!"

That really caused the producer to explode. With all of the ferociousness but none of the pugilistic skill of a Jack Dempsey, he flung himself upon the enemy only to be met with a fusillade of jabs, hooks and uppercuts.

Mrs. Producer fainted, but no one paid the slightest attention. The distraught agent stepped between the two men only to be walloped by both. This was too much for him to endure. He promptly started slinging punches at the scribe.

The quick-witted author decided promptly that, though he couldn't whip both men at once, he might out-smart them. Stepping to the light switch, he turned it off, then dodged into a corner and suppressed his chuckles as the two pals belabored each other in the dark. The tumult didn't end until the agent, with a wild punch, knocked out the producer. Stumbling over to the light switch, he turned it on and discovered his mistake.

But he did not have much time to mourn over his error because the writer, refreshed by his rest in the corner, lashed out at him immediately. The producer's wife regained consciousness, saw her husband lying in a pool of blood, screeched, then fainted again.

In any other business in the world, that writer would have lost his job. But Hollywood can be counted on to do everything in reverse. It is true that he never again worked for that particular producer. But a rival mogul, *on the same lot,* has hired the belligerent scribbler again and again, principally to annoy his battered competitor.

* * *

Battlers in the film industry probably remind you of that ex-professional pugilist who is currently being wreathed with flowery praises for his laugh-getting ability as a comic.

This fighter was a picturesque character even when he was in the fighting business. Stories abound about his profligacy and amusing antics when he was a knight of the ring.

The best of them concern his adventures in a certain mid-western metropolis. Having quarreled with his manager (for years, while partners, the two never spoke to each other), the pug went alone to this city for an important fight.

Arriving in town, he was met by two thugs.

"Come on, little boy!" they said, leading him to a taxicab. En route to the hotel they relieved the distressed fighter of his bankroll by shoving a gun against his barrel-shaped chest.

Burned up at being greeted by such a reception committee, he went into the ring and beat the home town boy to a pulp. After the fight, he refused a check and demanded that his full purse be paid in cash.

Emerging from the fight club, he was met by the same two plug-uglies who said, "Turn it over, stupid!"

The manager's cut of the purse was drawn from the fighter's subsequent earnings.

* * *

The young man is very clever. In fact he has solved the secret of existence—how to live without working. Gifted, a superb musician, his wit is of such superlative quality that Broadway and Hollywood celebrities are willing to feed, lodge and entertain him just because having him around is so stimulating an experience.

The gay hero of this anecdote was formerly married to a beautiful girl who divorced him and subsequently married the millionaire owner of a theatre chain. She isn't mourning losing him—not after the other evening, or, we should say, morning.

All was silent in the splendiferous mansion she now occupies with her current groom. It was four o'clock in the morning when the telephone rang. The English butler answered, to hear a voice say:

"Is your mistress in?"

"Why of course, sir, naturally, but she has retired for the night."

"Well, get her out of bed!"

"But, I say, sir, consider the hour."

"Look, flunkey, don't waste any time. Tell her it's a matter of life and death! This is her former husband speaking."

The lady rushed to the phone and whispered into it, "Darling, what has happened? Are you hurt? Are you in jail?"

"That's a nice thing to say! Am I in jail? All I wanted to know was, 'What time does the first show at your husband's theatre start tomorrow morning?'"

Posed by professional models

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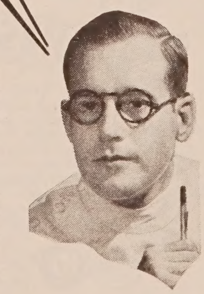
SKINNY?

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS. QUICK THIS SIMPLE WAY



ARE you afraid you can never be naturally attractive in a bathing suit? Well, thousands of girls who once were skinny, tired, nervous—almost ashamed to be seen on the beach—have easily put on just the pounds they needed, gained normal health and pep and the natural good looks and popularity these bring—with these easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets.

Science gives the answer

Scientists have discovered that many people are thin, rundown, tired, jittery—often can't eat and sleep properly—simply because they don't get sufficient Vitamin B and iron from their daily food. Without enough of these two vital substances you may lack appetite and not get the most body-building good out of what you eat.

Now you get these exact missing substances in these marvelous little Ironized Yeast tablets. No wonder they have helped thousands of people who needed these substances to gain new naturally attractive pounds, new pep, popularity and success—often in just a few weeks!

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the first package you don't eat better and FEEL better, with much more strength and pep—if you're not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the new normally attractive pounds, new energy and life you've longed for, the price of the first package promptly refunded by the Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Only be sure you get the genuine Ironized Yeast and not some cheap, inferior substitute which does not give the same results.

Special offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this special offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating little book on health, "Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the first package—or your money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 2812, Atlanta, Ga.

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10¢ A ROLL

Priscilla Lane, noted for her naturalness, applies eye make-up skillfully. *Four Wives* is Miss Lane's next picture. Below: Margaret Lindsay's well-shaped brows and swooping lashes verify that "eye cues" are important and should not be treated lightly. Miss Lindsay appears in Warner's *British Intelligence*

By
JANET
LYNN

EYE CUES

IF NATURE didn't give you long, swooping lashes like Margaret Lindsay's or lovely brows like Priscilla Lane's—don't cry, little girl, don't cry . . . You can *improve* on nature where your eyes are concerned, if you learn to groom your lashes and brows daily—and acquire skill in applying mascara, shadow and eyebrow pencil.

In this Golden Age of cosmetics, it doesn't matter whether your eyes are smallish, deep-set or prominent, or whether your lashes and brows are sandy in color. Look at the movie gals—and you'll see what I mean. Deanna Durbin and Norma Shearer have eyes that are much too small, by standards of beauty; Joan Blondell and Bette Davis are inclined to be pop-eyed if you judge harshly, and Ginger Rogers' brows and lashes are the unfortunate color of taffy. But all these stars have learned the tricks of eye make-up and grooming—so the world never knows the difference!

I want to make myself clear on one point. The act of putting on eye cosmetics, skillfully *or* carelessly, isn't going to turn the trick completely. You've got to take good basic care of your eyes, lashes and brows—and the skin around the eyes—if you expect to enhance them with eye beautifiers. The movie stars take as much care of their eyes as they do of their hair—and you know how hard they work at that!

Here are a few simple rules for basic eye care: Don't abuse your eyes or they'll hit back. Don't read or sew in poor light or for long, wearying hours. Don't rub them harshly or sit in smoke-filled rooms or subject them, without the protection of goggles, to wind or bright sunlight. Don't tug at your lashes or brows, don't pluck your brows unrestrainedly. On the positive side—always cleanse and soothe your eyes daily with a good lotion. Use a lubricating cream and a mild skin tonic on the delicate skin around the eyes to keep it firm, dewy and unlined. Put a good eyelash grower on your lashes and brows nightly, to keep them silky and make them grow normally, and always remember to brush and *brush* them

What's Your Eye Cue?

Do you know what shade of eyeshadow and mascara to wear?
How to make your lashes grow longer?
How to make your eyes sparkling bright?
Write Janet Lynn for personal help with these and any other beauty problems you may have. A stamped, self-addressed envelope is the only charge for her service. Send your letter today to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York.

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faithfully. When you have done these things (or avoided doing the wrong things) for a reasonable length of time, you will have the proper foundation for your mascara, shadow and pencil. Your eyes won't be bloodshot or bleary, your lids won't be red, discolored or swollen, your lashes and brows will be healthy and lustrous—and fit subjects for a little glamorizing with cosmetics.

Lack of space prevents me from telling you all the tricks of applying eye cosmetics for different type faces and different occasions—but I'll try to give you the fundamentals here. Write to me for more advice on your own personal eye make-up problems. With all types of mascara, the secret of success is in applying a little, then adding a bit more if that isn't enough. It's only when you load mascara on that you get into trouble. That's when you'll get smudges around your eyes; that's when you'll look like a burlesque queen instead of the heart breaker you set out to be. So start with a clean brush, brush the mascara lightly across the lashes to cover them, then go over them with a clean brush, using an upward motion, to separate the lashes and remove the excess mascara.

When applying shadow use the same frugal method, and if you're clumsy with your fingers, substitute a tiny camel's hair brush. Be sure your shadow is the creamy kind that spreads easily or you'll have trouble. If you can't blend it easily, mix it with a little cold cream or apply a base of cold cream on your lids. Be sure that there's no sharp line where your shadow ends. Just blend it into nothingness. Pencil line eyebrows are out. Use eyebrow pencil simply to fill in empty places, to elongate your brows—and always apply it with light feathery strokes, then go over this with a brush to make it look more natural.

EXTRA! Extra! Read all about the line of eye beautifiers now out in lovely new containers—each cosmetic improved by scientific experiment. The new mascara (which comes in cake and cream form) is smoother and finer in texture, which makes it go on more easily and makes the lashes look so *naturally* long and dark that you can fool your friends. And it contains a special ingredient that prevents the lashes from getting stiff and spiky. The new pencil has an improved, softer lead that goes on with less pressure and stays put. The eye shadow, which comes in Mauve, Gray, Blue, Green and Brown, comes in a snazzy screw-top container (no broken fingernails getting the top off) and is so creamy in consistency that little Sandy Henville, the glamor baby, could apply it convincingly. I suppose you think I am now going to announce that all these cosmetics can be had for a dollar each. Wrong! They're only 10 cents apiece—so with a capital of thirty cents, you can trade in your mousey eyes for a pair like Hedy Lamarr's!

Just to prove that I really meant it when I said you ought to use a good eye lotion at least once a day—I'm going to tell you about the one that keeps my eyes clear and bright in spite of considerable proof reading and occasional double-feature jags. It looks like water, but it feels like the brush of angel's wings when you drop it in your eyes. Comes in a handy bottle with a convenient, sanitary dropper-stopper—and one drop in each eye is all that's necessary. Put it in the outer corners, then roll your eyes and blink the lids to get the full benefits. It's another one of those things that are luxuries to use but economies to buy. A trial size costs 20 cents.

Don't moan if your lashes are sparse and stubby. Write me for the name of a super-swell eyelash conditioner cream. It is a specially compounded ointment made of rich, natural oils, the formula for which was developed a century ago in Europe at the time of an eye epidemic. Like all good things, it was brought to America and refined for its healing and beautifying qualities, and ever since it has been effective in overcoming weak or unattractive eyelash and eyebrow growth. Of course, you must remember to apply it every night—but that's no price to pay for really beautiful lashes and brows. Apply it generously and rub it gently into the base of the lashes. A large tube costs 50 cents. The same manufacturer has an eyelash curler that will make your lashes curl (in 30 seconds flat) as fetchingly as Margaret Lindsay's. Use it after you have applied eye shadow and mascara—or at any time, whether you are making up your eyes or not. The curl stays in longer—from 12 to 14 hours—when you use mascara, too. Don't think for a minute that this is just another "gadget." It's a wonderfully practical and effective beauty aid, and one that you should have—unless, of course, your lashes curl naturally like a cinnamon bun! It costs a dollar and lasts for years. Want the name?

Write to me before December 15th if you would like the names of any of the products mentioned in this article. Be sure to enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope (U. S. postage, please) for my reply. Send your request to Janet Lynn, SCREEN BOOK, 1501 Broadway, New York.

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"SHOPPER'S FATIGUE"
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● You'll need N. R. G. (energy) at Xmas time—to carry you through the fatigue of shopping, the excitement and gayety of the holidays. Delicious Baby Ruth, always favorite candy bars at Xmas, give you plenty of enjoyment and food-energy—'cause they are rich in Dextrose—the sugar your body uses directly for energy. Fill the youngsters' stockings with Baby Ruth bars—hang them on your Xmas tree—slice and serve them often. Baby Ruth is good *candy* and good *food*.

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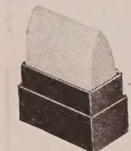
DEXTROSE
food-energy sugar

New ROUGE STICK blends and stays

Blends smoothly without edges, no streaking • *Creamy* but non-greasy • *Stays* on hours and hours • *Gives* and *keeps* lovely natural color.



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Buy *your* shade at Drug, Dept. or Chain Store.

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

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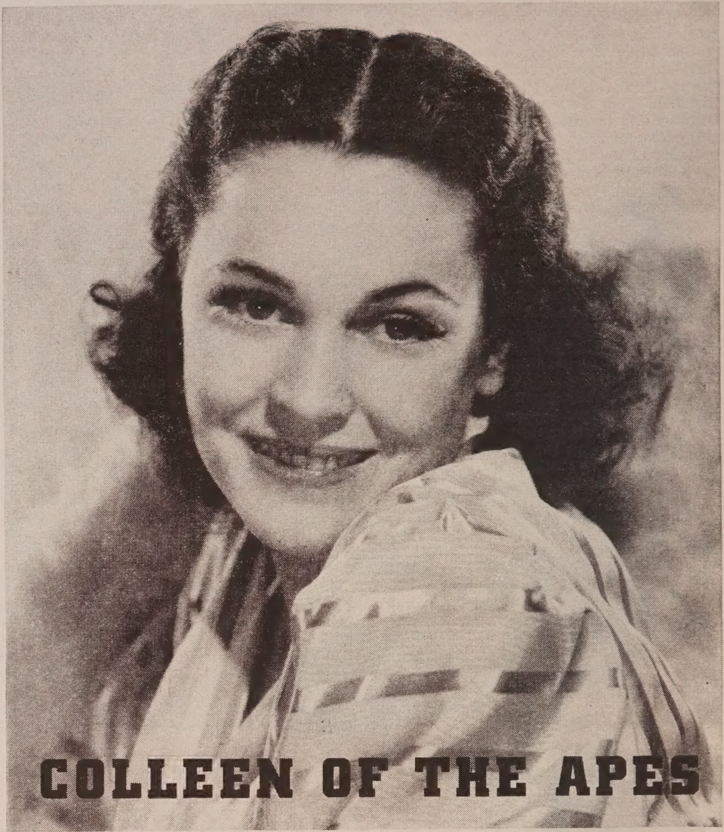

COLLEEN OF THE APES

Shure, an' who could it be but Maureen O'Sullivan, Tarzan's best friend and Ireland's gift to the cinema

By
JOHN
FRANCHEY

WHEN they first got a look at her—fresh from Ireland she was—the mighty and magniloquent were worried for fear she was low on sex appeal.

"She's got the old Blarney all right, but will she stir immortal longings in the male customers?" a cynical M-G-M director wanted to know. In order to find out, they assigned her a disrobing scene in *Stage Mother*. She battled like fury and, luckily for her, was overwhelmed.

Now behold her, that luscious wood nymph who runs like a gazelle, takes care of Tarzan's libido and makes Edgar Rice Burrough's own corner of darkest Africa echo with her British diction all the while she spreads dissension among those of us who live in colorless cities and don't have bright chimpanzees to run our errands.

It's a long subway jump from Tarzan's domain to Boyle, Ireland, where Maureen O'Sullivan was born, as everyone knows, atop a draper's shop, the daughter of a major in the Connaught Rangers. She was a whirlwind of a moppet, as Major O'Sullivan discovered, capricious as the west wind and equally as turbulent.

She swished through her school days at Saintsbury, Killarney, without the slightest awareness of the stage or her coming destiny in the cinema.

Later, for the devil of it, she took a solo fling at Art and cavorted behind the footlights of the illustrious Abbey Theatre in Dublin. Did she play, maybe, Lady Macbeth? Not exactly. She was the jocund sprite, Mustardseed, in Shakespeare's *Midsummer Night's Dream*. She has never forgotten this close intimacy

ACT IN MOVIES

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The Movie Studios, Stage and Radio are constantly seeking new talent. Big money is paid to those who are successful. ● To be successful, it is necessary to know the proper Technique. Here is your big opportunity to *learn acting at home.* Prepare yourself so that you will be ready should the opportunity come to you. You may learn in your own home, the technique of Dramatics, Make-up, Camera angles, Emotion, Expression, Voice. All this is yours in one complete, amazing, new course, which now comes to you direct from Hollywood. ● A place for all types; Tall or Short, Fat or Thin, Old or Young. *Send for booklet* — **"Your Future as an Actor or Actress"** Get the facts regarding this amazing new course and our Free Screen Test Offer. Enclose 10c to cover cost of handling and mailing. **Cinema Productions Company,** 6715 Hollywood Blvd. Dept. 11, Hollywood, Calif.

with immortality. And she has her plans.

How she happened to break into the movies is amusing enough. She never pursued fame; it courted her.

There she was dancing in a Dublin cafe, not bothering anybody, when Frank Borzage, the director, sidled up to her and said:

"Hallelujah! You're the very girl we want—the typical Irish Colleen."

"For what?" demanded the baffled Maureen.

Mr. Borzage quieted her fears.

"We've been looking for a true Gaelic beauty with freshness and verve. You see John McCormack is about to be starred in a picture and. . . ."

"Fine," volleyed the irrepressible one. "When do we start?"

Borzage hired her virtually on the spot. He always did have a flare for swift action.

The "little people" seemed to desert her just as soon as she took off from blessed Eire.

First off, she lost her only suitcase, even before she glimpsed the Statue of Liberty. It went overboard, it did. And with all her clothes.

When she arrived in New York, no 21-gun-salute was fired. In her wrinkled garment, she checked into a hotel. No fanfare here, either.

Hardly a reporter dropped around to do her up for the papers. Not a single cameraman wasted a film on her. The plain truth is that the lady was unglamorous. Or so it seemed at the moment.

She went west heavy hearted.

Hollywood, as already hinted, did not fall on its face. The O'Sullivan was dainty and demure. So what?

The McCormack doings called *Song of My Heart* did not make the world safer for exhibitors. Before long the M-G-M thunderers began mumbling about pink elephants.

At this point came the inspiration from on high. Maybe the girl really did have high voltage—underneath all this demure exterior. Why not, put her in a swim-suit or a play-suit? They did. She registered 180,000,000 volts.

Tarzan pictures have made Maureen O'Sullivan and she knows it. Others may rant and call their masters tyrants and men sans imagination for casting them as eternal criminals or fugitives from crime.

But not Maureen. She's grateful to her studio. At their behest she dons the lion's skin, or whatever it is, runs down hares, mothers all the wild beasts worth mothering and keeps the inarticulate Tarzan from choking to death all her no-account brother Englishmen who are generally out for no good when they come prowling around T's baliwick.

Not only that, but she enjoys herself.

"Me bored playing in Tarzan pictures? Lord, no! I love it," she chortles. "I confess it doesn't take too much acting. But it keeps me in wonderful shape. I never know what those mad men who write the script will want me to do next. Any day now and I'll be doing the samba with a crocodile."

In her last picture, she and Tarzan acquired a son, a pick-up, that is.

"Fans are always wondering why Tarzan and I have never had one of our own. Well, it's like this: Mr. Burroughs has set it down in the contract that Tarzan and his mate must never have children. He thinks it would destroy the romance. That's why in *Tarzan Finds a Son,* if you remember, an airplane crash provided us with one."

In real life, the O'Sullivan is a gust of Gaelic merriment, with freckles on her nose which don't disturb her a trifle. She's as restless as a bird dog and twice as energetic. She giggles in torrents and is amazingly democratic. She eats everything, "adores" dogs and sleeps in a nightie.

When first she came to Hollywood the gossip columns were having her courted by every he-man in town. The lad who came closest was James Dunn. Way back in 1932, she was about to be married to him, according to the imaginative press, which quoted her as wanting babies, "three or even four of them."

When she did marry, three years ago, it was to an intellectual par excellence, the renowned John Farrow, the Australian writer whose book on Father Damien, the saintly benefactor of lepers, brought him fame and a contract to write movie scripts.

The marriage came as a general surprise. Before she accepted, she asked the Major back in Ireland if it was okay. It was. The Farrows seem fabulously happy. Not many months ago a son arrived. They called him plain Mike.

Marriage to a man of importance does not rest easily on the shoulders of so pronounced an individualist as Maureen O'Sullivan. She hates to be overshadowed by her husband. That is why she finds her own career an eternal challenge. Love is love, marriage is marriage, but Maureen O'Sullivan is still Maureen O'Sullivan.

Even though she delights in her status as Tarzan's best friend, she still likes to sink her teeth into a really dramatic role. When they gave her an assignment in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street,* she emphatically went to town. Her work in *A Yank at Oxford* was cited by many movie critics as proof positive that the lady could act. As for the lady, herself, she never sets foot in a theatre where her genius is on display.

"I don't like O'Sullivan in pictures," she says with quiet forcefulness.

Her true love is Ireland. She calls it "land of heart's desire." When she settles down, it will be here. She'll raise chickens and a spot of pigs and cows.

This past summer she took a jaunt to England for a picture job to which she had looked forward no end. It was to be *Busman's Holiday,* with Robert Montgomery, whom she admires. The war disrupted the plans. The studio abandoned the project. And after a visit with her family at Boyle, she caught the Clipper for America.

"Disappointed?" the reporters wanted to know, when she reported back to M-G-M.

"Not much," she flipped. "My son Mike makes up for the greatest of disappointments."

Then, somehow the subject got switched and the reporters found themselves being grilled. Did they know, for instance, that Mike had picked up nine pounds while she had been away?

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❷ Makes cleaning easier"

"Old Dutch has *everything* I want in a cleanser. It makes my cleaning so easy and fast. It's so *safe* (because it's made with Seismotite). I don't hesitate to use it in my lovely new bathroom. I've noticed, too, that every sprinkle does a lot of cleaning. That makes Old Dutch a real money saver. Why don't *you* try this cleanser that's fast *and* safe?"

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I am enclosing____windmill pictures from Old Dutch labels (or complete labels) and____¢ for which please send me____Wm. A. Rogers Dinner Knife and Fork.

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Intimate pictures of Robert Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck at home!
Making a Western with Gene Autry
Complete scenes from Walt Disney's new feature—*Pinocchio*
Plus exclusive stories by Hollywood's leading writers
in January SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE—on sale December 5

Give Your LINGERIE A LINIT BATH

Wash lingerie in mild soap and lukewarm water, and rinse. Then, fill basin with lukewarm water —pour about a teaspoonful of Linit into the palm of your hand and swish through the water to dissolve. Rinse garments in this Linit Bath and squeeze them out. Notice how they "perk up", iron easier, stay fresh longer!

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Thousands of physicians and grateful mothers have written us of babies who found nothing else so acceptable, digestible, and strengthening as Horlick's, the Original Malted Milk. *Ask your doctor about Horlick's.* Partially pre-digested by malt enzymes. Contains minerals and natural vitamins of the milk and grain. For sample send 3 cent stamp to Dept. FWG-12, Horlick's, Racine, Wis., or Montreal, Can.

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NOW IT'S easy to remove painful corns. Put a scientific Blue-Jay pad neatly over the corn. Felt pad (C) relieves pain by removing pressure. Special formula (D) gently loosens corn so it can be lifted out. Get Blue-Jay Corn Plasters—only 25¢ for 6.

BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

My Daughter Will Be a Star

[*Continued from page 63*]

for a month together getting caught up with the school work she missed when she was in Reno with her mother in the spring. We hadn't had much fun and we were lonely. So the day she brought her report card home, I had a surprise waiting for her.

I'd had a shop make her a formal party dress and order silver slippers to go with it. Since I don't have any women folks to buy for, I bought a little ermine evening coat to go with them. Well, you never saw a child so tickled. I had a studio photographer come out and take our picture—we were that proud. Then about 6:30 we drove down Sunset a few blocks to Earl Carroll's for a 7 o'clock dinner. We saw the show and were back home by 8:30.

Well, Carol Ann, being feminine, wanted to wear her finery again, so I took her to the Trocadero one evening. We stayed until 8 o'clock. That's all the night clubbing we've had. I never have gone to them much myself. I like my home too well. So does Carol Ann.

It was a terrible blow to me when both of my marriages, through no wish of mine, came to an end. I still maintain, however, that folks in motion pictures can live happy lives raising children and enjoying their own families. When Carol Ann's had her fling in pictures, I expect she'll want to settle down and make her own home and have a family some day.

I've tried to give Carol Ann the right thoughts about life. I even got her started to church. Now, I'm not a religious man, though I believe in helping out wherever I can. Well sir, when Carol Ann was about six, I started her to Sunday School at a nearby church. But the second Sunday the minister up and asked me to donate $35,000 to the church. As I said, I don't mind helping out—but I don't like having someone take advantage of me.

Sometimes I say to myself, "Wally you should get out and give this old body a rest," but I probably won't. Not as long as Carol Ann wants to be a movie star. The greatest day in my life will be when I see my name cast in her first starring picture. I'll be the proudest father in all Hollywood when I've made a star of Carol Ann.

Recent Hollywood party was given by Gracie and George Burns for Mary Livingstone, glimpsed getting a husbandly kiss from Jack Benny

YESTERDAY'S SIN

Can there ever be happiness or lasting peace for a woman who keeps hidden in her heart the knowledge of a secret transgression? Here is the story of one who never dreamed that one night of youthful folly would come back to jeopardize her future, estrange her husband, and drag her most intimate friend to the brink of ruin.

Don't miss the poignantly thrilling story of how this woman earned the right to happiness in the December issue of ROMANTIC STORY, now on sale. YESTERDAY'S SIN is only one of the exciting confessions in an issue that's packed with vitally human stories from cover to cover. You won't be able to stop until you've read them all, including:

ANOTHER KIND OF CHEAT—told by a woman whose lack of faith in her husband brought havoc into both their lives; WHY DID I CALL IT LOVE?—the confession of a girl whose courage and fortitude enabled her to win the man she loved; and I THOUGHT HE MEANT MARRIAGE—a glamor girl's tragic story.

All in the new December issue!

10c AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

ROMANTIC STORY

INFORMATION PLEAS

By JOAN VOTSIS, Associate Editor

Please give me the addresses of the following studios.—Betty B.

Universal: Universal City, California.
Columbia: 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO Radio: 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Monogram: 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Republic: 4024 Radford Avenue, North Hollywood, California.

Will you please tell me who played the feminine lead in *God's Country and The Woman*?—Mrs. R. E. B.

It was Beverly Roberts.

I would like to know if Anne Shirley and Natalie Draper Brown are related.—Edna K.

No, Edna, they are not.

Linda Darnell co-stars with Tyrone Power in Twentieth Century-Fox's *First Kiss*, soon to be released

Please tell me the name of Dick Powell's next picture, his co-star, and for whom he's making the picture.—Eleanor A.

Dick Powell is not under contract to any picture studio at this writing. I understand he is planning to return to the radio with his own orchestra.

I would like to obtain the addresses of Robert Taylor and Alan Curtis.—Helen F.

Bob and Alan may be reached at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.

Will you please tell me who played the part of "Cracker" in *Boy Friend*? Also, what was the name of the boy who played the part of Jane Wither's brother? Where may I obtain photographs of these two boys?—Joyce I.

The role of "Cracker" was portrayed by Robert Shaw and Richard Bond portrayed the role of Jimmy Murphy. Write to 20th Century-Fox, Beverly Hills, California, for photos. Don't forget to enclose the cost of postage and mailing which is 25 cents.

Will you please tell me what the correct age of Errol Flynn is? Also, is he related to Patric Knowles?—Margie C.

Errol Flynn was born on June 20, 1909. Despite the very marked resemblance and close companionship, the boys are not related.

I would like to know where I may obtain the stills from *Golden Boy*. Also do you know if I can buy a picture of William Holden?—Janie F. M.

Please write to Columbia Studios, address listed in first item, for both your requests. "Stills" are 10 cents and portraits 25 cents.

How can I get in touch with Jane Withers?—R. W.

Write to her at 20th Century-Fox, address listed elsewhere.

Will you please list the titles of the pictures John Howard has appeared in? Also, where may I obtain a picture of him?—Jane B.

[*Continued on page* 84]

Have you a question about the stars? Each month Joan Votsis will answer as many questions as possible in this department. Do not expect an answer through the mails. Send your queries to Information Pleas, SCREEN BOOK Magazine, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

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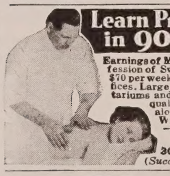

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Information Pleas

[Continued from page 83]

Annapolis Farewell, Millions in the Air, Soak the Rich, Thirteen Hours by Air, Border Flight, Lost Horizon, Valiant is the Word for Carrie, Easy To Take, Let Them Live, Mountain Music, Bulldog Drummond Comes Back, Bulldog Drummond's Revenge, Hitting a New High, Hold 'Em Navy, Bulldog Drummond's Peril, Bulldog Drummond in Africa, Prison Farm, Touchdown Army, Arrest Bulldog Drummond, Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police, Grand Jury Secrets, Bulldog Drummond's Bride, and What a Life. He is currently appearing in *Disputed Passage.* Write to Paramount Studios, 5451 Marathon Street, Hollywood, California, for his picture.

Will you please tell me if Leni Lynn is in the coming picture *Babes in Arms*? If so, which part does she play?—A. A.

Leni portrays the role of Goldie Martini in the new Mickey Rooney-Judy Garland film.

Could you please tell me the four leading players of the comedy, *Theodora Goes Wild*?—Cecelia O.

Irene Dunne as Theodora Lynn; Melvyn Douglas as Michael Grant; Thomas Mitchell as Jed Waterbury, and Thurston Hall as Arthur Stevenson.

I would like to know when Jackie Moran was born and where I may obtain a picture of him.—Bernie P.

Jackie was born January 26, 1925. Upon receipt of 25c to cover cost of mailing, Universal Studios will gladly send you Jackie's picture. Address is listed elsewhere in column.

How tall is ZaSu Pitts and where was she born?—Lillian Z.

Miss Pitts is five feet five inches tall and was born in Parsons, Kansas.

May we have a biography of Linda Darnell, the charmer who played in *Elsa Maxwell's Hotel For Women*?—John and Gary.

Linda Monette Eloyse Darnell, Hollywood's No. 1 Cinderella Girl of 1939, who was cast in the leading role in her first picture, was born in Dallas, Texas, on October 16, 1921. Her first dramatic work was in school plays. In her first role, at the age of 10, she played Rachel in an Easter play. She wore a beautiful cheesecloth dress and cried dramatically at the proper moment. In addition to her amateur stage work Linda had posed for publicity pictures for the Greater Texas and Pan American Exposition, and had modeled at the Southwestern Style Show each spring and fall, and also in Dallas department stores. A 20th Century talent scout made arrangements for her first screen test which did not result in movie executives turning hand springs. However, she was given another test and the result of this one was the lead role in her first picture. Linda is five feet four and a half inches tall and weighs 109 pounds. She has brown hair and eyes, beautiful teeth and a perfect figure. She swims, rides, roller skates and plays a good game of tennis. Don Ameche and Tyrone Power are her favorites.

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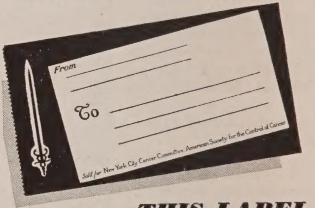

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Persons living outside New York City and Long Island may write for local information to headquarters: American Society for the Control of Cancer, 350 Madison Avenue, New York.

THE POSTMAN RINGS

$15.00 Prize Letter

Supreme Sacrifice

DEAR EDITOR:

It burns me to a crisp whenever I read about stars who claim they dislike publicity, and who desire to keep their private lives private! The sheer hypocrisy is exasperating beyond words. Everyone knows that without publicity the stars could never bask in the limelight for any length of time.

It's also time the stars realize they have no private life. This is the supreme sacrifice demanded for stardom. They belong to the public which rightfully demands to examine what it possesses. If the aspirant to movie fame be unwilling to pay so heavy a price, he should not seek success where it can be had only through worldwide acclaim. For it is indeed the public that makes the star.

The next actor or actress should think twice before making rash statements to the press, and should be made aware of the fact that there is an intelligent public always ready to demand its rights.—*Emily D. Ayoub, 14700 Van Owen Street, Van Nuys, California.*

$10.00 Prize Letter

Romance Request

DEAR EDITOR:

Movies are our best entertainment. I've said it for years and I still say it. But I'm asking a break for the engaged couples, the newly-married, and the young moms and pops. We like to thrill to pictures such as *Thin Man* and *Made for Each Other*. We are tired of super-colossal spectacles. We've seen so many that they're about as interesting as yesterday's roast beef!

We want more "young married" pictures. If you think older couples do not enjoy this sort of movie you should watch them nudge each other when a screen baby is born, when husband and wife quarrel and make up, or when the boy has to pawn his overcoat to buy beans . . . yes, they remember when.

If the first ten years of married life are not the most exciting times of all, then mister, I've not lived yet! In those ten years you feel every emotion possible. To weather those years you've got to be wise as a seer, clever as a wit, and pretty as a picture (at least make your husband think you are). You have to shut up when you want to scream, and laugh when you want to cry. But the funny part of it is that you love it, and get a kick out of seeing others do the same thing on the screen. We may live in different houses on different incomes but, ten to one, our problems are fundamentally the same.

So be good sports, producers, and help us to "live happily ever after."—*Mrs. D. C. Miles, 305 South Douglas Street, Cleburne, Texas.*

$5.00 Prize Letter

No Hits, No Runs, 1 Error

DEAR EDITOR:

What grudge does Hollywood hold against me? I sit through pleasant hours drinking in the glamor of Hedy Lamarr, Claudette Colbert or Ann Sheridan while the long-nosed little woman censors every indication of emotion I make. Why must the movies, in giving me my greatest entertainment, remind me through such clear-cut contrasts that I'm hamstrung and tied down to the world's worst looker who snagged me in one of my weak moments!

When Hedy Lamarr appeared on the screen in *Lady of the Tropics*, I felt the urge to cuddle closer but was sharply restrained by the little woman. I've thrilled to numerous screen beauties who are well-blessed with sex appeal, only to go home and spend an evening across a bridge table from a she-demon, sleep with a cold-footed skeleton, and eat burnt toast with a parrot who questions my every word and thought. Scallions to Hollywood for rubbing it in by showing me what I might have had instead of this cold potato who calls herself my wife.—(Name withheld for obvious reasons.)

$1.00 Prize Letter

Stop Juggling Casts

DEAR EDITOR:

The practice of announcing the cast of an important picture too far in advance should be discontinued. Usually the original selections are replaced before production starts.

The audience reaction is very unfavorable. We come to associate the name of the announced star with that of the character in the proposed play. A change is disappointing. Too, we immediately think the "dropped" star must be slipping.

Hollywood—stop juggling your casts!—*J. R. Hughes, 320 West Fifth Street, Los Angeles, California.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Combined Picture Fare

DEAR EDITOR:

Look upon me with compassionate understanding and sympathy, for at the early age of thirty-five, I have entered into my second childhood. How do I know? Well, yesterday I girded my loins and braced myself to do my motherly duty, namely, taking my three offspring to see *The Wizard of Oz*.

Fully prepared to be bored to tears, I sighed, seated myself, and just then Bert Lahr came loping out of the mountains, blubbering and bawling like a baby, the beast. That struck me funny and from then on I acted worse than the kids. *The Wizard of Oz* was packed with laughs and juvenile entertainment but was by no means strictly a show for children. There was more wisdom in some of the words of the Scarecrow and the Tin Woodsman than a lot of supposedly adult shows ever convey. The tunes were beautiful and beautifully sung. I'm for more good pictures for the children so I won't feel my time has been wasted.—*Mrs. John Alexander, 551 Sherman Street, Akron, Ohio.*

[*Continued on page 86*]

EX-LAX MOVIES

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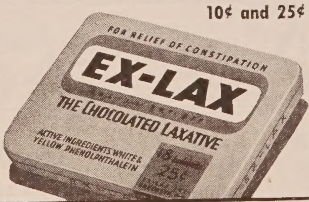
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The Postman Rings

[*Continued from page* 85]

$1.00 Prize Letter

Yesterday's Favorites

DEAR EDITOR:
Who, in the American film industry, decrees that a beloved actor must remain "on the shelf" after he passes the 35 year mark? Certainly not Mr. and Mrs. Public who rushed to the theatre when Richard Barthelmess appeared in *Only Angels Have Wings.*

Why do producers assume that headliners of the days before "talkies" and jitterbugs were born, will now play only leads? This assumption is ridiculous. Barthelmess was delighted to be back although he played only a bit part.

Hollywood Cavalcade returns George Bancroft, Ben Turpin, Buster Keaton, Chester Conklin, Harry Langdon and others—now at the bifocal age—who were famous when movies were young and prosperous and custard pies hit their mark without a moment's delay. This wild new-face excitement seems to have subsided slightly and a saner recognition of yesterday's favorites is in order thus proving that fans don't forget. And, in the last analysis, they are the judge and jury.—*M. J. Lavelle, 5520 Fourth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.*

$1.00 Prize Letter

Public Idol No. 1

DEAR EDITOR:
I'd like to express my sincere gratitude to the man who has done more for the public in furnishing clean, wholesome entertainment than any other star, be it stage, screen or radio.

My praise will sound small and insignificant for the man who holds the esteem of the entire universe, but none can cheer Bing Crosby with more feeling than I.

For years I have watched him climb the ladder of success rung by rung. Year by year his success became more assured as he grew more endearing to fun-loving Americans.

He is now the heart of all America and when his voice is heard no more there shall be memories of a success that none can equal, of a voice with such depth and feeling that it is worshipped by all.—*R. C. Cannaday, Jr., Box 444, Collinsville, Texas.*

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STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933 Of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE published monthly at Louisville, Kenutcky, for October 1, 1939.

State of Connecticut }
County of Fairfield } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Roger Fawcett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of SCREEN BOOK MAGAZINE and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; Editor, William Hartley, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Ralph Daigh, Larchmont, N. Y.; Business Manager, Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Fawcett Publications, Inc., Greenwich, Conn.; W. H. Fawcett, Pequot, Minn.; Roger Fawcett, New Rochelle, N. Y.; W. H. Fawcett, Jr., Springdale, Conn.; Marion F. Bagg, Tulsa, Okla.; Gordon Fawcett, Los Angeles, Calif.; Roscoe Kent Fawcett, Port Chester, N. Y.; Frances M. Fawcett, Pequot, Minn.; Margaret Connor, Seattle, Wash.; Clarence Fawcett, Portland, Ore.; Gloria Fawcett Trust, La Jolla, Calif.; Virginia Lee Fawcett Trust, Los Angeles, Calif.; John Fawcett Trust, Los Angeles, Calif.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ————. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

ROGER FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1939.

[Seal] DOROTHY C. ZIPF,
Notary Public.

(My commission expires November 9, 1943.)

Will Powell and Astaire Click?

By
MARY JACOBS

BEHIND THE MASK

TWO years ago, blond, blue-eyed Eleanor Powell announced, "I'll never dance with Fred Astaire and he wouldn't dance with me. He'd know we could never make a team because we're so utterly different."

Yet Eleanor Powell and Fred Astaire are making two M-G-M movies together. The first is *Broadway Melody of 1940;* the second hasn't been selected.

What made Eleanor change her mind? Will she and Fred clash? Can two such individualists, two soloists, make a smooth team? How will they reconcile their widely different styles? What does their public think of the plan?

Before I had a long talk with Eleanor, I was frankly dubious. She herself admitted to me, "Fred's style and mine are very different. Fred dances up in the air. My dancing is close to the ground. His style of dancing is more feminine; mine is more masculine. He dances off the beat; I dance on the beat."

Other drawbacks militate against the Powell-Astaire team. There's the question of temperament. Both Fred and Eleanor take their dancing seriously. Fred has decided views and so has Eleanor. It has been frequently rumored that during the six years Fred and Ginger Rogers danced together they often disagreed. Fred planned their dances; it wasn't till two weeks after a movie went into production that Ginger saw the steps prepared for her.

Ginger, who is essentially a ball room dancer, may have felt that she wasn't getting her share of the breaks and that Astaire's routines showed him up to better advantage.

Anxious to become a dramatic actress on her own, she tried *Stage Door, Vivacious Lady,* and *Having a Wonderful Time,* but they weren't as successful as the dancing pictures she and Fred did together. Fred tried *Damsel in Distress* with the same result. So back together they came for *Carefree* and *The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle.* Though their team was still making money, things had come to such a pass that, with the sanction of the studio, they broke up.

Now that Eleanor and Fred are to replace this team, how will their temperaments click?

Eleanor has her share of stubbornness. When she flopped in Omaha on a personal

[*Continued on page 88*]

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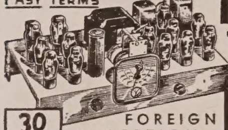

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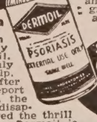

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Will Powell and Astaire Click?

[*Continued from page 87*]

appearance tour, she insisted upon being rebooked there the next year, against the pleas of her manager. When the producer of one of her first Broadway shows tried to force her out by giving her best lines to another actress, she insisted upon staying.

Even when she collapsed from overwork, while in *At Home Abroad,* she refused to heed her physician's order that she stay away from a performance.

When I interviewed her back stage in New York City, she was so exhausted a doctor was in attendance, and throughout the interview she lay on a cot. She could hardly raise her voice, but she went through with her 31 minute revue.

Then there is the question of photographing dances. Astaire has long been a believer in shooting a dance straight. He disapproves heartily of breaking up a dance sequence to show a close-up of an actor's face, or feet, and of using trick angle effects that play up the camera work.

Eleanor, just as firmly, believes that close-ups of one's face, of one's hands—her hands are very beautiful—help a girl tap dancer tremendously.

There's still another angle to the matter—the public's reaction. After seeing cute, slight, child-like Ginger dancing with Fred, will they accept the more serious, straight-from-the-shoulder Eleanor? Will they not feel that Eleanor is too tall for Fred? Will they not resent Eleanor's taking Ginger's place?

That's a consideration that has Eleanor worried plenty. "I don't see why people keep saying I'm so tall," she told me. "I'm five feet six inches tall, two and a half inches shorter than Fred. Besides, I'll wear low heels throughout—a tap dancer must wear low heels.

"I don't expect to ape Ginger. I'll do no ballroom dancing. Fred has agreed not to do any either, even in his solo numbers. We'll both stick to tap or a combination of tap and ballet.

"Ginger is usually associated with evening gowns and soft feminine frills; I expect to do most of my numbers in tails."

"I was scared when Fred and I met for the first time at M-G-M, before we signed our contract. Fred was nervous, too. But we both were agreeably surprised at how well we seemed to get along.

"We started to ad lib together. First Fred did a step, then I danced one."

Fred said, "Gee, I love that step. How do you do it?" Then he concocted a novel twist for the end that improved Eleanor's version, and that's how we'll see it in their dance.

Their present plan is for each to work out a group of steps individually, then to meet and select those both like. In that way, they feel each can retain his own style of improvising.

In this, their methods are very similar. Both dream their steps. Both jot down their ideas, then perfect them by footwork. Both record their steps after shooting a picture, not before.

It is in acting sequences that Eleanor has her fans and producer worried. Fred, a finished artist, is capable of carrying any scene. Eleanor, because of her absorption in dancing to the exclusion of almost everything else in life, leaves much to be desired as an actress, particularly in emotional or dramatic scenes.

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Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys — and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

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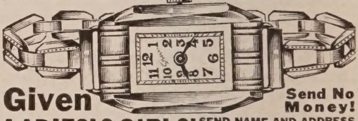

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GOOD GUY BELLAMY

By CARLTON BROWN

ONE fall day a few years ago it occurred to a struggling young writer that the name Bellamy—as in Ralph—undoubtedly derived from the French phrase "bel ami," meaning "fine friend." And nobody, it seemed to the free-lance, had a better right to the designation.

Ralph was making a picture—his forty-first—at the old Biograph studios in the Bronx, a remote outpost of Manhattan. And, as he usually does when he comes East, he dropped in on some of the folks he'd known in the days when the only sort of autograph New York wanted from him was an autographed check. One of the folks he visited was the young writer.

Without posing a single leading question, Ralph gathered that things weren't any too hotsy-totsy *chez* the scrivener. A new boarder was expected at any moment and it was clear that there would be no orchids to adorn its bassinet. Ralph saw a way of remedying that situation without recourse to anything so crude as an out-and-out handout.

PERSONALITY

"Say," he proposed, "it might come in handy some day, when you're writing a story, to know something about how a movie is made. How'd you like to sign on as an extra in the picture we're doing? You'd have plenty of time to talk to people on the set, and you might get a colorful story out of it. It's a night-club scene and for wearing a tux and speaking a few lines I think you'd get $15 a day—but of course that's just incidental."

That $15 a day was, of course, about as incidental to the young writer as his eye teeth, and don't think for a minute that Ralph would have employed personal pull at the studio if he hadn't been aware of the fact.

Historians of the cinema may one day revive *Gigolette*, the strictly non-epoch-making picture Ralph made up in the Bronx in 1934. If they watch

[*Continued on page* 90]

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Good Guy Bellamy

[*Continued from page* 89]

like hawks, they may spot in the background a nervous young man totally lacking in the suavity of the professional extra and clad in a tuxedo obviously many sizes too large for him.

Particularly the pants.

They were the pants of a 6 foot 1½ inch, broad-beamed Bellamy on a mere slip of a 5 foot 8 inch writer, and the waistline, artfully concealed beneath a wide cummerbund, came within an inch of reaching the author's armpits.

I know, because I was there. I was the writer. Mine was the key role of supporting a telephone receiver and opening and closing my mouth noiselessly, like a carp, and of engaging in spirited, but equally silent, badinage while dancing a fast fandango with a little blond number named Myrtle. I would have missed this cinematic immortality entirely if it hadn't been for Ralph's pants, because my own tux was at that moment being worn by a convention of moths at Uncle Benny's Olde Hocke Shoppe, and the studio wardrobe boasted nothing better than a pair of pantaloons evidently left behind by Rip Van Winkle when he passed through the Bronx en route to his big sleep.

I NEVER did get around to writing that colorful inside story of how it feels to be an extra. But those colorful fifteen buckses helped me weather a particularly severe blizzard of rejection slips that was sweeping my part of the Eastern Seaboard at the time, and the whole thing strengthened my conviction that there was a lot to back up my philological musings about the name "Bellamy."

That Bellamy friendliness isn't confined to any select set of intimates, either. Certainly I had little enough claim to it, having been no more than the guy across the hall in a somewhat remodelled tenement on East 74th Street where Ralph lived for a while back in 1930, sharing his place for a time with Melvyn Douglas.

Some of that same feeling of fraternity for his fellow-man is lavished freely and spontaneously on everyone Ralph encounters—on bellboys and taxi-drivers, prop-boys and extras—and there's not an ounce of affectation in a carload.

Though it's not in any way a question of squaring old obligations, there is a classic element of turnabout in Ralph's happily incurable open-handedness.

When the Bellamy fists were beating against the battlements of Broadway, there was one landlady who not only refused to evict him with the customary alacrity when the rent was overdue, but insisted that he have the run of her dinner-table as often as his stomach signalled an S. O. S. That landlady, Lillian Fox, who made exquisite pottery with one hand while stoking the furnace of her own house with the other, later became Mrs. Julian Macdonald. Ralph never passes through New York without paying a welcome visit to their little house in Brooklyn—bearing books, a housecoat for Lillian, and assorted useful and enjoyable whatnots—to say nothing of all the contagious good cheer you can pack into a frame that tips the beam at 190.

There was an element of turnabout, too, involved in my brief career of extra. The pattern which Ralph reversed in the Bronx in 1934 was laid down back in 1917 in Balboa, California.

Ralph was born, for the records, in Chicago, Illinois, on June 17, 1904, and for the better part of his first 13 years he marked time, more or less, at grade schools in Chicago and the suburb of Wilmette. Then his parents—Rexford Bellamy, advertising executive, and the former Lilla Smith—carted him to California, and there, at 13, he made his first stab at living up to an artistic ancestry that included the author Edward Bellamy; E. E. Bellamy, who wrote that deathless lyric, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and Ann Bellamy, a First Lady of the English stage.

Ralph's beginnings on the boards were modest. His folks, of the opinion that a little work never stunted a boy's growth, let him take a flier at hopping the bells at the Palisades Tavern in Balboa, which is to Los Angeles very roughly what the Bronx is to New York. Nearby a group of visionaries were planning to give the stereopticon a run for its money by filming an epic called *Wings of the Morning*, and some of these madcaps—the stars, William Farnum and Louise Lovely, and Director J. Gordon Edwards—hung their hats at the Palisades Tavern.

It suddenly struck the budding Bellamy that the life of an actor was the life for him. This new goal in life was planted in him as he polished the bootees of the lovely Miss Lovely, and when he made it known to her she lost no time in fixing it up for him to impersonate a speck in a seething mob-scene.

That aroused the slumbering actor's blood in him and, unlike the author of 17 years later, Ralph followed through. Back in Chicago, he resumed his schooling, and it is to be feared that he neglected trigonometry in favor of the school dramatic club, of which he was the proud president at the age of 17, and of the extra-curricular North Shore Players, a "little theatre" which did its stuff for women's clubs and social groups. Even so, Ralph felt the scope for his talents was a trifle too confined.

HE FOUND it much more so when, for the fifth time, the physics professor caught him conducting first-hand research on the effects of smoking a cigarette. Expelled summarily, he put the mortifying experience behind him by running away from home to join—no, not the circus, but a theatrical troupe presenting such gems as *The Servant in the House* and Shakespearian repertoire on a barn-to-barn network. This led to a triumphant engagement as combined lead and heavy in a road company of *Shepherd of the Hills*, which prowled the Middle West looking for tents and lean-tos big enough to house it.

En route he picked up a palship with Melvyn Douglas, who wangled him a berth as juvenile, stage manager and general roustabout in Douglas' company at Madison, Wisconsin. Next he graced a "rep show" run by Charles Winninger's brother John—not only graced it, but unloaded its freight and repaired its scenery.

All told, Ralph put in more than eight years in stock throughout the Middle West and a list of the towns he played would sound like a train-caller gone hog-wild. He put in three of those years as head man of his own company—The Ralph Bellamy Players—in Des Moines, Iowa, Nashville, Tennessee, and Evanston, Illinois. He toured with two repertoire shows that blanketed every single state in the East and Middle West, until his classic features became as familiar to hinterland drama-lovers as the Lincoln on a penny.

It was, providentially, at Ralph's Positively Last Performance in stock that he met the talented and charming actress, Catherine Willard, who was later to become his wife. Time: Season of 1929-30. Place: Rochester, New York. Scene: Act One of as happy a marriage as you could shake an orange-blossom at.

Ralph had made a couple of intercepted passes at Broadway before this time and on those occasions he had taken up residence right next door to the poorhouse. The first time he weathered an enforced hunger-strike for five days, and during the balance of those five grim months one square meal a day seemed rank gluttony to him. On the second try, he landed eight weeks at $50 per as guest star in a Freeport, Long Island theatre, and what was left over after he'd paid his commutation to and from New York, he lavished entirely on edibles.

HE LIVED for a time with Melvyn Douglas and his folks, and they operated under a Share the No-Wealth economic setup.

Things began to pick up for Ralph in the fall of 1930. True, things soon dropped again with a dull thud, but when he took the leading role in Lynn Riggs' *Roadside* that fall, the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was definitely in sight.

Opening night saw a pretty motley crew of first-nighters down in front, in a solid block of seats that Ralph had bought with a good solid chunk of the first salary he'd seen in months. I was there with Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, and ranged around us were Ralph's butcher and baker and candlestick-maker. One of the lustiest cheerers—no, *the* lustiest—was Mrs. Walsh, the janitress of a house on West 11th street on which Lillian Macdonald had gambled and lost her chemise. *Roadside* did something to Mrs. Walsh. When the final curtain went down and the lights went up, Mrs. Walsh was bawling like a baby.

Roadside did something for Ralph, too. The very next day the telephone wires were kept at white heat with offers of contracts from five—count 'em—Hollywood producers and four top Broadway showmen. Ralph snapped at the offer of Joseph M. Schenck, and signed the dotted line of a contract for 30 salaried weeks out of the year's 52. On borrowed money, he went to Hollywood and sat around twiddling his thumbs for the full 22 weeks of the layoff period, and on the last day thereof he was notified that his contract was cancelled—the day before he was to start on salary.

Some of those other offers, Ralph found, still held good, and when he made his first picture, *The Secret Six*—not counting his early efforts in *Wings of the Morning*—all but a pittance of his salary went to pay off the debts he'd incurred during that 22-week slump. The same year, 1931, he played opposite Ruth Chatterton in *The Magnificent Lie*, and from then on it was pretty smooth sailing.

Today, with a staggering total of 58 pictures to his credit, Ralph is under contract to Columbia as one of that studio's most valued leading men. With a versatility built up through the more than 345 individual roles he played in stock, Ralph has been before the cameras as hero and villain, laborer and executive, detective and gangster, comedian and heavy. Some of his most notable roles have been in *Below the Sea, Forbidden, Ever In My Heart, Headline Shooters, Narrow Corner, Destination Unknown, Eight Bells,* and more recently he has surprised and delighted his ardent army of fans by cutting some superlative touches of light comedy in *The Awful Truth, Boy Meets Girl, Carefree,* and *Trade Winds.*

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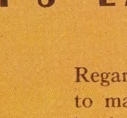

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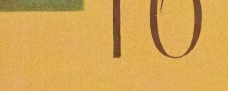

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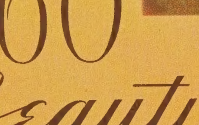

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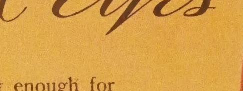

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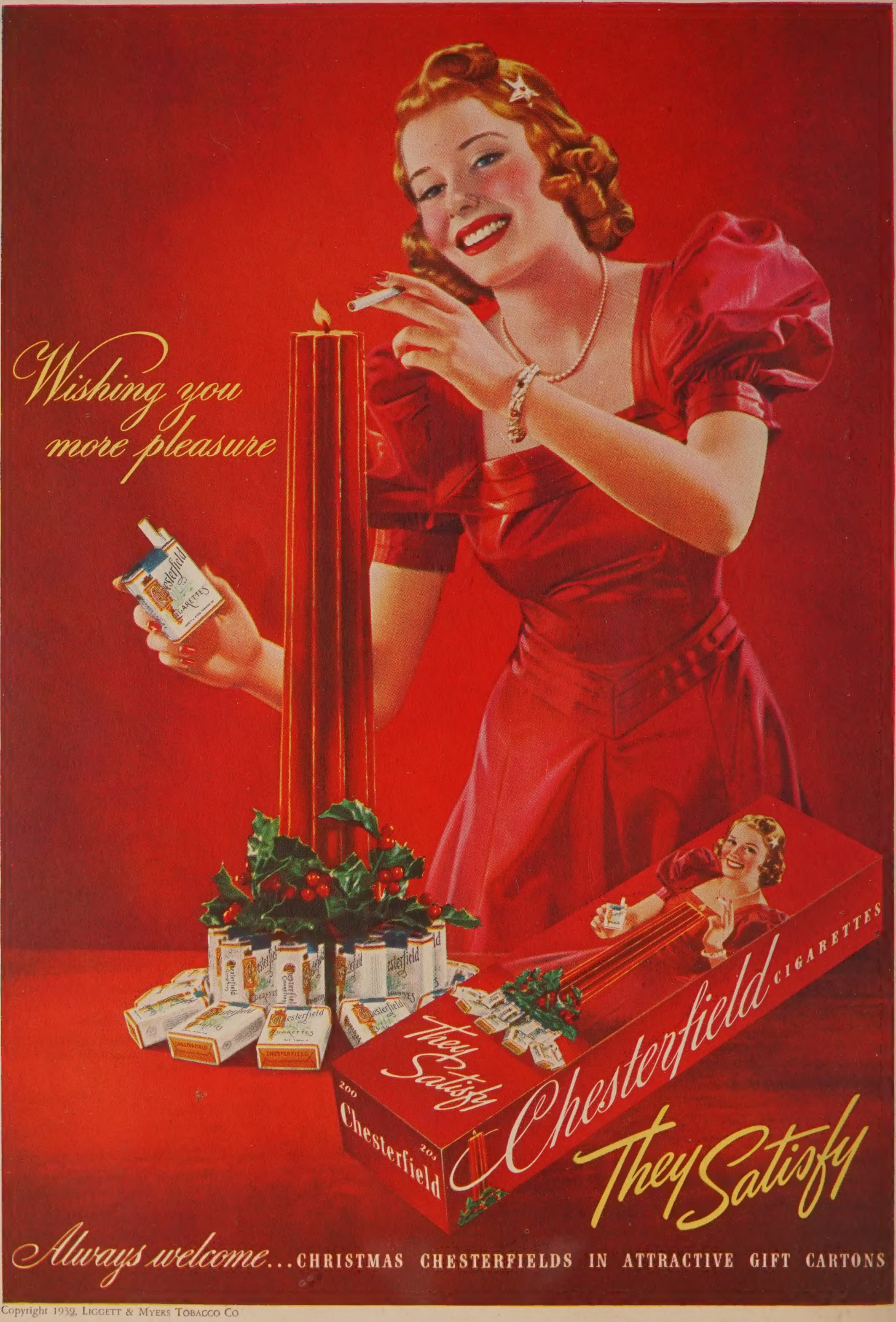
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